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PROD. #60013
May 28, 1985 (F.R.)
Rev. 6/ 4/85 (F.R.)
Rev. 6/10/85 (F.R.)
Rev. 6/21/85 (F.R.)
2nd Rev. 6/21/85 (F.R.)
Rev. 6/29/85 (F.R.)
Rev. 7/ 1/85 (F.R.)

MIAMI VICE

PRODIGAL SON

Written

by

Daniel Pyne

#60013

MIAMI VICE

PRODIGAL SON

CAST

SONNY CROCKETT
RICARDO TUBBS
SWITEK
ZITO
CASTILLO
TRUDY
GINA

HENRY DRUMMOND
BUSTOS
COLOMBIAN OFFICER
DONALD BURR
MIGUEL REVILLA
VALET
NEWTON BLADE
HONEY
LUNATIC
PEARSON
HOOKER
JIMMY BORGES
WAITRESS (IN DINER)
MARGARET
FRANK SACCO
VALERIE

GABRIEL
GABRIEL'S PARTNER
MIRANDA
CABBIE
ESTABAN REVILLA
STREET PUNKS (2)
MERCHANT
STREET SKATERS
DANCER
STELLA-MARIE BISHOP
SAXOPHONE PLAYER
DETECTIVE
GUY IN GALLERY
DIVER
RENAIS
LEVINE
MISS BRACKEN
JOHNSTON

#60013

MIAMI VICE

PRODIGAL SON

SETS

INTERIORS:

SHACK
OCB
PANAMANIAN PLANE
HOTEL CORRIDOR
HOTEL SUITE
HOSPITAL CORRIDOR
N.Y.P.D. PRECINCT
NEW WAVE DINER
CLUB DELIRIOUS
REST ROOM CORRIDOR
NIGHTCLUB
BAR IN SOHO
TUBBS' N.Y. HOTEL ROOM
CROCKETT'S N.Y. HOTEL
ROOM
MARGARET'S APARTMENT/
LOFT
GARAGE
JAZZ CLUB
BAR
ART GALLERY
ART GALLERY INNER
OFFICE
VALERIE'S APARTMENT
WAREHOUSE
REVILLA'S PENTHOUSE
BORGE'S APARTMENT
ELEVATOR CORRIDOR
AND STAIRCASE
APARTMENT LOBBY
ART DECO COFFEE SHOP
CHINESE RESTAURANT
SUBWAY TRAIN
LONG SKYSCRAPER CORRIDOR
MASSIVE CONFERENCE ROOM
ANTECHAMBER
BOEING 707
GOLD COAST OFFICES
CASTILLO'S OFFICE

EXTERIORS:

COASTAL ROUTE
FOREST
SMALL VILLAGE
SHACK
COUNTRYSIDE
SWAMPLAND
BEACH
HIGHRISE HOTEL
HOSPITAL
N.Y. CITY STREETS
CENTRAL PARK WEST SIDE
THE DAKOTA
PAY PHONE
ALLEY
N.Y. CITY NIGHT TOWN
ESTABLISHING SHOT
RIVERSIDE PART WEST
SIDE
BAR IN SOHO
SUBTERRANEAN DISCO
VALERIE'S APARTMENT
GARAGE
HARBOR
STREET IN JACKSON
HEIGHTS
WAREHOUSE
ART DECO COFFEE SHOP
SUBWAY ENTRANCE
CHINESE RESTAURANT
WALL STREET DISTRICT
STATUE OF LIBERTY
HOTEL DRIVEWAY
KENNEDY AIRPORT
ST. VITUS DAY DANCE

#60013

MIAMI VICE

PRODIGAL SON

VEHICLES

BATTERED JEEP
ROLLS ROYCE CONVERTIBLE
MILITARY VEHICLES
FLAT BOTTOM BOATS
CARGO PLANE
FERRARI
VAN
YACHT
CIGARETTE BOAT
CAB
SPEED BOATS

SEDAN
AMBULANCE
POLICE CARS
YELLOW CAB
EL DORADO (TWO-TONED)
PANAMANIAN CARGO SHIP
BLACK LIMO
SEDAN (PALE GREEN)

MIAMI VICE
PRODIGAL SON
TEASER

FADE IN

1 EXT. SKY - DAY 1

Field of pale blue, perhaps a stray fluff of cloud...peaceful. Quiet...then, fading up, the distant sound of an engine, and:

TUBBS (O.S.)
How'd you get into this?

DRUMMOND (O.S.)
I got recruited out of law school.
Wide-eyed and bushy-tailed --
(cynical)
You know: 'life of adventure, travel
exciting folks, exotic locales --- '

(X)

Then panning down to a narrow dirt road carved diagonally through coastal mountains as ---

2 A BATTERED JEEP 2

hurtles past the frame, wheels fairly flying over the rutted path ---

2-A INSIDE - CROCKETT, TUBBS AND DRUMMOND 2-A

The former duo hanging on for all their worth while the latter, a plump, sardonic DEA man, first name Henry, drives haphazardly, his chief attribute at this point seeming to be the ability to keep the worn engine going full bore and an uncanny knack for finding all the holes in the road ---

TUBBS
Been exotic?

DRUMMOND
Only exotic I've seen is the bugs in my intestinal tract -- gives new meaning to the term 'liquified assets' ---

CROCKETT
Slow down, Henry -- I'd like all my limbs to get there at the same time, huh?

CONTINUED

2-A CONTINUED

2-A

DRUMMOND

(cynical)

Can't slow down. Can't get out...I'm just a cog in a wheel among the gears of a big, ugly, perpetual motion machine called the DEA. Feed it some money, and it makes a lot of noise...

(then)

You don't know these people like I do.

CROCKETT

This is your party -- They won't hold him one hour?

DRUMMOND

Welcome to the Third World, honey ---

3 WOODED AREA - ALONG THE SAME ROAD

3

Three solemn-faced members of the local guardia reacting to the sudden sound of a crushing Jeep. Hands tightening on automatic rifles, eyes dark and cold. One of them fires a short warning burst into the air, the other two training their rifles on ---

4 THE JEEP

4

-- whereupon Drummond cranks the wheel hard to the left and slides the vehicle to an abrupt halt -- Crockett and Tubbs just hanging on -- then the DEA man hops from the vehicle with his hands on his head. Soldiers pointing their rifles at Crockett and Tubbs, gesturing them out of the Jeep, angrily ---

DRUMMOND

Put your hands up ---

TUBBS

We're on their side ---

DRUMMOND

Put your hands up!!

5 CROCKETT AND TUBBS

5

do so and are immediately surrounded by the soldiers, who slam all three men up against the side of the Jeep and frisk them. Drummond flashing identification ---

CROCKETT

Hi guys.

CUT TO

6

EDGE OF A FOREST -- APPROACHING A SMALL VILLAGE

6

Crockett, Tubbs and Drummond being led at gunpoint. Drummond carrying on a conciliatory rap in Spanish to their captor. Passing from pastoral into purgatory -- couple of soldiers in b.g. picking up the dead body of a local man -- another man wrestling with a skittish, emaciated horse, then chickens running free, half a dozen goats tethered and guarded by a plump soldier ---

7

THE VILLAGE

7

is nothing more than a collection of ragtag huts surrounding a big central wooden shack from the vented roof of which an acrid blue-grey smoke escapes in sluggish whorls. There is a yellow Rolls Royce convertible parked incongruously here, and a number of military vehicles. More chickens. Dogs. Dead bodies.

A kneeling line of men stripped to the waist and tied hands to heels await a fate that seems certain to be execution.

A cluster of children play soccer with a gunny sack filled with hay.

Indian women stand grieving, crying over a collection of corpses to which soldiers continue to add victims.

Camera pushing in as Crockett, Tubbs and Drummond approach a grim-looking officer guarding the hut. As Drummond deals with him in a subdued voice:

CROCKETT

These folks don't look too dangerous.

TUBBS

No...but they're a considerably easier target than the big boys.

CROCKETT

Wonder if they know they're the grass roots of a 200 billion dollar industry.

TUBBS

Wonder if they care.

Drummond turns and motions for Crockett and Tubbs to follow him inside.

DRUMMOND

Guy inside, Bustos -- he's part of the Revillas network. They've been questioning him, and he's been talking.

CONTINUED

DRUMMOND(Cont'd)

(softly,
calmly)

The Revillas are using a Panamanian cargo plane. La Halphen. They're landing in the swamps tomorrow at two in the morning...goes under radar... They wait, and when it looks safe, they retrieve the shipment....

TUBBS

Maybe he ain't tellin' everything.

Drummond looks at them blankly, holding the door open.

DRUMMOND

Believe me, he ain't holding anything back ---

The air is heavy with steam and sweat. There is a young twentyish soldier standing alongside a portable generator with his hand resting on the knob. We follow the wire from the generator to the ground where it leads to a man strapped in a chair stripped shirtless -- Bustos. One wire is taped to his instep. Another wire leads up the chair taped to his right nipple.

Bustos' face is swollen, eyes staring out to the life beyond -- he is getting ready to enter into, blood trickling from his mouth. His face appears to have been used as an ashtray from cigarette burns. This once young man now a battered bundle of broken-down flesh.

CROCKETT

(affected by
the sight)

Oh God!

Rays of the light through the interior giving the place a neoDracula movie setting. The prisoner is muttering to himself.

BUSTOS

La cruz de Jesus -- oh pordios, cruz de Jesus.

Crockett and Tubbs look at each other for support. Tubbs goes over to where one of the soldiers is standing with a canteen of water. He takes the canteen and heads towards the young man, Drummond nervous of Tubbs' movements.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DRUMMOND

(to Lieutenant)

Un minuto con el prisionero por favor.

No reaction from Lieutenant, then:

DRUMMOND

Por favor, please!

The Lieutenant nods okay. Drummond looks to Tubbs and Crockett and confirms the go ahead. Tubbs moves to the prisoner and squats down in front of him. All is quiet except for the heavy breathing of this menaced young boy.

TUBBS

(leaning in
face to face
with the boy)

Madre mia -- digale los quierens
sabel.

Bustos focuses on Tubbs and ---

BUSTOS

Madre de dios -- ayudame -- la cruz
de Jesus.

TUBBS

(pleading
compassionately
and softly in
English)

Tell them!

BUSTOS

La cruz de....

At this point the soldier has pressed the lever on the generator sending volts of electricity through the young man's body sending him into violent convulsive moves.

Tubbs' point of view of soldier at generator holding down lever staring at him.

Tubbs hurls canteen and lunges toward soldier, but before he can get there another soldier blind sides him, knocking him to the floor. As Tubbs hits the ground the soldier is about to club him with his rifle when Crockett throws a flying block on the soldier's blind side, knocking the rifle out of the soldier's hand and knocking him flat on his ass. A melee ensues as Drummond enters, trying to break it up.

CONTINUED

DRUMMOND

(screaming in
Spanish and
English)

Basta...Basta...Stop.
(in Spanish)

They meant nothing by it, they're
new to your ways.
(in English)

Cool out man, what's wrong with you
jerks, you wanna...
(to Crockett)

...get us killed, it's their world.
(and Tubbs; to
the Lieutenant
in Spanish)

Please pardon them they're strangers
here.

Crockett on the floor with a boot in his back and the
barrel of an M-16 pointed at his back while Tubbs is having
a bayonet pressed against his adam's apple when the
Lieutenant says....

LIEUTENANT

Basta.

The melee stops as fast as it began. Silence falls across
the interior of the shack...The only sound we hear is that
of Bustos going on.

BUSTOS

La cruz de Jesus...la cruz de Jesus
...la cruz de Jesus.

Simultaneously as Drummond moves to the Lieutenant,
Crockett and Tubbs still are held to the ground.

DRUMMOND

(in Spanish)

Look, I told you this
was something done without
thinking. But if any harm
comes to any of these two,
there will be one big hell
to turn off. They are
citizens of the United
States.

TUBBS

(to Crockett)

It's a code, isn't it?
La cruz de Jesus
cross of Jesus...that's
where the plane will
land?

As Crockett and Tubbs are being let up from the ground:

CONTINUED

8

CONTINUED - 3

8

LIEUTENANT

(speaking to
Drummond in
Spanish)

Your minute is up. Leave right
now. This is our country and here,
we are the law.

Tubbs is up and moving towards Bustos.

TUBBS

It's a code isn't it?
(in Spanish
to Bustos)

It's a code, tell me where?

Drummond, stepping in front of Tubbs and pushing him
backwards:

DRUMMOND

Come on man get outta here! What
the hell's wrong with you -- you
crazy....

Just then Bustos is zapped again, stopping everyone in their
tracks. Tubbs looks at the Lieutenant.

Closeup Lieutenant staring back at Tubbs.

Tubbs looks, frustrated -- it's useless to continue.

DRUMMOND

He's their prisoner.

TUBBS

(pushes
Drummond
aside and
begins to
leave)

Get out of my face.

DRUMMOND

Like I said. Welcome to the Third
World.

9

thru
11

OMITTED

9

thru
11

11-A

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY - CLOSE ON CROCKETT AND TUBBS

11-A

(X)

their faces turning to look back, in slow motion, as we
hear the O.S. sound of a gunshot ---

SMASH CUT TO

11-B PASTORAL COUNTRYSIDE 11-B

Green and peaceful. The sound of the gunshot echoing ---

11-C CROCKETT AND TUBBS 11-C
(X)

Slow motion. Heads still turning. Haunting looks.
Gunshot echoing ---

Another:

CUT TO

11-D COUNTRYSIDE 11-D

Life goes on. Gunshot fading.

11-E CROCKETT AND TUBBS 11-E

Slow motion. Faces to camera. Images slowly fading from
the screen, fading to white as the sound of the gunshot
dissipates to a memory.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

12 INT. OCB OFFICES - STRATEGY ROOM - DAY - TIGHT ON CROCKETT 12

alone, as he intently scans a pile of oversized surveillance photographs while:

DRUMMOND (O.S.)

I don't know...seems pretty thin.

TUBBS (O.S.)

It's a code for a location -- cross of Jesus ---

BURR (O.S.)

It could take weeks to track it down. We just don't have that much time ---

Footsteps. People entering.

BURR (O.S.)

We've got ten hours to locate the position.

Crockett looks up ---

13 WIDER

13

He throws a surveillance photo across the table at Donald Burr, the restless, chain-smoking deputy director of the DEA. Drummond is behind him, with Castillo and Tubbs.

CROCKETT

Couple of years ago I rolled this bozo Colombian pilot. Pencil-thin moustache. Silk scarf. Regular Smilin' Jack. He called his drop point Christ's Crossing....

14 THE PHOTOGRAPH

14

Edge of the Everglades. A stretch of open water in the trees that, from above, looks like a cross.

CROCKETT

Christ's Crossing, Cross of Jesus... Same place? May-be....

