

EXEC. PRODUCER: Michael Mann
PRODUCER: John Nicolella
CO-PRODUCER: Richard Brams
SUPV. PRODUCER: Ed Waters
CONS. PRODUCER: Liam O'Brien

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MIAMI VICE

WHATEVER WORKS

Written

by

Maurice Hurley

#60025

MIAMI VICE
WHATEVER WORKS

CAST

SONNY CROCKETT
RICARDO TUBBS
SWITEK
ZITO
CASTILLO
GINA
TRUDY
IZZY MORENO

DISPATCHER
DETECTIVE
BLAKENEY
SOLEN
GIRL
DIERKS
VOICE FROM HOUSE
RIVERA
CHATA

ROLPHE
GEORGE
LAURA
REYNOLDS
CHORUS
SECOND COP
FIRST COP
PASSENGER
DRIVER
MORAN
DAVILLA
OLD WOMAN
LADY

SETS

INTERIORS:

CAR
CITY BUS - SERIES OF SHOTS
OCB
TUBBS' CADDY
RIVERA'S HOUSE
ANOTHER ROOM
ALTAR
CANDLE-DUP
UPSCALE HOUSE
RECORDS DEPARTMENT
PROPERTY DEPARTMENT
COMPUTER ROOM
BAR
TABLE
SQUAD CAR
PORSCH
CUBAN RESTAURANT
CASTILLO HOUSE
CROCKETT'S BOAT
CABIN
HOUSE
RESIDENTIAL HOUSE
CAB OF UTILITY TRUCK
VAN

EXTERIORS:

CLOSE SIDE OF CAR
STREET
MIAMI MARINA
ESTABLISHING MORNING
CROCKETT'S BOAT
WIDE BOAT DECK
DOCK PARKING LOT
BUS STOP
HOUSE
FRONT OF HOUSE
POLICE HEADQUARTERS -
ESTABLISH
RECORDS BUILDING
LOT
STREETS MONTAGUE
PORSCH ON STREET
SQUAD CAR
CROWD ON STREET
GARDEN
HATCHWAY
PARKING LOT
RESIDENTIAL HOUSE
HOUSE BLAKENEY
DAVILLA HOUSE

MIAMI VICE

WHATEVER WORKS

TEASER

FADE IN

1 INT. CAR - NIGHT

1

It's an under-lit scene of greys and vague shapes. In the b.g. we hear cross talk on the police frequency.

DISPATCHER

Stand by -- twenty -- eight. I'll check.

(squelch)

South Beach seven-nine -- we have a two-eleven, Thirteenth and Collins, suspect still on premises.

(squelch)

A hand holding a butane lighter enters the frame, flicks the Bic, and fills the screen with flame. The flame moves to light a red candle, shaped in the form of a male figure. In the flickering light we see the symbol of Ochosi -- a small metallic bow and arrow dangling from the rearview mirror to which it is tied by seven colored ribbons. We also catch glimpses of familiar equipment -- a shotgun barrel in it's rack -- an on-board computer terminal -- and other items specific to the inside of a police car. The burning candle is placed on the dash, wax melting and dripping like blood down the figures head.

CUT TO

1-A
thru
1-E

OMITTED

1-A
thru
1-E

1-F

EXT. MIAMI - NIGHT

1-F

a fugitive moon hiding behind buildings, trees, clouds, as we pick up Tubbs' car cruising past, and inside which ---

1-G

TUBBS

1-G

is at the wheel, aglow with anticipation as his lovely companion Diane nestles against his shoulder, suggestively purring above the radio ---

DIANE

I'll be your private dancer...

She kisses his neck. He lets a cool smile escape, whereupon---

1-H A SQUAD CAR 1-H
screams past in the opposite direction. Lights flashing.
Siren wailing

1-HH RESUME TUBBS 1-HH
clearly distracted by they squad car. Diane tugs on his arm.

DIANE
Hey, the action's over here tonight.

TUBBS
(apologizing)
Just a reflex.

As he sinks back into the moment ---

1-J TWO MORE SQUAD CARS 1-J
roar past.

1-K RESUME TUBBS 1-K
eyes keyed. He's lost the mood. She knows it -- complains---

DIANE
Rico, you can't be a cop twenty-
four hours a day. You'll end up
busting your own mother --

-- and is cut off as Tubbs yanks the car through a tight 180
-- slapping the red light onto the roof with ---

TUBBS
Here's to mom.

2 EXT. - CLOSE - SIDE OF CAR 2

Red emergency lights flash. We still cannot see the person
who lit the candle. The front door is open. The hand
places a drawing -- a tongue stabbed with a knife -- beside
the candle on the dash. As the hand leaves the frame, we
pull back to reveal figures in the front seat -- two uniform
cops -- both dead. The door is slammed shut -- the driver's
head falls on the steering wheel. The horn blows.

Pull back to reveal:

3 THE STREET 3

It's empty except for the squad car. The emergency lights flash -- the horn blows.

4 EXT. STREET - LATER - ANOTHER ANGLE 4

It's overrun with squad cars -- uniform policemen -- emergency vehicles and ambulances. The tension crackles. Castillo is at the scene.

5 ANGLE - TUBBS' CAR 5

Tubbs gets out fast, leaving Diane. This has happened to her before.

6 CASTILLO 6

approaches with a plainclothes homicide detective, Morris, who is in charge. They're standing next to the South Beach unit.

CASTILLO

What were they doing out of their jurisdiction?

MORRIS

According to South Beach dispatch, they called in a Code Seven. Get tired of South Beach chow after a while.

CASTILLO

(looks over at car)

Looks like an execution.

MORRIS

That's why I called you. Reads like organized crime to me.

As Tubbs comes up, Castillo is looking in the car.

7 CASTILLO'S P.O.V. - THE OCHOSI SYMBOL DANGLING ABOVE THE CANDLE 7 (X)

7-A BACK TO SCENE 7-A

as Castillo straightens up, looks at Morris.

