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MIAMI VICE
TALE OF THE GOAT

Written

by

Jim Trombetta

#60036

MIAMI VICE

TALE OF THE GOAT

CAST

SONNY CROCKETT
RICARDO TUBBS
SWITEK
ZITO
CASTILLO
GINA
TRUDY

INSPECTOR
PALLBEARERS
SYLVIO ROMULUS
MARIE SANSARICQ
HEPCAT
HUNGAN
LEGBA

PARAMEDIC
SHANGO
TI-JEAN
DR. OHARA
BARON SAMEDI
OGU
AGWE
DANCERS
BOBBY PROFILE
BODYGUARD #1
BODYGUARD #2
SALESMAN #1
SALESMAN #2
CELEBRANTS
YOUNG GIRL

SETS

INTERIORS:

AIRPORT FREIGHT WAREHOUSE (X)
CORRIDOR
CUSTOMS (X)
OCB
CASTILLO'S OFFICE
COMPUTER TERMINAL
VOODOO CHURCH
PROFILE SHOWROOM
PROFILE'S OFFICE
VAULT
GAME ARCADE
ROMULUS' HOUSE (X)
BEDROOM (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
GYMNASIUM (X)

EXTERIORS:

AIRPORT (X)
CEMETERY
GRAVESITE
VIDEO GAME ARCADE (X)
STOREFRONT VODOO CHURCH
ROMULUS' HOUSE
PROFILE LOT (X)
PHONE BOOTH
ST. VITUS' DANCE
MIAMI STREETS (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
GYMNASIUM (X)

VEHICLES

TRUCK
RV

GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

O-gu

Ag-we

Damballah = Dom-boll-ah

we-do

veve = vay-vay

atibo = ateebo

vodu = long o, short u

Others should be self-explanatory.

As for the chant, note that words are bastardized French, spelled out phonetically. E.g., "mwe" = "moi", uvri = ouvrez. Pronounce them as written on the page (since they are transcribed from chants that are sung, not written down), or, when in doubt, as French, e.g. "ratre," like any French word with an -re ending. "Baye" -- pronounce the last e.

MIAMI VICE

"TALE OF THE GOAT"

TEASER

FADE IN

1 EXT. AIRPORT - ON THE TARMAC - DAY 1
Jets scream as an airport loading vehicle rolls toward us, (X)
away from a black-painted prop plane in the b.g. The
vehicle passes close so that we see its burden: Legba's
coffin. As the jet sound subsides, we hear:

CROCKETT (V.O.)
(relating a
tale)
...His hitters were so-called
zobops --

TUBBS (V.O.)
(playful)
Zobops?

CROCKETT (V.O.)
Yeah --

2 INT. AIRPORT FREIGHT WAREHOUSE - WITH CROCKETT AND TUBBS 2 (X)
as they stride briskly toward the customs area.

CROCKETT
-- gangs of 'em roam the boonies in
Haiti. Hoods who claim to be
sorcerers. Possessed by the voodoo
gods.
(beat)
Scare the hell out of people, rip
'em off, kill 'em for a pack of
cigarettes.
(beat)
Legba brought zobops to Miami. That
was his contribution to our way of
life.

TUBBS
(slightly
needling)
That's a hell of a story, Sonny.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED

2

CROCKETT
(unperturbed)
You bet...

Turning to a door...

3 CUSTOMS AREA - FROM COFFIN

3

The coffin now bulks in the f.g. The door can be seen, more or less from the vantage of someone lying in the coffin, as Crockett and Tubbs enter.

CROCKETT
...Now you're gonna see the end of
it.

The two walk directly toward the coffin...

4 ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDE COFFIN

4

We now discern an intricate voodoo sign -- the veve of Legba -- inscribed on the lid. Crockett and Tubbs are met by a customs inspector holding a clipboard of documents and flash their badges.

INSPECTOR
(indicating
coffin.)
This what you want to see?

CROCKETT
You got it.

INSPECTOR
(reading off
documents)
Maximilian Ildefonse...

CROCKETT
A.K.A. Legba...

