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MIAMI VICE

EVAN

Written

by

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#59518

MIAMI VICE

EVAN

CAST

SONNY CROCKETT
RICARDO TUBBS
SWITEK
ZITO
GINA
TRUDY

EVAN
AMAZON
RAUL

GUTTMAN
WILSON
TEENAGE BOY
TEENAGE GIRL
PYROTECHNICIAN
LUCES FERNANDO

SETS

INTERIORS:

SHABBY HOTEL ROOM
TAILOR SHOP
UNMARKED CAR
INSIDE BUILDING
HOT TUB CLUB
HOT TUB ROOM
HALLWAY
GUTTMAN'S APARTMENT
LIVING ROOM
GOLD COAST OFFICES
CASTILLO'S OFFICE
WAREHOUSE
ON BANANAS
METRORAIL CAR
ROOFTOP STAIRWELL
LANDING
FOURTH FLOOR STAIR
LANDING
APARTMENT
HEAVY DRINKER'S BAR
VICE SQUAD ROOM
HOTEL ROOM

VEHICLES:

FERRARI
CADILLAC
DATSUN
LIMO
POLICE VAN
METRO DADE COP CAR
OLDS

EXTERIORS:

CALLE OCHO CARNIVAL
STREET CORNER
ALLEY
SECOND ALLEY
ABANDONED BUILDING
SOUTH BEACH TOWNHOUSE
DECO HOUSE
ST. VITUS DANCE
LITTLE HAVANA DRINK
STAND
CEMETERY
METRORAIL ELEVATED LINE
CALLE OCHO - SERIES OF
SHOTS
ROOFTOP
BUILDING
CARNIVAL - SERIES OF
SHOTS
FIREWORKS TRUCK
CROCKETT'S BOAT
DECK
AIRFIELD
AERIAL SHOT
ANGLE ON PLANE
SERIES OF SHOTS

INSERTS:

GUTTMAN'S ANKLE
PAGE IN TYPEWRITER

#59518

MIAMI VICE

EVAN

TEASER

FADE IN

1 INT. BLIMP HANGAR - ON MANNEQUINS 1

In shadowy darkness the silhouettes of five indistinguishable figures. Traces of hair, glimpses of eyes, unclear until -- a shaft of light breaks through, revealing the figures. They are female mannequins, five hanging replicas of Vogue's most spaced - out models: shocking hair, crimson gash mouth, robot- dyke expressions. The source of illumination is--

2 GARAGE DOOR OF HANGAR 2

At the far end of hangar, the electronic garage door opens and a stretch limousine pulls in. It's all very eerie inside this awesome housing -- Zeppelins and mannequins, high ceilings, and now a ---

3 LIMO 3

It stops before the mannequins. We stay a beat on the chauffeur, Hector, body by Soloflex, as he gets out and

4 EVAN AND GUZMAN 4

The former the source of our story. Evan, on the edge, alive, dangerous. His boss, Guzman, knows all this about Evan, fears Evan, but needs Eban; and so must play him at all times. Evan steps to a mannequin, hugs her, kisses her navel---

EVAN
(to mannequin)
You're money from home.

CUT TO

5 EXT. BLIMP HANGAR - LONG SHOT 5

The hangar rests in a field on the outskirts of town. No man's land. A late model Blazer jeep drives up to the now closed garage door.

- 6 EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP 6
- Across the field from the hangar Crockett and Tubbs are set up as surveillance. Crockett picks up the walkie-talkie.
- CROCKETT
Second car arrived. They're going in now.
- Under which, in b.g. (or rack focus), we see the garage door electronically open, the Blazer disappears within---
- 7 INT. HANGAR - ON MANNEQUINS 7
- Their eyes stare blankly out ---
- EVAN'S VOICE
What I love most about the Ingram IS that it's small. Reet-petite.
- 8 ANGLE - BACK OF LIMO 8
- The trunk is open, revealing an arsenal of Mac-10's, about fifty. Evan has one out, is stuffing in a clip as two Latino men, members of Omega Seven, study the guns ---
- EVAN
Easily concealable.
(demonstrates)
Easily transportable. And as you're about to see ...bigger isn't always better.
- With a gun in each hand, Eban steps out into an open area, readies ---
- 9 ON MANNEQUINS 9
- As they are shot to shit in a dazzling display of firepower, shards of plastic flying everywhere, the female replicas disfigure before our eyes --
- 10 FULL SCENE 10
- Evan, popping away, mad gleam in his eyes, playing the murderous gunslayer.
- 11 EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP 11
- Crockett and Tubbs listening to the gunfire.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED

11

CROCKETT

(alarmed)

Switek, they sound like Mac- 10's
Be careful.

(to Tubbs)

I thought this was supposed to be a
couple dozen handguns.

TUBBS

So did I.

12 HANGAR - SIDE DOOR

12

Switek and Zito step out of an n. d. sedan, service revolvers
at the ready. They look behind at the Metro Dade backup
units.

ZITO

(a little nervous)

Mac-10's? Is he sure?

Switek motions at the door. Party time.

13 INT. HANGAR

13

Switek and Zito burst in the side door, catching the
congregation unawares.

ZITO

Miami Vice!!

SWITEK

Freeze or you're lunchmeat!!

14 SWITEK'S POV

14

of Guzman's alarmed face. The arsenal of Mac-10s in the
trunk of the limo. Broken by ---

15 HECTOR

15

who shoots at the two cops. Zito wheels, shoots Hector, kills
him on the spot. Bedlam.

16 THE SCENE

16

Evan hops into the driver's seat of the limo, Guzman jumps
in the back. The Omega Boys pile into the Blazer.

16-A THE LIMO 16-A

peels out toward the garage door. Scattering, Switek and Zito fire into the stretch. To no avail -- the sucker is bulletproof all the way around.

17 INT. LIMO 17

Evan speeds toward the closed garage door, triggers off the electronic door.

18 EVAN'S POV 18

The electronic door opens, like a curtain. However, the stage is cluttered with unmarked and Metro Dade police cars, roadblocking the exit.

19 ON EVAN 19

He smiles as he floors the gas pedal.

20 THE SCENE- SERIES OF SHOTS 20

The limo batters into the police cars, like a cue ball hitting billiards. The Blazer follows closely behind. Gunfire of the backup cops... one Metro cop is hit by the limo. Scattering of bodies. Metal crunching.

21 EXT. FIELD - ON CROCKETT AND TUBBS 21

running toward scene.

22 WHAT THEY SEE 22

The limo and the Blazer across the field, successfully completing their chicken run. The two vehicles drive away, in separate directions -- banged up but safely out of the clutches of an arrest.

23 EXT. HANGAR 23

Crockett and Tubbs arrive at the demolition scene, exchange a tense look with Switek and Zito. Everyone is startled, except one of the Metro cops who got hit by the limo. He is bleeding to death--

CROCKETT

Somebody call an ambulance.

SMASH CUT TO

CREDITS

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

24 EXT. BLIMP HANGAR - DAY

24

Aftermath of scene -- Paramedics, tow trucks, coroner's wagon, other Metro Dade uniforms, etc. As on cut, Switek and Tubbs fill in Castillo, who surveys the scene.

SWITEK

At least fifty Macs in that trunk,
Lieutenant. No exaggeration.

TUBBS

The shell casings were armor piercing.

(off
Castillo's
look)

I know. We had no idea it was going
down that heavy.

CASTILLO

(to Switek)

Go through Interpol files. See if
you can track down the seller.

Crockett steps over from the coroner's wagon, a wallet in hand.

