

MIAMI VICE

LOMBARD

by

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#59529

MIAMI VICE

LOMBARD

CAST

SONNY CROCKETT
RICARDO TUBBS
SWITEK
ZITO
CASTILLO
GINA
TRUDY

LOMBARD
JUNIOR
FRANK
VINNIE
BEANSY
FUSCO
LIBRIZZI

CONQUISTADOR
LITTLE AL
SAL
AUGGIE GORDON
CRONY #1
CRONY #2
BODYGUARD #2
JACK, MOTEL OWER
DETECTIVE #1
FOREMAN
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
TRUCK DRIVER
FIRST MAN
SECOND MAN

SETS

INTERIORS:

CAFE
DELI
EL CONQUISTADOR
RESTAURANTE
HOSPITAL
LOMBARD'S ROOM
STOREFRONT
UNDERGROUND GARAGE
MOTEL ROOM
MOTEL OFFICE
WAREHOUSE
OFFICE
ROOM
STAIRWELL
GRAND JURY HEARING ROOM
CELL
CASTILLO'S OFFICE

CARS:

VAN
FERRARI
CADILLAC
LIMOUSINE
SURVEILLANCE VAN

EXTERIORS:

MARINA PARKING LOT
LOMBARD'S YACHT
DECK
STREET
EL CONQUISTADOR
RESTAURANTE
RESTAURANT
PARKING LOT
EMBANKMENT LEADING TO
RIVER
TROPICANA MOTEL
ROOF
FRONT OFFICE
DRIVEWAY
CAFE
CAMPUS BENCH
ABANDONED WAREHOUSE
BALCONY
BACK ENTRANCE TO
COURTHOUSE
UNDERGROUND GARAGE
HOSPITAL
BRIDGE

INSERTS:

FINGERS ON TRIGGERS

MIAMI VICE

LOMBARD

TEASER

FADE IN

1 EXT. MARINA PARKING LOT - DAY 1

The Ferrari is parked in a spot. In the b.g., the water shimmers and elegant sails move gracefully across the horizon.

2 INT. FERRARI 2

Crockett sits behind the wheel. Tubbs keeps him company.

CROCKETT

I wish it was an indictment for him instead of a subpoena on the Librizzi case.

TUBBS

Empires crumble slowly. One dent at a time.

CROCKETT

Give me a break. He pleads the Fifth and the only thing we dent is Lombard's racquetball game.

A car from the City Marshal's office pulls into a spot.

Tubbs and Crockett get out of their car and saunter over to a man named Frank, who is in his early thirties, has an easygoing manner and is in tip-top shape physically. Frank holds a subpoena in his hand. Tubbs nods a salutation.

TUBBS

Hey, Frank.

FRANK

(greeting)

Mr. Tubbs.

(to both
of them)

You guys ready for the show?

CROCKETT

No way he's gonna testify against Librizzi.

Frank holds up a second piece of paper.

CONTINUED

2

CONTINUED

2

FRANK

Surprise!

TUBBS

What's that?

FRANK

Just keep your eye on the man.

3

ON LOMBARD'S FACE

3

Pull back to reveal Frank walking along the desk of Lombard's yacht. Lombard is talking on the phone. He doesn't see Frank approaching.

Watching the procedure from the dock are Crockett and Tubbs.

LOMBARD

You thought about changing your major to Accounting or Prelaw or something useful?

SAL (V.O.)

I'm sliding with English Lit.

LOMBARD

People speak English. They don't make money with English.

SAL (V.O.)

Give it a rest, Dad...look, I gotta go.

LOMBARD

So how's your mom?

SAL (V.O.)

Why don't you call her and find out?

LOMBARD

The only way she likes hearing from me is my signature on the bottom of the alimony checks.

(beat)

How's your 'Vette.

SAL (V.O.)

I don't use it much.

LOMBARD

I didn't buy it for you not to use it...

(beat)

Hold on.

(to Frank)

Who the hell are you?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

FRANK

Are you Albert Lombard?

LOMBARD

Last time I checked.

Frank shows Lombard the legal document.

FRANK

I have a subpoena here for you to appear before the grand jury on the fifteenth of this month, at ten AM, Room 329 in the Dade County Municipal Building. Will you accept it?

LOMBARD

Of course. Would you like a drink?

FRANK

No thanks.

Frank hands Lombard the subpoena.

LOMBARD

There. It touched me. Now it's all kosher. Well done.

Lombard crumbles it into a ball and throws it over the side and starts to pick up the phone. Frank waits.

LOMBARD

(to Frank)

What?

FRANK

I want to congratulate you.

LOMBARD

On what? My golf game?

Frank pulls second piece of paper, throws it to Lombard.

FRANK

No. You've been granted immunity from prosecution. Lucky you. All you have to do is answer all our questions about Mr. Librizzi.

(beat)

And since you won't be prosecuted, you can't incriminate yourself. Since you can't incriminate yourself, you can't plead the Fifth. You're gonna do some talking, Mr. Lombard, or you'll do five years on all the contempt citations we wrote up....

3 CONTINUED - 2

3

Frank turns around and walks off. Lombard picks up the phone.

SAL

What is it....

LOMBARD

I just got a subpoena to appear before a grand jury....

SAL (V.O.)

(sarcastic)

That's my dad!

LOMBARD

Look, I have to go. I'll speak to you. Bye.

He hangs up. Lombard is stunned.

4 ON LOMBARD

4

He looks in the direction of Crockett and Tubbs.

5 BACK TO CROCKETT AND TUBBS

5

Frank joins them.

6 ON CROCKETT

6

as he stares at Lombard. Ice cold.

FADE OUT

Main titles.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

7 INT. CASTILLO'S OFFICE 7

Castillo, standing up, greets the group plus Frank in his typical nonexpressive way. He's all business.

CASTILLO

Switek and Zito will be watching Lombard. Frank....

FRANK

He's in a no-win position with the immunity deal. If he testifies, he's chopped meat. If he doesn't, we put him away on contempt of court citations.

(beat)

Either way, we score.

CROCKETT

I prefer the chopped meat scenario.

CASTILLO

(to Crockett)

I don't.