INSPECTOR
Native-born Haitian...Naturalized
American citizen...to be buried
here.

CROCKETT
What say we open her up?

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

4

INSPECTOR
(not that keen
on it)
Be my guest.

5 LEGBA POV - IN COFFIN

5

Darkness. Then the lid swings open, and Crockett and Tubbs are looking down.

CROCKETT
(a bitter
satisfaction)
Legba...

6 CROCKETT, TUBBS, INSPECTOR

6

looking down at Legba. A well-built handsome black man in early middle age; his sneering countenance approximates that on the mummy of an all-powerful Pharaoh. He seems shrunken, gray, in a word, dead.

INSPECTOR
Heart failure.

Crockett grunts and pulls a camera from his pocket. Tubbs eyes his partner, a little put off by the corpse, a little amused by Crockett's intensity.

INSPECTOR
(continuing)
What's that for?

CROCKETT
Proof.

7 LEGBA'S POV - IN COFFIN

7

Crockett sighting through the camera.

CROCKETT
Say cheese, pal.

Searing brightness of the flashbulb...bleeding into daylight:

8 EXT. HAITIAN CEMETERY - DAY

8

Somewhere on the outskirts of Miami, somewhat wild and weedgrown. Outsize crosses mark the graves. A number of Haitians, most -- but not all -- in the white clothing of celebrants, mill in the general vicinity of a fresh open grave. We glimpse Tubbs among them. In the b.g., there are some battered vehicles parked along a road, and one cherry Honda motorcycle. A hearse is pulling up...

Pull back to find Crockett, crouched away from the gathering behind a grave marker. He looks through a telephoto lens on his camera and speaks through a small transmitter to Tubbs.

CROCKETT

Guest of honor finally made it.

9 TUBBS

9

watching six Haitian pallbearers in white open the back of the hearse.

TUBBS

(into his own
transmitter)

Must be why they call them 'late.'

10 PALLBEARERS

10

all in white, begin to carry the coffin. As they do so, they chant:

PALLBEARERS

Atibo-Legba, Papa-Legba, Vodun-
Legba...

Moving with the coffin, we pass a few onlookers, and then stay with one young man, a Haitian Hepcat in trendy clothing, shirt collar turned up, hair spiky, carrying a shoulder bag. He unzips the bag and begins to withdraw an M-10 Ingram gun...reacting as he sees Marie Sansaricq, a beautiful Haitian girl, early 20s, rather elegantly dressed, walking past him. She gives Tubbs a saucy, flirtatious look, as if daring him to respond. Tubbs tries to remain impassive and coplike behind his shades, but finally cracks and grins back. As he hears Crockett through his earplug:

CROCKETT (V.O.)

Easy does it, Romeo --

11 CROCKETT 11

observing through the telephoto lens, shaking his head.

CROCKETT

(through
transmitter)

That's Marie Sansaricq, Legba's
former sweetie. Whoa, turn around,
don't let this guy make you.

12 TUBBS 12

turns away as Sylvio Romulus, a tall Haitian with a
basketball player's build, dressed in pimp-dealer gear,
grabs Marie by the wrist. The two argue in Creole.

CROCKETT (V.O.)

Sylvio Romulus. Legba's righthand
man. Most likely to inherit his
business...

As Romulus angrily draws Marie away, the Pallbearers carry
Legba's coffin between the couple and Tubbs. When the
coffin has passed, we glimpse in the b.g. Romulus dragging
Marie away by the arm. Teetering on high heels, she shoots
one quick glance back at Tubbs...

13 CROCKETT'S POV - THROUGH LENS 13

as Romulus puts Marie in his late-model car, none too
gently.

CROCKETT (V.O.)

(to himself)

What's the hurry, Sylvio?

The image of Romulus freezes as Crockett snaps his picture.

14 GRAVESITE - TUBBS 14

steps back to let the Pallbearers set the coffin down, more
or less in front of him. An elderly Hungan (voodoo priest)
steps forward to officiate just as, directly across from
Tubbs, the Hepcat appears, shoving mourners aside,
brandishing and leveling his Ingram gun.

