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PROD. #60020  
July 3, 1985 (F.R.)  
July 24, 1985 (F.R.)

MIAMI VICE

BUDDIES

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Written

by

Frank Military

#60020

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BUDDIES

CAST

SONNY CROCKETT  
RICARDO TUBBS  
SWITEK  
ZITO  
CASTILLO  
GINA  
TRUDY  
NOOGIE

ROBBIE CANN  
JOHNNY CANNATA

FRANK ROSSINI  
MORTY PRICE  
DOROTHY COOKE  
SANDRA DOMENICA  
STANLEY NELLO  
BARTENDER  
ORANGE  
FRANCIS COOKE  
JULIA CANN  
PRIEST  
MEDIC  
MULDOON

SETS

INTERIORS:

BAR  
ORIGINAL COPACABANA  
DRESSING ROOM  
NIGHTCLUB  
CORRIDOR

HOTEL  
LOBBY  
HALLWAY  
ROOM  
CANDIDA MOTEL ROOM  
OCB STRATEGY ROOM  
BULLPEN  
HALLWAY  
VIDEO ROOM  
WASHROOM  
ROBBIE AND JULIE'S HOME  
VAN  
CANNATA'S OFFICE  
NOOGIE'S PLACE  
CHURCH  
CASTILLO'S OFFICE  
CROCKETT SAILBOAT  
FIRE AND ICE NIGHTCLUB  
ROBBIE'S OFFICE  
ALL NIGHT GROCERY STORE

EXTERIORS:

MOTEL PARKING LOT  
REGENCY FAIR HOTEL  
CUBAN NEIGHBORHOOD  
CUBAN MOTEL  
FIRE AND ICE NIGHTCLUB  
HIGHWAY  
GAS STATION  
SIDEWALK  
STREET

VEHICLES

FERRARI  
OLDSMOBILE SEDAN  
( '76 - GREEN )  
BLACK CADILLAC  
VAN  
PORSCHE

MIAMI VICE

BUDDIES

TEASER

FADE IN

1 INT. BAR - NIGHT

1

It's not a dive; it's more a local hangout. There's a pool game going on with a lot of fisherman and boating bums.

Robbie Cann comes in. He is thirty-seven, balding. He does not flow. His body jerks about, always tense, always moving. He smokes continuously an almost unbroken chain of cigarettes. He leans against the bar, smiling. He is pleased with himself.

BARTENDER

What can I get you?

ROBBIE

Three shots, Scotch?

BARTENDER

For you and who else?

ROBBIE

It's all me. It's my party tonight.

BARTENDER

What's the celebration?

The Bartender pours out the three glasses for Robbie.

ROBBIE

I became a father tonight.

(lifting one)

Salut.

Robbie pops it back. The shot glass comes down to the table. Just as fast, he pops back the next one. Bang, that glass is empty, and the last one is up and gone without a moment's hesitation. He wipes his mouth and looks around the room.

BARTENDER

Kid got a nice mother?

(X)

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED

1

ROBBIE

She is the sweetest, kindest, most beautiful woman I've ever known. Why?

BARTENDER

'Cause daddy ain't going to live long drinking like that.

(X)

ROBBIE

(sudden, volatile anger:)

Don't talk to me like that. It's a celebration tonight! I don't need to hear that!

(X)

2 FEATURE CROCKETT

2

coming in the door. He sees Robbie.

CROCKETT

Robbie!

ROBBIE

Ay! Sonny!

CROCKETT

Boy or girl?

ROBBIE

(softly)

I got a son.

Crockett hugs his friend.

CROCKETT

That's terrific!

(X)

ROBBIE

(almost on the verge of tears)

I'm so charged, Sonny. I never felt this way before in my whole life.

(X)

CROCKETT

That's good, Robbie.

ROBBIE

Things're looking up.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED

2

CROCKETT

How's Julia?

ROBBIE

She's asleep. Looked like an angel when I left. She's so happy over the baby.

(X)

CROCKETT

She deserves to be nappy.

ROBBIE

Hey, I went through the hard times with her, and outta work, and all that. This has got to be the beginning of some good stuff for us. Got to be.