CASTILLO

More like organized religion.

8 ANGLE - SOUTH BEACH SQUAD CAR

8

roars into the scene, screeches to a stop. Two uniformed officers, Blakeney and Solen jump out, push through Tubbs, Castillo and Morris and look in the car. Solen, sickened, numbed, turns and walks away immediately. Blakeney explodes with rage, pounding on the top of the death car.

BLAKENEY

(anguished)

They didn't have a chance!

(turns to

the group)

What the hell happened?! Did anyone see anything -- is anyone on this -- who the hell is in charge here -- ?

(X)

MORRIS

Easy ---

9 SOLEN

9

as Tubbs joins him. Solen is just shaking his head, numb.

SOLEN

Rainy has two kids.

(beat)

Who's gonna tell Marie. Has anyone told Marie?

10 RESUME THE DEATH CAR - BLAKENEY

10

still on the edge of hysteria. Others just watching him, with understanding -- many have lost partners, friends....

BLAKENEY

(crazed)

Damn it -- if they want a war, they got it. I'm gonna find them, and I'm gonna kill them!

(X)

CASTILLO

You're losing it. That doesn't help us.

(X)

Blakeney just looks at him, and walks off to join Solen. Another deadly look, this time at Tubbs, who holds up his hands -- "okay" -- and moves back to:

11 CASTILLO AND MORRIS

11

beside the death car. Watching the candle on the dashboard flicker, dying ---

TUBBS

(to Castillo)

This what I think it is?

(off Castillo's

nod)

But why are they killing cops?

CASTILLO

I can't explain it.

MORRIS

Let me on this -- Martin, what are we talking about?

CASTILLO

Santeria.

11-A ON THE CANDLE

11-A

the flame dies.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

12 EXT. MIAMI MARINA - MORNING - ESTABLISH 12

It's just another one of those beautiful Miami days.

12-A EXT. MARINA - DAY 12-A

where the Scarab's parked beside the sailboat, the former of which Crockett is cleaning as ---

12-B MAXWELL DIERKS 12-B

approaches. An accountant in the Sam Berkowitz mold, Dierks awkwardly steps over the gunwhale, briefcase in hand, and is about to speak when ---

12-C A WOMAN 12-C

exits the hatch of the St. Vitus, clothes clinging to her just-showered body -- provoking Dierk's momentary breathlessness while she gestures with a crupled tee-shirt at Crockett ---

WOMAN

What should I do with this?

CROCKETT

(without turning)

It's yours.

She waits impatiently for Crockett to face her. He doesn't.

WOMAN

I left my number on the pad by the sink.

CROCKETT

(still
pre-occupied)

Perfect.

Another impatient beat, then -- sarcastically ---

WOMAN

In case you decide to use it, my name's Julie.

Crockett finally turns as she storms off -- passing a stunned Dierks with ---

WOMAN

Rats like him never call.

CONTINUED

12-C CONTINUED

12-C

During which Crockett approaches Dierks -- all innocence ---

CROCKETT

Never's a long time.

DIERKS

Speaking of long times, I've been trying to contact you for quite a while, Detective Crockett...

(handshake)

Maxwell Dierks from Central Accounting. I've sent several notices which you've apparently ignored.

CROCKETT

Doesn't sound like me.

DIERKS

As you know each year the department tries to generate revenue by auctioning off confiscated and unclaimed property.

under which we note Crockett's growing suspicion ---

DIERKS(CONT)

And I'm sure you're as disappointed as I am that attendance at these auctions has not been what we hoped.

Crockett tries to muster an earnest look as he digs in an empty pocket ---

CROCKETT

My wallet must've fallen overboard.

DIERKS

Please. I wouldn't ask a man to go in his pocket for his own department.

CROCKETT

(relieved)

Well, then what can I do for you?

DIERKS

(opens
briefcase)

You can get me the keys to a 1970 Ferrari Daytona, serial number 8652-5001 -- on loan from property.

CROCKETT

(stunned)

You gotta be kidding!

CONTINUED

12-C CONTINUED

12-C

DIERKS

Properly advertised, an item like that
can generate just the kind of bargain-
hunting fever that could put us in the
black.

(proud of
his idea)

I have a marketing degree from Wharton.

A beat, as Crockett absorbs the above with a building rage,
and we pick up ---

12-D IZZY MORENO

12-D

grooving up the dock towards ---

12-E CROCKETT AND DIERKS

12-E

the former suddenly collaring Dierks with ---

CROCKETT

What'd they teach you at Wharton
about setting up a health plan?!

-- as Izzy arrives and immediately about faces with ---

IZZY

I'll come back after your morning
exercises.

CROCKETT

Hang out. This'll only take a
second.

DIERKS

(petrified)

I thought this might be a shock to
you -- which is why I copied the
contract explaining the city's right
to exercise ownership of your vehicle.

He tremblingly hands papers to Crockett who seems momentarily
stymied. Izzy quickly realizing ---

IZZY

They're taking your Ferrari?

-- then suddenly grabbing a huge fish from Elvis' feed
bucket and gesturing vehemently ---

CONTINUED

12-E CONTINUED

12-E

IZZY

I'm sorry, but I cannot stand by while a lawmang of such reputation, is treated with no more respect than this piece of bait! A man who who plunges himself into the mirky waters of the underworld, risking life and limb to stem the tide of crime -- to save us all from drowning in a cesspool of lawlessness --

CROCKETT

(suddenly
resigned)

Forget it, Iz. It's right here in black and white.

(to Deirks)

The keys are down below.

Whereupon a smug Deirks descends into the cabin -- only to resurface half a beat later with a blood-curdling scream, and followed by ---

12-F ELVIS

12-F

who reaches the edge of his chain only inches from the paralyzed accountant -- Crockett leaning over with ---

CROCKETT

(to Elvis)

How'd you like some nimrod flakes for breakfast?