15 CLOSE ON TUBBS 15

reacting, reaching for his own weapon as he sinks down in
slow motion for cover...

- 16 CROCKETT 16
reacts to the heavy thump of automatic fire from the gravesite, which he cannot see because of the press of onlookers...
- 17 HEPCAT 17
shoots up the coffin, rounds punching holes in it, gouging divots of wood out of it...
- 18 CROCKETT 18
running to the scene...
- 19 HEPCAT 19
breaks from the group, on the far side of it from Crockett, mounts the Honda, and roars off...
- 20 AT THE COFFIN 20
Crockett pushes through the frightened onlookers. Tubbs appears on the other side of the coffin, bracing his arms on it in a firing position. They exchange a look. Tubbs rises and the two yank the coffin lid open...
- 21 INSIDE COFFIN 21
A furry mass...
- 22 CLOSE 22
The head of a goat, its eye open and shiny...
- 23 CLOSER 23
The wet teeth of the goat, as if it were grinning...
- 24 CROCKETT, TUBBS, HUNGAN 24
staring at the goat. The Hungan claps his hands once.

HUNGAN
(conversationally)
Zombie.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED

24

He shrugs and turns away.

From the onlookers rises an awed keening...

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

25 EXT. HAITIAN DISTRICT - DAY 25

of the city. An area now run down and shabby. It's hot (X)
and people are out on the stoops and sidewalks. Camera
picks up an ambulance, parked unobtrusively in front of a
storefront Voodoo church -- blank glass facade like porno
store.

26 INT. STOREFRONT VODOO CHURCH - A CORNER - SMALL 26
EKG MONITOR

in the f.g. with a glowing display. A flat line with
minute slow ripples suddenly rises into the crest-and-
trough rhythm of a healthy heart rate, accompanied by
beeps. A shadow on the wall behind this instrument
resolves itself into that of a man standing up...a
hypodermic syringe in his hand...

27 LEGBA 27

lies on a cot, next to which an old-fashioned wooden (X)
crutch is propped. He looks much as he did in his coffin,
but now his lips move and we hear him breathe...

28 PARAMEDIC 28

A young Haitian in a white medical jacket, putting his
syringe away in a little black bag. He nods to someone
off...

29 TWO ZOBOPS 29

Both Haitians. Shango, a wiry intense man of manic
disposition sits by the bed nodding vigorously as if
mocking the Paramedic. There is an HK assault rifle across
his lap. He is sometimes possessed by the Voodoo god of
thunder and lightning.

Behind a cheap card table sits Ti-Jean Dantor, wearing a
pistol in a shoulder holster over his bare chest. He is a
bodybuilder whose muscle definition suggests his skin was
peeled to make him a living anatomical chart.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED

29

On the table in front of him, there are a couple of pistols, an M-161A submachine gun, and a wad of white foam C-4 explosive, with which he toys.

30 WIDER - ALL THREE

30

The Paramedic packs the EKG and its electrodes away in his bag. He nods again as Ti-Jean puts a finger to his own lips, cautioning silence, and rises to hand him an envelope full of cash. As the Paramedic moves rather eagerly to the door, we hear:

LEGBA (V.O.)

Merci, Monsieur.

31 LEGBA

31

sits up, smiling. He reaches for the crutch and Ti-Jean (X) helps him lean on it and stand.

32 FULL

32

The Paramedic bows formally and quickly splits. Legba smiles pleasantly at the two Zobops. Shango lights a cigarette as Ti-Jean hands Legba an Uzi 9mm machine-pistol which can be fired in one hand. There is a silencer screwed to the muzzle.

Legba hefts the weapon appreciatively as Shango places the lit cigarette carefully between the fingers of his other hand. Legba draws deeply on the cigarette and hands it back to

33 SHANGO

33

who closes his fist tightly around the lit cigarette and drops the extinguished butt to the floor.

34 INT. CASTILLO'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON PHOTOGRAPH - DAY

34

in Castillo's hands: Legba in his coffin, taken by Crockett in the customs area.