The rebuke silences Crockett.

CASTILLO

(continuing)

You two will back up Switek and Zito.

CROCKETT

Has the press been notified?

CASTILLO

DA's office is handling that. Stay away from them.

TUBBS

They'll be like vultures on this story. Lombard's got lots of visibility.

CASTILLO

(angled

to Crockett)

Too much visibility. We want Lombard's testimony on Librizzi. Not his dead body and a dead end. Keep him alive.

EXT. DECK OF LOMBARD'S YACHT - DAY

Lombard is seated at a table, eating lunch. Opposite him is Fusco, a dark-haired man in his early thirties who has an affable face and a pleasant disposition and a high voltage snappy energy. The kind of man you would erroneously assume could be a good brother. In the b.g. two burly henchmen float aimlessly in and out of the frame, pretending to look busy.

FUSCO

I guess he thinks you're going to blow the whistle on him.

LOMBARD

(explodes)

What?! I never ratted out anybody in my whole life!

FUSCO

You don't have to convince me. I know you've always been a stand-up guy!

LOMBARD

Yeah. And I don't have to convince him! Who the hell is he, that I have to convince? He ought to know that.

(beat)

And if he doesn't, why haven't you told him?

FUSCO

I have! What do you think?

LOMBARD

I think when brains got handed out, they ran short and he was in the back of the line.

Lombard pours some wine and ponders silently.

LOMBARD

(continuing)

If his old man was alive, it'd be a different ball game.

FUSCO

Forget about his father, that's the past, he's dead.

LOMBARD

He never should have put his son in charge. None of the families did, unless the kid had merit.

8

CONTINUED

8

FUSCO

The Bonano family did.

LOMBARD

Yeah, and everything fell apart.

FUSCO

Look, the kid's new. All he needs is reassurance and I will take care of that. Everything will be fine.

LOMBARD

Good. 'Cause he ought to relax. I'm not gonna rat him out. And if he doesn't believe me, that's going to become his problem. You got it?

Fusco gets up from the table. Lombard also rises. He extends his hand to Fusco. They shake.

FUSCO

I'll take care of it.

Lombard touches Fusco's arm appreciatively.

LOMBARD

Thanks.

Fusco leaves.

9

INT. VAN - DAY

9

Switek and Zito are spying on Lombard with binoculars.

10

INT. CAFE - DAY

10

Librizzi, a short man in his late twenties with a watermelon head which is too big for his body and blotchy skin, sits in an obscure corner with his back to the wall, sipping Turkish coffee and conferring with Fusco. Imagine yourself six years old and Librizzi ten. He twists your arm so hard that it almost snaps off from its shoulder socket. Sadism lives in his eyes. Several bodyguards with their rods showing play cards in the b.g.

FUSCO

He's not gonna rat you out. It's not his character.

LIBRIZZI

C'mon, when you're facing a five-year rap for contempt, anything's in your character. He ain't gonna rot in the joint. What's he gonna do with his yacht?

10

CONTINUED

10

FUSCO

Maybe he can avoid that trap.

LIBRIZZI

Yeah, how?

Fusco doesn't have the answer.

LIBRIZZI

(continuing)

C'mon, don't be stupid, huh?

Librizzi takes a handkerchief and blows violently into it.

LIBRIZZI

(continuing)

He's jealous of me. Can't you see that? Jealous people are always dangerous.

FUSCO

Well...it's hard for him to see you as his boss. He and your dad were close.

The last remark unleashes Librizzi's anger.

LIBRIZZI

My dad's dead! And he's too smart to take orders from a dummy like me, right?

Librizzi takes out three vials of pills, each a different color, and pops them into his mouth.

LIBRIZZI

(continuing;
explaining)

Stomach.

FUSCO

Yeah, this business can do it to you.

LIBRIZZI

Can you handle Lombard's action?

FUSCO

(brightens)

No problem.

11

EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

11

parked in a nice quiet residential area where nice people do nice things anonymously.

12 INT. VAN

12

Switek sits behind the wheel demolishing a hot dog. Zito stares at him soaking up some profundity.

SWITEK

What are you looking at? Never seen a man eat a frank before?

ZITO

You're a machine.

SWITEK

Then so are you.

ZITO

Your nose is the hood, your eyes the headlights, your mouth is the gas tank and that death-dog is your fuel.

SWITEK

(a little defensive)

Hey, I like cholesterolville.

ZITO

Do I have to tell you what the exhaust pipe is?

SWITEK

No, I can read in between the lines.

Zito gazes straight ahead through the van front window.

ZITO

Oops. Show time.

13 THEIR POINT OF VIEW - LOMBARD AND YOUNG WOMAN

13

come out of a modest single-story bungalow-type house and stop on the porch. The young woman is in her middle twenties, has a dazzling beauty which puts a clamp on your heart immediately. Her name is Vita Fleming.

Lombard kisses Vita quickly on the lips and moves towards his shiny Cadillac Seville, where his two henchmen wait for him. Vita looks on wistfully.

14 BACK TO ZITO AND SWITEK

14

Zito starts snapping pictures with a thirty-five millimeter camera with a long telescopic lens.

CONTINUED

- 14 CONTINUED 14
- SWITEK
- Know the babe?
- ZITO
- Yeah, caught her with an old guy in a motel once. She was sitting on his shoulders naked, parading around the room.
- 15 THE CADILLAC 15
- zooms up the street and screeches around a corner.
- 16 THE VAN 16
- like a radar beam locks in on the Lombard car and discreetly follows it.
- 17 EXT. STREET - NEXT DAY 17
- Switek and Zito are walking down the street in an affluent neighborhood. They're casually attired in sneakers, dungarees and light jackets.
- ZITO
- They're not going to let us in.
- SWITEK
- It's not how you look, it's how you project yourself.
- ZITO
- You don't exactly reek of money.
- SWITEK
- Yeah, what does money smell like?
- ZITO
- Chanel number five.
- 18 EXT. EL CONQUISTADOR RESTAURANTE - SAME TIME 18
- It has a fancy white awning and a soldier dressed in a conquistador uniform holding a long axe guarding its entrance and greeting customers. Zito and Switek step up.
- SWITEK
- We'd like a table for two.