-- at which Elvis delivers a timely carnivorous chomp ---

CROCKETT

See, Elvis can't read a contract. All he knows is no more Ferrari means no more rides with the top down.

DIERKS

I could always re-read it. Maybe I over-looked an escape clause. No pun intended.

CROCKETT

You do that.

He calls Elvis off, and Dierks trips over the gunwhale in a frenzied escape.

CONTINUED

IZZY

If there's one thing I hate, it's interdepartmental hasslement.

(off Crockett's impatience)

I mean, who needs red-tape? Now, my cousin's got a Maverick that would be perfect for you -- real clean, two-tone, FM, lotta zip --

CROCKETT

Two cops got snuffed last night, Iz, remember? Wuddya got for me besides a sales pitch?

IZZY

Dude you want to talk to's named Orfil Rivera.

CROCKETT

You know him?

IZZY

He's a mid-level dealer.

(suddenly disavowing)

Who a friend told me about one day, when we were outside the three mile limit.

CROCKETT

Does he know where I'm coming from?

IZZY

Not from me.

CROCKETT

Got an address?

IZZY

(writing)

I'll put it on back of my cousin's card in case you change your mind.

CROCKETT

About what?

IZZY

The Maverick, mang -- rust free, factory air -- might be just what you need ---

Whereupon Crockett follows Izzy's eyes to ---

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11
(X)

12-G EXT. MARINA PARKING LOT

12-G

where the Ferrari's jacked up behind a city tow truck beside which Dierks stands, holding a departmental handbook, shouts ---

DIERKS

Section ten-thirteen, paragraph two...

12-H RESUME C.U. - CROCKETT

12-H

and his anguished look, on which we hold for a beat, over which ---

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(subtly smug)

...and though I didn't expect to hear from you right away, most men bend over sooner or later. At least you didn't beg...

-- camera slowly pulling back to ---

12-J INT. CAR - DAY

12-J

where a nauseated Crockett sits in the passenger seat while Julie drives -- and plans out the rest of his life---

WOMAN

Now if I pick you up straight from work, we'll have time for cocktails with mom and dad before dinner...

CUT TO

13
thru
29

OMITTED

13
thru
29

30 INT. OCB

30

Tubbs, Zito, Switek, Gina and Trudy are all listening to the raised voices coming from behind Castillo's closed door.

ZITO

What's going on?

31 CASTILLO'S DOOR

31

opens. Crockett comes out, then fires a parting volley.

CROCKETT

That car is part of my cover...
and part of my deal. I want it back.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED 31

CASTILLO

You don't have a deal. You have a job.

He storms out of the office.

32 INT. TUBBS' CADDY 32

The top's down -- Crockett's beside him, and still so angry -- it's humorous. Tubbs is trying to suppress a laugh.

CROCKETT

Don't even say it.

TUBBS

Listen, I know it's scary -- but there is life after a Ferrari.

CROCKETT

I'm getting my car back.

TUBBS

And if they won't let you have it?

Crockett pauses a beat, then:

CROCKETT

I'll quit. (X)

This is all too much for Tubbs and he starts to laugh.

TUBBS

That's what I like about you. You're a man of commitment (X)

CROCKETT

Drive the car. (X)

33 EXT. STREET 33

Tubbs pulls to a stop in front of a residential house. Upper middle class -- set back off the street, surrounded by a chain link fence. There's a fancy sports car in the driveway with a couple of guys shining it up. As he and Crockett approach:

TUBBS

What did Izzy say about this Orfil Rivera?

CROCKETT

Said he might be able to give us a line on the shooters.

CONTINUED

- 33 CONTINUED 33
- TUBBS
How do you wanna play this?
- CROCKETT
Right down the middle.
- Crockett turns and yells through the fence at the two men.
- CROCKETT
Hey!
- Neither man looks up.
- 34 CROCKETT 34
- knows they hear him.
- CROCKETT
We're looking for Orfil Rivera -- is
he here?
- 35 ANGLE - SPORTSCAR 35
- The man by the front fender, gives Crockett a long sideways go-to-hell look. The man near the back of the car eases himself back into the garage.
- 36 CLOSE - CROCKETT 36
- He doesn't like the way they are acting. He glances over his shoulder at Tubbs.
- 37 CLOSE - TUBBS 37
- Ricardo smells the same thing -- something is not right.
- 38 RESUME ANGLE ON SPORTSCAR 38
- The first man has taken a few steps further away.
- 39 CROCKETT 39
- having already expended what little patience he has on the Ferrari issue, decides to cut through the bull.
- CROCKETT
Look, pal we want to talk with Orfil
Rivera -- now!
- 40 MAN BY SPORTSCAR 40
- Still nothing.

41 OMITTED 41
42 TUBBS 42

Tense beneath his calm. Glances at the house as he takes over in Spanish ---

TUBBS
Nosotros queremos hablar con Orfil
Rivera.

42-A CROCKETT 42-A
pulls out his badge, holds it up.

CROCKETT
Miami Vice! We're coming in.

43 TUBBS' POINT OF VIEW - HOUSE 43
A window curtain moves.

44 TUBBS 44
TUBBS
Crockett! The house!

45 ANGLE - HOUSE 45
Bamb! Bamb! Shotguns bark from the windows.

46 TUBBS AND CROCKETT 46
scramble behind the Caddy. Crockett instinctively whips off a couple of defensive rounds as:

47 CLOSE - TUBBS 47
reaching for the mobile phone and punching in the emergency code.

48 CLOSE - CROCKETT 48
holding up his shield and yelling:

CROCKETT
Hey! Police officers! You nuts!?

VOICE FROM HOUSE
No mas, pendejo! No mas!

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED 48

It's punctuated by another shotgun blast. Crockett ducks.

CROCKETT
Great! First I lose my car and now
we get Roberto Duran.

TUBBS
I'll cover the back.

49 ANOTHER ANGLE - MOMENTS LATER 49

Crockett is crouched for cover against the side of the car. In the distance -- the sound of fast approaching police sirens. He knows there's nothing to do but wait for help to arrive.