(X)

CROCKETT

How's the club?

ROBBIE

Great. I couldn't ask for anything better. I got more money than I know what to do with.

CROCKETT

That's the way it should be.

(X)

Robbie takes out his wallet, finds a picture and hands the wallet to Crockett. Angie adjusts, revealing a picture of Robbie and Crockett in fatigues on a South Asian beach. As Crockett eyes the picture:

CROCKETT

We're smiling. Must've been when we landed.

ROBBIE

You know who's in that picture?

CROCKETT

You and me.

ROBBIE

No. Me and the godfather of my son.

(X)

CROCKETT

(beat)

That what Julia wants, too?

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED (2)

2

ROBBIE

Yeah.

Crockett does not know what to say. Robbie turns abruptly to the Bartender.

ROBBIE

Two, and one for my buddy.

The Bartender pours them. The Otis Redding version of "Shake" blares out of the jukebox. (X)

ROBBIE

(hearing the music)

Oh, man, remember this?

Robbie bangs back one of his shots.

CROCKETT

This is the one I like.

Crockett hands Robbie his own wallet. Camera includes a picture of the two of them in football jerseys. Robbie is on Crockett's shoulder, and Robbie is holding a beer in one hand and a peace sign in the other.

3 ANOTHER ANGLE

3

Robbie's body is moving with the music. He hands the wallet back to Crockett.

ROBBIE

Good times, good, good, good times.

Crockett pockets his wallet and sends back his Scotch. Robbie's eyes are closed. His body still gyrates to the music. Some of the locals are watching Robbie.

4 FAVOR CROCKETT

4

smiles and shakes his head. His buddy hasn't changed. Although Robbie seems to have lost some of his jerkiness, his semi-erotic dance is filled with tension. Crockett stops smiling as Robbie hops onto the pool table. The Bartender comes over to Crockett.

BARTENDER

Why don't you get your sidekick under control?

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

4

CROCKETT  
Robbie. Cool out.

Robbie is now doing Motown-like spins on the table top, leaving circular marks on the felt.

BARTENDER  
(to Robbie)  
It's two hundred bucks outta you if I have to recover that table.

CROCKETT  
Robbie, This ain't American Bandstand. Come on, get down from there.

5 WIDER ANGLE

5

A large lumberjack-like Cuban and his smaller but muscular partner are annoyed with Robbie, who is now knocking their balls all over the table. Robbie is oblivious.

The Bartender gives a sign to the bouncer to take care of Robbie, but --

CROCKETT  
(to the bartender)  
Hey -- please -- cut him some slack.

BARTENDER  
You gonna pay for the top?

CROCKETT  
Yeah, I'll take care of it.

He turns to Robbie.

CROCKETT  
Robbie, you're upsetting the establishment.

The Cuban has taken out a small .22 caliber handgun.

CUBAN  
Hey, man...you know what's healthy for you, you get out the table.

CROCKETT  
Put it away, pal --

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED

5

Crockett has his own weapon out along with his badge.

6 FEATURE ROBBIE

6

seeing the Cuban's gun, comes out of his trance and slowly stops dancing. His body once again tenses, his eyes nailed to the Cuban's gun.

ROBBIE

Hey, hey, hey, hey. No problems at all.

CROCKETT

Just lay it on the table.

ROBBIE

Sonny, relax.

He jumps off the table.

ROBBIE

This little guy didn't mean it.  
Right?

(X)

The Cuban doesn't answer. He would have done it for the fun of it, and Robbie sees this. Robbie extends his hand to the Cuban, whose lips break into a long slit of a smile. The Cuban extends his hand, ready for something. The two men join hands.

Within a second, Robbie has driven the man back into the wall, snapping the man's hand into a coat hook, sending the gun to the floor. Robbie gives two quick butts with his head into the Cuban's face. Without breaking the flow, Robbie has the man down with both hands behind his back and his face grinding into the gritty planks of the bar floor. The Cuban is gasping for air in between his grunts of pain.

7 NEW ANGLE

7

The Cuban's partner and Crockett move forward to disengage the two men. When Robbie looks up, his eyes are like white-hot, glowing marbles.

ROBBIE

Back off!