CONTINUED

18

CONTINUED

18

CONQUISTADOR

I'm sorry. You're not properly dressed.

A well-tanned, prosperous-looking man is allowed in.

SWITEK

You let him in. He's wearing dungarees.

CONQUISTADOR

But he's wearing designer jeans.

Switek and Zito look at each other quizzically. They've just about heard everything now.

19

INT. EL CONQUISTADOR - ON LOMBARD'S TABLE

19

where he sits with two men in their late twenties wearing dark three-piece suits, wing tip shoes and exuding an Ivy League polish. A yellow legal pad is visible. They could easily be his attorneys. The clientele has plenty of moola to throw around. Bonnie Tyler's "Total Eclipse of the Heart" pulsates in the b.g.

20

ANOTHER ANGLE

20

as Lombard and his apparent two cronies explode in synchronized laughter.

21

ANOTHER ANGLE OF THEM

21

clinking glasses in harmony. They seem to be having a ball.

DISSOLVE TO

22

EXT RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - LATER

22

Lombard and the two men exit. The two men carry expensive legal briefcases. Lombard touches his stomach, signifying he ate too much.

A valet comes over to them. One of the men hands him a ticket and greases his palm with a finisky.

23

SWITEK AND ZITO

23

up the block. Zito inserts a coin into the meter for their van. Switek keeps an eye on the parking lot.

24 BACK TO LOMBARD AND CRONIES 24

Lombard is about to walk back to his car, where four bodyguards are waiting for him.

LOMBARD

(to cronies)

Thanks for the lunch. See you guys
on the golf course Saturday.

Lombard turns around and heads for his car. The valet returns from his booth with two shotguns and hands them to the cronies and disappears.

25 TWO SHOTGUN BLASTS 25

shatter the day simultaneously.

26 LOMBARD 26

crumples to the ground. His bodyguards rush to his aid.

27 THE GUNMEN 27

split in different directions.

28 SWITEK AND ZITO 28

race towards him.

29 LOMBARD'S BODYGUARDS 29

bending down over their fallen boss. Their guns are drawn, as they gaze around for the shooters.

30 THE GUNMEN 30

have disappeared.

31 SWITEK AND ZITO 31

arrive. They flash their badges. Zito gets down and feels Lombard's pulse. Lombard's eyes are closed. A huge bloodstain radiates out from his heart to his shoulder. Part of his bulletproof vest is showing.

ZITO

(to Switek)

Call an ambulance. Quick.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

32 INT. OCB - CASTILLO'S OFFICE - DAY

32

Switek and Zito are giving the latest update of Lombard's condition to Castillo, Crockett and Tubbs.

ZITO

...Just got out of surgery. He'll be all right. He was wearing a bulletproof vest.

SWITEK

Yeah. Caught a few double-odd buck in the shoulder and arm.

CROCKETT

Like Rod Stewart says, 'Some Guys Have All The Luck'.

CASTILLO

(to Crockett
and Tubbs)

Like you two. Get out there and keep this man alive, I want him in court.

Crockett and Tubbs leave.

33 INT. STOREFRONT

33

Tubbs and Crockett walk in. The place is in ruins. Glass is splattered on the floor. Light fixtures have been ripped down. Telephones have been yanked out. Tables are overturned. Chairs are chopped up. Drawers from file cabinets are scattered everywhere.

TUBBS

Lombard's going to go berserk.

CROCKETT

Exactly what this city needs. Another war.

TUBBS

Man gets hit? The man gonna hit back.

They walk among the debris, kicks markers.

CONTINUED

33

CONTINUED

33

TUBBS

How's he going to earn a living now?

CROCKETT

Maybe he can get a job like the rest of us.

TUBBS

That's impossible, blood.

Crockett bends down among the ruins and picks up a long white tally sheet and speculates.

CROCKETT

How many of these names are winners?

TUBBS

When you're gambling, you're always a loser.

Tubbs dusts himself off. He and Crockett head for the door.

34

INT. DELI - DAY

34

Auggie Gordon, in his middle fifties, unshaven, pot belly and wearing sharkskin pants and a banlon shirt, is sitting at his favorite table having coffee with three cronies. Auggie is your classic small-time hood, paranoid, talks out of the side of his mouth, and has a perpetually hoarse throat from smoking too many cigarettes. His cronies should be overweight, bedraggled and fatigued. It's the look of gamblers who have been harassed all their lives.

AUGGIE

This town stinks. It's got no class. Couldn't shine the Big Apple's shoes.

CRONY #1

Where you gonna hit next, Auggie?

AUGGIE

I can get a job anywhere. Reno, Vegas, Atlantic City, I'm not worried.

CRONY #2

Why did Librizzi put a hit on your boss?

CONTINUED

AUGGIE

The guy must have Alzheimer's disease or something. In my day, we used to slap guys like him in the head, throw him a beating and send him home. Now he's a big shot. I don't understand it. World's going to the dogs.

Silence engulfs the table as the men look up and spot Crockett and Tubbs entering.

Crockett and Tubbs walk over to the table.

CROCKETT

Auggie, my man!

AUGGIE

You guys ain't gonna pinch me. I'm clean.

CROCKETT

Relax. Nobody's taking you anywhere.

AUGGIE

And I'm not saying boo.

Auggie gives Crockett a signal with his eyes.

They lift Auggie physically from the chair and carry him over to an unoccupied booth in a corner and sit him down.

CROCKETT

How many times have I busted you for bookmaking?

AUGGIE

Six. Seven. Maybe eight times.

TUBBS

Haven't we always leveled with you? Thrown you a few passes?

AUGGIE

Yeah. So what?

Crockett takes out some money and offers it to Auggie.

AUGGIE

(continuing)
Hey, don't insult me, okay?

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED - 2

34

TUBBS

What's the word?

AUGGIE

C'mon, who you kiddin'? You know Librizzi's top dog and Lombard's in bad shape.

CROCKETT

I could hear that on the six o'clock news. How bad?

AUGGIE

If he was smart, he'd blow out of the country.