CROCKETT

They found this on our friend ---

He invokes the corpse of Hector, who is being stuffed into a body bag by the coroner's wagon ---

CROCKETT

I don't understand. Small-time snitch
gives us what he calls a nickle-dime
buy, and it turns out to be armageddon.

TUBBS

(reading
the ID)

Hector Marquez. Twenty-seven. Single.
Five ten, two forty.

(holds it
up to light)

Probably fake, printed.

CASTILLO

Follow it through anyway.

CONTINUED

24

CONTINUED

24

Before Crockett and Tubbs split ---

TUBBS

(to Switek
and Zito)

You guys all right?

Switek returns a look which is more like a shudder....scary.

TUBBS

I hear you.

CUT TO

25

thru
29

OMITTED

25

thru
29

30

INT. GOLD COAST OFFICE - DAY - LATER

30

At a desk, Switek and Zito are going through the Interpol mugshot files. Zito is looking over Switek's shoulder, annoying him ---

ZITO

(points)

Is that -- ? Forget it.

Switek shoots his partner a sour look.

ZITO

Sorry.

30-A

ANGLE - CROCKETT AND TUBBS

30-A

enter the offices, looking tattered and torn. Trudy passes.

TRUDY

Any luck?

TUBBS

Hector's home is history.

CROCKETT

Place was cleaned out. Very professional. This whole thing is beginning to feel creepy...kind of stuff the CIA pulls.

As they cross the office ---

SWITEK

This is the guy! This is definitely the guy!

Castillo emerges from his office ---

CONTINUED

30-A CONTINUED

30-A

SWITEK

(excited)

Right here, Lieutenant. This guy
right here.

(reads profile)

'Four years in Argentina, black
marketing dual purpose grenades in
Burma...El Salvador...Nicaragua...
nothing like door-to-door sales to
Third World households.

As the crowd gathers, Switek shows the mug shot. It's
indeed Guzman.

CASTILLO

Guzman...anyone ever heard of him?

Crockett and Tubbs study the profile, shake their heads.

CROCKETT

(something
catching
his eye)

Wait a second ---

Crockett studies the profile a beat --- .

CASTILLO

What?

CROCKETT

This group he sold M-79s to...the
Cazadores...I worked a small-time
arms dealer a couple years ago who
also used to sell to them. Guy's a
neo-Nazi --

(off Castillo's
look)

Hey, it's worth a shot.

CUT TO

31 ON RIFLE TARGET

31

as it's electronically conveyed along a wire toward its
final destination point. It stops. Beat. It's shot up in
successive rounds by an obvious expert ---

32 EXT. RIFLE RANGE

32

The expert is Crockett. Now decked out in full state-of-
the-art combat gear -- fatigues, ballistic nylon holsters,
commando watchband, etc. The modern survivalist. Very
weird. He reloads. Poises and shoots six more rounds, all
bull's-eyes.

The owner of the rifle range. A lean, mean, fighting machine, ramrod straight, Marine crew cut. He recognizes Crockett, steps over. As Crockett reloads ---

KERN

Burnett, is that you?

CROCKETT

(low key)

Hey, Kern, how's it going?

Crockett shoots off more rounds ---

KERN

That the new XF-7?

(off

Crockett's
grunt)

Got the 7-A inside, you want to try it. Thumb fire selector...ten-inch barrel, it's a beaut. Blow a man in half.

CROCKETT

No thanks.

KERN

Haven't seen you in a while.

CROCKETT

Been pretty busy.

Crockett presses a button, the target returns. Crockett checks out his perfect shooting, then sends a new target out.

KERN

Still keeping touch with the Cazadores?

CROCKETT

Nah. Bunch of daisies...I'm putting some new people together.

(stares hard
at Kern)

People who take life seriously.

KERN

(impressed)

These must be some people. What's the action?

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

(points,
fanatic)

Two hundred miles out there there's
guys sitting inside nuclear submarines
just waiting to put us in the cross
hairs. Who's gonna protect us? You
tell me...the Army? Those are toy
soldiers, Kern...half breeds, women,
homosexuals...that's who's protecting
our country.

KERN

Hey. You don't have to convince me.

Crockett lets his anger dissipate, starts to shoot again.

KERN

(considers)

Funny. I never quite pegged you for
a survivalist ---

Crockett looks at him sideways. Scary.

CROCKETT

No? What did you have me pegged
for, Kern?

KERN

(quickly)

What I mean is, I took you for a
loner. Even with the Cazadores....

CROCKETT

Business is business. My country is
a different proposition.

(beat)

United we stand.

KERN

Amen.

CROCKETT

(carefully)

Got any Mach 10s back there?

KERN

No. Give me a couple days, I can
probably get you a demo.

CROCKETT

How about a couple dozen to go?

Kern hesitates. Crockett fires off a few more rounds,
looks over.

CONTINUED

33

CONTINUED - 2

33

KERN

Serious.
(worried
beat)
I don't usually do volume.

CROCKETT

Tap me into the source.

Kern studies the fragmented target in front of them.

KERN

Guy's a worm.
(beat)
Will you give me one from the order?

CROCKETT

Fair's fair.

CUT TO

34
thru
35

OMITTED

34
thru
35

35-A

EXT. ND LOUNGE - DAY

35-A

No windows, inconspicuous door above which hangs a simple
neon sign: The Buzzrod. Ferrari cruises past, parks ---

TUBBS

This is our source?

CROCKETT

Never judge a book by its cover.

They get out and head inside ---

35-AA

INT. THE BUZZROD

35-AA

Gloom lit by tinted lights. A B&D paradise, decorated in
tasteful bare concrete and partitions of chain link. A
forest of leather queens stand motionless, in their separate
worlds, as Crockett and Tubbs weave their way through.

TUBBS

Well, here's a good book....

CROCKETT

I'm telling you -- this just keeps
getting creepier and creepier....

Here and there extremely normal-looking businessmen and
women meander, shopping for cheap painful thrills.

35-AB ANGLE - BACK OF THE BAR

35-AB

where there is a corridor leading to God-only-knows-what, and pounding music conceals strange, unsettling sounds... Crockett and Tubbs confer with a white-haired woman who appears to be running a rental desk. She motions them down the corridor...and with trepidation they proceed ---

35-AC INT. CUBICLE - TIGHT ON A RACK

35-AC

Flailing of hands, elbows, shoulders, body -- in and out of frame for a moment to the accompaniment of tortured gasps and groans....

THUMPER (O.S.)

Come on...come on....

WIDENING

as Crockett and Tubbs enter the scene. Stringy-haired little leather-wrapped worm named Thumper sits amid a litter of assorted tools, trying to fix something on the ancient rack, while a spandex-wrapped six-foot dominatrix called Velvet stands brooding over him in spike-heeled boots.

THUMPER

I tol' you to go easy on this!
Musta had that guy rubbery as a
Bendible Buddy....

VELVET

Sorry. I was careful as I can be ---

TUBBS

Love can be so painful....

Velvet eyes him suspiciously. Thumper looks back over his head ---

THUMPER

Wrong room.

CROCKETT

Thumper?

No response.

CROCKETT

Friend of mine named Kern said you
could help me ---

VELVET

If you've got Kernie's warp, maybe I
can help.

CONTINUED

35-AC CONTINUED

35-AC

TUBBS
(to Crockett)
Grab a pick and yodel.

Thumper's wrench slips off the bolt, falls clattering to the floor. He curses, grabs another tool and begins to hammer on the machine with it in angry frustration, punctuating the following ---

THUMPER
Four -- hundred -- bleeding -- bucks!

VELVET
(defensive)
I was careful as I can be.

An Oriental gentleman in a three-piece suit sticks his head in ---

MAN
Ready?