CROCKETT

Come on, Lieutenant, look at it --

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED

34

Castillo puts the photo down on his desk and Crockett and Tubbs become visible seated across from him.

CROCKETT

(continuing)

If he isn't dead, nobody is.

35 FULL

35

CASTILLO

That's not what the shooter thought.

Switek leans in the door.

SWITEK

Lieutenant, there's a Dr...Ohara
here to see you.

CASTILLO

Good. Send him in.

As Switek departs, Castillo opens a plastic evidence bag on his desk and pulls out a length of rubber hose.

CASTILLO

(continuing)

This was connected to an air vent in
the coffin. A man could breathe in
there.

TUBBS

A man's body could have been removed
between customs and the hearse.

36 ANOTHER ANGLE - OHARA

36

enters. Not Irish, but a stocky Japanese physician who looks like a scaled-down version of Oddjob. Castillo raises a hand in greeting; Crockett and Tubbs only vaguely register his presence.

TUBBS

But as for him gettin' up under his
own power --

CROCKETT

Unless he was freeze-dried --

A beeper in Dr. Ohara's suitcoat begins to sound off...
Crockett and Tubbs look up irritably.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

36

Ohara smiles apologetically, turns the beeper off.

OHARA

Sorry. We'll have to make this quick.

CASTILLO

(nods)

Detectives Crockett and Tubbs. Dr. Ohara.

Tubbs and Crockett shake hands with him without getting up. Ohara sits. Castillo looks attentively at him.

OHARA

Lt. Castillo has apprised me of... the basic situation. I think it's possible your man is indeed alive.

CROCKETT

How?

37 NEW ANGLE

37

OHARA

Let me explain. In Japan, I examined and talked with a man who was pronounced dead. A week later he climbed out of a cart carrying him to a crematorium.

(beat)

I also saw a man who had awakened on a morgue slab, and another who revived in a coffin after it was nailed shut...

(beat)

But fortunately before it was covered with dirt. They'd all eaten a particular type of sushi...the fugu fish.

Crockett gives Tubbs a raised-eyebrow look, but Tubbs is laughing.

TUBBS

Had some in New York. What a rush!

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED

37

OHARA

(sober)

And often a fatal one.

(off Tubbs'
reaction)

The rush you get when you eat it comes from a toxin in the fish. Too much toxin and you keel right over...death is immediate. But sometimes the victim only appears to die. In these cases, the poison lowers the metabolic rate almost to the point of death. The deathlike state can last several days -- then the victim revives.

(beat)

If you will -- a zombie.

CROCKETT

I've heard that word once too often.

OHARA

Think it's a joke? Puffer-fish in the Caribbean contain the same toxin as the fugu. Some of the nastier voodoo priests slip it to people they don't like. Add some potent homegrown psychedelics and the victim feels like he's died and gone to hell -- a zombie.

(rising; to
Castillo)

I have to make tracks. I hope this has been helpful. And, Lieutenant, if you apprehend this man, I'd love to examine him.

CASTILLO

I'll see what I can do.

Ohara exists, waving goodbye without looking around.

38 FAVORING CROCKETT

38

CROCKETT

Foo-goo fish!

Castillo waits him out.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED

38

CROCKETT

(continuing)

A guy named Romulus used to run the numbers scene for Legba. If Leba's back, Romulus might lead us to him.

(X)

CASTILLO

(already turning to other matters)

As I understand it, Papa Legba was a serious problem. I prefer not to have that problem on our streets again.

(X)

39 EXT. SKID ROW - MOVING - DAY

39 (X)

with Legba's leg and crutch as he gimps along...past derelicts lolling or curled in fetal slumber...until he comes to Baron Samedi, a small nondescript man hunkered against a wall, sucking on a bottle in a paper bag. The crutch lashes out and knocks the bottle from his lips. It smashes on the pavement. Baron Samedi looks up sullenly. Legba drops his crutch, seizes the Baron by the collar and jerks him to his feet.