TUBBS

You know him a long time, don't you?

AUGGIE

I know him since I was seventeen. We used to hustle pool together. He's basically a good guy.

Crockett frowns in disbelief.

CROCKETT

Yeah. He should get the Bnai Brith Humanitarian Award. Will his own people stand with him against Librizzi?

AUGGIE

Hard to say how many will stay loyal. Half his people are making like he's the Titanic. Jumping off.

Auggie lights up a cigarette, inhales deeply, releasing the tension and smoke.

35 INT. OCB - CASTILLO'S OFFICE - DAY

35

Castillo is seated at his desk. Crockett and Tubbs are standing, facing him.

CASTILLO

What's the scoop?

TUBBS

The man's got a couple of cronies.

CROCKETT

One, his people get him out of the country.

35 CONTINUED

TUBBS

Two, toughs if out against Librizzi
and stop right there.

CASTILLO

Both are dependant on him holding
his organization together.

TUBBS

According to the street it's a toss
up.

CASTILLO

We want him alone and vulnerable.
Then he needs us.

CROCKETT

It could fail either way.

CASTILLO

Be there when it does.

CUT TO

36 INT. HOSPITAL - LOMBARD'S ROOM - DAY

36

Lombard is confronting two associates who are conservatively
dressed and in their middle thirties. Lombard's bodyguards
are in the b.g.

LOMBARD

...Hey, Vinnie, when you were shot
three times, who was in the hospital
holding your hand? Me, that's who.
Whatever you wanted, I got. I was
your damn errand boy...Now I need a
favor and you're not there....

VINNIE

You don't understand. My hands are
tied. I'm in a bad position now.

LOMBARD

(to other
associate)

And you! I call you and you pretend
you're not in.

BEANSY

Hey, Al, I swear I never got the
message.

CONTINUED

Vinnie and Beansy depart as Crockett and Tubbs enter. Lombard's bodyguards are about to interrupt them. Lombard waves them off.

LOMBARD

I'm in no mood for you guys.

TUBBS

Cool out, man. We didn't come here to give you a hard time.

LOMBARD

Sure. You do voluntary nursing work in your spare time.

CROCKETT

We came here to tell you that we know your pals are pulling a Houdini on you. Your organization is disappearing.

TUBBS

You're out there. You're out there alone, my man. You need us. We're all you got. Let us put you under protective custody.

LOMBARD

Forget it. I never ran from anybody or hid from anything in my life. Besides, protective custody is a prison cell by another name.

CROCKETT

Personally, I'd like to see you dead. My boss says we gotta keep you alive.

TUBBS

Protective custody? You walk, talk and breathe. On the street? You're dog meat.

CROCKETT

Your choice.

LOMBARD

That's right. And I'm not cutting any deals with you two. So, hit the bricks.

37

INT. FERRARI - NIGHT

37

Parked across the street from the rear entrance of the hospital. Crockett is behind the wheel. Tubbs graces the seat beside Crockett. Ad-lib dialogue. Then his car phone rings.

CROCKETT

Yeah?

TRUDY (V.O.)

Some guy named Auggie's trying to reach out for you. Left a pay phone number. 555-8700.

CROCKETT

Thanks.

(dials)

Hello.

AUGGIE (V.O.)

Crockett, Lombard's guys are going to sneak him out of the hospital.

Auggie hangs up.

CROCKETT

(to Tubbs)

Let's go. He's doing the Costa Rica flit.

Crockett throws the Ferrari through a 180 and heads back to the hospital.

38

EXT. HOSPITAL - LIMOUSINE

38

pulling up to the back entrance of the hospital. Lombard comes through the doors with his two bodyguards and gets into the backseat of the stretch.

39

BACK TO TUBBS AND CROCKETT

39

as the limousine pulls away.

TUBBS

Vamos, amigo.

The Ferrari inconspicuously trails the limousine.

40

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

40

as the limousine whizzes by.

- 41 INT. FERRARI 41
Crockett turns to Tubbs.
CROCKETT
That guy's flying.
- 42 THE FERRARI 42
zooms after its prey.
- 43 EXT. EMBANKMENT LEADING TO RIVER - NIGHT 43
Two headlights belonging to the limousine crunch over to the shoulder of the road.
- 44 INT. LIMOUSINE 44
Lombard is rolling down his window.
LOMBARD
Barry, why are we stopped here?
Lombard's question is answered with a .45 automatic jammed into his ribs.
BODYGUARD #2
Out.
Lombard's eyes are filled with unbridled contempt.
LOMBARD
(to Bodyguard #2)
You....
Bodyguard #1 picks up a tommy gun from the front seat and gets out.
Bodyguard #2 eases out of the car with his gun trained on ---
- 45 LOMBARD 45
who slowly slides across the backseat. He deftly scoops up the black mat on the floor and in one dazzling lightning-like continuous move, steps out of the car and whacks Bodyguard #1 in the face with the mat.
- 46 BODYGUARD #1 46
is startled and momentarily blinded by the blow.

- 47 LOMBARD 47
seizes the moment and bolts.
- 48 BODYGUARD #2 48
opens up with a burst of fire from his tommy gun.
- 49 LOMBARD 49
zig-zagging along the road. The bullets dance around him,
chewing up the concrete.
- 50 THE FERRARI 50
crashes into a phalanx of wooden barricades protecting a
hippopotamus of a steamroller on a part of the road under-
going construction.
- 51 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 51
jump out of the car. With their submachine guns blazing,
they advance towards the steamroller.
- 52 BODYGUARDS #1 AND #2 52
dive for cover behind Lombard's car. Bullets splatter
glass and rip into the body of the Cadillac, ricocheting
all around them.
- 53 THE BODYGUARDS 53
retaliate with a volley of their own.
- 54 THE NIGHT 54
is ablaze with spasms of gunfire from both sides.
- 55 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 55
in unison, firing away relentlessly at their targets.
- 56 THE BODYGUARDS 56
reload their weapons as a brief respite in the action
occurs. They spot ---

- 57 LOMBARD 57
trying to hide in some tall grass on the embankment.
- 58 THE BODYGUARDS 58
leave their cover, dash across the road to wipe out Lombard.
- 59 THEIR FINGERS 59
press frantically on the triggers of their guns as they move.
- 60 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 60
lay down a carpet of withering fire across the road, kicking up a cloud of gravel and dirt.
- 61 LOMBARD 61
slipping and sliding down the embankment as a fusillade of bullets chases him.
- 62 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 62
crouching low, fan out from the protective cover of the steamroller to get the drop on the ---
- 63 BODYGUARDS 63
who are running along the top of the embankment with Bodyguard #2 shooting at Lombard while bodyguard #1's gun spits unrelenting murderous fire at Crockett and Tubbs.
- 64 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 64
running and firing like infantrymen of old, shortening the distance between them and the enemy soldiers.
- 65 BODYGUARD #1 65
topples forward and tumbles down the embankment.
- 66 BODYGUARD #2 66
is smashed flat.