CONTINUED

- 14 CONTINUED 14
- CASTILLO
- Thin.
- BURR
- It's all we got.
(to Castillo)
You want in on this?
- CASTILLO
- It's our jurisdiction, so: yes.
- DISSOLVE TO
- 15 EXT. SWAMPLAND - DAWN 15
- In the soft blue-green light a silver Panamanian cargo plane rests motionless, belly deep in the muck, splattered with it from an apparent crash landing...damage to the wings, but otherwise miraculously intact. And seemingly alone in this godforsaken stretch of glades....
- 16 CLOSER - THE SWAMP - SERIES OF SHOTS 16
- A joint surveillance of DEA agents and Miami Vice, nestled uncomfortably in the tall brush, bored, weary, mosquito plagued. Waiting. Switek sleeping. Zito playing a pocket-sized Quartz crystal display electronic game called "Night Raid." Gina and Trudy passing bug repellent back and forth. Tubbs staring out into the dawn, Crockett slapping at mosquitos....
- CUT TO
- 17 FULL - THE SWAMP - TIME LAPSE - ONE DAY 17
- Same, growing brighter and hotter, then cooling, the light fading into blackness.
- DISSOLVE TO
- 18 THE WEEDS - SWITEK 18
- eating a prepackaged ham sandwich with distaste. Finally chucking it off into the murky water. Two beats, then a sloshing, growling sound -- jaws snapping shut? -- and silence. Both Switek and Zito's eyes stray nervously off in the direction the sandwich flew.
- 19 OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE SWAMP - CASTILLO AND DRUMMOND 19
- in a motorized pontoon boat, hidden in a stand of moss-laden trees.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED

19

CASTILLO

Four more hours. Then we pack it in. Deadline was two hours ago.

DRUMMOND

(nods)

If no one shows up by then the Revillas've probably got us made, anyway.

20 ELSEWHERE - CROCKETT

20

searches in a bent package for a last cigarette, can't find one...crumples it and then leans back against the side of the wooden boat in which he and Tubbs have been endlessly sitting.

CROCKETT

Vietnam, Cambodia, Colombia, Puerto Rico, Bahamas, Everglades...bet I've soaked up more swamp than Elvis has.

Tubbs looks at him blankly.

TUBBS

Look on the bright side, man, 'least nobody's trying to make you into a pair of shoes.

(beat)

Yet.

(X)

Under which faint motor sounds from O.S., fade up....

21 A LONG FLAT-BOTTOM BOAT

21

is approaching the cargo plane from the far side of the swamp. Another boat trails behind it. And another. Flashlight beams dart across the dark water, across the silvery side of the aircraft, across the brush concealing the DEA assault team....

22 MIGUEL REVILLA

22

A broad-shouldered, sharp-featured young Indian with a ravaged face stands as his first boat comes alongside the plane. He guides it with his hands to the rear cargo doorway. There are four men in the boat, all armed with automatic weapons.

23 BEHIND

23

is in the second boat. More men, more arms.

24 INTERCUTTING - INFRARED SCOPE - THE SCENE 24

Heat-defined images of three watercraft, up against the hull of the aircraft. Two men working to open the cargo door.

25 INTERCUTTING - FACES 25

of the surveillance team. Watching. Readying. Drummond picks up a bullhorn.

CASTILLO

I only make one of the brothers.
Miguel.

26 EXT. THE PANAMANIAN PLANE 26
(X)

as the cargo door opens, and Miguel stabs the darkness with the beam of his flashlight...then climbs in...and walks through the compartment, scanning the contents: perhaps two dozen wooden crates.

The man behind him steps forward to open one. Inside are neat rows of packaged white crystalline powder.

DRUMMOND (O.S.)

(over the
bullhorn,
in Spanish)
Attention...this the DEA. We have
you surrounded....

27 ANOTHER ANGLE 27
(X)

Frantic, panicky Spanish, overlapping voices. One of the boats starts away from the plane, but ---

28 WIDER - THE SWAMP 28

suddenly comes ablaze with portable spotlights on all sides, giving the whole scene a weird, washed-out aura ---

DRUMMOND (O.S.)

(over the bullhorn)
Put down your weapons. You're under
arrest, amigos ---

Some of the smugglers begin to comply, but ---

- 29 CLOSE ON CARGO DOORWAY 29
The second man swings into view, an automatic in his hands
-- and opens fire ---
- 30 FULL SCENE 30
Some of the DEA spotlights explode in sparks, giving the
panicking smugglers some shadows to try and use to
advantage as ---
- 31 THE SURVEILLANCE TEAM 31
begins to return fire. Violent flames of machine gun fire
and tracer bullets rip the night.
- 32 FULL SCENE 32
The smugglers are sitting ducks.
- 33 CLOSER - THE CHAOS 33
The shooter is confronted by a spray of bullets, driven
back into the plane.
- 34 MIGUEL 34
-- tries to get to him, but bullets riddle the side of the
plane just above his head, causing him to duck, off balance,
and fall into the water. Most of the surviving smugglers
are throwing down their guns, surrendering. The shooting
stops. Sound of mini-outboards ---
- 35 THE SURVEILLANCE TEAM'S WATERCRAFT 35
move en masse toward the plane, to make the arrest.
Searchlights trained on the water, but missing ---
- 36 MIGUEL 36
who swims silently away, unnoticed, using the weeds and the
litter in the water as cover -- boats going right past his
head...making notes of the faces he can see, especially ---
- 37 DRUMMOND 37
who seems obviously the commander of this massacre. Miguel
watching him with dark, evil eyes as he passes....

38

CROCKETT AND TUBBS

38

remain far enough away to take in the full scene. At least half of the smuggler party is dead. Crockett shakes his head, bitterly turns away to look out at the dark, otherwise peaceful night filled with stars.

CROCKETT

What a mess.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO

39

EXT. MIAMI BEACH - DECO HIGH-RISE HOTEL - EVENING

39

Craning down from an incandescent tropical sky backlighting the skyscrapers of downtown Miami...fragment of a neon sign in the f.g. flickers like a frenzied abstract design... craning down to find Crockett's Ferrari pulling into the driveway ---

TUBBS

Will you lighten up? We're supposed to be celebratin' -- Drummond worked hard on this, and I don't think he has too many winners ---

CROCKETT

(ignores)

Nobody won. It's a cold war -- and for what -- ?

TUBBS

U.S. currency every week. Pension. Medical and dental. Vacation time. Just a job, man. Tellin' me you'd rather be pushin' paper in some white-collar cubicle?

CROCKETT

Stuff keeps rolling in. We're just a toll booth on the highway pal.

TUBBS

You're singing Vice Cop blues again, Crockett. Same-o, same-o....

(X)

CROCKETT

(cuts him off)

What's this?

Dead ahead, Switek and Zito's bug van has got its mechanical inset wedged under the hotel's entry awning.

Switek, and Zito in the van, arguing with a short Valet. Trudy stands a short distance away, disgruntled, in party clothes.

ZITO

No can do, compadre. That winged ornament is private property, and any damage you inflict upon it is first-degree vandalism ---

VALET

You gotta move it!

Then, argument continuing in the b.g.:

TUBBS

Where's Gina?

SWITEK

You gotta dismantle the awning.

TRUDY

Had to come straight from court.

(pointedly)

We're late.

VALET

Talk to the manager.

CROCKETT

(re Zito
and Switek)

Who said vaudeville was dead?

Brushes past and disappears into the hotel.

SWITEK

(eyeing the
awning)

Maybe if you backed up slowly....

ZITO

Yeah?

SWITEK

Easy does it.

Trudy and Tubbs share a look, then follow, glancing back one more time as Zito starts the van, shifts, and the vehicle jumps forward, ripping the awning right off the hotel with a crash -- Switek and the dismayed Valet jumping clear -- then:

ZITO

It says reverse on the stick.

CUT TO

41 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

41

Crockett still five steps ahead of Tubbs and Trudy, all headed for the suite at the end of the hall ---

TRUDY

(re Crockett)

What's he bent out of shape about?

TUBBS

Life as we know it.

Sound of music comes from inside the suite ---

TRUDY

Whatever. Just so he doesn't poop the party ---

-- then the sudden, muffled sound of gunfire, like firecrackers under a blanket ---

42 ON CROCKETT

42

as sprints to the door of Drummond's suite, tries the door, then kicks it open ---

SHOCK CUT TO

43 REVERSE ANGLE - THE HOTEL SUITE

43

-- the overwhelmingly neutral colors violated by a gruesome, bloody carnage -- carpet, walls, upholstery. Tables and chair overturned, things scattered from a struggle. Bullet holes ripped into the plaster; a shattered glass balcony sliding door, beyond which we can see part of a lifeless body.

Crockett moves inside, drawing his gun.

44 TRUDY AND TUBBS

44

are right behind him, horror struck. Trudy draws in her breath sharply ---

TUBBS

Get help!

Talking to Trudy, Trudy runs off.

45 CROCKETT

45

moves to an inner room, where there is more. Crockett turns away. More gunfire, further on in the suite. And Crockett remembers:

CROCKETT

Gina ---

riddled by gunfire. Gina lies beside the bed, bleeding seriously, but still alive. Crockett brushes hair from her face ---

GINA

Sonny?

CROCKETT

Easy Gina.

SWITEK (O.S.)

Ambulance is on its way.

GINA

I'm cold, Sonny. I'm cold.

Crockett takes off his coat and tucks it around her.

CROCKETT

Just stay still, darlin'. Hang on....

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

54 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAWN - LONG SHOT

54

Very quiet. Janitor mopping a floor halfway down; the glistening tile refracting light from a nurse's station at the far end of the corridor. And, closer, partially in shadow, a huge middle-aged man in a dark government-issue suit, Donald Burr, paces restlessly back and forth ---

BURR

Two other agents were murdered tonight in New York. Same M.O. Ritual executions.

(beat)

Throats slit -- 'Colombian necktie.'
These people don't believe in the quick kill....

(X)

He's deputy director of the New York DEA, and his horror struck subdued comments are directed to a gathering of Miami Vice: Castillo, Crockett, Tubbs, Trudy, Zito. Waiting.

BURR

(emotional)

I've lost three agents and their families, since the bust in the swamp.

CASTILLO

You're positive it's the Revillas?

BURR

Esteban sent us a personal letter...

(ironic)

Told us to stop seizing his drugs.

TRUDY

That's our job ---

BURR

(incredulous)

These guys don't know from jobs. They're Indians. They think they're just taking crops to market -- and we've become a nuisance ---

ZITO

Only difference is they take home thirty-five grand a key.

CONTINUED

BURR

(softly)

Yeah. The only difference. Guy you blew away was a cousin. Shooter that got away was Miguel. Probably wanted to whack Drummond personally for the operation in the swamp. One big happy family.

CROCKETT

Are the Revillas still in the country?

BURR

New York City.

Burr seems distant, rattled...helpless. Switek appears at the end of the corridor. Starts toward the group, as:

TRUDY

What are they doing in the midmarket? Why aren't they safe and secure in exporter heaven?

BURR

'Cause they're unique. They don't just grow and process and export. They ship, import, wholesale...and they take profits every step from A to Z.

TUBBS

Grow the crop. Take it to market. Simple.

BURR

Yeah. A simple couple hundred million dollar a year vertically integrated monopoly run by a couple of crazed Indians who don't even know what those words mean, and are one step removed from the Stone Age.

He shakes his head. Switek reaches them -- interrupting ---

SWITEK

Gina's out of surgery...it's too early to tell....

(X)

Reactions, Crockett, Tubbs and Trudy, as:

BURR

I need the Revillas cashed in before more of my agents get killed. Somebody's gotta stir 'em up enough to flush 'em out....and then take them down....

CONTINUED

CASTILLO

Your people go on strike?

BURR

(shakes his head)

The agents who were killed -- Drummond and the two in New York -- They were all under. Under deep....

CASTILLO

Your security's been violated.

BURR

Yeah. And we aren't sure how deep they got.

(bitterly)

Figure someone threw half a mil at some junior clerk somewhere and tapped into our central files.

(beat)

For all I know the employment records and pictures of every DEA Agent in North and South America is in their hands. Addresses, license numbers, family members, the works...

(beat)

I got my East Coast people locked in safe houses with their families watching daytime TV.

(it's difficult for him to admit)

Your people don't appear in any of our files...no way the Revillas can make 'em for cops...a couple of well-supplied players from Miami would attract a lot of attention....

Castillo stares at him blankly, then glances at Crockett and Tubbs. Beat. Crockett nods slightly and ---

TUBBS

Ditto.

BURR

Do you know New York?

TUBBS

Inside and out.

CUT TO

Regally anchored offshore in the bright blue Intercoastal Waterway. Miami Beach a thin memory behind it. Then picking up in the f.g. ---

56 CROCKETT'S CIGARETTE BOAT 56

cruising around it, running parallel at a fair distance --
Crockett at the wheel as Tubbs takes the binoculars to
scan ---

57 BINOCULAR POINT OF VIEW - FIGURES ON THE BOAT 57

Beautiful girls, beautiful guys. Trendy money...a perpetual
party...finally finding in the bright sunlight of the aft
deck, the Jagger-like dancing and prancing of ---

58 NEWTON BLADE 58

Legendary New Wave, L.A.-bred superplayer, in a white
Brioni linen suit and pencil-thin leather tie, entertaining
a brace of pretty girls with charm, cunning and fleet foot-
work...a flattopped blond, boyish thirty if he's a day ---

TUBBS (O.S.)

That's our credential to New York?

59 INTERCUTTING - CROCKETT AND TUBBS 59

CROCKETT

Newton Windsor Blade.....

TUBBS

Boyish charm in silk and linen.

60 CLOSER - THE YACHT 60

The Cigarette cutting through frame alongside it -- then
camera rises slowly to deck level as we pick up ---

BLADE (O.S.)

I basically do not get how Uncle Sam
'spects anyone to make scratch
under this kind of mega aggro tax
burden ---

(X)

61 DECK LEVEL 61

finding Blade collapsed sweating in a reclining deck chair,
nose-to-nose with a prodigiously endowed, bikini-clad
accessory with whom he suggestively flirts as a harried
accountant in the b.g. struggles to settle some bookkeeping:

ACCOUNTANT

The thing they expect is for you to
make it legally ---

CONTINUED

BLADE

(gazing at
the Girl)
Technicalities....

ACCOUNTANT

-- So that you can take deductions
without worrying that an audit will
send you to jail.

BLADE

(sly smile)
I ever tell you how I complexified
this knobby IRS dude with dummy
corporations till he Kafka-ed out?

GIRL

(licks
her lips)
No.

CROCKETT (O.S.)

Consider yourself one of the lucky
ones.

Crockett and Tubbs, having docked the boat alongside and
boarded, cross the deck to Blade, who pops sunglasses down
from the top of his head to recognize ---

BLADE

Burnett! Dude!! I'm so amped --
thought the C.G. put the skids to
you ---

CROCKETT

Can't catch what they can't see.
(introducing)
Newton Blade, Ricardo Cooper ---

TUBBS

Pleasure.