THUMPER
(whirls)
No!!!

The Man ducks out. Thumper looks blankly at Crockett and Tubbs. Hands Velvet the screwdriver and heads out. Crockett and Tubbs follow ---

35-AD CORRIDOR

35-AD

where they squeeze past the ingratiatingly smiling Oriental gent and head toward the bar proper ---

THUMPER
Burnett and Cooper?
(off Tubbs'
affirmative)
Kern called ahead. Careful guy.

35-AE BACK OF THE BAR - RENTAL COUNTER

35-AE

where the white-haired woman is unsuccessfully trying to organize some props. Thumper slips behind the counter as ---

CROCKETT
What's the verdict?

THUMPER
(shakes
his head)
I can't deliver. But a guy named
Guzman can.

CONTINUED

35-AE CONTINUED

35-AE

TUBBS

Your supplier?

THUMPER

Sometimes. Though actually I've never seen his largeness...just the slime he spreads around ---

He turns to the white-haired woman ---

THUMPER

Joanie -- tell the guys about your date with Guzman's boy wonder ---

The look on Joan's face says enough. Weird and scary. She turns back to her tangled handcuffs.

THUMPER

Dude is definitely in a weird way...
(strange
smile)

He's got a death wish. Maybe you're the ones'll make it come true.

JOAN (O.S.)

(disgusted)

Think we got enough of these damn cuffs?

TUBBS

Business, Thumps: what's the going rate to get us to Guzman?

THUMPER

Hey, I work on commission. You're already there, sweetheart ---

SMASH CUT TO

35-B EXT. SOUTH BEACH TOWNHOUSE

35-B

A made-over pastel steamship, bathed in warm sunlight.

GUZMAN'S VOICE

My biggest problem right now is too much inventory.

TUBBS

With silencers.

CROCKETT

Strip the cosmoline off 'em, throw in a thousand rounds per gun and we'll run fifteen hundred apiece on delivery...which is by Friday or never ---

CONTINUED

35-B CONTINUED

35-B

EVAN'S VOICE

(antagonistic)

Who is this guy?

Evan steps in the scene. This last rhetorical question is aimed at Guzman. He now turns his attention to Crockett.

EVAN

Who are you, big mouth?

GUZMAN

Give it a rest, Evan.

EVAN

(to Guzman)

The guy has an attitude. A real attitude.

(to Crockett)

What's your problem?

CROCKETT

I don't have a problem.

(to Tubbs)

Do you have a problem?

TUBBS

No problem.

CROCKETT

(to Evan)

Maybe, it's your problem...Something that happens at Thumper's Club, maybe ---

EVAN

Don't mess with me!

GUZMAN

I mean it. Evan!

CROCKETT

(stands,
disgusted)

Bet's off.

GUZMAN

Please, sit down.

He motions with his hand that he's got the situation in hand.

GUZMAN

Give me a minute.

(then)

Evan ---

Guzman escorts Evan to an adjacent room. We see Guzman trying to talk Evan down, animated, angry. Evan is unimpressed. But nods, conceding....

35-BA CROCKETT AND TUBBS

35-BA

Crockett is riveted to Evan. There's an inexplicable intensity on Crockett's face, which Tubbs picks up immediately.

35-BC GUZMAN AND EVAN

35-BC

return to the room. Evan, now all smiles, a different personality.

EVAN

So, hombres, let's talk....

Tubbs waits, but nothing comes from Crockett. He quickly picks up the ball and runs.

TUBBS

No talk. We want the Macs. You want to sell?

EVAN

Good little weapon. It slices, it dices...We got fifty, brand new, ice-cold, manufactured as full autos, not some cheapjack conversion. Serial numbers are so blasted, not even acid-etching can bring them up. Going rate without silencers is twenty-five hundred. Consider that a minimum bid, blood ---

TUBBS

Consider fifteen hundred a minimum bid. And a maximum bid. And the only bid... 'blood.'

EVAN

You don't want to negotiate? There's the door.

An awkward silence. Guzman sighs.

GUZMAN

I can see this meeting got off on the entirely wrong foot...

(then)

Guys...please ---

His pleasant tone is belied by a cold calculatedness in his eyes. Evan's volatility is the perfect foil for him.

TUBBS

(pauses, then)

There might be...some flexibility. We'll have to consult our principals.

CONTINUED

35-BC CONTINUED

35-BC

GUZMAN

I want to move quickly. Miami's too warm for my taste.

TUBBS

I know what you mean.
(stands)
Sonny?

Crockett snaps back.

CROCKETT

Yeah. We'll get back in twenty-four.

He gets up. Guttman escorts them to the door. Evan crosses, swigging his Scotch.

EVAN

(weirdly; to
Crockett)
What it is, 'blood'....

Crockett looks deeply into Evan. Tubbs doesn't get it. They depart ---

35-BD EXT. GUZMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

35-BD

Crockett and Tubbs emerge from the townhouse, walk to the car.

TUBBS

Talk about bad chemistry...Man, I'm gonna enjoy popping that dude Evan.

CROCKETT

(burning
inside)
We're not gonna pop him.
(off Tubbs'
look)
He's a cop.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

36 EXT. OCB - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 36
 37 INT. CASTILLO'S OFFICE - NIGHT 37

where, through the glass, the squad room cops are seen anxiously watching as Wilson, an unknowingly courageous ATF agent, gets in Castillo's face ---

WILSON

(hot)

You're not hearing me.

CASTILLO

My primary concern is this city --
 not an ATF investigation.

WILSON

(hotter)

I didn't come over here to discuss
 your concerns. I'll tell ya again.

As Castillo silently fumes:

WILSON

It has taken fifty thousand dollars
 and six months of Officer Freed's
 sweat for Alcohol, Firearms and
 Tobacco to get him next to Guzman.
 He is now like this --

(shows two
 crossed fingers
 in Castillo's
 face)

-- with a man who moves arms for
 half-a-dozen international terrorist
 groups ---

WILSON

And I will not have his
 cover blown!

CASTILLO

Who will move nothing
 in Miami.

CASTILLO

Don't ever get in my face.

38 INT. OCB SQUAD ROOM - ON GINA, TRUDY SWITEK, ZITO, TUBBS AND 38
 CROCKETT

all but the last watching the fireworks.

CONTINUED

38

CONTINUED

38

ZITO

Guess you gotta be brave to work for ATF these days.

SWITEK

A fin says Castillo pops him.

TUBBS

(to Crockett)

You're missing the show.

CROCKETT

(shuffling some paperwork; with an attitude)

Seen it before.

39

RESUME CASTILLO'S OFFICE

39

CASTILLO

I will bust anyone necessary.

WILSON

You will bust no one. I don't care if this Omega group was buying bazookas -- you will not jeopardize this operation.

CASTILLO

And those MAC 10s will not reach the street. You got thirty minutes to get Freed clear. Then I blow his cover.

They lock eyes -- Castillo's never been more serious. Beat. Wilson finally gives ---

WILSON

All right, look -- we work in parallel. You get the MAC 10s off the street. But you gotta leave Freed and Guzman intact -- or forget it.

Castillo cements the deal with a look. He moves to the door, leans into the squad room ---

40

INT. SQUAD ROOM

40

CASTILLO

Tubbs, Crockett....

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED

40

The latter clearly reluctant as we follow them to Castillo's office ---

SWITEK

(as Crockett
passes)

Wearing a cup?

41 INT. CASTILLO'S OFFICE

41

As Castillo introduces ---

CASTILLO

This is Wilson from ATF. Crockett
and Tubbs.

WILSON

Which one of you is Freed's old
playmate from Vice?