50 WIDE - STREET 50

As the squad cars arrive....

51 ANGLE - CARS 51

As they block the intersections....

52 ANGLE - COPS 52

as they deploy.

53 SERIES OF CUTS 53

The cops behind their cars.

54 ANGLE - HOUSE 54

Nothing moving.

55 CROCKETT 55

is still crouched against the side of his car.

CROCKETT
(shouts)
The band's all here, Rivera -- say
the word and we'll dance.

56 RESUME FRONT OF THE HOUSE 56

The front door slowly opens.

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16
(X)

57 CLOSEUP

57

Uniform officers behind their cars. Ready to open fire.

58 CLOSE - FRONT OF HOUSE

58

Shotguns are tossed out onto the lawn. They are followed by three men with their hand above their heads. As cops move in, weapons leveled ---

TIME CUT TO

59 OMITTED

59

59-A EXT. RIVERA HOUSE - DAY - LATER

59-A

The street's cordoned off, Rivera and his men have been moved to a couple un-marked units. Crime scene techs traffic in and out of the house where a baffled Crockett and Tubbs wait in front for ---

59-B CASTILLO

59-B

who exits his car and approaches.

CASTILLO

Run it down.

TUBBS

Strictly routine. Izzy Moreno pulled our coats, said this guy Rivera might have a line on the cop shooters.

CROCKETT

We pull up and identify ourselves -- next thing it's Dodge City.

(beat)

Not the kinda play you'd expect from a dealer who wants to keep a low profile.

CASTILLO

Anything inside?

CROCKETT

Just a couple keys of blow...and a closet full of those beads and dolls.

TUBBS

He's a Santero.

CASTILLO

(suddenly intense)

Show me.

60
thru
62

OMITTED

60
thru
62

63

INT. RIVERA'S HOUSE

63

where the Crime Scene crew is tearing the place apart as Crockett, Tubbs and Castillo enter. A young tech proudly approaches, holding a vial which contains the remnants of a positive cocaine test.

TECH

We've recovered almost six pounds,
Lieutenant. Ninety-percent pure.

The three blow right past him to ---

64

OMITTED

64

65

A ROOM

65

Three Santeria figures are on the floor facing the door as Tubbs, Crockett and Castillo enter. Castillo studies them quickly, his expression indicating that they're not the clues he was hoping for -- as he informs ---

CASTILLO

Just guerreros -- warrior spirits.
Almost any Santero would have them.

TUBBS

But look at this...

Tubbs moves past Castillo to a table-where a white candle rests beneath an Ochosi figure nailed to the wall above.

TUBBS

Looks like a version of what was
left in the cop car -- only the
candle's white now.

A beat, as Castillo regards the figure intently.

CASTILLO

Ochosi. The divinity of justice...
of the police.

CROCKETT

Personally, I can do without guys
who worship with a twelve gauge.

CONTINUED

CASTILLO

It's not worship. The red candle could mean hatred, vengeance...the white one, fear...

TUBBS

Makes sense. How else should he feel about cops? He's a dealer.

CASTILLO

But not a cop killer. If he was, he'd never have surrendered. There's more to it.

CROCKETT

I'm a simple guy -- let's ask him.

CUT TO

66
thru
70

OMITTED

66
thru
70

70-A

EXT. STREET - DAY

70-A

where two detectives pull a handcuffed Rivera out of the back of a sedan and move off as Castillo, Crockett and Tubbs surround him. Tubbs immediately goes into a little "hard cop" -- grabs Rivera's hair yanking his head back against the car with ---

TUBBS

Who do you think you are, pointing a gun at me?

--then releases him off Castillo's look.

CROCKETT

What my partner's saying is why'd you shoot at us?

Rivera doesn't answer.

CASTILLO

You're a businessman, Rivera. Shooting cops is bad business.

RIVERA

Only when they act like cops.

CONTINUED

70-A CONTINUED

70-A

A beat as the three cops digest this, Castillo realizing first---

CASTILLO

You saying you know about dirty cops?

RIVERA

I'm saying nothing.

CROCKETT

Do yourself a favor. You're looking at some pretty stiff time.

RIVERA

(derisive)

I'm looking at three cops.

--whereupon he spits on the ground. Off Castillo's nod, Tubbs shoves him back in the car. Stay with Castillo as he turns away. Crockett moves up beside him -- tense ---

CROCKETT

You think he's just giving us a line.

CASTILLO

If he isn't, we better know about it.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

71 INT. UP-SCALE HOUSE - NIGHT

71

A slow truck through a wonderfully appointed living room -- exotic flowers and plants, Afro-hispanic masks and paintings -- all very dynamic. Castillo and Tubbs are sitting, waiting for the owner of the house. On the table in front of them are some of the items found in the squad car, and some which came from Orfil Rivera. Crockett is standing a few feet away, looking out the window -- his physical distance expresses his disdain.

CROCKETT

I never heard of a priest living like this.

Tubbs senses an edge to Crockett -- more than just the usual "Crockett" edge -- which he tries to lighten ---

TUBBS

He's just wondering what kind of car she drives.

Prompting Crockett's impatient look -- over which ---

CHATA'S VOICE (O.S.)

A station wagon.

Whereupon Chata, a striking hispanic beauty, enters -- explaining mostly for Crockett's benefit ---

CHATA

Most iyalochas and babalochas -- Santeria priests -- have regular jobs in addition to their roles as advisors to their god-children.

CASTILLO

Chata also teaches at Florida College of the Arts.

Crockett's still not entirely convinced.

TUBBS

(to Chata,
apologetic)

He doesn't think it's accredited unless he's heard of the football team.

CONTINUED

CASTILLO

(all business)

These are detectives Tubbs and
Crockett. And here are the items
I mentioned.

A beat as she studies the items -- under which we note
Crockett's subtle skepticism. Then Chata picks up the
drawing of the tongue.