BLADE

Not yet --
(to Accountant)
Go practice your juggling. Take the
spread sheets with you.

GIRL

(to Tubbs)
I'm Honey.

TUBBS

(sarcastic)
Sweet.

CUT TO

Stunning deco interior: glass and velvet and steel, complete with a sterling silver-and-mirror wet bar, where Crockett is opening two beer bottles ---

CROCKETT

Hear about the Revilla bust couple days ago?

He crosses to where Blade stands absently playing a video game. Tubbs nearby. Bikini girl now draped across a chair in the b.g., with headphones attached to a tiny TV.

BLADE

Feds nabbed 300-and-some keys o' cringe 'n got themselves onna wrong side of some raspy third worlders. I heard.

(shakes his head)

Different world, dude. I mean drugs, porno, whatever -- it's a roust? Okay. Can't do time, don't mess with crime. But no aggro. These Colombians -- they're like, whoa, I don't like your face so I'm going to make a fashion accessory out of your tongue....

(off Crockett's frown)

It would be real nice if everyone out here would just ohm down a few DB.

Crockett nods, slight pause, then ---

CROCKETT

Read about how the contraband never made it to police property lockup..? It was in all the papers ---

TUBBS

(off Blade's interest)

Got accidentally unfortunately 'misplaced'....

BLADE

Six hundred pounds?

(laughs)

I hope whoever palmed it is doing a one-way boogie to a beach with no extradition.

(beat)

Stuff's so hot doubt your pal's gonna get mre than a dime a key.

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

Well, we just thought we'd mention it to you on the off-chance you might be able to recommend a buyer....

BLADE

(nods)

You want me to agent a deal?

TUBBS

Like you said: stuff's hot in Mijami, mang. A sudden glut in the local market and every Metro Daderegular is going to be committing our profile to memory.

(X)

A beat of silence. They sip their beer. The abandoned video game ends with a cacophony of noise. Then:

CROCKETT

'Course, since we're talking a tight time frame, your commission would be more than the ---

(X)

BLADE

(cuts him off)

That goes without saying.

Smiles. Crockett smiles back. Blade looks at Tubbs:

BLADE

Can't do anything in Chicago or L.A. Now, New York....

TUBBS

We were really aiming for Midwest and Southwest....

BLADE

Can't help.

CROCKETT

What do you think?

TUBBS

New York...well, if it's gotta be, it's gotta be....

BLADE

Jimmy Borges. Slut's the Sears and Roebuck of controlled substances ---

CROCKETT

We're set to jet.

BLADE

Sonny, you're so Sixties.

SMASH CUT TO

63 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY - MONTAGE

63

Kaleidoscope of kinetic images -- sidewalks filled with people, streets jammed with traffic, the beauty and the beastliness of the Big Apple...hookers, hustlers, brokers, buyers, street poets and bag ladies, set to the psychotic urban beat of Lou Reed or the double-rap of Grandmaster Flash -- then ---

64 LONG SHOT - CITY STREET

64

Man-made canyon, at the bottom of which runs a metallic river of clotted traffic that shimmers in a sodden sunlight. Honking of horns, hiss of the city ---

TUBBS (V.O.)

Miami may be paradise, man, but we are now looking into the core of civilization ---

CROCKETT (V.O.)

We're looking into grid-lock, Rico.

Then picking up Crockett and Tubbs as they climb from a cab and join the faster-moving flow of pedestrian traffic on the sidewalk.

TUBBS

I know a shortcut.

(beat)

Watch your step -- local canine corps has mined the street....

CUT TO

65 STREET MONTAGE - CROCKETT AND TUBBS

65

making their way on foot through the city, to a reprise of the music, face of the city changing as they progress... becoming harder edged and surreally beautiful at the same time...a whole different man-made reality, in contrast with the lush natural beauty of Miami....

CUT TO

66 INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

66

as a wildly struggling Lunatic in silver lame is wrestled toward a holding cell by two uniform cops ---

CONTINUED

LUNATIC

The rats are government rats!! The roaches are government roaches! The whole city is a government construct designed to suck the humanness out of us -- ever wonder why cabs are yellow?!!

Then pushing through the crowded squad room to find Crockett in a cubicle, at the desk of a tired-looking deputy chief detective named Pearson, who has a chip on his shoulder the size of New Jersey ---

PEARSON

Couple of cowboys up from Miami on a secret mission. I'm very impressed.

CROCKETT

We're here to do a job.

PEARSON

Rape season's in full swing. A couple of crazy Colombian dealers whacking anyone who gets in their way. I got home invaders picking the East Side clean. And now I'm supposed to babysit a couple of Miami cowboys?

Crockett stares at him, then looks away. It's going to be a long day.

CROCKETT

We were instructed to check in with you. We were told...you would cooperate without asking questions ---

PEARSON

(re Crockett's clothes)

You going to a party or something?

is on a borrowed phone. Ranting of the Lunatic continues in b.g., along with a cacophony of other grating sounds, making it hard for Tubbs to hear ---

TUBBS

Yeah, Gordon -- Valerie Gordon.
Detective --

(beat)

Vice? I thought she was in
Homicide ---

LUNATIC (O.S.)

You can lock my body, but you can't lock up my soul!!!

RACK FOCUS ON CROCKETT AND PEARSON

The Captain leans back in his desk, eyes on Crockett.
Hostility behind sleepy, hooded eyes ---

PEARSON

They tell me I've gotta give you
permits to carry concealed weapons.
I've gotta give you computer access.
I've gotta give you my private phone
number so you can call me whenever
the hell you want, and interrupt my
private life with your little rodeo
routine --

(boiling over)

Well I'm not giving you squat until
I know what the hell it is you're
doing out of your jurisdiction, in
New York City!!

During which Crockett grabs the phone, dials. A beat ---

CROCKETT

This is Crockett. We've got this
little problem...

(hands the
phone to
Pearson)

It's for you.

Hooker and a detective -- leading her -- cross in front of
them ---

HOOKER

I'm not going in with that freak.

PEARSON

(cold stare
at Crockett)

Yes sir. Yes sir. I see.

(beat)

Well, I was just -- Yes sir.

Crockett looks away, innocently ---

HOOKER (O.S.)

Hell if I will!

TUBBS

(on the
phone)

Tubbs, Rico. Tubbs.
Yeah, she's expect --
Tubbs. T -- U ---

PEARSON' CUBICLE

as he hangs up the phone ---

CONTINUED

69

CONTINUED

69

He shoves some documents and permits across the desk to Crockett -- he's not giving them anything more ---

PEARSON

(defiantly)

Welcome to New York, 'Detective.'

70

ANGLE

70

where the Hooker is still struggling with her escort as another cop opens the cell door and:

71

THE LUNATIC

71

suddenly bursts out past them, screaming, knocking them aside, hurtles desk tops, avoiding the outstretched grabbing of nearby cops, nearly colliding with:

72

CROCKETT

72

who -- emerging from Pearson's cubicle -- instinctively slips the head on, allowing the frenzied man to stumble forward into:

73

TUBBS

73

who, rising from the phone, casually gives him a hard forearm to his chest ---

74

FULL SCENE

74

as the Lunatic goes head over heels over a desk top and onto the floor, hard. Couple of detectives are all over him. Tubbs joins Crockett, shooting a look at Pearson ---

TUBBS

Kinda quiet today, huh?

They head for the exit, and off Pearson's dark look ---

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

75 OMITTED

75

76 EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - THE DAKOTA - DAY

76

Following young, flashy, hep and hungry Jimmy Borges as he clips along the sidewalk, intercepting a pretty, very conspicuously affluent blonde who's hurrying out of the building to a waiting cab ---

BORGES

Miranda -- baby -- !

The woman recognizes Borges with indifference ---

MIRANDA

Oh. James. How are you -- ?

BORGES

Cooking with gas ---

MIRANDA

Where were you Friday night when I needed you? Dinner at eight and me short on party favors ---

BORGES

Hey. I'm out of pharmaceutical retail ---

MIRANDA

(quickly
losing interest)

Ohhhh...

BORGES

-- but I'm mainlining consumer whole-sale, if you catch my innuendo ---

MIRANDA

Materialism bores me.

BORGES

This ain't common consumption, baby, we're talking Oriental oral and visual artistry -- compact discs, proton monitor, equalizer ---

MIRANDA

Ciao.

CONTINUED

76

CONTINUED

76

She leans in to invite a continental peck on the cheek -- and before Borges can deliver ducks into a cab and rockets away. Borges watches her go for a moment, smile frozen on his face as he mouths the word "bitch," then moves out of frame as we rack focus across the street to ---

77

PAY PHONE - CROCKETT AND TUBBS

77

Crockett watching all of this while Tubbs is making a call ---

TUBBS

No. Just tell her Rico called again ---

CROCKETT

Let's book ---

Gesturing Tubbs away from the call. They head off down their side of the street. Shadowing Borges.

CUT TO

78

OMITTED

78

79

INT. EAST SIDE NEW WAVE DINER - DAY

79

Borges at the counter, wolfing down a plate of steak and eggs. Crockett and Tubs slide onto stools on either side of him ---

TUBBS

Yo Jim.

Borges doesn't look up.

TUBBS

Jimmy Borges? The legendary Jimmy Borges?

Borges ignores them.

CROCKETT

Newton Blade sends his best regards.

Borges' gaze goes back and forth between Crockett and Tubbs. Expressionless.

CONTINUED

TUBBS

Been looking all over for you...
checking all your favorite hotspots ---

BORGES

Yeah... well I've never been in this
one before in my life.

CROCKETT

Newton Blades sends his best regards.
He says the moon's rising over Miami.

BORGES

If you guys aren't offering more pro-
tein than these eggs, then take a
hike.

TUBBS

Why don't you just call Blade and
check us out?

BORGES

Why don't you just let me eat my
eggs here, they're getting cold ---

Tubbs picks up the eggs and hands them to the waitress.

Tubbs

Excuse me, he wanted these scrambled.

CROCKETT

(slides a
quarter to
Borges)

Call Newton.

Borges picks up the quarter, puts it in his pocket and
says....

BORGES

So you're friends of Newton Blade.
So's half of Miami. So what?

CROCKETT

(to Tubbs)

What's he need, birth certificates?

BORGES

(overrides)

Whatever it is, the answer is no.
I've retired. Sorry. Have a nice
flight back to Miami, see ya later,
good-bye, adios --- Ciao.

CONTINUED

He starts rise.

TUBBS

Whoa, Jimbo -- impressive willpower, man, really, but you're forgettin' something, no?

CROCKETT

How's your cash flow? Hear your wallet's so thin its ribs are showing.

Shrugs.

CROCKETT

We've got some guarantees.

TUBBS

One time deal -- you're in, out, done, boom.

Borges stops short. Once a player, always a player. Sighs, looks up to the heavens, takes a deep breath, closes his eyes tightly, as if in anticipation of certain doom ---

BORGES

Lemme guess...heavy snowfall?

CROCKETT

Six hundred pounds of Bolivian nasal dust, courtesy of Miami Metro Dade police property warehouse.

BORGES

You ripped off cops?
(laughs)
Stuff here in New York?

CROCKETT

Not yet. We want to take orders.

TUBBS

Satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back. And Blade says you've got just the Fuller Brush route....

Borges looks out at the street. Crockett and Tubbs patiently await his decision. Finally looks back at them ---

CONTINUED

79 CONTINUED - 2

79

BORGES

Lot of powder. I only know one guy
can handle that kind of volume...in,
out and gone...huh?

(beat)

What's my cut.

CROCKETT

Forty keys, on delivery.

BORGES

Up it to fifty and we boogie.

(X)

Tubbs looks to Crockett, acknowledges the go ahead and
nods to Borges.

BORGES

(all business
now)

Gimme some time to make a few calls.
I'll meet you at ten tonight...you
know The Club Delirious?

TUBBS

Intimately.

SMASH CUT TO

80 OMITTED

80

81 INT. CLUB DELIRIOUS - NIGHT

81

Screen exploding with light, music, faces, motion -- urban
neotechnodive populated with Gotham high rollers, from Wall
Street to the Great White Way. Bowie's young Americans.
Pushing through to pick up ---

82 CROCKETT, TUBBS, BORGES

82

winding their way through the melee, from the entrance.
Crockett and Tubbs' eyes scanning the faces that flicker
past. Various people saying hellos to Borges -- he's known
here, and likes to show it ---

83 ACROSS THE ROOM - BEAUTIFUL BLONDE

83

Oasis in a sea of faces. Surrounded by a gaggle of GO men.
Her eyes find ---

84 CROCKETT

84

who seems drawn to look at the same moment, and their gazes
lock.

85 QUICKLY INTERCUTTING

85

She smiles. Crockett smiles. Definite mutual admiration society, then Crockett is jostled, and a couple people pass in front of his line of sight...and when they're gone...so is the girl. Crockett's disappointed, but ---

BORGES (O.S.)

There ---

86 THEN PUSHING THROUGH

86

with them as they approach a righteous table near the dance floor, at which a handsome, dark-haired, brooding Frank Sacco sits in Cerruti silks, his back to us. Beautiful young black girl beside him -- both turn as ---

BORGES

Frankie!

87 CLOSER - SACCO AND THE GIRL

87

His companion is Valerie Gordon. Both Crockett and Tubbs react, as ---

SACCO

When did you get back on the funway,
Jimmy?

BORGES

Never got off. Listen, these are the
players from Miami I was telling you
about. Friends of Newton Blade.

SACCO

(shaking hands)

Frank Sacco.

(then)

This is Valerie.

Tubbs' eyes are on Val a little too long, and Sacco picks up
on it ---

SACCO

Know each other?

TUBBS

No...wish we did.

SACCO

(laughs)

Pull up a chair.

BORGES

I'll be right back....

(X)

88 FRAGMENTS - THE CLUB 88

Kinetic images, finally isolating two Latino men who seem slightly out of place -- too serious -- here...their dark eyes following ---

89 BORGES 89

as he makes his way toward the rest rooms.

90 FRAGMENTS - CROCKETT, TUBBS, VALERIE, SACCO 90

Abstract mosaic: faces, hands, eyes, as:

SACCO

That's serious weight.

TUBBS

Immediate delivery.

SACCO

Decent price?

TUBBS

Twenty-two. Eighteen under market,
no?

Sacco stares at Tubbs, considering. He doesn't like dealing with Rico, a little too intense. Glances at Valerie.

SACCO

You two make bookends.

(to Tubbs)

You dance, Miami? I think the lady needs to locomote.

Crockett and Tubbs exchange a glance, then Tubbs rises, offers Val his arm, and they head off to the dance floor.

SACCO

Your friend is pretty intense. Maybe too intense.

(leans in)

Sonny, lemme tell you the tale of a couple of zany brothers named Revilla....