CROCKETT

(cold)

We weren't playmates.

Tubbs reacts to this new information. Wilson looks them
over, then ---

WILSON

Here's the deal:

(snide)

In the spirit of interdepartmental
cooperation, I will allow you to
make a buy -- so you can keep these
guns off your...

(looks to
Castillo)

...precious Miami streets.

(beat)

But get one thing straight: Evan
Freed is our most important contact
in the Southeast. He'll arrange
your buy with Guzman -- then you
stay the hell away from them.

Beat. He tries to stare them down then turns to Castillo --
gives a smug salute with ---

WILSON

All yours.

And leaves -- followed by Castillo's glare. Tubbs seems on
the verge of a question, which Crockett preempts with ---

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

Lieutenant, I need a minute with you
-- alone.

Tubbs is a bit baffled, but leaves off Castillo's nod.
Crockett closes the door behind him.

CROCKETT

I'd like off this one, Lieutenant.

Castillo studies him for a beat.

CASTILLO

Why?

CROCKETT

I just do.

(more testy
than he intended)

And I think I'm entitled to crap out
once in awhile without having to go
through confessional.

CASTILLO

(challenging)

If you don't think you're up to it,
I'll put you on something else.

CROCKETT

(sour)

Thanks for the slack.

CASTILLO

You expect understanding? So do I.
Understand the job gets done.

Long beat as Crockett tries to sort it out in his mind ---

CROCKETT

I'll think about it.

Crockett wheels and walks out.

as Crockett passes Tubbs.

CROCKETT

See you tomorrow.

TUBBS

Wait a minute, man. What's the
story with you and this guy Freed?

CONTINUED

42

CONTINUED

42

CROCKETT

(doesn't bother
to stop)

Nada. Catch you later.

Tubbs watches him leave.

TUBBS

(shakes his
head; then)

I need a favor, Gina.

GINA

You always need a favor, Tubbs.

TUBBS

If you go downtown in the morning,
pull the jacket on an ex-Dade Vice
cop named Evan Freed.

GINA

What's up?

TUBBS

I don't know yet.

CUT TO

43

EXT. BISCAYNE BAY - MORNING

43

as the rising sun splashes gold over the Miami skyline.

44

EXT. GUZMAN'S HOUSE - DAY - ON GUZMAN

44

methodically swimming laps in the pool, unaware of:

45

EVAN

45

who parks himself at a poolside table. A serving boy
leaves him a tray with an ice bucket and a bottle of
Scotch, and Evan pours himself a stiff one as Guzman exits
the pool ---

GUZMAN

(derisive)

Lovely breakfast.

Evan doesn't react, swills his drink as Guzman sits across
from him -- playfully spraying Evan with his wet hair as he
dries himself ---

CONTINUED

GUZMAN

You know, the cook is quite good.
One day you should let him fix you
something besides ice cubes.

Evan clears his throat, spits into a nearby planter.

GUZMAN

(passive;
aggressive)

I get the impression you're bothered.
Was it those two men who wanted to
buy the guns?

EVAN

They don't bother me.
(beat)
I just don't like 'em.

GUZMAN

Why?

EVAN

I got a feeling about that Burnett
guy...he's not right.

GUZMAN

Really? I didn't get that feeling
at all. In fact, I rather liked them.

EVAN

(snorts)
That's 'cause you don't know jack.

Beat.

GUZMAN

(spiteful)
I think we'll do business with them.
(beat)
I will let them buy five guns and, if
it goes well, the rest of the shipment.

EVAN

And if it doesn't?

GUZMAN

I'll kill them.

EVAN

(a dull grin)
Maybe I'll do it for you.

GUZMAN

Suit yourself. Just set up the deal.

CUT TO

46 INT. ST. VITUS DANCE - DAY - ON CROCKETT

46

hair still wet from a shower, as he puts on his holster for work. We hear from the deck ---

EVAN'S VOICE

This pig is still ticking!!

Crockett recognizes the voice -- clearly displeased as he heads to:

47 EXT. ST. VITUS DANCE - DAY

47

where Evan is talking to Elvis as he rubs his back.

EVAN

Sonofagun remembers me!

CROCKETT

(pissed)

What the hell are you doing here?

EVAN

Is that a way to greet an old buddy -- No 'Hey, Evan, how ya doing? Crack a brew; let's catch up on the past'...You're more of a Southern gentleman than that, ain't you, Crockett?

CROCKETT

We got nothing to talk about.

EVAN

Guzman sent me over here to check you out. The man wants to make a deal in the worst kind of way.

(off Crockett's hesitation)

Look, Slim, I ain't exactly thrilled with the turn of events either, but I thought I'd try to make it palatable. You want out, introduce me to your partner and I'll work with him.

Crockett goes rigid with anger. Somehow Evan's suggestion is a threat. We don't know why.

CROCKETT

I won't do that.

(beat)

I'm staying in. And you and me are not friends; we're not partners;

CONTINUED

47

CONTINUED

47

CROCKETT (Cont'd)
we're not old buddies; no between
innings dugout chats. We make the
buy, it's over, and you're gone.

EVAN
(challenging)
Since when do you have the stones to
tell me what to do?!

CROCKETT
Get the hell off my boat.

He lunges at Evan, who, in one lightning motion, pushes
Crockett aside and produces a pistol -- which he levels in
Crockett's face -- hyperventilating ---

CROCKETT
(cool)
Put the gun down, Evan.

EVAN
(slick smile)
C'mon Crockett, let's have it out.
Whaddaya say? Twenty paces, back-
to-back?

CROCKETT
Evan, relax.

EVAN
I'm cool, I'm cool. See ---

With which he puts the gun to his own temple. Crockett
doesn't move. Then he aims at Crockett again ---

EVAN
(wild)
C'mon. One for you and one for me.
We'll go together --
(cocks the
hammer)
Huh?
(back at his
own temple)
Huh?

A beat as he stands before Crockett, the gun pressed
against his own head. Crockett swallows hard -- takes a
gamble ---

CROCKETT
I'm not impressed.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED - 2

47

EVAN
(gun still at
his temple)
You don't think I'd do it?

He suddenly aims at Crockett -- then at the last second averts his aim just slightly -- blasting a bait bucket off the side of the boat. He gives a sick laugh.

CROCKETT
You're sick, Freed.

EVAN
Tell me, Crockett, tell me how it
feels to be perfect.
(holsters his
gun)
Guzman's giving you a dry run on
five pieces this evening. Bayshore
Cemetery, eight o'clock. I'll be
looking for you.

As he leaves, off Crockett's relief:

CUT TO

48 INT. OCB HALLWAY - NIGHT

48

as Tubbs and Gina, the latter weighed down with paperwork and a cup of coffee, head slowly for the squad room, voices low.

GINA
There really wasn't much in the file.
This guy Evan used to be with Crockett
and a guy named Mike Orgel. Orgel
got killed in the line of duty. Mean
anything to you?

TUBBS
Not really.

GINA
After Evan left Vice, he became a
real rock 'n' roller -- signed up for
every suicide train that came down
the track.

TUBBS
(concerned)
I can't understand why Crockett
won't talk about it.

GINA
Why don't you ask him.

With which she looks up at:

49

CROCKETT

49

who crosses the squad room towards them -- he seems distant, drained ---

CROCKETT

(to Tubbs)

C'mon, let's take care of business.

Crockett continues past.

TUBBS

(following;

to Gina)

I owe you.

GINA

(smiles;

holds up

paperwork)

Got a little typing for you right here.

CUT TO

50

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - ON THE FERRARI

50

gliding through light evening traffic.