- 67 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 67
scramble down the embankment where Lombard is waiting for them.
- 68 CROCKETT AND LOMBARD 68
looking at each other with profound reservation.
- 69 CROCKETT, LOMBARD AND TUBBS 69
walk off, past the body of Bodyguard #1, whose outstretched arm seems to be beseeching the river to help him.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

70

EXT. TROPICANA MOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON

70

An obscure, anonymous place located on the outskirts of town. It's where the pretty girls avoid and the spotlight misses. Greyhound buses do not pass through this district. You would not take your family here.

A caravan of unmarked cars winds its way into the driveway leading to a courtyard.

The fleet of vehicles forms a circle in the style of the covered wagon days of the Wild West.

Engines shut down. Doors swing open. Several gun-toting plainclothes detectives wearing flak jackets and blue caps with POLICE inscribed in white lettering jump out. Switek, Zito, Trudy and Gina, carrying submachine guns, also exit. Castillo, Crockett, Tubbs and Lombard are the last ones to leave their car.

Everyone converges around Lombard, erecting a human wall around him. Castillo barks out his orders.

CASTILLO

(pointing)

Switek, Zito, the roof.

Switek and Zito embark on their destination.

CASTILLO

(continuing)

Gina, Trudy, across the street.

They obey his command and leave.

CASTILLO

(continuing)

Tubbs, Crockett, with Lombard in the room. Rest of you know what to do. Do it....

The plainclothes detectives fan out in various directions, taking up key strategic positions around the motel.

Tubbs, Crockett, Lombard and Castillo surge forward. Tubbs and Crockett look around for potential assassins as they move.

71

INT. MOTEL ROOM

71

Crockett, Tubbs and Lombard walk in. Crockett draws the shades. Tubbs checks the locks. Lombard gazes around.

LOMBARD

It's not exactly the Grand Bay.

CROCKETT

Maybe you'd prefer the YMCA?

Lombard smiles, enjoying the humor of the last wisecrack.

TUBBS

(to Lombard)

Want some food?

LOMBARD

Hot pastrami on rye. Lean!! And some fries on the side and a cream soda.

TUBBS

You got it.

(to Crockett)

You want the usual?

CROCKETT

Yeah.

Tubbs nods, assenting. Lombard reaches for his wallet and peels out a hundred dollar bill.

LOMBARD

Let me spring for it. Buy the rest of the guys something, too.

CROCKETT

Big sport, huh?

LOMBARD

No, I just hate cheap guys.

TUBBS

Put it away, this is on the county.

Tubbs leaves.

DISSOLVE TO

72

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

72

Crockett, Tubbs and Lombard are seated at a table knocking off their respective meals. Paper bags and open soda bottles are on the table, too.

CONTINUED

LOMBARD

...Did you know that in Shakespeare if someone doesn't like music in the beginning of a play, he always turns out to be a villain? My son told me that.

CROCKETT

That's my theory about pizza.

Lombard downs a swig of cream soda from his bottle.

LOMBARD

I can't kick...when my father came to this country from Italy, he didn't have a dime. Worked fifteen hours a day as a gardener to support his family. Never complained. Used to say, shoot the ball instead of throw it.

TUBBS

Typical immigrant story, huh?

LOMBARD

Sure. Wanted me to be a doctor. Could you imagine me operating on your two skulls?

Crockett and Tubbs grin at the thought.

LOMBARD

(continuing)

At twenty-one years old, I was making fifty times more than my father, running numbers.

CROCKETT

Who said crime doesn't pay?

LOMBARD

Evens out, my friend. You pay a price. A big one. I got a stable of cars. Broads. A yacht. And that's great. I like all that stuff. I'm not going to tell you otherwise. But there's a price....

TUBBS

You got a kid at college, don't you?

LOMBARD

(laughs)

Bingo. Yeah. Sharp kid. Thought I was a stockbroker. Used to see me go off in my suit and tie and Wall Street Journal. Couldn't understand why he couldn't call me at work.

CROCKETT

You guys get along?

LOMBARD

We never clicked. When I sent him off to boarding school, he accused me of dumping him in the trash can. He's the price.

Becoming uncomfortable with his vulnerability, Lombard stands up and begins cleaning off the table and throwing the garbage into a trash basket.

Crockett stares at him, evaluating Lombard in a new light. Lombard has a little more dimensionality now.

LOMBARD

(continuing)

Okay, you guys up for poker?

CROCKETT

Five card stud sounds good.

DISSOLVE TO

Lombard shuffles the cards, does a fancy bridge and deals two up and one down. Each player has some nickels and dimes stacked next to him. There are two nickels in the middle of the pot.

LOMBARD

Tubbs, you forgot to ante.

TUBBS

Sorry.

Tubbs tosses a nickel into the pot. Lombard looks around.

LOMBARD

(to Crockett)

Ace, you're the boss.

CONTINUED

73

CONTINUED

73

TUBBS

Didn't you work for Lansky?

LOMBARD

Yeah, he was like my mentor. But I worked for other families one time or another. Tambrino, Lucky, the Tozzi brothers, even old Vito.

CROCKETT

Who did you like the best?