He emphasizes his words by twisting some of the Cuban's cartilage. Crockett and the Cuban's partner do what Robbie says.

CONTINUED



7 CONTINUED

7

ROBBIE

Never pull a gun out unless you're planning to shoot somebody.

Again Robbie twists the Cuban for emphasis. Crockett calmly tries to get through to his buddy.

CROCKETT

Robbie, ease off. You started this dance...give the guy a break. He was stupid. You were stupid. Let's just forget it and get out of here.

(X)

Robbie considers, and he sees quickly what he should do. He releases the Cuban's arm. The man's huge body slips to the floor, exhausted from pain. Crockett comes to his buddy, who is exhausted and rattled as well and walks him to the door.

ROBBIE

Thanks, Sonny.

CROCKETT

(softly, kindly)

Hey, what am I here for?

Crockett throws some bills on the Bartender's counter.

BARTENDER

I don't want to see you again.

CROCKETT

Yeah, yeah, yeah. I love you, too.

They exit.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

7A INT. BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

7A

Following the fleet feet of Noogie Lamont as he struggles to keep pace with a stout sax man named Muldoon, both descending into the lower depths of the original Copacabana --

NOOGIE

...baby's got the body of death,  
Jack -- we're talkin' treble clef  
with a capital K -- put her in pumps  
and the audience jumps --

MULDOON

Can she carry a tune?

NOOGIE

Carry it? Annie can pick it up,  
bench press it, throw it across the  
room and catch it 'fore it hits the  
floor --

Muldoon stops short in front of a partially opened room marked "Employees Only". Glimpse of pretty gams stretched out across a chair within --

MULDOON

Annie? Ample Annie -- your alleged  
spouse? Stripper at the Howdy Club?

NOOGIE

My pride and joy -- my Noogie-toy--

MULDOON

(shakes his head)  
I've always heard that love was  
blind, but...

(starts off)

...I never knew it was deaf.

CONTINUED

7A CONTINUED

7A

NOOGIE

(sour grapes)

She's on tour anyway -- I was just  
tryin' to do you a favor, jazz man,  
liven up that runeral you call a  
band.

Then sees the legs within the room. Smooths back his hair  
and braces for an entrance, Annie forgotten --

8 INT. DRESSING ROOM - ORIGINAL COPACABANA - NIGHT

8

Dorothy Cooke, slim, good-looking, almost like a deer,  
graceful, yet frightened and confused, is trying to get her  
baby to take some milk as Noogie blows in.

NOOGIE

Hold me back! Hold me back! I  
think I have seen the legs of  
heaven --

Stops short when he sees the kid. The baby gurgles.  
Dorothy smiles nervously.

DOROTHY

Hi.

NOOGIE

Baby, baby...madonna and child.

DOROTHY

(blushes)

Look, I know I'm not supposed to  
have him back here, but --

Noogie kicks the door shut.

NOOGIE

No need to cop to the Noogman, girl.  
I don't work here. Or anywhere --

Whereupon the door bangs open again, nearly whacking an  
indignant Noogie as Stanley Nello, a tuxedo-clad flunky for  
the higher-ups of the club appears in the doorway --

NELLO

What's this I hear about a baby  
being back here?

NOOGIE

Don't look at me.

CONTINUED

DOROTHY

Mr. Nello, it's just for tonight. I didn't have time to find a babysitter and --

NELLO

Well, you got fifteen minutes to find one and be back here in a tutu and on the floor --

NOOGIE

Cut her some slack, Jack --

NELLO

Oh? You want to answer to Cannata and Rossini when they come down here and see the kid?

NOOGIE

Never happen -- Rossini's too fat to even fall down those steps --

NELLO

(realizing)

What the hell are you doing back here?

Noogie looks from Nello to Dorothy who's on the verge of tears.

NOOGIE

Babysitting.

The Original Copacabana is a club inside the Regency Fair Hotel. Johnny Cannata and Frank Rossini -- both from the old school of organized crime -- are sitting and drinking. Rossini, a blubbery man with a croaking voice, giggles as he watches his friend and partner, Morty Price, on stage. Cannata does not seem as amused. He is Rossini's senior, yet looks younger. He wears thick glasses and draws intently on thin, black cigarettes.