51

INT. FERRARI - NIGHT

51

a beat -- then Tubbs broaches the subject ---

TUBBS

Who is Mike Orgel?

Prompting Crockett's sudden, hard look and ---

52

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

52

as Crockett yanks the car through an angry 180, screeching to a halt in the middle of the street.

53

INT. FERRARI - NIGHT

53

Crockett glares at Tubbs ---

CROCKETT

Don't run around me, Tubbs.

TUBBS

What's got into you, man? I'm not running around you. You got a problem, I'm trying to help you with it.

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

(pissed)

Is that what you call it? What'd you do -- pull Freed's jacket?

TUBBS

I wouldn't have had to if you were straight with me.

CROCKETT

Straight with you? This is none of your damn business.

TUBBS

Excuse the hell outta me, but we happen to be involved in an operation. And if something's going down between you and our middle man, I need to know it.

CROCKETT

Nothing's going down and you don't need to know anything!

Under which a driver blocked by Crockett's car leans on his horn; Crockett angrily waves him on ---

CROCKETT

(to Tubbs)

And where the hell do you come off demanding that I bare my soul to you? You're my partner -- not my priest.

TUBBS

(quietly
smoldering)

Hey, don't cop an attitude -- 'cause I don't need to hear that. You wanna drop the friendship and just be partners? So be it.

CROCKETT

So be it.

TUBBS

Solid.

Tubbs settles back in his seat -- eyes dead ahead in a silent rage. As Crockett guns the engine:

CUT TO

54 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

54

as Guzman's limo parks facing the Ferrari. Crockett, Tubbs, Guzman, Evan and the ubiquitous guards get out.

55 EVAN, GUZMAN, CROCKETT, TUBBS

55

Evan flips open the trunk. Five of the Macs lie ready, wrapped in plastic. Tubbs gives Guzman a glimpse of the cash in the inside pocket of his jacket.

GUZMAN

There has been one small change in the deal.

CROCKETT

Wait a second....

GUZMAN

Each item is now three thousand.

Even Evan is taken aback as the gouge strikes.

TUBBS

No way, Guzman. Twenty-four hundred, that's the number we set with your man here.

(indicates
Evan)

GUZMAN

Others have made a better offer.

EVAN

(vehement;
to Guzman)

I gave the man a price.

Evan starts making a move on Guzman. Guards swing Mac 10s at him. Crockett instinctively moves toward Evan. Tubbs stops him with a touch on his arm, a subtle shake of the head.

Guzman glares. A small automatic has appeared in his hand. Evan looks at it with contempt. He brushes past the guards, steps forward and deliberately shoves his gut against the muzzle of Guzman's gun.

EVAN

Go ahead, Guzman. Shoot.

Guzman's face holds a frozen rictus of hatred, contempt. Evan presses the advantage. He reaches out, puts his finger over Guzman's on the trigger, applies a little pressure.

CONTINUED

55

CONTINUED

55

EVAN

C'mon, you did this in Bananaland
all the time. Used to shoot folks
just for being left handed.

Crockett and Tubbs watch, poker-faced.

EVAN

Get it over with. I don't care.
It's a cemetery, no better place.
Do it -- then try and do business in
Miami without me.

Guzman exhales, pulls the gun away from Evan, waves off the
bodyguards. He turns to Crockett and Tubbs.

GUZMAN

Twenty-four hundred.

TUBBS

(immediately)

Sold.

Guzman stalks off. The bodyguards go back to their sentry
positions. Crockett and Tubbs stare at Evan. Evan winks.
Best joke yet. He waves Crockett and Tubbs over to the
trunk.

56

TUBBS AND CROCKETT

56

moving slowly toward the guns in the limo.

TUBBS

(pissed)

Tell me again how 'nothing's gonna
go down.'

Off Crockett's silent guilt.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

57 INT. VICE SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

57

Castillo turns out the light in his office, walks wearily through the dark, empty squad room. He notices the glowing red end of a cigarette in the room. He knows who's on the other end.

CASTILLO
How you doing, Crockett?

CROCKETT
Seen better days, Lieutenant.

Crockett takes a long, thoughtful drag as Castillo studies him.

CROCKETT(CONT)
Long day for you.

CASTILLO
Crime breeds paperwork.

CROCKETT
There are worse reasons to stay up late
in this business.
(beat)

CASTILLO
Want to talk ?

CROCKETT
(aimlessly tapping
ashes)
Not right now.

CASTILLO
I'm available.

Crockett gives a slight nod.

CROCKETT
(as Castillo exits)
Thanks, Lieutenant.

Hold on Crockett's unrest.

CUT TO

58 C.U. - A GIRL

58

her ample proportions wrapped tight in a sweaty minidress--
as she shakes it to Prince's "I Would Die For U"

PULL BACK TO

59 INT. DISCO - NIGHT

59

buzzing with the 2 A.M. regulars: smug, casual elegance; over-sized wrist-watches; stone-faced bodyguards; and

60 TUBBS

60

casually posed at the bar, where he is about to ink the papers with a dark-eyed beauty named Michelle.

MICHELLE

(coy)

I dunno... if I let you take me home,
you might expect me to sleep
with you.

TUBBS

(cool smile)

Not a wink.

Beat. They stare. She sizzles ---

MICHELLE

Let me tell my ride.

As she moves off hold on Tubbs, his eyes following her--
small solace at the end of a twisted day -- until

61 CROCKETT

61

Slides up next to him. A beat as Tubbs registers his silent
and not particularly friendly surprise at his partner's arrival.

CROCKETT

(deferential)

I need to talk to you.

TUBBS

You know where my desk is.
Office hours are from nine to five...
(bitter)
partner.

Tubbs turns back to the crowd as a taught, drawn Crockett
searches for the words ---

CROCKETT

My head's been spinning in a thousand
directions...I'd like a chance to
explain..

CONTINUED

61

CONTINUED

61

under which Michelle returns -- hot - to - trot--

MICHELLE

Ready.

A beat as Tubbs looks from Crockett to this gorgeous woman-- who's clearly not accustomed to anything less than immediate gratification.

CROCKETT

(pleads)

Tubbs...

TUBBS

(a hard exhalation;
then;)

Michelle, Something's come up...
but I would definitely love
a rain check.

Her features immediately harden --

MICHELLE

I bet you would.

and she disappears into the crowd. Tubbs turns to Crockett --

TUBBS

Where to?

CUT TO

62

EXT. ART DECO GAS STATION - NIGHT

62

on a windswept street, deserted at this hour save the light in the glass spire above the office -- presently casting it's soulful blue glow on the driveway below and

63

THE FERRARI

63

as it pushes up to the curb. Tubbs patiently looks on as Crockett studies the scene, rolling back the years in his mind. A beat, then they exit the car. Crockett moves purposefully to a spot in the driveway where he half bends, scanning the cement as if looking for evidence at a crime scene.

CROCKETT

Mike Orgell died right here.

(beat)

I'd just won a game of eight ball
in a bar on Coral Way when they told me.

CONTINUED

TUBBS

How'd it go down?

CROCKETT

He was off duty. According to the report, there was a guy on dust waving a twelve gauge around-- standing right about where you are now. Mike tried to disarm him... and got both barrels in the chest.

Crockett looks up at the stars.

TUBBS

(gently supportive)

Sounds brave.

CROCKETT

It was suicide.

(cynical)

'Course that's not how they wrote it up.

Beat. Crockett sits beside one of the pumps. Tubbs sits beside him.

TUBBS

Were you two tight?

CROCKETT

Not then... but there was a time when we raised our share of hell.

TUBBS

You still manage.

CROCKETT

(fondly)

Me, and Mike, and, believe it or not, Evan Freed...