LOMBARD

Lambrino was my favorite. Whenever he wanted to have a particular ethnic group into his casino, he'd invent a crazy mumbo-jumbo language and fake speaking it fluently. Ah-ba-la was his favorite phrase.

TUBBS

What does it mean?

LOMBARD

Nothing. His second great trick was to make hot sizzling Turkish coffee for any would-be gambler who drifted into the joint. The coffee was so hot that it took the unsuspecting sucker forever to drink it. Before you knew it, he was sucked into a babut game and losing his shirt to the house.

Crockett and Tubbs relish the story.

74

EXT. MOTEL ROOF - NEXT DAY

74

Switek is checking out the back of Zito's head. Switek's face contorts in horror. They're holding their weapons.

SWITEK

That's scary, man.

ZITO

What?

SWITEK

M.B.P.

ZITO

What the hell is that?

CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED

74

SWITEK

Male Bald Pattern. You're gonna have to take female hormones to stop that stuff.

ZITO

You mean I'm going to sound like Tiny Tim?

SWITEK

It's either that or wear a rug.

Self-conscious and miffed, Zito tries to cover up his bald spot with loose strands of hair.

75 INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

75

Crockett is sitting on a couch flipping through a magazine. Tubbs has just washed his hands and face and is drying off with a towel. Lombard is standing in front of a mirror, patting his stomach.

LOMBARD

I gotta lose this gut.

TUBBS

Stop eating.

Lombard bends his left knee, then his right.

LOMBARD

I'm a little stiff in the joints. Can we go for a walk?

Crockett and Tubbs look at each other.

CROCKETT

I guess it's okay if it's just in the courtyard outside.

LOMBARD

When all this is finished, I'm gonna invite you guys for a weekend on my yacht.

It sounds good to Crockett, who tosses his magazine down on an end table and gets up.

76 EXT. FRONT OFFICE - DRIVEWAY

76

A giant moving van with the name CALDES BROTHERS inscribed in white lettering on the side, pulls in. Two immense truck driver types sit in the front seat.

77 INT. OFFICE

77

The owner of the motel, a tired, defeated man in his early fifties named Jack, walks to the window to talk to the driver. Two plainclothes detectives with shotguns are with him.

DETECTIVE #1

You expecting them?

JACK

Yeah. Can't make a living in the motel business anymore. It's not what it used to be. I'm getting rid of everything.

TRUCK DRIVER

(behind the
wheel)

Where's the storage area?

JACK

(pointing)

Over there.

DETECTIVE #1

(to detective #2)

Let's check the back.

The two detectives raise their shotguns and step out of the office.

78 LOMBARD

78

in the yard, doing jumping jacks under the scrutiny of Crockett and Tubbs. They're behind the circular blockade of unmarked cars.

79 DETECTIVE #1

79

is cautiously about to open the handle on the back of the trunk. Detective #2 steps back and keeps his partner covered.

80 SWITEK AND ZITO

80

train their guns on the moving van down below.

81 TRUDY AND GINA

81

from a window in a building across the street monitor the situation closely. Their submachine guns are ready.

- 82 THE TRUCK DRIVER'S POINT OF VIEW - LOMBARD 82
taking a breather from his morning exercise.
TRUCK DRIVER (V.O.)
There he is.
- 83 THE MOVING VAN 83
lurches backwards, almost crushing Detective #1, who jumps out of the way in the nick of time.
- 84 A BLAST FROM DETECTIVE #2'S SHOTGUN 84
tears a gaping hole in the back of the van.
- 85 THE VAN 85
plows ahead towards the circular wagon train armada of police cars. A shotgun erupting from the passenger side.
- 86 GUNS 86
explode from everywhere. Rooftops. Windows. On the ground. As all hell breaks loose.
- 87 TUBBS AND CROCKETT 87
jump behind two pillars, returning a furious stream of fire in the direction of the truck. Lombard dashes back into the room.
- 88 THE VAN 88
bulldozes its way through several cars as a torrential rain of bullets rip into it.
- 89 THE BACK DOORS OF THE VAN 89
open up. A squad of Librizzi's men hit the ground.
- 90 FLASHES OF THEIR SUBMACHINE GUNS 90
almost like a synchronized chorus of fire, chop up the afternoon.
- 91 TWO OF LIBRIZZI'S MEN 91
dart towards Lombard's room.

- 92 SWITEK AND ZITO 92
cut them to shreds.
- 93 A POLICE SHARPSHOOTER 93
periscopes the driver of the truck and fires.
- 94 THE DRIVER 94
slumps forward on the wheel, dead.
- 95 SEVERAL OF LIBRIZZI'S MEN 95
pinned down by a hail of bullets next to the van. The
projectiles are flying in from all angles and all directions.
They're outgunned, outpositioned and ready for the slaughter-
house.
- 96 ONE OF LIBRIZZI'S MEN 96
puts a handkerchief on his submachine gun and waves it
frantically. A stunning silence replaces the noisy chatter
of rat-tat-tat.
- 97 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 97
sensing that the situation is under control. Crockett
turns to Tubbs.

CROCKETT

Where's Lombard?

A look of concern descends upon Tubbs.

TUBBS

(questioning)

Inside?

They shoot into the room, looking around. No Lombard.

Crockett walks over to an open window leading to a backyard.
He glances to the left, then to the right.

CROCKETT

(pissed)

Damn it. He bolted.

Tubbs shakes his head in disbelief.

98 EXT. CAFE - NIGHT

98

The van is parked across the street, watching who goes in and out of Librizzi's favorite hangout.

99 INT. VAN - NIGHT

99

Castillo on the walkie-talkie. Zito, Switek, Tubbs and Crockett are with him.

CASTILLO

Okay, Gina, thanks. Over....

Castillo clicks it off.

CASTILLO

(to Tubbs
and Crockett)

He didn't show up at Librizzi's villa?

SWITEK

(looking
out window)

It looks like a no-show here, too.

TUBBS

Maybe he's out gathering his forces somewhere.

CASTILLO

What forces?

CROCKETT

Where the hell could he be?

Crockett and Tubbs look at each other. The epiphany hits both of them simultaneously.