CHATA

Whoever left this, felt threatened.

CASTILLO

In what way?

CHATA

I don't know. But if this is from
the santero who killed the police-
men, I believe he was acting out of
revenge.

CROCKETT

I've never heard of a get-even
religion.

CHATA

Santeria is not about revenge. It's
about spiritual strength derived from
many gods.

CROCKETT

Then why leave all these religious
symbols at the scene of the crime?

CHATA

To do the same thing to the spirits
of the policemen that the bullets
did to their bodies.

(beat)

This santero worships Chango, the
divinity of fire and thunder. Chango
is a warrior, and his followers would
fight back rather than run.

TUBBS

Run from what?

CHATA

(concentrates)

I sense the killer did not think of
his victims as lawmen. They were
hunted down...like bad animals...
evil spirits...

CONTINUED

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22
(X)

71

CONTINUED - 2

71

CASTILLO

Like criminals.

CHATA

Yes.

Crockett and Tubbs share a look.

TUBBS

(immediately)

We'll pull thier jackets in the morning.

CASTILLO

No. Just run a credit check. Don't do anything that will alert South Beach.

TUBBS

Got it.

CASTILLO

And keep me posted.

71-A

ANGLE - CROCKETT AND TUBBS

71-A

as they head out ---

CROCKETT

(low)

Shoulda asked her if I'll get the Ferrari back.

72
thru
79

OMITTED

72
thru
79

80

CASTILLO AND CHATA

80

CHATA

You're worried, Martin.

CASTILLO

Would the killer have asked for a consultation before he acted?

CHATA

If he did, I'm sure he would have been advised against violence. Which means you're looking for a man who's willing to defy his gods -- who's out of control.

CONTINUED

80

CONTINUED

80

CASTILLO

I can control him, if you'll help me find him.

CHATA

I can't promise that. And if word got out that you were hunting him, it would be very dangerous for you.

CASTILLO

Street cops are jumpy enough without a cop killer on the loose. Right now there's an accident out there, waiting to happen...it's my job to prevent it.

(beat)

CHATA

(worried)

I'll do what I can.

81

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

81

as Tubbs' caddy pulls up. Tubbs gets out but Crockett, rather than exiting, slides behind the wheel.

CROCKETT

I'll meet you later -- I'm going to see about my car.

TUBBS

Ex-car.

81-A

EXT. MIAMI RIVER - DAY

panning along a fenced-in lot that borders the river, noting a heap of deteriorated boats, cars and other confiscated machinery which we pan past to ---

81-B

A RICKETY SHACK

81-B

located beside the lot, and peering into the open door of which we find ---

81-C

IZZY

81-C

in a double breasted blazer, ascot, and captain's hat -- mustering as much continental charm as his imagination can generate ---

CONTINUED

#60025

24
(X)

81-C CONTINUED

81-C

IZZY

You understand, as a mang of means, I like to keep all my transactions confidential.

81-D REVERSE - INT. SHACK

81-D

it's spotless interior glowing with lights from a wall of computers manned by a newly respectful Dierks.

DIERKS

Certainly, Count Moreno. And I apologize for not introducing myself this morning. Had I known the marina belonged to you ---

IZZY

Please -- I am proud of my ability to circulate among the common mangs.

-- as Dierks searches through a drawer full of car keys ---

DIERKS

(smiles)
That won't be so easy, driving around in that Ferrari.

IZZY

(painfully)
A limitation I have prepared myself to accept.

DIERKS

Course I'd be the last one to talk you out of the deal -- which, on behalf of the department, I must say, is very generous.

IZZY

Say no more. I'm sure the test ride with speak for itself.

-- and, as he hungrily reaches for the keys, a hand grabs his collar, yanking him back as we widen to include ---

81-E CROCKETT

81-E

CROCKETT

Like hell it will.
(to Dierks)
You I'll take care of later.

CONTINUED

81-E CONTINUED

81-E

Whereupon Crockett jacks Izzy up against the side of the shack, Dierks nervously peeking out in the b.g. as Izzy squirms ---

IZZY

Crockett, mang, you need to work on your timing. Five more seconds and I could've had your car in a very advantageous position.

CROCKETT

Yeah, stripped for parts and shipped to ten different zip codes.

IZZY

Hey, that's not me. Maybe a hubcap or two--but tomorrow morning back at your slip with fresh paint, clean numbers and new registration. For a very mosest fee.

CROCKETT

And tomorrow afternoon I'm posting bail for theft of city property. No thanks, Moreno. I'm getting it back just the way it was!

IZZY

(looks to
Dierks)

That's gonna take some doing.

CROCKETT

(suspicious;
to Dierks)

Where is it?

CUT TO

81-F EXT. PROPERTY YARD - DAY - ON CROCKETT, DIERKS AND IZZY 81-F

Izzy offering a mournful look as Dierks explains to an ashen Crockett ---

DIERKS

I couldn't figure out how to work the top and, well, they only predicted a ten percent chance of showers ...

81-G REVERSE - THE FERRARI

81-G

top down, the interior filled with water, leaves floating on the surface -- at which sight ---

81-H CROCKETT

81-H

holds a hand to his forehead -- as Dierks reassures ---

DIERKS

Anyway, the forecast's clear for the rest of the week. Shouldn't take more than two or three days to dry out...

82 INT. RECORDS DEPARTMENT

82

It's a modern, hi-tech room jammed with computers -- a couple of dozen operators, some in uniform, some not, tap on keyboards. Tubbs is reviewing a printout with the department head - Gene Rolphe.

ROLPHE

These guys are clean.

Tubbs reacts like it's the most damning evidence possible.

TUBBS

Figures.

ROLPHE

Can't bust guys just for paying their bills on time.

TUBBS

Depends where they got their money. Go back a couple more months.

Rolphe searches through the printout, then ---

ROLPHE

Uh-oh. Here's a late payment on a credit card. And here's where Lockhart had his hot water turned off...