Morty Price, from the old school of stand-up comedy, has no delivery, no material, and his rubber lips flap together as he drones out his routine.

PRICE

And you think you got problems? My wife doesn't even own underwear.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED

9

Mild laughter from the rest of the audience. Rossini claps like a fat seal in a water show.

PRICE

My wife is so ugly, I brought her to the track. I brought her to the track there, and somebody bet on her.

ROSSINI

Hey, that's a new joke. I can't believe he found a new joke.

CANNATA

That's not new.

ROSSINI

It isn't?

CANNATA

No. Maybe it is. who knows.  
(beat)  
I don't know anymore.

PRICE

I got married young, real young, I married an older woman. But it's no fun anymore. She's old. She's so old, we call her brassiere the hoist.

10 INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

10

Dorothy's baby is sleeping nappily in his arms. Noogie, on the other hand, looks like he's in shock --

(X)

DOROTHY (O.S.)

(X)

I really appreciate this, Mr. Lamont. I mean, this job is really important to me right now...

10A DOROTHY

10A (X)

unselfconsciously slides a fishnet stocking over a slim ankle, a tight calf, and then a gorgeous young thigh...and just as she slips it over her panty notices a cluster of large black, yellow and blue marks --

CONTINUED

10A CONTINUED

10A

DOROTHY  
(to herself)  
Oops. Better cover those...

She reaches for some pancake.

10B WIDE

10B

Noogie tears his gaze away before he overheats.

NOOGIE  
Whoa, you been fighting with  
midgets?

DOROTHY  
No.  
(smile fades)  
My husband. I left him.

NOOGIE  
TKO.  
(beat)  
My baby's baby sister, her old man  
used to slap her around. I don't  
get it. If I was a chick, nobody'd  
boogie on the Noogie -- One blow and  
I go. Gone. Out. Historyville.  
Like you.  
(beat)  
Baby's sister rope-a-doped for three  
long years 'fore she split.

DOROTHY  
It took me a year and half. Wasn't  
until he tried to hit Stevie that I  
left, came down here --

NOOGIE  
A year and a half?? You leave your  
brain in a box somewhere?

DOROTHY  
(giggles)  
No.  
(beat, serious:)  
He loved me. I think he loved me...  
(matter-or-fact)  
He just hit me 'cause I'm ugly.

CONTINUED

10B CONTINUED

10B

Dorothy really believes this. Noogie sees that there is something very sad about Dorothy, an obviously attractive woman.

NOOGIE

You got someplace to stay?

DOROTHY

I'm in a motel across from the airport. Cheapest place I could find...but two, three nights working here, I can move out of there, get a good place.

NOOGIE

What if the Bruiser's a cruiser and comes lookin' for you?

DOROTHY

No. He won't.

(beat)

I talked to God in Kennedy Airport the day I left New York, and I told Him I would kill myself if anybody treated me like that again, but He said that I have to live for my baby. So, I told Him I would kill anybody that tried to hurt me like that.

(beat)

I don't think God is going to let Frank come near me again.

Noogie is silent, feels for Dorothy, knowing what she must have gone through to be driven to this state.

11 INT. COPACABANA - NIGHT

11

Price's drone is ever present. Dorothy is now running from table to table, her high heels making it difficult to hurry.

12 INT. COPACABANA - TABLE DOWN FRONT - NIGHT

12

Music now playing. Dorothy is serving drinks to three guys -- real tacky, white patent leather shoes, the whole bit. One of the guys runs his hand up Dorothy's thigh to her bottom. She jerks away from the table, spilling several of the drinks on the floor. Nello signals a busboy to clean it up.

13 INT. COPACABANA - NIGHT

13

Later. Dorothy is serving Cannata, Rossini and Price. She puts the drinks down. Rossini takes his. Sticks his fat tongue out. Dorothy takes his drink and switches it with Cannata's. Both men stare at the girl like, "I gotta drink from his glass?" She takes the glasses away, realizing her mistake. Cannata calls Nello over and whispers in his ear. Nello nods his head affirmatively.