100 EXT. CAMPUS BENCH - NIGHT

100

Lombard sits with his son, Junior, a handsome young man, nineteen years old. A dormitory building is in the b.g. Students, professors and couples pass back and forth.

LOMBARD

I didn't visit your teachers during open school week or take you to enough baseball games, but my love for you was always there.

CONTINUED

100 CONTINUED

100

JUNIOR

Why are you getting into this now?

LOMBARD

'Cause it's time for apologies.

JUNIOR

Well, you're right. All you ever did was shut me out and send me away.

LOMBARD

Hey. I sent you to some good schools.

JUNIOR

Thanks. And I appreciate it and work hard. So?

LOMBARD

So, I tried.

JUNIOR

It takes so much effort to talk to your own kid?

LOMBARD

Have I ever humiliated you?

JUNIOR

Yes.

(beat)

You never let me in. To the pressures you had. What was going to ruin your life. As if I was insignificant. As if my support didn't count for anything.

LOMBARD

I didn't want you to know what I did.

JUNIOR

I always knew what you did. From when I was six.

Neither man says anything.

JUNIOR

I'd worry about you and it didn't count for anything. You weren't even there to lie to me and tell me it was all going to be okay. I believed the program was written and knew how it's going to end.

CONTINUED

100

CONTINUED - 2

100

LOMBARD

What are you talking about?

JUNIOR

They're going to get you one way or another. It's going to be a sunny day and you're going to be lying in that coffin all white and chalky. Some of your friends will feel bad for a few seconds, then they'll go outside and have a tuna fish sandwich and forget about you.

(beat)

I always had nightmares that you would be shot up somewhere or dumped in a river.

LOMBARD

I'm sorry. Please forgive me for all the pain I've caused you.

(beat)

I'll always love you. Forever.

Father and son embrace. Silence reigns as they reconnect emotionally.

Crockett and Tubbs show up. Lombard gets up, touches Junior's head affectionately and leaves with them. Junior fights back his tears.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

101 EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

101

A two-story stone structure with broken windows, wrought iron gates and splattered with graffiti. Switek and Zito patrol the rooftop with rifles. Gina, Trudy and the Detective #1 and #2 from the previous scene guard the front. An entourage of black and white and unmarked cars line the street.

102 INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE

102

Crockett is standing, cleaning out the barrel of his pistol and inserting bullets. Tubbs is sitting astride a chair, leaning forward. Lombard is at a desk jotting down notes on a yellow legal pad. A small pile of white envelopes containing paid bills is stacked in front of him. A will is visible also.

CROCKETT

(to Lombard)

Don't forget, leave your yacht to me.

LOMBARD

That goes to my son.

TUBBS

(teasing)

You mean you like your son more than us.

LOMBARD

Get me to the courthouse safe and sound tomorrow and maybe I'll leave you a box of cigars.

Tubbs flips his chamber shut and puts his pistol back in his holster.

LOMBARD

(continuing)

What should I leave Little Al?

CROCKETT

The collected works of Jack Ruby.

Tubbs smiles.

CONTINUED

102 CONTINUED

102

LOMBARD

I should give him something he can't lose at the track. He'd look good behind the wheel of a Cadillac.

Lombard writes something down on the page.

LOMBARD

(continuing)

Well, that's about it. Everything's in order. Bills. Debts. Will. I feel a lot better now.

CROCKETT

Nervous about tomorrow?

LOMBARD

No. I'm gonna nail him and get a lot of joy out of it.

TUBBS

Just be clear and specific in your testimony.

LOMBARD

Hey, you don't have to brief me, I know what to say.

CROCKETT

The DA's sharp.

LOMBARD

I'll take the street against the Ivy League, any day.

Tubbs gets up from his chair.

TUBBS

Street is the best education you can get.

LOMBARD

If you survive it.

(laughs)

I'm starting to feel like a casualty.

Lombard rises from his seat. He picks up the envelopes and walks over to Tubbs and Crockett.

LOMBARD

(continuing)

One more night and your baby-sitting duties are over.

Lombard walks out. Crockett and Tubbs follow him.

103

EXT. WAREHOUSE - BALCONY - NIGHT

103

The moonlight casts a hypnotic tranquility over the marina. Sailboats rock gently in the light breezes. The water slaps playfully against their sides. A wistful quality permeates the air. Lombard leans against the rail staring out at the sea. Standing next to him is Crockett.

LOMBARD

You're not that different from me.

CROCKETT

I don't go around killing people.

LOMBARD

I don't know what you're talking about.

CROCKETT

I haven't forgotten what you did to Barbara Carrow. A mother. Five slugs in the back of the head.

Lombard is unruffled.

LOMBARD

Who? Oh, yeah.

Lombard remembers.

CROCKETT

So I'm your baby-sitter, not your buddy, pal. After tomorrow, you're on your own.

Lombard is cool as a cucumber.

LOMBARD

That was somebody else's idea. And it was wrong. Not 'cause I'm a humanitarian. But because it was stupid. Bad business. It caused too much heat.

CROCKETT

Tell that to her children.

LOMBARD

Hey. That's how I thought about it. At the time. Cold, huh? I guess you and I are pretty different.

(beat)

I did a lot of bad things, Crockett, a lotta bad things....

Their eyes connect, Crockett nods. Nothing is forgiven, but they understand each other.

DISSOLVE TO

104 INT. ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

104

Tubbs, Little Al, Vita and Lombard sit at a table eating cold cuts on paper plates. They use plastic knives and forks.

LOMBARD
(to Little Al)
Great seeing you, Al.

Lombard's mistress Vita looks to him for some approval.

LOMBARD
(continuing;
to Vita)
You too, babe.

Vita's face lights up. She's been acknowledged.

LOMBARD
So, Al, where to next?

LITTLE AL
Oh, I'll see what's cooking in
Atlantic City.

LOMBARD
If anything happens to me, you get
the Seville.

LITTLE AL
You mean I gotta wait that long.

Everybody laughs, including Little Al in a rasping, almost choking voice.

They resume eating. The laughter is suddenly converted into silence, as everyone descends into their own private thoughts. A gloom settles over the table. It's like the Last Supper.