TUBBS

But for the last six months, everything's on time. That's when they started dippin' in. That's when they went bad. Punch in Blakeney and Solen.

ROLPHE

(as he does)
How'd you know?

TUBBS

I've taken my share of cold showers.

CUT TO

82-A EXT. TUBBS' CAR - NIGHT - MOVING

82-A

over which ---

CONTINUED

82-A CONTINUED

82-A

CROCKETT(V.O.)

Bad cops, Rico -- there's nothing lower.

TUBBS(V.O.)

Smart enough not to buy anything flashy --but they couldn't help but get straight with what they had out.

CROCKETT(V.O.)

Where there's two -- there's more.

TUBBS

That's what the computer said.

CROCKETT

And I know where to find them.

CUT TO

83
thru OMITTED
102

83
thru
102

102-A INT. BAR - NIGHT

102-A

as Crockett and Tubbs enter, the former smoking a cigarette as both pause to survey the scene, which includes ---

102-B P.O.V. - BACK TABLE

102-B

through the smoke and heads and dancers we pick up five South Beach officers, sitting at a table meant to hold two more.

102-C RESUME CROCKETT AND TUBBS

102-C

cruising to the bar, where they grab seats on either side of Taylor -- a flamboyantly groomed, pre-adolescent heart throb-type -- whose bored look broadens to a small grin as the cops sit.

TAYLOR

What do you say, gents?

TUBBS

Everything's everything.

TAYLOR

(to Crockett;
sarcastic)

You look relaxed.

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

(locked on the
back table)

Nothing ever changes, Taylor.

TAYLOR

(playful)

Not true -- we just worked out a
new song. Stick around for the show.

Taylor leaves to join the band assembling on the stage. The
bartender approaches -- slaps two napkins on the bar with ---

BARTENDER

Long time no see. Metro Dade, right?

Tubbs nods.

BARTENDER

What brings you down here?

TUBBS

Change of climate.

BARTENDER

(grim)

This ain't the place. Been pretty
icy since Rainy and Lockhart got
hit. Terrible thing.

CROCKETT

Yeah.

BARTENDER

What's it gonna be?

CROCKETT

Couple of brews.

-- under which a curvy cop-groupie named Laura sashays
up ---

LAURA

Sonny and Rico in the same bar. How
lucky can a girl get?

TUBBS

(uninspired)

Hey, Laura.

The reception's not exactly what she had hoped for.

LAURA

You guys got married since I saw you?
Or can I still get a dance?

CONTINUED

102-C CONTINUED - 2

102-C

Beat. Then Tubbs slides off his stool -- reminding Crockett---

TUBBS

Just a few simple questions.

CROCKETT

I'm cool.

TUBBS

Don't make a mess.

As Tubbs moves Laura to the dance floor, Crockett crushes his cigarette and heads straight for ---

103 ANGLE - BACK TABLE

103

The five South Beach cops. Late twenties. Fit looking. Including Blakeney, Solen and a mean looking grit named Renicker.

CROCKETT

I know you -- Renicker -- isn't it?

RENICKER

Yeah. Want a drink?

Crockett shakes his head no.

RENICKER

(introducing)
Crockett's with Metro Dade. Used to be a hot shot in robbery.

CROCKETT

Sorry to hear about Rainey and Lockhart.

RENICKER

Good men.

BLAKENEY

(tips his glass
in a toast,
which becomes
almost a
challenge)

The best.

They drink.

CROCKETT

Why don't you tell me about them?

CONTINUED

103 CONTINUED

103

BLAKENEY

(sharp)
Tell you what?

CROCKETT

Tell me where they got the juice to run their credit cards to the max every month, and never miss a payment.

BLAKENEY

(stands)
You got somethin to say?! Just spit it out!

CROCKETT

Better sit down, or I'll do more than spit.

103-A ANGLE - THE DANCE FLOOR

103-A

where Tubbs ignores Laura's sizzling moves to key on the above ---

103-B RESUME BACK TABLE

103-B

where Solen is also now on his feet ---

SOLEN

Calling Rainey and Lockhart dirty is calling all of us dirty. And I don't like being called dirty.

CROCKETT

That's too damn bad.

The words hang in the air for a long beat, then:

The table explodes.

104 OMITTED

104

105 THE FIGHT - BLAKENEY

105

comes straight over the table at Crockett -- who plants a kick in the midsection as ---

106 TUBBS

106

vaults the dance floor railing and lands on two cops while---

107 CROCKETT 107

lands a punch that drives Solen across the room.

108 TUBBS 108

drives his fist into Renicker's stomach and as the big man's head comes down, Tubbs chops him to the ground.

109 BLAKENEY 109

back on his feet, spins Crockett around. Before Crockett can raise his hand -- Blakeney catches him with a round-house right. Crockett flies back into Solen, and they both crash into a table, and onto the floor.

110 THE SCENE 110

Others -- many off-duty cops -- rush to break up the fight. For a few beats it's bedlam. Then the combatants are pulled apart.

111 ANOTHER ANGLE 111

Although now separated, Crockett and the South Beach cops square off ---

RENICKER

You're out of line, Crockett.

SOLEN

They're dead for crying out loud --
leave them be.

CROCKETT

Them I'll leave alone. But you guys
have a score to settle.

A beat as they exchange lethal stares, during which ---

111-A TAYLOR 111-A

yells from the stage ---

TAYLOR

You're right, Crockett, nothing ever
changes.

Tubbs finally pulls Crockett away toward ---

112 OMITTED 112

112-A INT. HALLWAY

112-A

where Tubbs elbows Crockett as he ushers him out ---

TUBBS

(imitates)

I'm cool.

(beat)

Couldn't even wait till I finished my dance.

CROCKETT

They're dirty, Tubbs. Whatever Rainy and Lockhart were into -- those guys are in it.

TUBBS

That a hunch?

CROCKETT

No, a smell. I can smell it.

113 INT. BAR - DAY

113

The South Beach cops are putting the table back together.