40 WIDER

40

Legba is accompanied by Shango and Ti-Jean, who carries a pickaxe and has a black dinner jacket over his arm. Legba bangs Baron Samedi against the wall a couple of times.

LEGBA

'Keepin' the faith, baby? Huh?
Huh?

BARON SAMEDI

Papa Legba! They said you died.

LEGBA

I remove the barrier, I walk with the living and the dead as I see fit.

(one more shove)

You insult the loa that lives in you.

(resonant, preaching)

I'm gonna carry you home. You gonna come home with me and live like a rich man?

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED

40

BARON SAMEDI
(near tears)
Ah, oui, oui...

Legba takes the dinner jacket from Ti-Jean, spins the Baron around and puts the jacket on him as if dressing a child, then gives him the pickaxe. The Baron's demeanor changes...

41 BARON SAMEDI

41

surrounded by Legba and other Zobops, who stare appreciatively at him. He soaks up their attention, becomes in a way as charismatic as a rock star -- possessed by the god of death.

LEGBA
Welcome, Baron Samedi -- master of
the graveyard.

He bends to pick up his crutch as Baron Samedi walks haughtily forward. They let the Baron take the lead...

42 EXT. STOREFRONT VODOO CHURCH - NIGHT

42

From within: the sound of pulsating drums and chanting. (X)

43 INSIDE - OGU

43

shoulders his way through a crowd of dancers. He wears a "Rambo" skull-under-beret T-shirt, a similar beret on his head, camouflage pants bloused into glossy paratroop boots. He swings a cavalry sabre...dancers clear a space around him.

DANCERS
(chanting to him)
Ogu, Ogu-wedo, god of warriors...

44 WIDER - VODOO RITE

44

The Hungan we saw at the grave walks through the gathering, spinning celebrants by the shoulders. Spun, they become entranced and join the dancing. The Hungan approaches a man wearing a sailor hat, a white T-shirt and bellbottom denims and spins him. The dancers salute him:

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED

44

DANCERS

Agwe, who guides those who go by the sea.

Agwe pulls up his pants leg to reveal a knife in a calf-harness like that worn by scuba divers. He places the knife in his mouth, blade inward, dances wildly off...

45 ANGLE ON DOOR

45

as if flies open. Legba -- leaning on his crutch, bent over as if very old -- stands there with Shango, Ti-Jean and Baron Samedi. The chanting and drumming abruptly stops. The Hungan bows formally and:

DANCERS

Atibo-Legba, Papa-Legba, Vodou-Legba,
remove the barrier..

Legba acknowledges the salute with raised crutch and the ritual resumes. He and the Zobops move into the gathering, the Hungan herding the others away from them. Legba approaches Ogu and Agwe, who stand gaping, takes each by the wrist and pulls them into a huddle with the other Zobops.

46 IN THE HUDDLE

46

An isolated psychological space. Legba shows a Polaroid photograph to the Zobops.

47 CLOSE - PHOTOGRAPH

47

A picture of Sylvio Romulus, dragging Marie Sansaricq away from the "burial." Legba sets fire to it with a Bic lighter. The photo blackens and curls, shedding an acrid chemical smoke.

48 EXT. ROMULUS' HOUSE - PANNING - DAY

48

through binoculars...starting on the living room window where Sylvio Romulus is seen talking on the phone. Then we see the Hepcat who shot up the coffin.

TUBBS (V.O.)

Well, well...it was Romulus who had
the coffin hit.

(X)

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED

48

CROCKETT (V.O.)

Must be as worried about Legba as
we are.

(X)

Then a second bodyguard and some suitcases. Romulus puts the phone down and walks off. The binocs move on to the bedroom to find Marie Sansaricq reaching into an open briefcase...pulling out cash.

49 ON TUBBS

49

watching -- he likes her looks...grins.

TUBBS

The scene is not serene.

50 POV THRU BINOCULARS - BEDROOM

50

Romulus grabs at the money Marie holds. She shakes her head vigorously, holds the money to her breasts. Romulus looks mad enough to strike her, but thinks better of it; he slams the briefcase shut, picks it up and exits in a huff...

