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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

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