CROCKETT

Thought every agency with a badge is hunting them down ---

CONTINUED

90 CONTINUED

90

SACCO

They gotta find 'em first. Until they do Colombians've got a kind of exclusive on this town. Very persuasive businessmen...You guys come here and try to elbow in on their territory, better be wearing some bulletproof B.V.D.s. There's other markets...It's a big boat. Why rock it?

CUT TO

90-A INT. REST ROOM - BORGES

90-A

Parade rest, at a urinal. The two Latinos pull up on either side of him. Nobody looks at one another, but ---

BORGES

Que pasa, men?

GABRIEL

Out of town friends, Jimmy?

BORGES

Those guys? My cousin in Florida asks me to show them a good time. A real pain.

GABRIEL

Since when is Frank Sacco on the A Tour of New York City?

BORGES

Too suspicious....

GABRIEL

You're making phone calls.

BORGES

(cool)
You're hittin' your shoes ---

He exits frame. Gabriel looks nervously down, and we ---

CUT TO

91 thru 93 OMITTED

91 thru 93

94 RESUME CLUB DELIRIOUS - ON SACCO

94

very intent ---

CONTINUED

94

CONTINUED

94

SACCO

Different world up here. And it's all wired. Tight.

CROCKETT

At forty a key?

(X)

SACCO

The price isn't even relevant. Margins in this business are so ludicrously high...twenty a key, forty a key...when you're netting 1500 percent ROI, who the hell cares?

(beat)

Trust. Trust and reliability are the bottom line. I have a network of suppliers I trust implicitly.

CROCKETT

-- And the Revillas've got you all running scared....

95

VALERIE AND TUBBS

95

Slow song. A dance that is really an embrace.

TUBBS

Since when are you working Vice?

VALERIE

Since they took me off probation. At least now the victims I work with are still alive.

TUBBS

This guy Sacco ain't no victim.

VALERIE

No. He's a lieutenant in the Dante organization. Got their hands into everything from prostitution to narcotics. We've infiltrated from all sides. We're close. Sacco's a key man -- could be responsible for at least five drug-related territorial killings....

TUBBS

And what are you to Sacco?

VALERIE

Companion....

CONTINUED

95

CONTINUED

95

Glances over at Crockett and Sacco, still engaged in commerce. Sacco shaking his head: "no."

VALERIE

You're up here after what?

TUBBS

DEA's handcuffed. Decided to fish with live bait. Us.

(beat)

God, have I missed you.

He pulls her closer, tighter.

VALERIE

I've missed you too, Rico.

Her heart isn't in this, and her smile is just window dressing....

96

RESUME CROCKETT AND SACCO

96

A man leaning in from behind to whisper something to his boss as:

SACCO

Come back to me when I'm hungry, Sonny. I'm fat right now. Pregnant and expecting.

(smiles)

Meantime don't get yourself sold a couple of Columbian neckties.

CROCKETT

Not our style.

Sacco nods to the man behind him, starts to get up. Tubbs and Valerie are returning from the dance floor ---

SACCO

Gotta run.

VALERIE

(to Tubbs)

Thanks for the dance ---

SACCO

(to Valerie)

No -- why don't you stay. Take the limo home?

(off her

assent)

Business, you know.

CONTINUED

Passionate kiss and he's off, with:

SACCO

Later.

Awkward beat. Everyone sitting. Tubbs' eyes on Valerie. She seems tired, withdrawn...but smiles at Crockett ---

VALERIE

Hey Sonny.

CROCKETT

You look terrific.

VALERIE

(shakes
her head)

Just going day by day...

(beat)

Kind of weird, we're all undercover....

TUBBS

(doesn't
like it)

Like some costume party.

CROCKETT

What happened to Borges?

TUBBS

He's trawling.

Nods to the bar where Jimmy is trying to hit on a couple of platinum blondes, identical twins ---

VALERIE

(to Crockett)

I never really got the chance to thank you for being in my corner after what went down in Miami ---

CROCKETT

I did what I felt was right, Valerie.

Crockett and Valerie's eyes meet -- he can see there's something wrong, and she can sense that he knows it ---

TUBBS

So what do you say we boogie, hit Area, maybe the Limelight, then head up to 128th Street and ---

VALERIE

I've got to be up at six o'clock Rico ---

CONTINUED

96

CONTINUED - 2

96

Beginning of another clash, but ---

CROCKETT

(overrides)

Tell the truth, I think I'd like to just go it alone -- give you two some time to yourselves ---

TUBBS

You serious?

CROCKETT

Yeah. I love adventure.

(getting up)

Besides...this means you're going to have to pick up the check.

Winks at Valerie, heads out. Tubbs considers this proposition darkly. Valerie takes his hand, smiles...almost sadly.

VALERIE

There's some things I'm still trying to work through, Rico, you know?

TUBBS

Yeah. I know.

96-A

CROCKETT

96-A

heads toward Borges, but before he can get to him, Jimmy's blondes take the bait -- all three start toward the dance floor, Borges glancing to Crockett smugly....

...Crockett continues toward the exit...passing Gabriel, and the other man, who appear to be waiting still for the mercurial Jimmy B.

CUT TO

97

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

97

Couple of dudes doing a serious rap, providing steady beat for Crockett as he passes, hands jammed deep into the pockets of his coat. Stranger in a strange land.

98

SERIES OF SHOTS

98

Crockett in Nighttown. Rap continues, underscoring the images: the hottest N.Y. bars, nightclubs, glitterdomes. Wild, exhilarating...but Crockett is looking in from the outside. Disoriented. Nearly run down as he crosses the

CONTINUED

98

CONTINUED

98

street, hassled by panderers, ignored by cabs, narrow canyons of the city beginning to close in on him...he's got a definite destination in mind ---

...images coming quicker, reaching a crescendo as the rap peaks ---

SMASH CUT TO

99

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK - WEST SIDE - NIGHT

99

Peaceful stretch of dark water, on which a solitary boat, lit like a horizontal Christmas tree, silently glides. Crockett sits alone on a park bench, pinpointed by the orange glow of the end of his cigarette. Just staring out at the water. Relaxed. Sound of slow dance music fades up as we:

CUT TO

100

INT. NIGHTCLUB - TIGHT ON VALERIE AND TUBBS

100

Dancing, holding tightly on to one another. Camera circling them, slowly pulling out, to include more and more of the club. Shadowy, with hot primary colors -- lights, strobes, neon -- slashing the darkness. The song ends a quicker beat begins. Valerie and Tubbs stop dancing, but stay embraced. They look at one another for a long beat. Then Tubbs starts to kiss her...but Valerie gently, firmly pushes him away...breaks the embrace and moves off, leaving Tubbs alone on the dance floor.

101

AT A CORNER TABLE

101

Tubbs finds Valerie already sitting, staring down at her drink. He sits next to her ---

TUBBS

What's the matter?

Valerie shakes her head, says nothing. Tubbs takes her hands in his ---

TUBBS

You ever go talk to anyone about what happened in Miami?

VALERIE

(looks up;
cold)

I can take care of myself, Rico.

CONTINUED

(X)

101 CONTINUED

101

TUBBS

(gently)

You lost your sister -- that's a lot
to deal with.

VALERIE

And you're gonna help me deal with
it? I can count on you? You're into
your wild west show with Crockett.

(X)

(beat)

Busy shoulder.

(anger

and tears)

Sorry, Rico...I....

Long pause. Music and people swing around them. Then she
flees.

TUBBS

Valerie ---

Valerie stops, looks at him from across the room and shakes
her head, "no." Leaves. Tubbs stands isolated in the mass
of moving people.

CUT TO

102 INT. BAR IN SOHO - NIGHT

102

Myriad of faces, bodies, movement...and Crockett watches
all of it from an elevated vantage point near the bar, in
b.g. Takes another sip of his drink -- frowns -- seeing ---

103 SNAP ZOOM - HIS POINT OF VIEW - FACE OF THE BEAUTIFUL
BLONDE

103

-- the one from the Club Delirious, on the dance floor
below him, with her entourage of men. Glance seems to
flicker toward Crockett, but her eyes linger only an
instant ---

104 CROCKETT

104

moves toward the stairway leading down to the main floor,
slipping through clusters of people. She's coming up as
he's going down. Their eyes meet -- Crockett is about to
say something, but she brushes right past him as if he
isn't there...gaggle of guys squeezing past Crockett with
her...leaving him alone again, on the stairs ---

104-A ANGLE - BAR

104-A

Crockett leans against the bar, takes out his cigarettes,
selects one. Strikes a match ---

105

THE BLONDE

105

leans into frame and takes a light off of it. Suggestive ---

WOMAN

Not very persistent, are you?

CROCKETT

(after
a beat)

I don't like this game already ---

WOMAN

(shrugs)

Sometimes the best things are the hardest to get....

CROCKETT

But the hardest to get ain't always the best.

She shoots him a look. There's intense chemistry here, balanced and intensified by their parrying:

WOMAN

Expecting me to just swoon and fall into your arms -- ?

CROCKETT

I wasn't expecting a hit and run. Buy you a drink?

WOMAN

(shakes her
head)

Hopelessly conventional.

CROCKETT

Buy me a drink?

WOMAN

(bemused)

Better.

(coy)

How about you buy yourself a drink and try to get over me?

She exits frame. Crockett frowns, a little weirded out. Taps a quarter on the bar. Smiles, recovering...then heads out.

105-A ANGLE - ENTRYWAY

105-A

where the blonde is retrieving her coat, engaged in idle chatter with a couple of her guys -- Crockett blows past them, without even looking. She tries to play it cool... but her eyes follow him....

106

EXT. BAR - SOHO - NIGHT

106

Crockett flagging a cab. It pulls to the curb, and he starts toward it only to be cut off by the mystery blonde ---

WOMAN

I think this is my cab ---

CROCKETT

Would it matter if it wasn't?

She stops, turns ---

CROCKETT

Cab's waiting ---

WOMAN

You want to share it?

CROCKETT

No thanks. I've met some tough women in my time, but you take grand prize.

WOMAN

Survival of the fittest, doll -- intrigued?

CROCKETT

Oh, sure...you pick me out of a crowd, throw kinky looks at me, act like you're all hot and bothered...then I run into you again and you're a regular Frigidaire -- I love appliances ---

WOMAN

One: I never get hot and bothered and two: Why don't you get lost?

She starts to open the door to her cab ---

CROCKETT

Hey, fine: 'cause last thing in the world I need to do is waste my time with some crazy, hard up, whacked out ---

The last of this slapped right out of Crockett's mouth when the blonde whirls and delivers a roundhouse right hand. He takes a step back, stunned, catching her hand after it's hit him -- feels his face going numb -- eyes locked with the flashing gaze of the blonde...then he pulls her closer and kisses her.

And after a moment she responds, passionately. The Cabbie honks to break them up.

CONTINUED

CABBIE (O.S.)

Meter's running on your mouth-to-mouth, lady.

CROCKETT

(pulls away)

Do you have a name?

WOMAN

Probably.

She kisses him again.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

107 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 107

Lurid neon primary colors, like the edge of hell.

108 HEADLIGHTS 108

flash suddenly as a car comes around the corner. The sedan pulls to the curb further down, and our friend with the bicolor footwear, Gabriel, emerges from the newly polished car pulling Borges out with him...shoves Jimmy across the street where they disappear into a subterranean disco.

109 EXTERIOR - BEHIND THE DISCO - NIGHT 109

A kind of narrow passageway between structures on either side...men emerge...Esteban and Miguel Revilla stand at the opened back door of the bar, Gabriel and Borges facing them, sounds of the disco behind them.

ESTEBAN

Tell me about yourself.

BORGES

I'm nobody.

ESTEBAN

Just an average guy, getting by.

MIGUEL

Nobody, doing nothing.

GABRIEL

The Americans. They call themselves Burnett and Cooper.

BORGES

Look, hey, they're nickel and diming
-- no big ---

ESTEBAN

Nobody.

MIGUEL

You want to sell something? How
'bout your ears?

The significance of this sinks in. Quickly.

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED

109

BORGES

No...I need my ears to listen to smart sensible guys like you. I'm a big fan of living.

ESTEBAN

Nobody's buying from the Americans, understand.

BORGES

(does)

Makes sense to me.

Esteban and Miguel stare at Borges, turn and begin to leave.

BORGES

I don't suppose I could interest you in a complete audiovisual component high-end system for your home or office...?

CUT TO

110 thru 112 OMITTED

110 thru 112

113 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

113

Tubbs lies fully clothed on the covers of his bed. Phone begins to ring, awakening him. He answers ---

TUBBS

Yeah --

(shocked awake)

When? Where? I'm on my way ---

Hangs up, gets out of bed, groggy. Quickly moves to the door connecting this one with the next one -- Crockett's ---

114 INT. CROCKETT'S ROOM

114

Tubbs, in the connecting doorway, flips on the light. Crockett's bed is empty.

CUT TO

115 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

115

Red lights of an ambulance and some black and whites flickering across the front of the building, and a small gathering of sleepy onlookers, as two attendants maneuver a body on a litter out the front door.

115-A TUBBS

115-A

comes pushing through the crowd, and up the steps to the litter -- body bagged on the litter is already zipped up, but Tubbs wants to look anyway, and has to be held back until ---

PEARSON (O.S.)

It's not him.

115-B WIDER - INCLUDE PEARSON

115-B

at the bottom of the stairs. Watching this. Irritably cool ---

PEARSON

Face was so mutilated, at first I thought it might be your partner... but we found identification. DEA.

Tubbs' look of disgust tells us exactly what he's thinking about Pearson -- the litter continues down the steps ---

PEARSON

I can see having you two flamingo wrestlers up here has made the Big Apple a hellofa lot safer for everyone ---

TUBBS

Thought the DEA was putting all their agents under wraps.

PEARSON

He was under wraps. They got to him anyway.

He starts up the stairs.

TUBBS

Enjoy making me sweat?

PEARSON

(ignores this)

Place looks like a slaughterhouse. He didn't die too quick.

(beat)

Where's Crockett?

TUBBS

Out.

CONTINUED

115-B CONTINUED

115-B

PEARSON

(nods)

If he's smart, he's gone back to Miami.

Brushes past Tubbs, and leads him into the building, past an emerging Forensics assistant carrying bloodstained sheets....

CUT TO

116 and 117

OMITTED

116 and 117

118

INT. GALLERY LOFT APARTMENT (MARGARET'S) - MORNING

118

Crockett, in bed, awakens with a start in a ratty tangle of designer sheets. For a moment he doesn't know where he is. Voices. Shuffling feet ---

119

CROCKETT'S POINT OF VIEW - HUGE, GRIMACING, ABSTRACT FACE

119

passing past his own, then a pair of baggy linen pants. Stops. Crouching into frame, one of the men Margaret was with the night before. Stares at Crockett, then looks O.S. at his friend.

MAN

It's alive.