51 FRONT OF HOUSE

51

The second bodyguard loads suitcases into Romulus' car. The Hepcat sits in the driver's seat. Romulus appears, looking upset, Marie behind him, carrying a small bag. He holds the car door open for her. She disregards him, begins walking away. He calls after her. She responds:

MARIE

Legba sees out the back of his head!

She walks determinedly in the direction of:

52 CROCKETT AND TUBBS

52

CROCKETT

Hear that? She's leaving the
sinking ship. Doesn't want to be
around if Legba turns up.

TUBBS

Where's she think she's going?

CROCKETT

(starting the car)
Not our concern right now, Rico...

- 53 MARIE 53
 in the f.g., walking, turns quickly, recognizing Tubbs in the passenger seat out of the corner of her eye, just as he turns away from her. She smiles, watching the Ferrari move past her, after Romulus' car...
- 54 EXT. PROFILE LOT - BOBBY PROFILE - DAY 54
 in a leisure suit of no color found in nature, doing a commercial before a video crew. In the b.g., we see his showroom, rank upon rank of cars and hulking RVs. At the edge of the action, Romulus holding the briefcase.
- PROFILE
 (sees Romulus)
 Is that a wrap? Cause I got a live customer here...
- Romulus approaches Profile, who puts an arm around him and leads him off toward the showroom.
- 55 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 55
 parked across the street.
- TUBBS
 Bobby Profile -- Mr. All-Night movie. (X)
- CROCKETT
 (watching through glasses)
 He'd buy time in your dreams if he could.
- 56 INT. SHOWROOM - THROUGH BINOCULARS 56
 An open door revealing an inner office containing a substantial vault. Romulus hands the briefcase to Profile...
- 57 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 57
 CROCKETT
 I don't think Romulus is buying a car. (X)

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED

57

TUBBS

Maybe Bobby P. washes off dirty
money for lowlifes like him.

CROCKETT

Be nice to find out.

(X)

58 ROMULUS

58

leaving the showroom, crossing the lot to his car, getting
in. The car pulls out:

TUBBS (V.O.)

Serendipity.

CROCKETT (V.O.)

(laughs)

Seren what?

TUBBS

When you go looking for something
and find something badder. I'm
getting happy.

(X)

59 EXT. HAITIAN DISTRICT - VIDEO GAME ARCADE - DAY

59

Romulus entering with his bodyguards.

60 INT. GAME ARCADE - MOVING

60

with Romulus, Hepcat and the second bodyguard as they walk
into dimness -- down an aisle of videogames with blinking
displays. At the end of the aisle stands an elevated
change booth where a shadowy figure sits. They pass a
couple of men, their backs to us, hunched over chortling
machines.

61 OGU

61

playing Missile Command, the detonations reflected luridly
on his face...turning to watch Romulus and friends pass.

62 ROMULUS, HEPCAT AND BODYGUARD #2

62

The Zobops moving in blurred focus in the b.g. Romulus
hails the change booth:

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED

62

ROMULUS

Yo, Auguste --

Then he sees who sits at the booth -- too late. He goes for a weapon but Shango and Ti-Jean seize his arms, force his forward. Agwe trips the Hepcat, who sprawls, and grabs Bodyguard #2 from behind. A scrape as Ogu pulls his sabre from its scabbard, a flash of light on the blade as it whistles down on #2.

63 CHANGE BOOTH - LEGBA

63

sitting at it like the judge of the dead in the underworld. Ti-Jean and Shango turn Romulus around, slam him back against the booth. Legba leans forward wrapping a garotte around his neck. The Hepcat bolts past, shoving Shango out of his way.

64 HEPCAT

64

following him as he runs past the change booth, out a back (X) door, into:

65 EXT. ALLEY

65 (X)

where he raises his hands to protect himself from Baron (X) Samedi in his tux, so slight and wasted it's surprising how well he swings the pickaxe...

66 TUBBS AND CROCKETT

66

in the car, bored. The arcade front and alley are visible in the b.g. As they talk, Baron Samedi saunters out of the alley.