SOLEN

Crockett's trouble.

BLAKENEY

He's got nothing. We hit drug dealers -- that's all. And they can't talk.

RENICKER

(hot)

They did more than talk.

BLAKENEY

Relax! We'll take care of them.

SOLEN

What about Crockett?

BLAKENEY

If he's smart he'll let it go.

SOLEN

And if he doesn't?

BLAKENEY

Then he goes with them.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

114 OMITTED
thru
143

114
thru
143

143-A EXT. BEACH - DAY

143-A

frisbees flying, dancers grooving, bodies baking as ---

143-B A GIRL

143-B

jiggles past in a microscopic bikini, leaving a wake of
skipped heartbeats -- and drawing the attention of ---

143-C A PORSCHE

143-C

inside which two coked-up kids cruise along the beach,
finally zeroing in on the girl -- all the while observed
through the windshield of ---

143-D INT. SQUAD CAR

143-D

with two green cops: the cop at the wheel studying the
Porsche suspiciously as his partner runs the plates
through the computer.

COP #1

Nothing in the computer. But I
bet there's something in the car.

COP #2

They're blocking traffic. That's
enough to pull them over.

COP #1

(grabs scatter gun)

Do it.

COP #2

What are you doing?

COP #1

Making sure we don't end up like
those two guys from South Beach.

Off Cop #2's jittery look ---

#60025

34
(X)

143-E RESUME PORSCHE

143-E

pulling alongside the girl -- the kids flirting with ---

DRIVER

The stars are out today!

PASSENGER

Why walk when you can ride -- and
powder your nose at the same time?

He waves a small bottle of coke suggestively. The girl
says nothing -- gives an embarrassed smile.

PASSENGER

Look at her -- pretending she don't
wanna talk to us.

-- with which he turns back to ---

143-F THE DRIVER

143-F

whose eyes flicker nervously to ---

143-G P.O.V. - REARVIEW MIRROR - THE COP CAR

143-G

pulling up, red light flashing ---

143-H RESUME INT. PORSCHE

143-H

as the driver pulls over, suddenly nervous.

PASSENGER

(calm)

Just put this away.

He slides the bottle toward the driver, who opens a hidden
compartment -- but instead of hiding the coke, takes out
a weapon.

PASSENGER

Hey, you crazy? We didn't do any-
thing wrong.

DRIVER

(tense)

They've got a damn shotgun.

The passenger barely has time to grab back the bottle
before ---

143-HH THE COPS

143-HH

arrive ---

#60025

35
(X)

143-J THE STREET CROWD 143-J
suddenly keyed as ---

143-K COP #1 143-K
stops by the passenger side with the scatter gun --
exchanging a shakey look with ---

143-L COP #2 143-L
already leaning in the driver's window, hand on the butt
of his pistol -- as he demands ---

COP #2
Driver's license and registration.

143-M REVERSE - THE DRIVER 143-M
hand on his weapon -- sweating ---

DRIVER
What'd I do wrong?
-- under which ---

143-N THE PASSENGER 143-N
discreetly slips the bottle into the space beside his
seat -- at which movement ---

143-O COP #2 143-O
draws his piece ---

COP #2
Freeze!
-- whereupon ---

143-P THE DRIVER 143-P
raises his weapon ---

143-Q THE PASSENGER 143-Q
freaks -- as ---

143-R C.U. - THE SCATTER GUN 143-R
roars ---

143-S COP #1 143-S
empties his gun ---

143-T THE DRIVER 143-T
recoils from the blast -- his lifeless fingers reflexively
discharging his weapon at ---

143-U THE PASSENGER 143-U
who bounces off his seat --

143-V THE WINDSHIELD 143-V
which explodes in a shower of glass --- while ---

143-W THE DRIVER 143-W
falls face forward on the dash. An icy beat ensuing
as ---

143-X THE COPS 143-X
weapons still leveled, share an adrenalized look. The
crowd behind them frozen in eerie silence as we ---

CUT TO

144 OMITTED 144

144-A C.U. - RAMON MORANDEZ 144-A
his expressionless tan features hidden behind dark glasses
as we pull back to ---

144-B EXT. DOCK - DAY - ON A FIFTY FOOT CRUISER 144-B
where Morandez sits in the fighting chair on the back deck,
flanked by a group of business-like drug dealers--and
facing---

whose frustration is clear, as Morandez informs ---

MORANDEZ

Davillo, you make trouble for us all
by taking this on the street.

(beat)

We know you lost some money --

DAVILLO

(over)

They came in my home!

MORANDEZ

They were cops.

DAVILLO

They took my son!

MORANDEZ

You paid the money and they brought
him back. That's business.

DAVILLO

That's family! And nobody touches
my family and lives. Understand?!

MORANDEZ

No, you understand. We're all in
the same position. We all have
families and businesses--

DAVILLO

But I put family first, Morandez.
I'm not a whore like you.

At which Morandez rushes him. As they're separated ---

MORANDEZ

You're a fool, Davillo.

DAVILLO

Watch me -- I'm going to show you
how to live like a man.

CUT TO

146-A EXT. CHATA'S HOUSE - DAY 146-A

Castillo waits at the front door. Chata opens it.

146-B INT. CHATA'S HOUSE 146-B

They are sitting together.

CHATA

A man named Ramon Morandez says he will meet you -- but only if his Orisha approves.

CASTILLO

(after a grateful look)

How soon can you arrange a meeting?

CHATA

(hesitant)

I still think this is unwise.

CASTILLO

The natural order in the streets has been disturbed. I have to do what I can to restore it.

A beat as Chata resigns herself to Castillo's insistence -- hands him a slip of paper ---

CHATA

You'll find his Babalocha here.

CASTILLO

When?

CHATA

Tonight.