119-A

WIDER

119-A

Two men carrying a painting from a storeroom off the bedroom, past Crockett, and down some stairs to the main part of Margaret's living space which doubles as a:

119-B

GALLERY

119-B

Room sparsely furnished with modern furniture, and a collection of huge black-and-white paintings of violent themes. Urban chic.

120

BED - CROCKETT

120

sits up. The pillow beside him is squashed but empty. His clothes are strewn across the floor at the base of the bed.

MAN (O.S.)

It's reasonably pretty, too....

CONTINUED

120 CONTINUED

120

OTHER MAN (O.S.)
Do you think it likes her?

CROCKETT
(to himself,
groggy)
It doesn't even know her damn name ---

CUT TO

120-A EXT. VALERIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

120-A

as, on cut, Sacco and Valerie emerge. Limo waiting for him at the curb; they exchange pleasantries, kiss. Sacco climbs in and the limo takes off. Valerie starts down the street, brisk pace....

120-B ACROSS THE STREET - TUBBS

120-B

has been watching this. Expression set hard. Reality sinking in. He stares at the empty doorway of the building for a while, then turns and heads off down the street, lost in thought.

CUT TO

121 INT. LOFT - BATHROOM - DAY - TIGHT ON CROCKETT'S FACE

121

as he splashes water on it from a basin, then dries it off with a towel and glances bleakly at himself in the mirror.

122 BEDROOM

122

Crockett emerging, to finish dressing. Finds his empty shoulder holster draped over a chair back. Puts it on, then starts searching for his gun...but can't find it. Disappears for a moment, then returns. Can't find it anywhere. Checks his watch. He's late.

CUT TO

123 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY - THE RUNNING JIMMY BORGES

123

bursting into frame, flying as fast as he can down a crowded sidewalk in his neighborhood, pursued by:

124 TUBBS

124

some ten paces back.

125 WIDE 125

as they streak down the street, an all-out New York City footrace, then Borges suddenly cuts across toward the other side, right through traffic -- cars screech to a halt, horns blaring -- Borges has to vault the hood of a:

126 YELLOW CAB 126

then continues out of frame. Tubbs follows. And then we see Crockett hop out of the cab and take off behind him ---

127 WIDE 127

when he reaches the opposite side of the street, Borges starts back in the direction he came. Crockett and Tubbs now together in pursuit ---

128 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 128

sprinting -- and gaining ground ---

TUBBS

Midnight Rambler ---

CROCKETT

Don't ask.

TUBBS

Fun, was it?

CROCKETT

I think I lost something.

TUBBS

Not your innocence?

Crockett shoots him a look, they round the corner ---

129 ANOTHER STREET 129

Borges cutting diagonally across it, vaults a parked car, but Tubbs has overtaken him. Tackles him. Crockett coming up behind to grab Jimmy and throw him sprawling across some trash cans for good measure.

CONTINUED

129 CONTINUED

129

Borges looks up at them sheepishly. Out of breath ---

BORGES

I'm all haired-out, men.

CUT TO

130 INT. GARAGE - STATIC SHOT

130

in the feeble, grey light: three men approaching, Crockett, Tubbs and a world-weary Jimmy Borges ---

BORGES

Colombians have taken the market away, understand? That's why Frank Sacco was no-go ---

TUBBS

So we forget the big boys. We go to dealers on the street if we have to ---

BORGES

What 'we?' You want to play kamikaze go right ahead, I'm out. A memory. Got a whole new set of priorities, and staying out of stir and out of the morgue drawer is top of the list, okay? You're just beggin' the Revillas to come out and blow you two a-way ---

TUBBS

(sighs)

How much?

BORGES

Read my lips, Richard: nobody's buying.

TUBBS

How much?

BORGES

(this is the way he wants it to go)

I'm risking life and limb....

Suddenly looming on the edge of the frame in the f.g. we see the grotesque profile of a Cadillac grill, like some chrome gargoyle...and the three men stop to examine Borges' two-tone El Dorado, rusted and mammoth....

CONTINUED

130 CONTINUED

130

CROCKETT

Righteous wheels, Jim.

BORGES

(handing keys
to Crockett)

One hundred keys, on delivery, and I
get six hours to clear out before
the closing. 'Case the Indians decide
to crash your bash ---

Tubbs shoves him into the car ---

TUBBS

We'll think about it.

131 EXT. GARAGE

131

The Caddy rockets out into traffic, all eight cylinders
airing out -- Crockett driving like a native, sending
everything and everyone scattering ---

TUBBS (V.O.)

You take your cars too seriously, man.

CUT TO

132 EXT. STREET CORNER - CENTRAL PARK - DAY

132

A street skater's hips pulsing in and out of frame to a
sexy, silken beat. Legs, hands, feet, eyes, sensuously
syncopated while:

133 INTERCUTTING - CROCKETT, TUBBS AND BORGES

133

Faces of persistence, trying to persuade a young, hip flake
merchant on a park stroll, not far away, that he should go
with their merchandise. A dance of a different kind. The
merchant finally shakes his head: no.

134 THE DANCER

134

whirls and gyrates and double-times with a similar
futility ---

CUT TO

135 MONTAGE - VARIOUS - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

135

Music continuing under a series of similar encounters with
small dealers -- in public bars, private clubs, Madison
Square Garden, parking lots, plazas and parks -- with a
similar result. Nobody's biting, nobody's buying.
Intercutting the Caddy, rolling down city streets -- and
Tubbs, making a couple of calls to Valerie.

136 FLASH CUTS - THREE MEN 136

Young, very serious Latinos in five-hundred-dollar threads, one of them sporting telltale two-tone shoes. Gabriel. Watching ---

137 TUBBS AND CROCKETT 137

with more than passing interest. Then the montage ---

DISSOLVES INTO

138 INT. UPSCALE JAZZ CLUB 138

Fat face of Stella-Marie Bishop caked with enough makeup for a couple Halloweens, and glistening with a thin patina of sweat. Music ends. There are two beats of silence while Stella's magenta lips purse and her eyelashes bat -- she could be a he, or vice versa ---

STELLA

No can do.

139 ON STAGE 139

A spotlight blazes on, lighting the lean figure of a lone saxman who begins to blow a free-form bop ---

140 RESUME STELLA - INCLUDE CROCKETT, TUBBS AND BORGES 140

all at a table in a far corner. Stella's alter ego, Stanley, perched precariously beside her on a dadaist chair in this urban art-deco hangout. Sausage fingers studded with gems. All kinds of bizarre forms of life float in the surreal b.g.

STELLA

See, I'm already committed....

CROCKETT

Revillas?

Stella bats her eyelashes, inscrutable.

TUBBS

You're gonna get burned.

STANLEY

Oh, ow.

CONTINUED

STELLA

Mmmm?

TUBBS

They're over-booked. Everybody we talk to's got Colombian commitments ...and ain't that much powder in all of Peru -- not to mention that shipment the DEA bagged.

STELLA

An' lookit what happened to them, honey.

STANLEY

Come back to us when we're stood up.

CROCKETT

Doesn't work that way.

STELLA

Your boys are real players.

BORGES

(as if it means everything)

Miami.

TUBBS

When you expecting delivery?

STANLEY

Soonish.

STELLA

You're both very cute...but we're scared of the Revillas, honey. Snuffing cops...letting blood ---

TUBBS

We can handle the Colombians.

STANLEY

So brave....

STELLA

But they're wasting their time....

CROCKETT

So it seems.

CONTINUED

140 CONTINUED - 2

140

STELLA

Ain't nobody on the street gonna
cross the Indians, babyducks.

STANLEY

Nobody.

CUT TO

141 EXT. ALLEY - SUNSET - LONG SHOT

141

Weird glow of the neon sign for the jazz club "Paranoid,"
in a fading yellow luster daylight...through which Crockett,
Borges and Tubbs come walking back toward the street.

BORGES

You men can go on beating your heads
against the wall, but this Jim's
gonna do the E-street shuffle and
call it a day.

CROCKETT

We got a couple more appointments.

BORGES

You're dead in the water ---

TUBBS

What about your hundred keys?

(X)

BORGES

Only keys I want are to my car.

Looks at Crockett...Crockett surrenders his car keys;
Borges smiles, and exits with ---

BORGES

Ciao.

Then:

CROCKETT

Think he's still trying to up the
ante?

(X)

TUBBS

(nods)

Probably.

(beat)

Something's out of whack up here, Sonny.
Serious weirdness in the air ---

CROCKETT

(as they walk)

Ground's just shifting under our
feet again, that's all ---

CONTINUED

141 CONTINUED

141

TUBBS

(lost in
thought)

May-be. May-be....

They round a corner and run into ---

141-A EXT. CITY STREET - PEARSON AND FRIEND

141-A

Their unmarked detective's car parked along the curb. Pearson is all over Tubbs, and Tubbs comes back at him with the defensive instincts of a street fighter, all while ---

PEARSON

Looks like you guys struck out.
Haven't even gotten to first base!

(disgusted)

Hot shots from Miami ---

TUBBS

Yeah? And you were so effective
before we got here!

PEARSON

I don't see improvement! I see
wasted time!

TUBBS

Way I figure it, that's for us to
decide!

PEARSON

This is our jurisdiction ---

TUBBS

Sit on your jurisdiction! Sit on it
and keep it warm -- if you wanted us
out of this town, and off this case,
you'd've done it by now, so get off
our backs!

(losing it)

We volunteered to set ourselves up
for Colombian target practice to flush
these Indians out...last thing I need
is to sweat your criticism -- !!

PEARSON

(overriding)

Excuse the hell out of me 'cause I'm
not more grateful.

TUBBS

No. What I don't excuse is what's
coming out of your fat mouth!!

CONTINUED

141-A CONTINUED

141-A

PEARSON

Face it! You can't deliver!

Tubbs starts to react, but now Crockett angrily intercedes, shouting at Tubbs, and for a moment it appears they're on the verge of a fight ---

CROCKETT

Man's right!

TUBBS

What the hell are you taking his side for?!

CROCKETT

Man's right, Tubbs! We're throwing snake eyes -- No way we're gonna cut in between the Revillas and their customers ---

Pearson is smug.

CROCKETT

Come on ---

He shoves Tubbs along. They leave Pearson behind, out of earshot of ---

TUBBS

(still
boiling)

So how we gonna flush 'em out, Einstein?

CROCKETT

Got a few ideas. Chill out.

(beat)

What if Revilla...the supplier... can't deliver to his customers the supplies?

TUBBS

(it's
sinking in)

Nobel Prize, Crockett. I think you're on to something....

SMASH CUT TO

141-B INT. BAR - ON BORGES' LOOK OF ABSOLUTE INCREDULITY

141-B

BORGES

You men are too much. Why don't you just give me the gun, I'll blow my brain out right here, save the Revillas a lot of trouble ---

CONTINUED

141-B CONTINUED

141-B

Widening to include Crockett and Tubbs beside him at the bar, and an assortment of punkish regulars in the b.g., as:

TUBBS

Deal of the century, Jim. Fifty percent of our gross ---

CROCKETT

That's what you've been waitin' for, darlin'. The Mother Lode -- you knew we'd be spittin' in the wind today, but you played along ---

BORGES

I tell you about this shipment of high-end Japanese electronics wizardry I've been trying to move?

TUBBS

Dealer's dream, Jim. Quick in, quick out -- Month from now you could be cruisin' down the Cote d'Azur ---

BORGES

The Revillas ---

CROCKETT

The Revillas don't even know where France is. They think it's in Asia ---

BORGES

(weakening)

But until I get there ---

CROCKETT

Until you get there you lay low... study some travel brochures -- learn the language ---

TUBBS

Beautiful clothes, beautiful cars, beautiful girls ---

CROCKETT

Cold hard cash.

TUBBS

A man of means.

BORGES

Gold card?

CONTINUED

141-B CONTINUED - 2

141-B

CROCKETT

Platinum.

Borges considers. Takes another sip of his drink.

BORGES

Okay, so maybe I know this guy whose sister knows a guy who's got a cousin who married a guy ---

TUBBS

That's a lot of people.

BORGES

Latins got big families.
(beat;
he's won)

Cote d'Azur...wherezat again?

Crockett and Tubbs exchange a look. Crockett reaches for cigarettes...none left. Heads for a machine in back, and we follow....

141-C ANGLE - CIGARETTE MACHINE - ON CROCKETT

141-C

as he makes a selection. Then rack focussing on Gabriel and another man as they pass behind Crockett, heading for:

141-D TUBBS AND BORGES

141-D

Borges scrawling on a cocktail napkin as:

BORGES

...Revillas pay him fifteen hundred dollars a dive. Two packages. He makes a drop somewhere in Jackson Heights -- he doesn't ask questions, he doesn't know names ---

141-E CROCKETT

141-E

sees Gabriel start to draw his gun in the reflection of the vending machine glass -- turns, reaches for the gun that's not there ---

141-F RESUME TUBBS

141-F

now noticing Crockett in b.g., struggling to get his extra gun off his ankle, as the second man draws his weapon out and ---

CROCKETT

(behind)

Tubbs!!

141-G GABRIEL 141-G
 whirls to fire at Crockett but ---

141-GA TUBBS 141-GA
 throws himself into the gunman, knocking him off balance ---

141-H CROCKETT 141-H
 blows Gabriel away, then the second man with two shots --
 bar folk in the b.g. scattering ---

141-J FULL SCENE - THE BAR 141-J
 Silence. Except for Borges' frightened muttering, something
 about staying alive. Tubbs comes up from behind a toppled
 couple of chairs, where he landed, ducking Crockett's
 shot....

He and Crockett exchange a look.

TUBBS
 Where's your other gun?

142
 thru
 148 OMITTED

142
 thru
 148

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN

149 INT. ART GALLERY LOFT - ON CROCKETT

149

as he weaves his way through. On the walls is the show Crockett saw being set up earlier -- various sized, mounted, framed photographs and paintings -- most of them depicting stylized violence. Lots of weird New York art types, with scarves and high-laced boots and tri-tone hair. Warhol would love this.

150 FURTHER IN

150

Crockett finds the blonde -- Margaret in her group of short, effeminate men who are all pretty much dressed alike, in grey tones. She breaks away from them, grabs Crockett, embraces him -- then plays coy.

MARGARET

Of course, a man who really wanted to impress me probably would have brought flowers ---

She seems a little on edge -- but the passion is still hot ---

CROCKETT

Where's my gun?

MARGARET

What happened to 'hello Margaret, it's great to see you again?'

CROCKETT

Where's my gun?

Margaret pauses a beat, amused, kisses him lightly, then (X) takes him by the hand, leads him back through the crowd, up and into:

151 BEDROOM

151

Where she's stashed her purse -- looking for it ---

MARGARET

Hate me?

(beat)

I had to have something, to make sure you'd come back...

(beat,
changing
tactics)

I like guns.

CONTINUED

151 CONTINUED

151

CROCKETT

I don't.