CROCKETT

(looks at his watch)

Romulus must've racked up some free (X) games in there.

He looks up as Baron Samedi moves down the sidewalk away from the arcade. From the arcade come the other Zobops. They all head in different directions.

CROCKETT

Wait a minute...those are Legba's (X) boys.

He starts the car as

- 67 LEGBA 67
emerges from the arcade.
- 68 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 68
CROCKETT
Legba!
He peels out.
- 69 STREET SCENE 69
The Zobops scatter, disappear...Legba, hearing the car, sprints away, rounds a corner. The Ferrari careens after him.
- 70 THROUGH WINDSHIELD - OGU 70
stands in the middle of the street, raising his sabre. Crockett drives down on him. Tubbs draws his gun...
- 71 OGU 71
stands unafraid as the Ferrari flies toward him.
- 72 CROCKETT 72
curses and yanks the wheel.
- 73 FERRARI 73
swerving past Ogu, climbing the curb, hitting a trash barrel which caroms off a wall. Screeching to a halt. Crockett and Tubbs jump out, guns in hand...
- 74 WHERE OGU STOOD 74
Nobody.
- 75 STREET SCENE. 75
No Zobops. Pedestrians looking at the two detectives, wondering what they think they are doing.

76 IN THE ALLEY - CROCKETT AND TUBBS - LATER

76

staring, their faces registering carnage. In the f.g., the handle of the pickaxe sticks up at an acute angle.

CROCKETT

Zobops.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

77
thru
90
OMITTED

77
thru
90

90A EXT. ROMULUS' HOUSE - NIGHT

90A

A cab pulls up. Marie alights, goes inside. The cab waits.

90B INT. ROMULUS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - MARIE

90B

enters, goes directly to a closet, starts removing her dresses and belongings -- just what she can carry. She's working fast.

TUBBS (O.S.)

I'll bet it all looks good on you.

Marie turns to see Crockett and Tubbs emerge from the shadows.

MARIE

(to Tubbs)

You following me around?

CROCKETT

More like waiting to see who turns up.

TUBBS

Need a place to stay?

MARIE

Why, want to adopt me?

CROCKETT

Where's Legba?

MARIE

(laughs,
forcing it)

He's dead.

TUBBS

You know better, Marie.

(a hard beat)

It's Romulus who's dead. Legba caught up with him today.

CONTINUED

90B CONTINUED

90B

Marie reacts to this news as impassively as she can, but her eyes veil over with fear and sadness. (X)

CROCKETT

Baron Samedi with the pickaxe, Ogu with the sabre -- looks like all Legba's people are working again. (X)

TUBBS

(soft)

Suppose they come after you now?

MARIE

(shaking her head)

Legba won't hurt me. Without his help, I wouldn't even be in this country.

CROCKETT

(irritated by her

obtuseness)

Yeah, that was how he got his stake -- bring Haitians over in boats he owned. He liked your looks, so your group made it here in one piece.

(beat)

How many Haitians bought passage from Legba, and then washed up on the beaches around here? With their throats cut?

MARIE

He never discussed any of his business with me.

TUBBS

Guess you didn't want to know.

Marie tries to get her defenses back in place for a beat. Then: (X)

CONTINUED

90B CONTINUED (2)

90B

MARIE

If you want to catch him, you better do it quick. He's going back to Haiti. He only came back to get money Romulus owed him.

Crockett and Tubbs exchange a look, taking this in.

TUBBS

(to Marie)

He tell you that?

MARIE

(shakes head)

Romulus told me.

TUBBS

What are you going to do now?

MARIE

(trying to be casual)

My friends will look out for me.

TUBBS

Your friends are dropping fast.

Crockett writes something on the back of a business card and hands it to Marie.

CROCKETT

Look, here's where my boat is moored. You want a safe place to stay, you come around. Any time. Okay?

He nods to Tubbs. As they head out, Tubbs gives Marie a searching glance.