TUBBS

(reacts)

I can't see anybody hanging with that dude.

CROCKETT

Yeah, well, we all met at the academy. Then we moved up to Vice together. And the first couple months, we were the three musketeers.

CONTINUED

TUBBS

And then?

CROCKETT

(bleak)

Then Mike told us he was gay.

Beat. Tubbs patiently lets Crockett collect his thoughts.

CROCKETT

We were assigned to shake down some dance places for dealing poppers. Mike wanted off the gig. No big deal. Then, it turns out a couple of the places are gay bars. So one day Evan's razzin Mike about it-- good natured-- saying stuff like Mike was afraid he'd be recognized...

(eyes welling
with tears)

...and, like a jerk, Mike went and told us the truth.

Crockett shakes his head --- looks away --

TUBBS

How'd you handle it?

CROCKETT

(guilty)

I didn't. I couldn't say anything. I was too shocked.

TUBBS

(sympathetic)

You're allowed.

CROCKETT

(painful to recall)

But Evan really freaked. All of a sudden it was "faggot" this and "faggot" that. Then he put in for a transfer...

(bitter)

but it was just an excuse to tell the Lieutenant about Mike.

TUBBS

What did Orgell do?

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

What could he do? The next day they shoved a desk at him and started looking for a way to dump him.

(beat)

TUBBS

(plaintive)

That's a shame.

CROCKETT

The shame is I didn't stick up for him. Orgell was a damn good cop. And he was my friend. But I just sat there and watched Evan ride him into the ground.

Crockett sighs deeply, his cheeks sparkling with tears in the cool blue light.

TUBBS

(solicitous)

I couldn't have done any better.

(beat)

At least you had the right feelings.

CROCKETT

But I didn't do anything about it!

TUBBS

Cause you didn't know how.

(warmly)

They don't teach those things in the academy. We have to learn them on the street...in the world...

(gestures)

...in our hearts -- where I know you have it.

Tubbs is all compassion as he waits for a response.

CROCKETT

I dunno....

TUBBS

Hey, you better know it.

(warmly)

Cause I don't pass up girls like Michelle for anything less.

This buys a small smile from Crockett -- and a sigh of relief as his eyes fill with gratitude. He looks at Tubbs-- drapes an arm across his shoulders ---

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED - 4

63

CROCKETT

You know, Tubbs, you ain't all bad.

TUBBS

(returning the
gesture)

Ditto.

(beat)

Now, drive your tired partner home.

Off their togetherness

CUT TO

64 EXT. ROAD - DAY

64

on the grassy bank beside which Guzman's limo is parked, facing

65 A VAN

65

about twenty feet away -- from which two Omega terrorists
exit --- one carrying a large paper bag toward

66 GUZMAN AND BODYGUARD

66

approaching from the limo, the latter carrying a large
cardboard box. The roar of traffic from a nearby airport
can be heard as we pick up

67 EVAN

67

standing non-chalant by the limo's open back door, carefully
observing the above as he dials a cellular phone -- speaks --

EVAN

(to phone)

Crockett...

68 INTERCUT INT. FERRARI - DAY

68

with Crockett and Tubbs, the former at the wheel as Tubbs hands
him the phone with---

TUBBS

It's Evan.

EVAN(V.O.)

Today's question is : how much life
insurance does your typical Panamian
Industrialist carry?

CONTINUED

68

CONTINUED

68

CROCKETT

Get to the point.

EVAN (V.O.)

You know Julio Mendosa? Well,
I give him about fifteen minutes before
these Omega boys try to take down him
and his jet at Opa Locka.

As Crockett reacts--

69

RESUME EVAN

69

EVAN

(continuing to
phone)

Guzman just turned them on to half a
dozen pea-shooters and enough KTW
shells to start their own Tet offensive.
Bye.

as Guzman returns with the bag of money. Evan clicks off
the phone but continues to talk as if still on the line with a
bookie --

EVAN

(to phone;
typically sarcastic)

I trust your judgement, Benny.
Make it four to one and I'll
take the nine horse across the
board.

GUZMAN

(counts out
Evan's share)

Perhaps you'd prefer me to mail
this straight to your bookie.

Evan snatches the bills out of Guzman's hand.

CUT TO

70

THE FERRARI - TRAVELLING SHOT - DAY

70

racing through causeway traffic.

TUBBS (V.O.)

(to radio)

...all units should anticipate
automatic weapons with armor
piercing shells...

CUT TO

- 71 EXT. OPA LOCKA AIRPORT - BACK GATE - DAY 71
where a short burst from a Mac- 10 blows the shit out of two inches of steel. As the terrorist hops back into the waiting van
- CUT TO
- 72 MENDOSA'S JET 72
as Crockett and Tubbs usher the pilot, a jittery Mendosa, and his over-sized bodyguard down the steps -- rushing them behind a tow-vehicle in front of the hangar just before.
- 73 THE OMEGA VAN 73
races across the runway, screeching to a halt and emptying beside the jet as
- 74 A SQUADRON OF BLACK AND WHITES 74
screams onto the field from the opposite direction , surrounding the terrorists. The Swat teams are in position in seconds-- all weapons aimed at
- 75 THE QUARTET OF TERRORISTS 75
huddled behind their vehicle, their backs to the nearby jet as
- 76 THE SWAT LEADER 76
grabs the bullhorn -- no time to deescalate ---
SWAT LEADER
(to Terrorists)
Drop the damn guns! Now!
whereupon
- 77 MENDOSA 77
the numbers now clearly on his side, stands with characteristic self-interest to complain to the cops ---
MENDOSA
My plane! Don't shoot my plane!
and thus revealing his whereabouts to

- 78 THE TERRORISTS 78
who maniacally rush at him -- firing wildly as they are
drowned in a roaring rain of police bullets-- which kills
three instantly-- but the fourth spins onto his back as he
goes down -- releasing a final burst at
- 79 MENDOSA'S JET 79
which erupts into a tunderous fireball. A beat, as we
hold on the burning plane. Then--
- 80 REACTION SHOTS : THE SWAT TEAM 80
eyes glued to the spectacle.
- 81 MENDOSA 81
incredulous.
- 82 TUBBS 82
touching the tow-vehicle where it has been ripped by the
armor piercing shells, then turning to
- 83 CROCKETT 83
to share a tentative look of relief.
- 84 INT. HEAVY DRINKERS' BAR - NIGHT - EVENING 84
No piano, no jukebox, nobody talks, unless it's to jawbone
price with one of the professional ladies. Among the
solitary boozers at the stand-up bar, Crockett and Tubbs
face beers. Crockett downs his, fast, Tubbs watching.
- EVAN'S VOICE
Lousy technique, Crockett.
- 85 ANOTHER ANGLE 85
as Evan bellies up next to Crockett and Tubbs.
- CROCKETT
Oh, great.

CONTINUED

EVAN

Been looking for you guys.

(to bartender)

Yo, beer --

The bartender's sapped guys for less, but Evan has that certain something. He gives him a sixteen-ounce can.

EVAN

Watch and learn.

He shakes the can, ripcords it, gargling the beer down in one messy shirt-dripping second.

CROCKETT

Okay, I admit it. You're a real man, Evan.

EVAN

(to Tubbs)

Give us a moment, huh, pal?

CROCKETT

(to Tubbs)

Stick around.

Tubbs looks at Crockett, thinks about the new seriousness that just crept into Evan's voice.

TUBBS

I gotta see my broker, anyway.