MARGARET

Then why do you carry one?

CROCKETT

That was uncool, lady ---

MARGARET

Did you know that most victims in
shootings are shot with their own
guns?

CROCKETT

That was uncool ---

MARGARET

Have you ever killed anyone?

CROCKETT

Don't treat this like a game.

MARGARET

(sexy)

You didn't seem to mind last night...

(beat)

Feel a little emasculated today, do
we -- ?

Whereupon Crockett grabs her, literally lifts her off the
ground and presses her back against a table -- he's dead
serious -- she nearly cost him his partner's life. Through
the open doorway we can see heads turn, curious. Margaret
takes Crockett's gun out of her purse. Crockett holsters
it and starts out ---

MARGARET

(softly)

Sonny wait...I'm sorry....

Crockett stops, turns. Suddenly soft, Margaret moves to
him, within arms reach and her arms do reach ---

MARGARET

I can be pretty awful, can't I?

(beat)

Don't answer that.

She's rattled. Staring at him. It's as if something is
slipping out of her control -- or both of their control ---

MARGARET

I...we don't have to stay here ---

CONTINUED

151 CONTINUED - 2

151

CROCKETT

I've got to meet someone later...
but ---

MARGARET

Business?

(off his look)

You work too much.

(then)

We could go get some dinner -- this
will all be over in about an hour --
they'll all clear out -- we can come
back....

Long beat, both transfixed. Then:

CROCKETT

(considers
it all)

We've got some time.

She kisses him. Beat.

MARGARET

I'll meet you downstairs.

They kiss again. Crockett goes downstairs. Margaret's
eyes are sparkling as one of the guys pokes his head out of
the bathroom ---

GUY

Slumming again, Margaret?

MARGARET

Moth and the flame, Richard.

GUY

Oh sure. But which of you is which?

Off her look ---

CUT TO

152 EXT. VALERIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

152

Tubbs watching from his car...Light glowing from her
curtained apartment windows. Limo pulls to the curb,
honks...Sacco emerges after a beat and hops inside. It
pulls away.

153 INT. VALERIE'S APARTMENT - DOORWAY

153

opening to reveal Tubbs framed in the hallway. Valerie, in
a bathrobe, facing him blankly.

CONTINUED

TUBBS

You don't return calls, woman.

Valerie stands aside, indifferent to his entrance. Closes the door behind him, and stays near it.

VALERIE

What the hell are you doin' here,
Rico?..you risk both our covers
coming here.

The words sink in. Tubbs glances toward the bedroom --
rumpled sheets on the unmade bed indicate there was more
than one person in it, and more than "companionship" going
on here.

TUBBS

...waited until you were done.

VALERIE

...part of the job ---

TUBBS

Sleeping with him? Don't run that
'It's part of the job' under my belt.
It ain't your job to loosen his sex
collar.

VALERIE

(with the
impatience
of someone
waiting for
a subway,
long time
coming)

I do what I do and if I get over
doing it, so much the better.

TUBBS

Yo girl, don't run that rap on me.
You're not thinking straight. Just
listen to what you're saying, what
you're doing, who do you think I am,
Joe Neckbone!!

VALERIE

I don't need you to tell me what I'm
about and what I'm doing.

TUBBS

Valerie you're half-stepping, man.

VALERIE

I know exactly what I'm doing.

CONTINUED

TUBBS

You do, eh?

VALERIE

Yeah!

She turns around, puts on the telephone answering machine. Tubbs' voice comes over the speaker. Messages. All Tubbs'. Then she picks up a pack of messages he's left for her, throws them at him.

VALERIE

That's it, Rico. I thought you were hip, fast, never thought you were the type to have to get hit with a brick upside the head.

There's a beat, he's hearing her voice, looking at his messages, looking at her.

TUBBS

At least your sister enjoyed what she was doing, was up front about it. When she got in bed she got cold cash for it. When she said it was part of her job, it was part of her job!!

Overlapping him, she's screaming.

VALERIE

Rico, oh, my God, how could you?

(starts
crying)

How the -- oh -- Damn you!!

She attacks him with her fists, pounds on his chest.

TUBBS

(realizing
he's let the
monster take
control of
him; he's
hurt the one
who he's
wanted
to help)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. That's a low blow. I'm sorry. I know this ain't you girl, there's something else happening.

She doesn't want to hear any more.

CONTINUED

153 CONTINUED - 3

153

VALERIE

Leave. I want to take a shower. You know the way out.

TUBBS

Val, it's just this guy Sacco.

VALERIE

Stop it right here. Rico, I go to bed with him, and it's not done above or beyond the call of duty. It's strictly volunteer. And when I get a direct order I'll move on him, as for right now he's good to me, it's what I need and to tell you the truth, right now I wouldn't give him a jay-walking ticket.

Tubbs is standing there taking it all in.

They stare at one another -- Tubbs is trying to get a reaction, but Valerie doesn't show if there is one.

VALERIE

(pleading)

I'm tired. You know the way out. Please go.

Tubbs stares at her blankly. Nods. Turns, and walks out. Valerie remains motionless, watching him go.

CUT TO

154 INT. MARGARET'S LOFT - NIGHT - TIGHT ON CROCKETT'S FACE

154

He's peacefully sleeping. Then camera pans and rack focuses to include Margaret, in the living room on the phone....

155 LIVING ROOM

155

MARGARET

I don't understand why this is so ---

(beat)

I don't know -- !

(beat)

I'm trying!

She turns ---

156 RACK FOCUS - CROCKETT

156

coming out of the bedroom, sleepy-eyed. Margaret hangs up ---

CONTINUED

156 CONTINUED

156

CROCKETT

Feel like I just went two out of
three falls with Hulk Hogan ---

Then sees the tears in her eyes. Frowns. Margaret brushes
at them, smiles.

CROCKETT

What's wrong?

MARGARET

Nothing...Business ---

CROCKETT

At this hour?

MARGARET

You should talk -- he who has the
mysterious midnight meetings ---

She's trying to pass it off, but her troubles run deep.

CROCKETT

You all right?

MARGARET

Yes.

(beat)

Life keeps throwing me these scary
little surprises...sometimes I just
can't deal....

Crockett sits down beside her, and touches her gently ---

CROCKETT

There's something I should tell
you ---

Margaret stops him short -- kisses him. Then:

MARGARET

Look, I've already got a pretty good
idea what you're into, Sonny. I got
a thing about dangerous men. Rubbing
shoulders with bad guys...shoulders
and thighs and lips ---

Kisses him again. Crockett breaks it off, uncomfortable ---

MARGARET

I know. Maybe that makes me an
adrenaline junkie, or a thrill
seeker, but ---

CONTINUED

156

CONTINUED - 2

156

CROCKETT

It's not that. Cut through the defense system and you're a hellofa woman --

(beat)

I like you, Margaret. I like you too much to lie to you...and I've been lyin'...'bout who I am, what I am...

(beat)

I ain't one of your 'dangerous dudes.' I don't do this kind of thing for kicks...It's just a job -- I don't get off on it, I try not to think about it when I'm done.

(beat)

I don't want you to think I'm something I'm not. I want this to be more than just an illusion....

Long looks. Margaret stares at him with mixed emotions. Tears in her eyes again. Uncomfortable. Struggling. Kisses him lightly.

MARGARET

Is your name even Burnett?

CROCKETT

(shakes his head)

My first name is Sonny....

Margaret considers him again. Kisses him again.

MARGARET

So what are you really like?

(X)

CROCKETT

I'm not sure I know anymore.

(X)

MARGARET

(after a beat)

It doesn't matter

(X)

She moves to embrace him tightly, and we ---

TIME CUT TO

157

INT. LOFT - NIGHT - LATER

157

Crockett, fully dressed, pulling on his coat. Stopping only long enough to look around the flat, at the photographs. Violent images. Unsettling. Glances back toward the bedroom, then quietly exits. Tilt down to Margaret in f.g., apparently asleep...but when the door closes, her eyes open wide. Worried.

158 EXT. STREET CORNER - NEARING DAWN - LONG SHOT 158

Crockett stands alone, motionless, waiting. The angular, dark, vertical landscape of New York City looming above and around him. Constant hiss of Manhattan. Car pulls around the corner -- Tubbs in the Cadillac -- and Crockett climbs inside. As they drive off, taillights two sharp red receding light points against a muted backdrop:

CROCKETT (V.O.)

How's Valerie?

Silence.

CROCKETT (V.O.)

You're thinking about staying in New York after we're done here, aren't you?

TUBBS (V.O.)

I'm thinking about a lot of things.

CUT TO

159 EXT. HARBOR - PANAMANIAN CARGO SHIP - DAWN - TIGHT ON A HEAVY CRATE 159

being slid across the deck of the bow, to the railing. Crowbar opens it, and two crewmen, their faces sharp-shadowed, begin packing the white powder-filled bags within, into football-sized waterproof bags. Then dropping them over the side. Plop. Plop.

160 IN THE WATER - SOME DISTANCE AWAY 160

A Diver with black greasepaint, smeared across his face threads the dark water of the harbor, eyes on the Panamanian ship. Listening to the splash of the packages. The lights of Manhattan glow like a cheap painted stage backdrop to the ship.

The Diver fits himself with a mask, and sinks into the water, leaving only a glistening whorl in his wake.

161 FURTHER ALONG - EDGE OF AN EMPTY PIER 161

Dark water slapping against supports...bubbles break the surface, followed by the Diver. He lifts four plastic packages wearily up onto the pier, then lifts himself up.

161-A EXT. PIER - DAWN 161-A

He pads dripping wet across the dark ground, carrying his packages tightly against his body. To a battered car half-hidden behind some empty shipping containers. Engine roars to life, and he pulls out....

CONTINUED

161-A CONTINUED

161-A

...Camera follows him toward the street...then picks up another car that falls in line a safe distance behind him. Two-tone El Dorado, lights killed. Crockett and Tubbs.

CUT TO

162 OMITTED

162

163 EXT. STREET - JACKSON HEIGHTS - DAWN

163

The diver's car pulling to the curb. Deserted and dark as he cautiously crosses the street to a small, boarded-up warehouse and disappears down a narrow alley beside it. (X)

Crockett and Tubbs pull quietly up at the intersection down the street. Watching.

The diver returns, minus his packages. Hops in his car and takes off.

The Caddy rolls up to the spot he left. Crockett and Tubbs getting out.

CROCKETT

Pretty damn easy. One drop point for everyone?

TUBBS

Simplicity, remember? Peasant businessmen?

(beat)

If this doesn't smoke 'em out, might as well go back and work on our tans....

163-A CLOSE ON THE TRUNK

163-A

opening on the cut. Tubbs removing a five gallon gas can and a couple of mean-looking tools. Closes the trunk, then he and Crockett head across the street.

164 and 165 OMITTED

164 and 165

166 CLOSE ON THE SLOT - BACK OF WAREHOUSE

166

Tubbs flashing a flashlight beam through it...can't seem much inside...maybe a couple of packets of white powder ---

167 CLOSE ON A CHAIN, BOLTED DOORWAY

167

as the implements of the entry do their stuff ---

168 INT. WAREHOUSE

168

Crockett's flashlight beam flickering across a small pile of cocaine -- perhaps forty pounds, in two-pound waterproof packets. Crockett takes a couple. Tubbs splashing gasoline over everything that will burn.

Then setting the can upright, stuffing a rag tightly inside -- Crockett flicking a cigarette ---

169 STREET - FULL SHOT

169

Crockett and Tubbs sprinting to the car, hop in. It screams away from the curb. Two beats of silence, then the front of the warehouse is blown out by the fiery explosion (X) within. As the fire burns ---

SLOW DISSOLVE TO

170 A HUGE ROOM - DAWN - TIGHT ON MIGUEL RIVELLA'S FACE

170

Elegant, but spartan penthouse somewhere in Manhattan.

Cold. Impassive. Distant sound of Spanish O.S. as someone nervously delivers the news of Crockett and Tubbs' action. Then silence. Revilla's head nods almost imperceptibly. His eyes roam the other faces in the room, to his brother Esteban's.

171 ESTEBAN

171

shakes his head, walks to the window, to look out at the pinkish purple of the sunrise, and consider his options. Then:

ESTEBAN

(soft,
grim)

I want to meet with them.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN

A-172 INT. TUBBS' HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

A-172

Panning over the remains of a breakfast and a morning's vigil, plates, food, crumpled cigarette package...rumpled Tubbs...and finally to Crockett on the phone.

CROCKETT

...understand you're running a little short on supply...Customers dissatisfied...troops getting restless --

(beat)

You've come to the right place, amigo. We're the folks to talk to for fast, fast relief....

(beat)

No, no, no pal. Face to face with the Revillas in person, or there's no deal a'tall.

Camera continuing to pan out the window to a New York skyline of a glorious day....

CUT TO

172 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - MORNING - LONG SHOT - LONG BLACK LIMOUSINE

172

cutting through the summer greens, pulling into an isolated service parking area and stopping. Frank Sacco steps out, leans in to say something more to his companion within, then starts off across the grass.

After a moment, Valerie emerges from the other side of the car, and stands beside it, watching him go.

173 HER POINT OF VIEW - SACCO

173

moves along the edge of a small pond, past a cluster of school children in matching PS-35 T-shirts, to where two people are waiting for him. Man in government-issue suit. And Crockett's Margaret. They shake hands familiarly, and begin walking, and talking...the man doing all the talking....

174 CLOSE - VALERIE

174

turns her back on the scene. Troubled. She's not sure what she's seen.

CUT TO

175. EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOFTOP - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

175

Stark and beautiful view. A bright, sunny day, but ---

RENAIS (V.O.)

You guys are way out of line! You're using strong-arm tactics, illegal seizure ---

176 CROCKETT AND TUBBS

176

Tight two shot as they uncomfortably face heat from New York brass on all sides ---

RENAIS (O.S.)

You're out of control!

CROCKETT

And you've risked compromising of our whole operation just by meeting us here ---

RENAIS (O.S.)

You're cowboys! You could have ignited a full-scale war with that stunt last night! We're shutting you down -- there is no operation ---

TUBBS

With all due respect, Commander, we know guys like the Revillas maybe better than you do.

LEVINE (O.S.)

You haven't worked in New York in over a year!

TUBBS

New York ain't calling the shots in this one...!

177 WIDER

177

revealing a group of stylish men -- Pearson, Burr, a slick Vice Commander named Renais, and a hypertense DEA District Chief Levine, chain smoking cigarettes ---

TUBBS

...Colombians are calling the shots.

CONTINUED

Renais glowers, looks away.

LEVINE

You upset certain balances and we'll have a blood bath. There's the larger picture to look at ---

CROCKETT

Do you want these Indians or not? It's as simple as that!

BURR

(subdued)

We want them.

LEVINE

But this isn't Miami -- there are certain rules we all play by ---

TUBBS

Yeah, well, if those rules are the penal code, you sure don't play by them very aggressively....