14 INT. DRESSING ROOM

14

Dorothy has changed into her street clothes and is counting her tips. Nello knocks and enters.

NELLO

Dorothy....

DOROTHY

Yeah?

NELLO

I don't think it's going to work out for you here. I'm going to have to let you go.

DOROTHY

(stunned)

What?

NELLO

It's just the way things worked out.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

He exits. Dorothy stares at the door, stunned. Her baby begins to cry --

15 OMITTED

15

16 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

16

Dorothy wanders through the huge, deserted, gaudy room, her face streaked with tears. She is lost in every sense of the word. She sits and hugs her baby, more for her sake than the child's.

Suddenly, there is a man in front of her. She looks up. It's the old, almost friendly face of Price.



- 17 ANOTHER ANGLE 17  
 Noogie bounces up the large steps that lead to the lobby (X)  
 and sees Price and Dorothy. They don't see him.
- 18 NOOGIE'S POINT OF VIEW ACROSS THE LOBBY - PRICE 18  
 wipes the tears from Dorothy's cheek. She breaks down and  
 hugs him. He says something to her and put his arm around  
 her. They walk toward the elevators.
- 19 INT. PRICE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 19  
 Dorothy is on the bed. The tears are still flowing. She  
 is sipping a drink. Price sits on the bed opposite her.  
 She finishes the drink. He takes the glass from her and  
 refills it.

PRICE

What you worried about? I know Mr.  
 Cannata and Frank Rossini twenty-  
 seven years. I'll speak to them.  
 I'll explain things. It's going to  
 be all right.

(then)

You're a beautiful girl. That's  
 what they love here. They need  
 girls like you, and with me in your  
 corner, you're in like Flynn.

DOROTHY

(beat)

Thank you for helping....

PRICE

Good. That's nice. That's what I  
 like to hear...I like being thanked.

He kisses her lightly. She is shocked. He tries to kiss  
 her again. She pushes him away.

DOROTHY

Please...I'm sorry, I don't want  
 to...

He is on top of her. Their bodies fall to the floor, and  
 she is fighting to get out from underneath him.

DOROTHY

Get off me!

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED

19

Price is smiling like a lunatic. He kisses her again. She tries to wriggle out from underneath him. He rips her shirt open. She begins flailing her arms. One of them catches him in the eye. He stops for a second and smiles and backhands her across the face. All the fear and pain of being treated like this for a year and a half come to the surface.

PRICE

I don't mind if you don't.

She gets out from under him and scurries along the floor to the door. He is right behind her. She grabs a steak knife off a room service tray. He hesitates, seeing the knife.

PRICE

(continuing)

Come on, we'll trade favors...tit for tat. You wash my back, I'll wash yours....

DOROTHY

(through tears)

Get back!

20 ANGLE IN HALLWAY

20

There are several people going to their rooms and several people leaving for early morning jobs. There are maids as well, beginning their morning work.

21 PRICE'S HOTEL ROOM - DOROTHY

21

Price's dead eyes stare up to her. She sees herself in the mirror -- her shirt ripped beyond repair, her hair a mess and the baby in her arms. She takes a small beach bag from under the table in the corner of the room and gently lays her son in it. The top of the table is covered with stacks of paper. Dorothy takes some of them, balls them up, and lays them on top of her baby and then covers him with several unballied-up sheets. Her son remains sleeping and oblivious. (X)

22 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

22

Dorothy, now in a jacket and hat of Price's, slips a "DO NOT DISTURB" sign on the door. In her other hand, she holds the small beach bag with her baby partially covered by the papers.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED

22

She disappears down the stairs marked "EXIT".

23 INT. PRICE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

23

Tubbs and Castillo stand watching two medics lift a very stiff Morty Price into a body bag.

TUBBS

Definitely not a funny way to die.

Crockett appears in the doorway.

TUBBS

I thought you were off.

CROCKETT

Since when has that mattered? Who's in the bag?

CASTILLO

Morty Price.

CROCKETT

The comic?

TUBBS

Got a nice cut with a steak knife.

CROCKETT

Definitely not a funny way to die.

(X)

TUBBS

I already said that.

(X)

CROCKETT

(to Castillo)

So why are we here?