CUT TO

147 thru 162 OMITTED 147 thru 162

162-A EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT - ON CASTILLO 162-A

his face shadowed by a metal gate. A beat, then a young man appears -- gestures Castillo toward ---

162-B A STAIRCASE 162-B

as Castillo silently descends, his face now glowing in the reflections from ---

162-C TWO TORCHES 162-C

at the bottom of the stairs, their green smoke swirling around a statue as Castillo passes.

CUT TO

162-D ANOTHER ANGLE - GARDEN 162-D

panning with a twelve foot python, water dripping in the b.g. as it slithers past a cave and the pan ends on ---

162-E CASTILLO 162-E

standing motionless -- eyes trained on ---

162-F CASTILLO'S P.O.V. - THE ALTAR 162-F

where Morandez' babalocha stands with his back to Castillo flanked by a burning chair and a baby white goat. A beat. Then, as he raises a dagger over the altar ---

162-G REVERSE - THE BABALOCHA'S PAINTED FACE 162-G

as he plunges the dagger out of frame, then lifts his bloody hands, staring dead at the camera for a beat before turning to face ---

162-H CASTILLO 162-H

A long beat as the two men lock eyes, staring each other down as we --

CUT TO

162-J GAZEBO - NIGHT - ON CASTILLO AND MORANDEZ 162-J

camera pushing in as ---

MORANDEZ

My Orisha says you are a man of power -- a man I can trust.

Castillo doesn't answer.

CONTINUED

162-J CONTINUED

MORANDEZ

Victor Davillo killed the policemen.
He has caused problems for everyone.
I would take him out myself...but
that would mean a war. If you arrest
him...well, that is like rain to a
farmer -- a natural hazard. His
people will understand...

CASTILLO

I want to know why he killed them.

MORANDEZ

They kidnapped his son.

CASTILLO

Why?

MORANDEZ

(smiles)

Money. Why else?

(beat)

For six or seven months the South
Beach detectives have been making
trouble. Most of us take it as
the price of doing business. So
many officials are already being
paid off...as we both know.

He pauses to allow Castillo to respond, but Castillo says
nothing.

MORANDEZ

But Davillo wouldn't pay. So they
beat him in front of his wife -- and
took his son.

CASTILLO

What happened to the boy?

MORANDEZ

He was returned...for a hundred grand.

If Castillo is surprised, he doesn't show it. Morandez
smiles.

MORANDEZ

They should have never touched the
boy.

Without so much as a nod, Castillo turns to leave ---

MORANDEZ

(insulted)

That's it..? I give you my help,
and you offer nothing in return --
not a word -- not your hand?

CONTINUED

162-J CONTINUED

162-J

CASTILLO

(offended)

I'm only doing what you're afraid
to do. And one day, I'll bury you,
too.

Castillo turns and exits.

CUT TO

163 OMITTED

163

164 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

164

It's late -- the traffic has slowed.

165 ANGLE - TUBBS

165

He steps out of a restaurant then, as he casually heads
for his car:

166 STREETS - TUBBS' POINT OF VIEW

166

A half a block away, stopped at a light, is a South Beach
squad car. Too far to see who's driving.

167 TUBBS

167

The questions flash through his mind. What are they doing
here?

CUT TO

168 INT. TUBBS' CADDY

168

He's searching.

169 TUBBS' POINT OF VIEW - STREETS

169

Nothing. The normal amount of traffic, but he's lost the
squad car.

170 TUBBS

170

He's about to turn off when he glances in his rearview
mirror.

171 MIRROR 171

It's there -- behind him! A police car. Partially obscured by other traffic, but he sees the roof panel.

172 TUBBS 172

He tenses -- now the hunter is the prey. He makes a quick decision. Whatever's going to happen, let it happen now.

173 CADDY 173

He pulls over. Stops, quickly gets out, and stands aggressively as:

174 BAY CITY SQUAD 174

They slow as they pass. They are Blakeney and Solen.

TUBBS
Better keep on moving -- you're out of your jurisdiction -- and out of your league.

175 thru 180 OMITTED 175 thru 180

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

180-A EXT. MIAMI - DAWN - ESTABLISHING 180-A

180-B EXT. CROCKETT'S BOAT 180-B

lolling in the gentle marina trades. Elvis is asleep on deck. The world's at peace. Over which we hear footsteps as ---

180-C A PAIR OF SHOES 180-C

enters the frame, stopping by the cabin door where ---

180-D CROCKETT 180-D

startled by the sound, springs out -- pistol leveled at ---

180-E CASTILLO 180-E

who doesn't flinch -- understands the tension all his cops are feeling -- and downplays it with ---

CASTILLO

You can put that down -- I made a call about the Ferrari.

Crockett sucks a deep breath as he lowers his weapon ---

CROCKETT

Sorry.

CASTILLO

Don't be. You guessed right. South Beach is dirty.

CROCKETT

Let's shut 'em down.

CASTILLO

First we have to shut down Ortiz Davillo.

CROCKETT

Why Davillo?

CASTILLO

Because he killed the cops.

CUT TO

181 OMITTED 181
thru thru
183 183

184 EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE 184

It's in a nice neighborhood. The kind a cop would like. Blakeney arrives in a big four-by-four Bronco with dark tinted windows. He beeps his horn.

185 ANGLE - BLAKENEY 185

impatient, he beeps again, his expression now registering concern at the sight of ---

186 BLAKENEY'S POINT OF VIEW - HOUSE 186

The front door is open -- but slightly twisted like it was forced.

187 RESUME ANGLE - BLAKENEY 187

His instinct tells him it's wrong.

188 INT. HOUSE 188

as Blakeney enters, features contorting at ---

188-A A TABLE 188-A

where a lifeless Solen is slumped face down in a puddle of wax from a melted candle. Beside the candle is a figure of Ochosi which ---

188-B BLAKENEY 188-B

grabs, eyes filled with tears of rage -- as he snaps it in half ---

CUT TO

188-C EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY 188-C

on Castillo, Crockett, Tubbs, Switek and Zito, the latter two in coveralls and standing beside a utility truck -- as---