105 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NEXT DAY

105

Lombard is escorted out by Crockett and Tubbs, Switek and Zito. Zito and Switek are toting shotguns.

Castillo is waiting for them at the curb. He's standing next to a bulletproof unmarked car with its doors open. A band of plainclothes detectives, including Trudy and Gina, engulf him. They carry submachine guns.

CONTINUED

105 CONTINUED

105

CASTILLO

(to Tubbs and
Crockett)

I told the press we'll be there at
nine forty-five, let's get there a
half hour earlier.

CROCKETT

We're going in through the back
entrance, right?

CASTILLO

Right.

TUBBS

What about the route?

CASTILLO

That's been changed. Just follow us.

CROCKETT

Let's avoid stopping if we can, the
more we're moving the better.

CASTILLO

Of course. Okay, let's roll.

Crockett, Tubbs and Lombard get into the backseat of the
waiting car. The rest of the troops enter their vehicles.

Doors shut, engines ignite up and the motorcade moves out.

106 EXT. STREET - DAY

106

The procession moves somberly over the crest of a hill.

107 EXT. BACK ENTRANCE OF COURTHOUSE - UNDERGROUND GARAGE

107

The armada slowly disappears down the slope into the
darkened tunnel.

108 INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE

108

The fleet sails into the various parking spots side by side.

Tubbs, Crockett and Lombard get out

Everybody surges around them, forming a protective circle
around Lombard.

Castillo points to an exit sign.

CONTINUED

- 108 CONTINUED 108
- CASTILLO
We're using that stairwell.
- VOICE
There he is!
- 109 OUR GUYS' POINT OF VIEW - REPORTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS AND 109
A GAGGLE OF OUTER MEDIA PEOPLE
- poised at the top of the ramp drenched in sunlight. Like hordes of Mongols, they thunder down after the story.
- 110 BACK TO CASTILLO AND GROUP 110
- CASTILLO
Let's get out of here.
- They rush towards ---
- 111 THE STAIRWELL 111
- where Crockett, Tubbs, Castillo, Lombard, and the other police officers stream through the open doors.
- 112 THREE MEN IN DARK SUITS 112
- carrying cases suddenly materialize around the landing.
- 113 MACHINE GUNS, SHOTGUNS AND PISTOLS 113
- leer up at them from below the stairs.
- 114 THE THREE MEN 114
- freeze dead in their tracks.
- CASTILLO
(with gun out)
Drop those cases. Police.
- FIRST MAN
Hey, what's going on here?
- SECOND MAN
(indignant)
I got my instrument in there.
- CASTILLO
You heard me.

115 THE CASES

115

bounce down the steps to the foot of the staircase.

116 CASTILLO

116

picks one up, opens it and spots a violin. The other two contain the same instrument.

Crockett, Tubbs and Castillo look at each other, embarrassed.

CASTILLO

(to three men)

Sorry about that. Come down and get them.

The three men descend the stairs and pick up their cases.

CASTILLO

(continuing)

It there's any damage, send us the bill.

The three men hurry off.

117 INT. GRAND JURY HEARING ROOM - DAY

117

The Foreman, a man in his late fifties with an amiable face and thinning, distinguished silver-gray hair, is administering the oath to Lombard. The grand jury members, a cross-section of society, listen intently. The District Attorney, a short man in a three-piece pinstripe suit who is in his late thirties and has a pugnacious nature, occupies his seat. Lombard's Attorney, a trim middle-aged man, sits across the way from the District Attorney. An attractive court stenographer in her early twenties sits to the right of the witness stand, taking dictation. Two marshals guard the door. The press and the police have been barred. Lombard's hand is resting on the Bible.

FOREMAN

...Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth, so help you God?

LOMBARD

I do.

FOREMAN

(to Lombard)

Be seated.

CONTINUED

117 CONTINUED

117

Lombard sits down. The Foreman addresses the District Attorney.

FOREMAN
(continuing)
Mr. Bordsky, you may begin your questioning.

The Foreman takes his seat. The District Attorney walks up to the witness stand.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
State your name, please.

LOMBARD
Albert Lombard.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
What kind of work do you do?

LOMBARD
I'm a businessman.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
What kind of business?

LOMBARD
I own a few nightclubs, among other things.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
What other things?

LOMBARD
I own a construction company. A trucking company....

The District Attorney digests this information.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
Do you know a man named Salvatore Librizzi?

Lombard ponders the question for a few beats.

LOMBARD
I refuse to answer the question on the grounds that my answer might tend to incriminate me.

A shock wave ripples across the room.

CONTINUED

117 CONTINUED - 2

117

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Let me repeat the question. Do you know Salvatore Librizzi?

LOMBARD

I refuse to answer the question on the grounds that my answer might tend to incriminate me.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Mr. Lombard, under the immunity agreement, you can be cited for contempt unless you answer the question.

(controlling
his anger)

Now, do you know Salvatore Librizzi?

LOMBARD

You can cite me from now until next month. I refuse to answer the question....

118 INT. CELL - DAY

118

Crockett and Tubbs are furious with Lombard.

CROCKETT

Are you crazy or something?

TUBBS

Where do you get off pulling a stunt like that?

CROCKETT

Three times they try to put you in a coffin. And you let them off the hook?!

LOMBARD

I'll deal with Librizzi. My bail bondsman show up yet?

TUBBS

Man, you're on a death trip!

LOMBARD

Hey! I didn't rat Librizzi out. 'Cause I don't rat out anybody! You got it?! That's my code. That's all I got. That's how I been and that's how I'll go out!

No one says anything. Crockett nods good-bye to Lombard. Lombard nods back and winks at Tubbs.

- 119 EXT. LOMBARD'S CADILLAC - DAY 119
moving gracefully through a sheet of light rain. The windshield wipers sway rhythmically back and forth.
- 120 INT. CADILLAC 120
Lombard is behind the wheel. He's staring ahead vacantly. A corpse-like figure, doomed and alone. HOLLOWED OUT BY his own choices.
- 121 EXT. STREET 121
Two dark Cadillacs with two heavies in each fall in behind Lombard. They're his execution squad.

FADE OUT

THE END