90C MARIE

90C

toys with the business card, watching them go. She then slips it into a pocket, resumes gathering her clothes and crosses out.

90D INT. LIVING ROOM

90D

as Marie emerges from the bedroom.

LEGBA (O.S.)

Going somewhere.

CONTINUED

90D CONTINUED

90D

Marie whirls. Angle widens, revealing Legba -- carrying his cane -- followed by Baron Samedi and Shango. They've come in from the rear. Legba is well-dressed in a way that suggests a Parisian boulevardier of the 20s. Baron Samedi wears a true tuxedo. Shango has on flashy but routine expensive sports clothes -- red pants express his explosive nature. Legba moves up to Marie.

MARIE

You did Romulus wrong.

LEGBA

He was most disloyal, ma petite.

(beat)

I will be returning to our native land soon. I will take you back with me.

MARIE

(heated)

You can't stay, because they will hunt you down. So you will prevent me from staying. That's the way you are.

Legba leans forward intently, strokes her hair.

LEGBA

(soft,
hypnotic)

It is not just Legba who wants you, but Ezili -- the goddess of love. Do you remember how it was, when she possessed you?

She listens, eyes moist --

90E MARIE'S MEMORIES - SUBLIMINAL CUTS

90E

Blurred flashes of voodoo rites; fire; and couples coupling.

90F BACK TO SCENE

90F

Marie pulls away. The business card falls to the floor.

MARIE

She never possessed me. I was faking it!

She pushes past Baron Samedi, out of the house. Legba scowls...then picks-up the business card.

91 EXT. ST. VITUS' DANCE - NIGHT 91

comes up from below, throws Elvis some food, hesitant, standing on the dock.

CROCKETT

Live it up, kid. Next week, you go on a diet.

Looking up he sees Marie --

92 INT. VODOO CHURCH - CLOSE ON TV - NIGHT 92

playing a Bobby Profile late-night commercial, Profile posing with a DeLorean. Gradually pull back to show the TV set in a corner.

PROFILE

-- I don't know if it'll take you back to the future, but I do know it can be yours, like anything on my lot --

Without warning, the TV screen is splattered with a stream of red fluid. Pan to show Legba holding an Uzi-shaped water pistol.

93 EXT. PROFILE LOT - PROFILE AND SALESMAN #1 - DAY 93

staring at an RV: spray-painted in red on the vehicle's side is a complex voodoo sign -- the veve of Legba that we saw on the coffin. Profile is redfaced and speechless with rage. Salesman #1, built like an enforcer, a pistol butt sticking out of his waistband, looks sheepish. Salesman #2, who also doubles as an enforcer for Profile, appears.

SALESMAN #2

You got a call, Bobby. Says he's Sylvio Romulus.

Profile charges off toward the showroom, Salesman #2 at his heels.

94 OMITTED 94

94A INT. BUG VAN ACROSS STREET - SECOND FLOOR

94A

Switek and Zito in back, Tubbs and Crockett (with binoculars) in front, watching the lot. Through a speaker wired to a bug-tap on Profile's phone, we hear breathing -- Legba. (X)

CROCKETT

Come on, come on -- let's get that trace --

Through the speaker we hear the sound of the phone being hung up and a dial tone.

CROCKETT

(disgusted)

Aw, hell.

95 INT. PROFILE'S OFFICE - PROFILE AND SALESMAN #2

95

A door in the back of his office is open, revealing the vault. With consummate annoyance, Profile gestures inquiringly at the phone.

SALESMAN #2

He was on line 3. Looks like he hung up.

The phone rings, line 3 lighting up. Profile picks up the receiver:

PROFILE

(rolling his eyes at

Salesman #2)

Yeah. I got a load of the graffiti. Lovely. Very attractive. It's gonna cost me a new paint job -- Oh, more than that?

A beat as he urges Salesman #2 into the vault, wherein he goes.

PROFILE

Meanwhile, Sylvio Romulus happens to be dead.

LEGBA'S VOICE

The dead speak out of my mouth. Sylvio, he's crying. He wants you--

96 OMITTED

96 (X)