Tubbs moves away. After a beat ---

EVAN

You're right, Crockett, I am a real man. A real man makes mistakes. I made one with Mike, and I've paid. A real man thinks and changes. A real man uses his brains. If he's lucky he gets some wisdom with years. But you? You still want to hang that rap on me? I've found more ways to hang that on myself than the devil and you will ever know about!

CROCKETT

That why you been looking to catch a bullet for years?! What's that, adjustmet?

He suddenly bear hugs Crockett, lifts him off the ground. Crockett resists, embarrassed, confused. The sullen and wholly-hetereo eyes of the boozers turn toward them.

CONTINUED

85

CONTINUED

85

EVAN

Tell me you forgve me, Sonny!
Tell me!

CROCKETT

Put me down!

EVAN

Say it.

(cracking;
tears in his eyes)

Make me happy, Sonny. Make me happy!!

with which he lowers Crockett, burying his head in Crockett's shoulder. Crockett's completely at a loss -- looks around at the crowd, only to see

86

TUBBS

86

returning from the restroom

87

RESUME CROCKETT

87

as he hurries to stabilize Evan.

EVAN

(still sobbing)

I'm so damn sorry.

CROCKETT

(tries to
disengage himself)

C'mon, man...

As Crockett lifts Evan's head, Evan sees Tubbs approaching-- turns away --- then comes back composed as Tubbs arrives. The change in almost psychotic. It startles Crockett.

EVAN

(mimes
rod and reel)

Old Papa Guzman took the bait.

Evan pats an empty shirt-pocket, then heads off for the cigarette machine.

TUBBS

What was all that?

CROCKETT

Confession and redemption. And a guy hanging by a string...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

88 INT. OCB - STRATEGY ROOM - DAY

88

Castillo. Crockett, Tubbs, and Miami Vice minus Switek gathered to discuss details of their plan to get the Mac 10's away from Guzman.

CROCKETT

We're meeting Guzman along the Miami River, not far from the Gulfcoast Industrial Parkway pier...

GINA

There's not much cover there for backup units --

CASTILLO

There aren't going to be any.

Whereupon Switek enters, carrying four Metro - Dade blue patrol uniforms on hangers, fresh from supply --

SWITEK

Happy Halloween.

--and he distributes uniforms to Zito, Trudy, and Gina.

ZITO

(re the blues)

Long time no see.

TRUDY

Yeah. And i forgot how much I hate these monkey suits.

TUBBS

What are you talking about? Those are virgin polyester doubleknit--

CASTILLO

Any questions abut how this is going to go down?

SWITEK

You want us to ride boy-girl, boy-girl?

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

Just don't act like Keystone Cops, Lar.
I know the temptation is terrific --

WILSON(O.S.)

I see the suicide squad has been
assembled.

Heads turn ot find Wilson standing in the doorway. He
enters, on the edge of anger--

CASTILLO

Nobody invited you to this strategy
meeting, Wilson--

WILSON

(overriding this:)

You people don't know what you're
doing! Amateurs --

CROCKETT

I think we've got the bases covered,
thanks-- so that your precious
operation won't be blown--

WILSON

Yeah-- let me guess--

(looks around the room)

You guys ate gonna go trough with the
deal, and then the bluecoats here
are gonna show up outa nowhere with
an eye for a profit...not bad.
It's worked for us...

TUBBS

Then why don't you just make an
exit and let us do our jobs?

WILSON

(voice rising)

Listen to me ---Agent Freed is so
important to us where he is, that
if something goes wrong with this
little dance of yours --and Guzman
smells a rat -- Freed will have to
stand by and watch you get killed.

(beat)

Or he might even have to kill you
himself, to protect his cover...

Long, ominous silence in the room. Zito shifts his weight
uncomfortably. Wilson's eyes go aroun the room until they
lock with Castillo's.

CONTINUED

88

CONTINUED

88

Castillo is unimpressed.

CASTILLO

My people are aware of the risks.

WILSON

Then you know you've got even more to lose than we do -- it's not worth it! What's the point?

CROCKETT

We're gonna get those guns off the street.

He returns Wilson's cold stare. Hold a couple of beats--

CUT TO

89

EXT. MIAMI RIVER - NIGHT

89

Empty container storage area near a long pier that stretches into this desolate industrial waterway. Abstract of city lights in b.g. along the flat horizon. Then picking up--

90

THE CIGARETTE

90

Crockett and Tubbs slowly making their way toward the meeting place, hull of the boat cutting neatly through the dark, still water.

CUT TO

91

INT. SEDAN - CASTILLO

91

At a safe distance, surveillance. Sound of the Cigarette's engine rumbling in the distance, o.s. Reaches down to the seat beside him, for binoculars.

92

POV - BINOCULARS

92

Crockett and Tubbs, in the Cigarette, approachin the pier.

93

RESUME CASTILLO

93

Inscrutable.

CUT TO

94 EXT. PARKING LOT- ELSEWHERE - NIGHT 94

Two patrol cars parked and waiting. Switek, Zito, Trudy, Gina in uniform. Silent. A little nervous. Waiting.

CUT TO

95 EXT. MIAMI RIVER - PIER - NIGHT 95

as, on cut, Tubbs hops out of the Cigarette and ties it to a piling. Crockett cuts the engine, and climbs out. They start casually up toward shore.

TUBBS

Nice place.

CROCKETT

Yeah. I love the smell of industry and stagnant water.

TUBBS

Reminds me of home.

CUT TO

96 EXT. STREET - INDUSTRIAL PARK - NIGHT 96

A black limousine cruises down empty pavement.

97 INT. THE LIMO - GUZMAN AND EVAN 97

Guzman looks relaxed. Casually checking the clip in a revolver, then snaps it back in. Evan composed, professional. Only his eyes occasionally belie a certain apprehension.

Watches as Guzman slips the gun into the leather sidepocket of the limousine doorway. Off Evan's faint frown--

GUZMAN

For good luck.

CUT TO

98 POV BINOCULARS- MIAMI RIVER - CROCKETT AND TUBBS - NIGHT 98

Waiting. Standing several feet apart. Crockett drops the cigarette he's been smoking, crushes it with his shoe. Tubbs watches him, considering.

Tubbs chooses his words carefully:

TUBBS

You can't carry it around forever.

Crockett looks up at him. He knows what Tubbs means, decides to sidestep it. Glances at his watch.

CROCKETT

They're late.

TUBBS

It ain't worth it. You're not doing anybody any favors, either.

CROCKETT

(looks off)

I hate the waiting more than anything.

TUBBS

You've both been living with it all this time, it's been eating away at you, and now you've got a chance to lay it to rest --

CROCKETT

I can't---

TUBBS

You've got the courage to do this job every day -- have the courage to tell Eban what you have to say --

CROCKETT

I'll think about it.

TUBBS

We pull this off, you may not see him again.

Headlights flash across them--

CROCKETT

If we don't, it won't matter.

As Guzman's limousine pulls up near Crockett and Tubbs

101 INT. SEDAN - CASTILLO

101

on is radio:

CASTILLO
It's going down. Stand by.

CUT TO

102 EXT. MIAMI RIVER - FULL SCENE - NIGHT

102

as the limousine cuts its lights, and Guzman and Evan emerge from either side of the back...wald to where Crockett and Tubbs are waiting for them.

GUAMAN
Gentlemen.

CROCKETT
You're late.

EVAN
Traffic was a bitch.

He and Crockett trade blank stares.

TUBBS
(light)
We didn't see any.

GUZMAN
Doesn't look like you brought the money.

CROCKETT
Doesn't look like you brought the hardware.

Guzman laughs.

GUZMAN
Rituals.