(X)

CASTILLO

Johnny Cannata and Frank Rossini own this hotel.

CROCKETT

Why would they kill a comic?

CASTILLO

I don't think they did. The FBI has had them under surveillance. Price was involved with Cannata and Rossini, very tight...

(X)

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

CROCKETT  
Silent partners?

CASTILLO  
We don't know.

They head out of the room --

23A INT. HALLWAY

23A

Where Noogie and Trudy are coming to find them. Noogie brightens when he sees Crockett and Tubbs --

NOOGIE  
Crockettman and the Tubberoo!

TUBBS  
(to Crockett)  
I thought this was a security building --

TRUDY  
I ran into Mr. Wonderful downstairs. Says he saw a cocktail waitress named Dorothy Cooke head up here with Morty Price 'bout four o'clock this morning --

During which Morty's bagged body comes out of the room, and Noogie takes note --

NOOGIE  
Somebody cut up the cut-up?

CROCKETT  
Stick to the plot, Noogie --

NOOGIE  
I'm hep, I'm hep -- I was tryin' to bring joy to the multitudes by adding my main squeeze in Bobby Muldoon's musicality --

CROCKETT  
Ample Annie on stage at the Copa? They'd hafta pass out pacemakers at the door.

TUBBS  
What's your connection to Ms. Cooke?

CONTINUED

23A CONTINUED

23A

NOOGIE

I'm her Nanny, Danny --

CROCKETT

Know where we can find her?

NOOGIE

(suspicious)

My lips are sealed.

But Trudy hands Tubbs a slip of paper --

TRUDY

I checked with her boss -- said she was let go tonight -- but on the job application she listed the Motel Candida, out by the airport --

24 INT. MOTEL CANDIDA ROOM - DAY

24

Dorothy is feeding her baby. Her mascara has streaked her face, almost like a grotesque clown makeup.

She hears a sound outside. Footsteps. Sees the shadow of feet at the crack under the door. Quickly she settles her baby back into the beach bag and slips beneath the bed --

24A ANGLE - THE DOORWAY

24A

For a moment the feet seem to have left...then, suddenly, the door explodes open, the wood frame splintering into the room. Two figures enter, both in dark, casual clothing with stocking masks over their faces. Without a second's hesitation, one of them has put two shots into the empty bed. Then there is silence. Their eyes search the room.

24B ANGLE - DOROTHY - UNDER THE BED

24B

Frightened eyes frozen on the feet of her attackers.

24C ANGLE - THE GUNMEN

24C

One of them goes banging into the bathroom, fires into the pulled shower curtain. The other remains in the room, looking around. Spies the bottom of the beach bag, half-hidden under the bed. Moves to it, and tries to pull it out --

- 24D ANGLE - DOROTHY - UNDER THE BED 24D  
Hangs onto the beach bag -- can't let go -- face of the  
gunman appears suddenly, looking at her -- and she can't  
even scream, but --  
CROCKETT (O.S.)  
Miami Vice -- freeze!
- 24E ANGLE - DOORWAY - CROCKETT 24E  
Gun drawn, Tubbs behind him -- but before either can move  
inside --
- 24F ANGLE - BATHROOM 24F  
--the second hitman appears and begins firing into the  
open doorway, missing Crockett -- who ducks back to safety  
-- but providing cover for --
- 24G THE FIRST GUNMAN 24G  
--who quickly dives through the window behind the bed,  
then proceeds to provide cover for the second gunman from  
Crockett and Tubbs -- and he too makes a quick exit --
- 24H OUTSIDE - CROCKETT AND TUBBS 24H  
--realizing the gunmen are making an escape. Tubbs takes  
off for the back of the building. Crockett proceeds into  
the room, rolling --
- 24I THE ROOM 24I  
Crockett quickly moves to the shattered window -- presses  
himself up against the wall, then darts his head out, and  
fires at the fleeing gunmen -- whereupon
- 24J DOROTHY 24J  
rolls out from under the bed, on the other side, grabs the  
beach bag holding her baby and -- clutching it tightly --  
runs into the bathroom and slams the door shut and locked  
behind her.