Tubbs' speech falls on deaf ears. Renais looks at Burr.

RENAIS

You two are history.

(to others)

With our own people we'll start ---

CROCKETT

(cuts him off)

Fine. Tell the Revillas, though...

(as eyes turn to him)

They're expecting to meet with us tomorrow night.

Renais and Levine both take this like a bucket of cold water down their backs. Burr smiles very faintly. Pearson looks grimly down at the street.

TUBBS

So. We in or out?

Long beat.

TUBBS

(all business)

Deal goes down at the World Trade Center ten PM. We'll need five keys

CONTINUED

177 CONTINUED - 2

177

TUBBS (Cont'd)
of flake and S.W.A.T. backup,
depending on how you want to ---

RENAIS
(deciding)
You're out! You're over and out....

He walks away. End of discussion. Crockett and Tubbs
share a frustrated look, then:

CUT TO

178
and
179

OMITTED

178
and
179

180

EXT. BORGES' APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

180

Crockett and Tubbs hurrying up the street. Tubbs is
livid ---

TUBBS
Something is out of whack ---

CROCKETT
What are you talking about?

TUBBS
This city's about power. And this is
my city. I know its patterns and
rhythms, and smells. And I smell
some major clout back there in the
shadows someplace...watching this
whole thing....

180-A INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BORGES' APARTMENT - DAY

180-A

As they approach:

CROCKETT
This isn't ghostbustin', Rico ---

TUBBS
No. Listen: It's like King Kong's
around the next corner, but you
can't see him yet....

-- then knocking on the door. Crockett opens it, enters --
Tubbs right behind him. They react.

CROCKETT
Not again ---

- 181 REVERSE - THEIR POINT OF VIEW - APARTMENT 181
a shambles. Borges lies dead on the floor, bullet through his head and through the chest.
- 182 TUBBS 182
moves through to check out Jimmy, and the room.
- 183 CROCKETT 183
is just pissed. Bangs the wall with his fist.
- CROCKETT
It never changes! It never changes!
No matter where you go -- !
- TUBBS
(considers)
This wasn't Revillas. Too neat, too quick ---
- Exchange of looks. Crockett starts to shake his head... then sees a movement reflected in the window glass. Draws his gun, turns in time to react to a gunman swivelling around the corner -- it's Sacco's bodyguard, whom we first saw at Club Delirious -- Crockett fires, but ---
- 184 TWO MORE GUNMEN 184
kick the door of the adjacent room ajar and open fire ---
- 185 TUBBS 185
lunges back toward the doorway into the elevator corridor, where Crockett crouches, giving cover. Makes it through, rolls, and comes up firing as ---
- 186 CROCKETT 186
staggers backward under a barrage of wild fire, stumbles back into the foyer.
- 187 CORRIDOR 187
Crockett and Tubbs stand on either side of the door, staring at each other with a "now what?" look. Soft sounds within. Tubbs bounces back into the doorway and fires twice ---

188 THE ROOM 188

One of the gunmen stumbles backward through the plate glass window onto a thin balcony. The others fire, but Tubbs ducks away. Distant sound of sirens.

189 RESUME CORRIDOR 189

CROCKETT

Why the hell are they after us??!

TUBBS

You want to go in there and ask 'em?

CROCKETT

(looks,
turns back
to Tubbs)

No.

TUBBS

Sacco. Remember his disco-buddy?

190 ELEVATOR DOORS 190

Metal explodes from impact of 9mm bullets as Crockett and Tubbs flee down an auxillary staircase ---

CUT TO

191 STAIRCASE 191

Crockett and Tubbs sprinting down two steps at a time. The hit squad of four men in hot pursuit.

CUT TO

192 INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - DAY 192

Crockett and Tubbs burst through the auxillary staircase doors and race through ---

CUT TO

193 EXT. APARTMENT - DAY 193

as, on cut, Crockett and Tubbs emerge, start to run across the street only to be cut off by a:

194 PALE GREEN SEDAN 194

that rockets away from the curb and accelerates toward them. Crockett shoves Tubbs out of the way, then dives, rolling, over the hood of another car. The sedan plows into grocery truck, scattering produce.

- 195 THE GUNMEN 195
emerge from the building.
- 196 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 196
exchange a weary look, then head off in opposite directions,
each taking two of the gunmen with them.
- CUT TO
- 197 EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY 197
Crockett cuts through traffic, darts around the side and
disappears down the stairs, his assailants close behind him.
- CUT TO
- 198 EXT. STREET - TUBBS 198
running through pedestrians like a slalom skier. Then
cutting suddenly into a:
- 199 STREET 199
Tubbs runs street. Two pursuers entering moments later ---
- 200 STREET 200
as Tubbs moves through cars.
- 201 STREET - THE PURSUERS 201
-- emerging around corner to find him gone. Empty.
Disgusted, they begin moving down street...Two beats...then
camera sees Tubbs running behind truck. As truck passes
shooters it reveals Tubbs, who reacts to one by shooting the
gun out of his hand and holding the other at bay.
- CUT TO
- 202 STREET 202
as Crockett comes sprinting into a crowd awaiting a green
light. His eyes continually darting back to the bad guys,
gauging the amount of time he has...seeing familiar legs
coming.
- 203 STREET 203
Crockett runs down middle of street out-distancing his
pursuers.

CUT TO

204 OMITTED 204
thru thru
211 211

212 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 212

Car rolls down the street, headlights flashing for an instant over a figure heading up the front steps ---

213 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 213

Door to Valerie's darkened apartment opening -- she sees Tubbs and quickly slips out, closing the door behind her ---

VALERIE

You got to get out of here ---

TUBBS

He's in there, isn't he?

VALERIE

Rico, get the hell out of ---

TUBBS

Your boyfriend in there put a hit out on me and Crockett today -- our connection got blown away ---

Valerie glances back at the door, shoves Tubbs further down the corridor, into shadows ---

VALERIE

I don't know!

TUBBS

Why would he go for us? Revillas take care of their own business... who put him on to us?!

VALERIE

I don't know! I don't know what's going on, Rico! Get on up the street! Go back to Miami. Forget the whole thing! You're out of your league now ---

-- Whereupon the door to Valerie's apartment bangs open and Sacco pops out, firing at ---

214 TUBBS 214

who manages to pull himself and Valerie clear -- then draws his gun -- fires -- Valerie tries to hold him back -- Sacco ducks back into the apartment ---

CONTINUED

214 CONTINUED

214

VALERIE

Rico -- no!

But he shoves her away, reaches the door and starts to open it when Sacco fires four bullets from inside, ripping through the wood, driving Tubbs backward for safety...then he regains his balance, crouches low and hurls himself into the apartment ---

215 INT. VALERIE'S APARTMENT

215

-- as Tubbs comes crashing in, rolling, Sacco's gunfire missing him. Tubbs sets and returns fire. Sacco is hit three times in the chest, driven backward to the floor, dead.

Silence.

Valerie comes in slowly. Startled voices O.S. in the hallway while:

VALERIE

(softly, numb)

What have you done?

Tubbs is rifling through Sacco's clothing. Finds a thin appointment book as ---

TUBBS

How long has the Dante organization investigation been going down?

VALERIE

Two years. Maybe three.

(beat)

You've blown the whole thing wide open ---

TUBBS

What've they been waiting for? You telling me they ain't got enough in three years to go to a Grand Jury?!!

(lets this

sink in)

'The hell's going on here?

VALERIE

(numb)

I just do my job ---

CONTINUED

215

CONTINUED

215

Sirens distant, approaching ---

TUBBS

(furious)

You're dancing on air! Open your eyes! Ain't no victims, Val, only volunteers -- !

Valerie picks up Sacco's gun and whirls on Tubbs, nearly out of control, exploding ---

VALERIE

Get out of here!!!

She has the gun aimed at his head, walking toward him. Tubbs backs off, stops in the doorway. A long beat as they stare at one another.

VALERIE

Go....please....

Tubbs nods, turns, disappears down the hallway. Valerie turns back to the crumpled body in her apartment. Drops the gun. No tears.

CUT TO

216

INT. BAR IN SOHO - NIGHT

216

Crowded, noisy. Crockett sits inconspicuously at far end of the bar, nursing a drink, watching the people. Stranger in a strange land. Same bar where he met Margaret.

Sees the back of a blonde head that looks familiar...but the woman turns, and she's not. Stares back down into his drink ---

217
and
218

OMITTED

217
and
218

219

EXT. STREET - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

219

Crockett enters, the booth lights up with an eerie blue glow. He deposits some change. Dials. Deposits some more change. The call connects. Fuzzy connection -- it's a recording...the weather report for greater Miami. Clear and warming.

Crockett stares out at the cool, dark New York night and just listens.

FADE OUT

ACT SEVEN

FADE IN

220 INT. MARGARET'S LOFT - DOOR - MORNING

220

Hands fumbling clumsily, at deadbolt locks and chains. Red-rimmed, sleepless eyes. Door opening to reveal Crockett and Tubbs facing a wrecked-looking, uncharacteristically vulnerable Margaret -- and when she sees Crockett she's very embarrassed -- Crockett and Tubbs exchange a look.

CROCKETT

Who are you?
(stares right
through her)

MARGARET

(smiles weakly)
Last time I looked my driver's
license said Margaret....

TUBBS

Nice digs, fringe benefits. Your
name turned up in the pocket of the
very late and recently very dead
Frank Sacco ---

CROCKETT

Keeping tabs on me, Margaret?

MARGARET

(long pause)
Wasn't suppose to fall in love with
the mark, Sonny....

No response from Crockett. Whatever was there is gone,
Margaret knows it.

MARGARET

I tried to call you yesterday and
warn you -- Sonny, please ---

Crockett moves away, back to her, and goes to look out a
window on the street below ---

MARGARET

I didn't know it would go this ---

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

(turns,
angrily
overriding)

Who the hell do you work for?

MARGARET

Go back to Miami....

CROCKETT

Too late! Who?! They're trying to
kill us!!

Margaret moves languidly back to her glass, pours herself
another drink.

MARGARET

I don't know anything. It's all 'so
discreet'...I don't know the big
picture. I never do, never have...
I just do a job --
(ironic)
'Public relations'....

CROCKETT

That's what I am?

MARGARET

No -- !

He slaps the drink out of her hand, angrily ---

CROCKETT

Like public park and public toilet?

MARGARET

(subdued,
hurting)

No.

CROCKETT

What's it about?

MARGARET

I told you, I don't know. Never
about...guns. It's never had to do
with guns and killing and...

(beat)

I collect information. I watch,
listen. Trade delegations, Japanese
businessmen...trade secrets...who's
meeting who...that's all!

CONTINUED

220 CONTINUED - 2

220

Quiet. Margaret sits, not looking at either of them.
Drained.

Silence.

Margaret hesitates. Reaches into her purse, fumbles through her wallet...finds a business card. Tosses it across the table. As Tubbs picks it up to glance at it, Margaret pours herself another drink, shooting a look at Crockett. He stares back, shakes his head, starts out ---

CUT TO

221 EXT. WALL STREET DISTRICT - DAY

221

Slates of sunlight fall across narrow streets lined with man-made tetons. Crowded sidewalks, down which Crockett and Tubbs briskly walk, and their isolated footsteps echoing is all we hear ---

221-A INT. SKYSCRAPER LOBBY - DAY

221-A

Footsteps. Crockett and Tubbs moving toward a bank of elevators...passing a couple of grey suited security guys (aviator glasses, earplugs) who can't quite get to them through the crowded lobby. One of them moves to a security desk, begins to dial as the elevator doors close on our duo ---

222 INT. SKYSCRAPER - LONG CORRIDOR

222

Elevator doors at the distant end opening to disgorge Crockett, Tubbs. Again their footsteps echoing on tile floors as they approach. Passing an open doorway, from which ---

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Can I help you?

Crockett and Tubbs keep walking, and she comes out behind them, pursing wobbly on high-heels ---

RECEPTIONIST

Excuse me -- sirs ---

222-A INT. SKYSCRAPER - FOYER OF AN EXECUTIVE SUITE OF OFFICES 222-A

Crockett and Tubbs, still moving, now pursued by a worried Secretary in a red silk skirt ---

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, but you can't go in there
-- he's in conference ---

Then ---

222-B TWO SECURITY MEN

222-B

-- clones of the ones downstairs -- intercept Crockett and Tubbs from an auxiliary staircase -- Tubbs slips past, but the first one out reaches for Crockett's arm ---

SECURITY

Need something -- ?

222-C CROCKETT

222-C

grabs him and throws him back into the wall ---

CROCKETT

We're here to see the man.

-- And when the second man tries to pull Crockett off ---

SECURITY 2

I think you've gone far enough ---

-- He whirls, drawing his gun, and aims it, deadly ---

CROCKETT

I don't.

He strips the second man of his gun, sends it skidding across the foyer floor, through the astonished Secretary's legs...then, covering his flank, follows Tubbs through office doors emblazoned: J.B. Johnston, Chief Executive Officer ---

223 INT. JOHNSTON'S OFFICE - DAY

223

Windows on the world. New York City spread out like a grotesque formation of stalactites below ---

TUBBS

(softly)

Mount Olympus....

223-A ANGLE - A SMALL ELEVATOR

223-A

It rises up out of the floor carrying a single occupant in a sensible, charcoal grey suit: thin, trim, perhaps forty, handsome, well groomed, affable. Johnston.

SECRETARY

(behind
Crockett)

I'm sorry, Mr. Johnston,
they just ---

CROCKETT

Hi. We're the cops you
been trying to have
killed ---

CONTINUED

223-A CONTINUED

223-A

JOHNSTON

(waves her
off)

Close the door, Miss Bracken.

Elevator stops, and he steps off. Door behind Crockett closes quietly. Ominous silence.

JOHNSTON

Care for a drink?

TUBBS

Been expecting us? Margaret call ahead -- ?

JOHNSTON

Sonny Crockett and Richardo Tubbs,
Miami Vice.

(to Tubbs)

Ricardo Tubbs. Security Central Bank of Florida, 0939-01134, checking, three hundred and forty-seven dollars and sixty-two cents. Maybe five grand in money market, smattering of stocks, mostly low-yield losers, but the market's been bad --

(X)

(then to
Crockett)

James Crockett, Dade County Federal. Six hundred dollars in an interest-bearing checking account, another fifty-five hundred in savings. Wife gets six a month child support, plus occasional incidentals. You owe two months' outstanding on your Visa card and American Express turned you down last March.

(condescending
beat)

I don't suppose either one of you knows anything about money ---

TUBBS

Green and wrinkly, right?

Johnston takes a silver dollar out of his pocket, flips it across the room to Tubbs, who catches and examines as:

JOHNSTON

That coin belonged to my great grandfather, who not coincidentally founded this institution. He said it was the first dollar he ever earned...but all the grandchildren have one.