103 POV BINOCULARS - THE SCENE

103

as Guzman turns and waves to the driver of the limousine, who reaches inside the car, and talks briefly into a radio--

CUT TO

104 EXT. PARKING LOT- THE PATROL CARS - NIGHT 104

Switek and Gina in one, Trudy and Zito in the other. Engines idling, lights off. Zito absently drums his fingers on the steering wheel.

CUT TO

105 INT. SURVEILLANCE SEDAN - CASTILLO - NIGHT 105

watching Guzman, Evan, Crockett and Tubbs make small conversation, evidently waiting. Castillo lowers his binoculars. Gaint rumbling of a helicopter. He scans the sky--

106 EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT 106

Suddenly flashing its landing spotlight. Approaching.

107 EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT 107

Suddenly flashing its landing spotlight. Approaching.

108 EXT. MIAMI RIVER - CROCKETT AND TUBBS - NIGHT 108

watching as the helicopter swiftly drops out of the sky to a soft landing not far away... the beating of the chopper's blades making all conversation pointless.

Guzman's driver starts moving, crouched, toward the chopper as soon as it alights on the edge of the waterway.

CUT TO

109 INT. SURVEILLANCE SEDAN - CASTILLO 109

on the radio again. Eyes fixed on the scene before him:

CASTILLO

Go.

CUT TO

110 THE SCENE - TIGHT ON A WOODEN CRATE 110

that Evan and Guzman's driver have carried away from the land helicopter, clear of the blades. The driver opens it to reveal five Mac 10s, carefully packed, complete with ammo and accessories. Then widen to

- 111 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 111
They exchange look. Nod.
- 112 POV BINOCULARS - TUBBS 112
Watching Tubbs remove a fat satchel from the Cigarette, and carry it to where Crockett, Guzman and Eban are waiting. The driver is unloading the other Mac 10s from the helicopter.
- 113 RESUME - THE SCENE 113
Evan takes the money from Tubbs, opens the satchel atop a stack of gun crates, and begins to quickly count it. Crockett and Tubbs, meanwhile, proceed to make sure there are guns in the other crates.
And they're in the middle of this when--
- 114 A BLACK - AND - WHITE PATROL CAR 114
comes skidding into scene. No chance for anyone to react, because --
- 115 A SECOND CAR 115
carrying Gina and Switek comes up from behind, hemming them in. The rip-offs cops hopping out with riot guns trained on the scene. Everyone's hands in the air--
- 116 THE HELICOPTER 116
roars to life, but Trudy runs to it and orders the pilot out before he can get the blades up to speed.
- 117 THE BUST - SERIES OF SHOTS 117
Switek, Zito, Gina shoving everyone spreadeagled against the cop cars. By the book. Searching them for weapons, finding them on everyone, confiscating all as --

SWITEK

Well, well what do we have here?
Guns? Money?

ZITO

Very suspicious.

CONTINUED

117 CONTINUED 117

CROCKETT

This helicopter made a landing here -- we stopped to help --

He starts to turn. Gina shoves him back against the car--

GINA

Button it.

SWITEK

I think something illegal has been going on here.

118 TRUDY 118

pops open the trunk of one of the patrol cars. Zito begins to read everyone their Miranda rights, as Switek peruses the crates and the satchel, considering.

119 EVAN 119

stare coldly at Crockett.

120 GUZMAN 120

takes it all in. Calm.

121 THE SCENE 121

Momentary silence as the cops all share a common look.

SWITEK

(returns to them)

You know what? We've got a problem here. I don't think we can fit all this stuff and all these suspects into these two cars.

ZITO

U- oh. Well maybe we'll have to make two trips.

Switek nods. Zito and Trudy begin to load the guns into the trunk of both patrol cars, and--

GUZMAN

You're ripping us off--

ZITO

NO, we're going to ask you to stay here until we come back.

Guzman and Evan exchange a look.

122 INT. SURVEILLANCE - CASTILLO

122

watching as the loading of the patrol cars is finished, trunks slammed shut. Gina and Switek herding the suspects back to Guzman's limousine, hands in the air. It's nearly over.

123 RESUME SCENE - SUSPECTS

123

Spreadeagled again by Gina. In b.g. Zito picks up all their weapons and puts them into the back of his patrol car. Trudy starts the engine of the other.

SWITEK

Okay. Guess that's it. You citizens drive carefully now on your way home.

Trudy's car rolls by. Gina hops in, and the car takes off. Zito, in the second car, is right behind. Switek backs away.

ZITO

Sorry we ran out of cuffs.

SWITEK

Bye.

Hops in the car, and it roars away.

Silence. Everyone relaxes. The helicopter pilot, disgusted, heads back to his chopper. Guzman looks out where the cop cars disappeared.

TUBBS

How'd they know we were here?

Guzman glances at him blankly. Takes a deep breath, resigned.

GUZMAN

What is this country coming to when you can't even trust the police to be honest?

TUBBS

(disgusted)

Get the hell out of here, man. Your organization is a joke--

Crockett pulls him back--

CROCKETT

Chill. Nobody's fault....

CONTINUED

123 CONTINUED

123

He looks from Guzman to Evan, the latter staring back with an ambivalent expression --hard to tell what he's thinking.

GUZMAN

Easy come, easy go.

CROCKETT

Yeah.

He and Tubbs turn and start away. The helicopter blades cut the air with a deafening sound. Guzman says something to Evan -- "let's go" -- but it's lost in the wind.

124 ON EVAN

124

watching Guzman with a certain strangeness -- the man is taking this too well. His eyes stray to the departing Crockett, then back to Guzman again as --

125 GUZMAN

125

opens the back door of the limousine. Reaches into the leather side pocket and comes up with the hidden gun.

126 ON EVAN

126

frozen.

127 ON CROCKETT

127

back turned. Unaware that--

128 GUZMAN

128

is about to blow him away.

129 HELICOPTER

129

lifting off.

130 SURVEILLANCE SEDAN - CASTILLO

130

sees what's about to happen. Can't do anything about it.

131 EVAN

131

Time suspended. Eye flickering from Crockett to Guzman. Mouth opening to shout a warning, but it's lost in the chopper's pounding take-off.

- 132 GUZMAN 132
starts to pull the trigger. Expressionless.
- 133 EVAN 133
decides. Lunges at Guzman, and the gun in his hand
before the driver in close b.g. can stop him. Pulls Guzman's
hand down, stumbling into the line of fire.
The gun goes off, impacting in Evan's chest and blowing
him sprawling backward, to the ground --
- 134 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 134
hear the report of the gun and react. Both rolling apart,
grabbing for guns concealed at the ankle, coming up and
firing at Guzman before he can take aim again--
- 135 GUZMAN 135
is blown away.
- 136 HIS DRIVER 136
remains frozen in his tracks. Slowly raising his hands.
- 137 THE SCENE 137
as Castillo's car comes skidding up. Tubbs is cuffing the
driver. Crockett kneels beside Evan, cradling him. Castillo
radios for an ambulance as--
- 138 CLOSER - CROCKETT AND EVAN 138
The latter is dying. Words coming out in short bursts,
painful --

CROCKETT

(devastated)

You didn't have to do this---

EVAN

I made a decision. Good, bad...
maybe to prove something, maybe
not--

(beat)

Somebody dies either way--

(beat)

Like Orgel--

CONTINUED

138

CONTINUED

138

CROCKETT

Orgel made his own decision--
hang on, Evan--

EVAN

(shakes his head)

Noe it's your turn.

He dies. Crockett stares at him, motionless. We become aware of Tubbs in b.g., crouching, hand on Crockett's shoulder.

TUBBS

Sonny --

Crockett leand over, kisses Evan on the forehead. Then sits back, and stares up into the night sky.

FADE OUT.

THE END