24K CROCKETT 24K

Sees only the last of this. Goes to the bathroom door. (X)

CROCKETT

Dorothy, this is Detective Crockett.  
Miami Vice. Everything's okay -- (X)

No answer. Crockett kicks the door in with his foot. (X)  
There is nothing left in the room except the bullet-ridden  
shower curtain and an open window.

25 thru 26 OMITTED 25 thru 26

27 EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY - FEATURE CROCKETT 27

coming into the parking lot. Just then, a green '76  
Oldsmobile sedan backs out of its space, nearly knocking  
Crockett over, and drives off. Crockett runs but cannot  
catch it; he stops and watches it disappear.

And then, from around the back, a black Caddy with no  
plates come screaming toward the exit...Tubbs right on its  
tail.

Crockett crouches and draws his gun. He fires once, twice.  
It's no good.

The car comes barreling past. Crockett dives out of the  
way and fires into its trunk as it hurtles away.

28 CLOSER ANGLE 28

as Tubbs helps Crockett up. They trade looks: none of  
this makes sense. (X)

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

29 INT. OCB - STRATEGY ROOM - DAY

29

Everybody is around the conference table...passing around pictures of Rossini and Cannata. Castillo presides.

CASTILLO

(X)

Frank Rossini was convicted of murder in 1943 and served fifteen years. In 1960, he became partners with Johnny Cannata. Las Vegas. Atlantic City. Now they're spearheading the drive for legalized gambling in Miami. They've been arrested several times, but never convicted. Morty Price has been with Cannata and Rossini since they began working in Las Vegas. Dorothy Cooke is a question mark.

GINA

Except we think we know why she might've killed Morty Price.

TRUDY

Noogie says Dorothy told him tales of being beaten by her husband. That was back in New York, and it's what drove her down here with her baby.

(X)

GINA

(X)

I called him there. He was no help. But I did find out from NYPD that Dorothy tried twice in the past six months to have him arrested. Assault and battery.

TUBBS

(X)

So maybe Morty wanted to have a little S&M party, and Dorothy wasn't up for it...

CONTINUED



SWITEK  
(following the  
logic)

And then Cannata and Rossini order  
a hit, 'cause she's snuffed their  
old friend.

ZITO  
Yeah, a vendetta --

CROCKETT  
Uh-uh. Doesn't add up --

TUBBS  
(agrees)  
Why would they risk blowing a  
multi-million dollar shot at the  
casino racket on a vendetta against  
a cocktail waitress?

Nobody has a clue. Silence.

CASTILLO  
Cannata and Rossini -- we'll begin  
with them. Switek, Zito, I went  
video surveillance of the Regency  
Fair Hotel. Gina and Trudy, both of  
you try to get jobs in the hotel.  
Crockett, Tubbs --

CROCKETT  
Dorothy Cooke.

CASTILLO  
(nods)  
She's the key to everything.

29A EXT. SIDEWALK - MIAMI BEACH - DAY

29A

on Noogie, as he careens down a crowded sidewalk, swerving  
on a skateboard on the left side of control --

NOOGIE  
No brakes! No brakes!

--and then just as suddenly snatched off it by Crockett  
and Tubbs. The Noogman takes a hard fall - skateboard  
flips into the gutter --

CONTINUED

NOOGIE

Sudden impact -- ouch -- man, you are mangling my downside --

CROCKETT

Done any more babysitting, Noog?

NOOGIE

I ain't even gonna be sittin'-sittin', I keep running into you --

TUBBS

Talkin' about Dorothy, man.

Noogie picks himself up, gingerly --

NOOGIE

That wench? I been too busy rollin' down the Yellow Brick Road, Ricardo, we're talkin' deals on wheels, the Noogmobile --

TUBBS

Yeah, well, maybe in your travels you'll be keepin' an eye out for her -- ?

NOOGIE

Why? So you can put those long luscious legs in stir?

TUBBS

No. 'Cause she recently became target practice for the bad guys.

NOOGIE

(sober)

Shame she can't just click ner heels together and book on back to Kansas, huh?

CROCKETT

Gotta find her, wizard.

TUBBS

Before they do.

They walk away. Noogie watches them. Considering.

NOOGIE

Yo.