(beat)

It's the only cash I carry ---

CONTINUED

223-A CONTINUED - 2

223-A

CROCKETT

You going somewhere with this, or just running laps?

JOHNSTON

(ignores)

Money is a commodity -- like oil or orange juice -- and that American dollar is the best brand in the world. Everybody wants it, everybody needs it...and those of us who have it can make more of it by loaning it to those who don't.

(beat)

Not too long ago we loaned a lot of money to our friends in Latin America ...yes, the interest rates were extremely favorable to us, but only if our Southern brothers can raise the cash to service the loans.

(beat)

We're talking about hundreds of billions of dollars, gentlemen. They aren't going to get it selling straw bags and clay pots.

TUBBS

(to Crockett)

I think he's drawin' us an analogy ---

CROCKETT

I think he's got blood on his hands ---

JOHNSTON

(overriding)

If these Latin borrowers default, our banking system would be decimated. The ramifications are horrifying -- because we are America, my friends, we are the entire free world -- 'e pluribus unum' -- it says it right there on the money. We are alpha and omega -- when we sneeze everyone catches cold ---

Johnston's eyes are wide, earnest. He is kind of insane, in a weird, ultraconservative way. It's scary, very intense. He believes what he's telling them. It's his religion. It's his soul.

CONTINUED

JOHNSTON

The system must be allowed to run smoothly. The chain unbroken.
(carefully)

That is why it's very, very important that we nurture and protect our Latin brothers' major cash crops ---

TUBBS

'Specially the ones he measures in kilos?

JOHNSTON

(oblique)

Most of the world is on the metric system, Mr. Tubbs ---

CROCKETT

Maybe I'm slow, but I don't get where we fit into this little lecture ---

JOHNSTON

Are you sure you don't want a drink?

CROCKETT

No! What I want is answers! I want to know why a Wall Street address is running interference for a couple of bloodthirsty Colombian peasants!! I want to know why murder and mayhem are suddenly footnotes on a balance sheet -- !

JOHNSTON

The only thing you need to know is that you're just along for the ride.
(beat)

It's a big boat. Why rock it?

Crockett and Tubbs exchange a look; this is exactly what they've heard Sacco say ---

CROCKETT

I don't care if it's the U.S.S. Enterprise, pal -- or who's in it, or why -- our job is to rock it.

JOHNSTON

(calm)

I doubt that's gonna happen.

CONTINUED

223-A CONTINUED - 4

223-A

TUBBS

No? How's it go now? Discreet phone call to some Ivy League buddy, little button-down talk, and suddenly a couple of South Dade cops are tin ducks in a shooting gallery, without backup for a major bust?

JOHNSTON

(motions)

That other door leads to the hallway.

He's staring at Tubbs expectantly. The dollar. Tubbs turns it over in his hand, turns, walks out by way of the wet bar, dropping the dollar into a pitcher of ice water, while:

223-B CROCKETT

223-B

takes out the key to Margaret's apartment and tosses it to Johnston instead.

CROCKETT

You know, you're a pretty good pimp.

(beat)

Might want to work on the threads, though.

They stare at one another.

CROCKETT

I can't touch you. I know that -- too many roadblocks, politics, favors...

(beat)

But you're dirty, ace. And I'm patient....

He exits, leaving Johnston alone to contemplate the key in his hand.

224 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY - SERIES OF SHOTS

224

Preparing for the meet:

- guns, loaded, strapped to ankles. Holstered. Tubbs strapping on a riot gun, etc.
- Cocaine from the Revilla stash, plastic bags, arranged in a leather briefcase concealing another weapon, and a wireless tape recorder.

CONTINUED

224 CONTINUED 224

-- Crockett on the bed, staring at the ceiling.

-- Tubbs at the window. Staring at the city.

CUT TO

225 OCB - NIGHT - VALERIE 225

She sits at her desk, typing a case report. Flow of motion around her. She looks up at the clock at the wall. Nine o'clock. Considering.

CUT TO

226 and 226-A OMITTED 226 and 226-A

226-B EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - NIGHT - VARIOUS SHOTS 226-B

New York skyline in b.g. Sound of footsteps on empty sidewalks. The twin towers rising into a blue-black sky like some kind of cubist icon. Vague metaphor.

226-C CROCKETT AND TUBBS 226-C

walking into the central plaza. Huge sculpture a weird 3-D apparition before them. Shadows darting across the landscape -- Revilla's henchmen, or just optical illusions?

226-D FOUNTAIN 226-D

Where the Revillas are waiting...flanked by a couple of henchmen we've seen before. Stoic faces. Eyes burning into Crockett and Tubbs as they approach.

226-E FRAGMENTS 226-E

-- Eyes, faces, nervous hands.

-- Shadows around the fountain, base of the towers.

-- Crockett and Tubbs' feet crossing the plaza.

-- Full scene; impressionistic night moves.

CONTINUED

226-F CROCKETT AND TUBBS

226-F

approach, not too close together, hands carefully away from their sides. Crockett has the briefcase.

CROCKETT

(under his breath)

I count five.

TUBBS

Figure another two in the wings. Can't afford to miss.

CROCKETT

Don't plan to.

They stop.

227 and 228

OMITTED

227 and 228

229

ESTEBAN

229

steps forward to address them. Ten feet between Crockett and Tubbs and their targets.

MIGUEL

The men from Miami. You play the game well.

TUBBS

(shakes his head; in Spanish)

We just play by your rules.

ESTEBAN

I don't like you.

CROCKETT

We didn't come here to make friends. Did you bring the money?

Esteban waves forward a man with a satchel. Opens it and shows cash inside. Tubbs nods to Crockett, who kneels down, and begins to open the briefcase ---

230

REVILLA'S MEN

230

tensing. Starting to raise their weapons.

231

TUBBS' EYES

231

planning his order of attack.

232 CROCKETT 232

gets both latches open and starts to lift the briefcase lid when ---

233 WIDE 233

The Colombians cock their weapons. Aim. Miguel gestures to Crockett ---

MIGUEL

What surprises have you got in there, eh?

Laughs. He motions for Crockett to slide the ease toward (X) him. Crockett exchanges a look with Tubbs. Fingers twitch on triggers. Nervous time. Miguel steps forward, takes the case away from Crockett, opens it to find the gun. Whips it out and angrily aims ---

MIGUEL

Time to die ---

But ---

234 VALERIE 234

appears suddenly out of the shadows, gun in her hand ---

VALERIE

Freeze!!!

Expressionless. She's behind the Colombians, other side of the fountain...all turn, surprised. She raises her gun, aims it steadily at Miguel ---

VALERIE

Tell them to disarm.

MIGUEL

This is not your fight ---

VALERIE

It is now. Tell them ---

MIGUEL

(in Spanish)

Kill them ---

And he steps to one side, moving out of Valerie's line of fire ---

- 235 THE FIREFIGHT 235
(Per location.) Impressionistic staccato of images:
-- Henchman aims at Crockett, fires, missing.
-- Another man fires at Tubbs, who's already on the move, but Valerie opens fire on him, kills him, and then proceeds to stand firing at everything that moves.
-- Crockett dives, rolls, retrieves the gun from the briefcase and blows Miguel away.
-- Esteban is grabbed protectively from behind, thrown to the ground.
- 236 VALERIE 236
stands emptying her gun into the melee, oblivious to the gunfire around her -- suddenly rigid as an automaton -- all her pent-up emotions bursting loose ---
- 237 TUBBS 237
sprints across open ground and pulls her to the ground, then holds her tightly in his arms to prevent her from getting loose to finish this death wish -- she's crying, struggling -- Tubbs reloads her gun and fires cover for their slow retreat to the shadows...while ---
- 238 CROCKETT 238
is moving swiftly across the grounds, eyes on:
- 239 ESTEBAN REVILLA 239
who's running out of the plaza, to a waiting car ---
- 240 THE FIREFIGHT 240
is over almost as quickly as it began. Searchlights on vehicles, approaching. Sirens, police.
- 241 OMITTED 241
- 241-A REVILLA 241-A
exits plaza. Runs across highway.
- 242 OMITTED 242
- 242-A CROCKETT 242-A
exits and pursues Revilla into traffic.

243 TUBBS AND VALERIE

243

She ceases to struggle, but Tubbs continues to hold her.
Exhausted.

TUBBS

It's all right. It's all right.

CUT TO

243-A EXT. STREETS

243-A

Crockett pursuing Esteban Revilla (if needed).

243-B EXT. OPEN FIELD - NIGHT

243-B

Revilla's crashing through a fence, coming to a halt.
Helicopter, waiting in the middle of this empty lot, begins
to warm up its props. Esteban races toward it ---

243-C CROCKETT

243-C

runs after Esteban.

243-D THE HELICOPTER

243-D

begins to rise into the air. Crockett comes up beneath it,
but the air displaced by the chopper blades makes it hard
for him to see, or take aim -- the helicopter pirouettes --
Crockett fires blindly at it ---

243-E WIDER

243-E

as the helicopter starts to move swiftly away. Crockett
steadies his gun with both hands. Fires. Once. Twice.
Three times. The fourth bullet hits home. The chopper
begins to trail smoke.

243-F HELICOPTER

243-F

explodes. Debris, flames.

243-G FULL SHOT - THE FIELD

243-G

Crockett alone in the middle. Motionless. Couple of
black-and-whites appear on the edge of the scene, lights
flashing, spots on the burning hulk that is the
helicopter's remains....

SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO

- 244 thru 251 OMITTED 244 thru 251
- 252 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAWN - CROCKETT 252
 taking his suitcase off the bed. Checking the room to be sure he hasn't forgotten anything. Then moving to the doorway connecting this with Tubbs' room -- opens it -- looks in ---
- 253 TUBBS' ROOM 253
 Bed untouched ---
- 254 INTERCUTTING - VALERIE'S BEDROOM - TUBBS AND VALERIE 254
 making love. An act of passion and desperation...not the beginning of something, but the end.
- 255 INTERCUTTING - HOTEL DRIVEWAY - DAWN - CROCKETT 255
 flagging a cab for the airport.
- 255-A CROCKETT POINT OF VIEW 255-A
 Leaving city.
- CUT TO
- 256 INT. BEDROOM - DAWN 256
 Grey light seeping up from the eastern horizon. City silent, still sleeping. Tubbs and Valerie lie side by side, small smiles, at peace. Valerie turns her head to look at him...takes his hand in hers. Holds it tightly. He looks at her, sadly ---
- CUT TO
- 257 and 258 OMITTED 257 and 258
- 258-A INT. KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - BOARDING GATE 258-A
 Pan down a line of passengers with their boarding passes, reveal Crockett preparing to board from Miami. As the line progresses and Crockett is the next in line, we hear:

TUBBS (O.S.)
 Crockett, Crockett, hold it.
 Crockett, hold it.

CONTINUED

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98
(X)

258-A CONTINUED

258-A

As the screaming becomes louder, Crockett turns around to see Tubbs barrel-assing down the full corridor and seeing Tubbs doing a broken field run through the corridor trying to catch a flight.

TUBBS

Crockett, Crockett, hold it. I'm coming.

Dolly with Tubbs as he jumps suitcases, passengers, children, sidesteps baggage carts a la O.J. Simpson.

Crockett turns to ticket collector.

CROCKETT

Hang on a minute.

Tubbs arrives at gate, out of breath.

Crockett looks at Tubbs, and turns to board the plane with a smile.

258-B EXT. MIAMI - AFTERNOON - LONG SHOT - ESTABLISHING

258-B

The Gold Coast. Static. Peaceful. Music from previous scene continues under this, and the following, as we:

DISSOLVE TO

258-C EXT. MARINA - AFTERNOON - LONG SHOT

258-C

Surreal blue water, boats bobbing like so much white-and-pastel confetti.

DISSOLVE TO

258-D EXT. ST. VITUS DANCE - AFTERNOON - LONG SHOT

258-D

as Crockett and Tubbs step on board. Sun setting over the western horizon, dusting everything with golden light. Crockett drops his bags with a sigh; stands staring out at the ocean.

Tubbs looks around, considering it all.

TUBBS

Yo. Elvis. I'm home.

CUT TO

bustling with activity as Crockett and Tubbs enter. If they were expecting a hero's welcome, this ain't it. If anyone noticed they were even gone, it's hard to tell ---

CROCKETT

(to a passing Zito)

Hey Lar ---

ZITO

Not now, guys, I got four minutes to get this deposition downtown ---

TUBBS

(on his exit)

Nice to see you, too.

Castillo intercepts them, walks with them toward their desk, all business ---

CASTILLO

Crockett -- Tubbs...I've decided to reopen surveillance of Newton Blade -- there's more to him than just money laundering and an occasional South American vacation. I want you to coordinate wiretap, photosurveillance -- two weeks minimum, starting today -- that means paperwork on my desk by seventeen hundred hours ---

He slaps a fat file into Tubbs' hands, and continues on into his office. Crockett and Tubbs exchange a weary look.

TUBBS

Nice to know we're appreciated. Putting our lives on the line....

CROCKETT

Singing those vice cop blues again, Tubbs?

Wry smile. Business as usual. They're at Tubbs' desk, and now he looks down to find a pile of unopened mail and unfinished desk work. Crockett shakes his head, crosses to his desk ---

TRUDY

(across the room)

Rico -- do you remember that kiddiporn operation we shut down up in Hialeah?

(crossing)

I got something that could be related -- same kind of set-up....

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100
(X)

258-F CROCKETT

258-F

Sits at his desk -- looks up just in time to duck as Switek passes, struggling with the giant mechanical insect from the Busmobile's roofrack ---

SWITEK

Sorry --

(grumbling)

I feel like I'm in a Japanese disaster movie. Switek Kong meets the Bugmonster ---

Crockett watches him stagger off -- then turns back to his desk to find ---

258-G GINA

258-G

Standing opposite him. Arm bandaged, in a sling, complexion pale, this isn't your usual TV miracle-recovery ending.

GINA

Welcome back.

CROCKETT

Thanks.

Awkward beat. There's a lot of emotion smoldering here -- insistent sound of the squad room swirling around them ---

CROCKETT

How're you doing?

GINA

(weak smile)

I've been better.

(beat)

It'll be another three or four weeks before they let me come back...but I wanted to come by, and see you...and say ---

Crockett's phone buzzes -- he picks it up. Eyes locked with Gina's ---

CROCKETT

Crockett --

(half a beat)

Yeah. What? Where? No, no, -- give it to me right now -- let me just get something to write on ---

CONTINUED

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101

258-G CONTINUED

258-G

Searching for a pen. Gina hands him one. Exchange of looks, Crockett's torn between Gina and work, but finally starts to take the message. Gina heads out, touching him lightly on the shoulder as she passes. (X)

CROCKETT

(X)

(writing)

Slow down -- slow down ---

259
thru
269

OMITTED

259
thru
269
(X)

FADE OUT

THE END