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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 him 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)

96A INT. BUG VAN - VICE OFFICERS 96A (X)

LEGBA'S VOICE
-- to save his soul from hell.

PROFILE'S VOICE
(laughs)
What, am I some kind of Pope? (X)

LEGBA'S VOICE
All that will be necessary is the
500 thousand Romulus owes me. (X)
Unless you want to join him where he
is.

97 PROFILE'S OFFICE 97

Salesman #2 stands behind Profile, holding a Korean 5.56mm
Daewoo assault rifle. Profile nods at him, keeps talking:

PROFILE
I don't have that kind of money just
layin' around, you know? It's all,
like, invested. I had Sylvio in a
bunch of things, money markets,
offshore banks, you know. I paid
him in clean dividends, and not all
at once. Tell you what -- you prove
title to Sylvio's assets, I'll show
you the portfolio.

98 EXT. STREET - PHONE BOOTH - LEGBA 98

As he talks, we glimpse over his shoulder a cemetery across
the street.

LEGBA
You want my signature? I wrote it
on your vehicle. I wrote it on
Romulus. You want me to write it on
you?

He hangs up and moves quickly off.

99 OMITTED 99 (X)

99A INT. BUG VAN 99A

The detectives react to the click of the phone hanging up. (X)
Then, through the bug:

CONTINUED

99A CONTINUED

99A

PROFILE'S VOICE

This guy I don't need.

100 PROFILE'S OFFICE - PROFILE AND SALESMAN #2

100

PROFILE

Voodoo garbage I don't need, ritual killings I don't need. You heard what happened to Romulus. The pickaxe? No thanks. And I don't need the heat either. I got too much volume coming through here from all kinds of people.

(beat)

So when this guy calls back -- which he most certainly is going to do -- we're going to make a deal and set up a drop.

SALESMAN #2

We are?

PROFILE

Yes, we are.

101 OMITTED

101 (X)

101A INT. BUG VAN

101A (X)

The detectives listen intently:

PROFILE'S VOICE

And you're gonna watch it. And when this joystick and his friends show up, you're gonna whack 'em.

Through the bug, the phone is ringing, and is quickly picked up.

CONTINUED

101A CONTINUED

101A

PROFILE'S VOICE

Okay, I think I can fix you up. I can shake loose 300 thou, take it or leave it. There's a construction site off I-95 north, a little out of town. The money will be in a small canvas bag by the main dumpster at eight tonight.

LEGBA'S VOICE

Tres bien.

PROFILE'S VOICE

Yeah, it is. And after this, you stay off my case. Got that, Dracula?

(X)

Through the bug, sound of the phone connection being broken.

DISSOLVE TO

102 EXT. PROFILE LOT - NIGHT

102

The two salesmen/enforcers put a canvas bag and weapons in the back of a van and drive off. A pause and Crockett and Tubbs follow in the Ferrari.

103 OMITTED

103 (X)

103A INT. BUG VAN - SWITEK AND ZITO

103A

watching them leave. Zito begins doing a crossword puzzle in a magazine. Switek munches a chili dog while desultorily observing Profile's lot through binoculars.

104 WHAT HE SEES

104

Profile stands in front of the showroom, surveying his well-lit domain. The Zobop, Shango, in a conservative business suit, carrying a briefcase, approaches Profile. They speak. Profile nods and smiles, leads Shango into the showroom.

105 SWITEK

105

SWITEK
(shrugging)
More wash for Bobby P.

(X)

106 PROFILE'S OFFICE - PROFILE AND SHANGO - NIGHT 106 (X)

Profile genially points Shango into a chair and sits himself.

PROFILE

Yeah, maybe I can help you out.
Whaddaya got in there?

Shango undoes the clasps of the briefcase.

SHANGO

Plenty.
(beat)
You gonna have a sale soon.

PROFILE

(eyes on the
case)
We got 'em constantly.

SHANGO

(grinning)
Fire sale.

He opens the briefcase. It is full of light --

107 PROFILE SHOWROOM - LONG SHOT - NIGHT 107 (X)

An explosion blows out the windows in a roiling, fiery cloud.

108 INT. BUG VAN - SWITEK AND ZITO 108 (X)

Switek drops his chili dog. He and Zito jump to their feet, look at each other, leap out. (X)

109 PROFILE OFFICE WITH VAULT - ZOBOPS 109

picking up and carrying out sacks of money. Small fires burn in Profile's blasted and now doorless office.

110 SWITEK AND ZITO 110

running across the street, nearly getting hit by speeding cars...

111 SHOWROOM - RV 111

The Zobops run out, carrying the sacks, throwing them in the RV.

112 SWITEK AND ZITO 112

make it to the lot, assume firing positions.

SWITEK

Hold it! Miami Vice!

113 SHOWROOM - RV 113

From the RV, Legba opens fire with his silenced Uzi pistol. The Zobops join in, laying down covering fire. Muzzle flashes are seen, but no sound is heard from the silenced weapons except bullets plunking into the:

114 CAR 114

Switek and Zito are crouched behind. They fire uselessly as the RV screams around a corner and is gone...

115 EXT. MARINA - CROCKETT'S BOAT - NIGHT 115

Gina and Marie seated on the deck.

MARIE

They call themselves the Grand Sanctuary. They are bocors -- their voodoo is what you would call black magic. They meet in a different place each time, always out of the city. People come from far away from Boston even -- to go to the rituals. Legba was the high priest. He loves it.

116 WATERLINE OF THE BOAT - AGWE 116

breaks the surface with a minor splash. He wears a mask and snorkel.

CONTINUED

116 CONTINUED

116

GINA (O.S.)

Suppose somebody wanted to join this
cult.

Holding the side, Agwe draws his leg up. He extracts the
knife from the harness on his calf and holds it in his
teeth...

117 FAVORING MARIE

117

MARIE

If you want to be initiated, you
wait at an intersection at five in
the evening.

(trying to
remember)

At 1st and Main...

(X)

She reacts as she sees Agwe.

118 FULL

118

Agwe lands squishing on the deck -- creature from the black
lagoon -- waving his knife. Marie stands up, terrified --
her worst nightmare incarnate -- and backs away fast.

119 GINA AND AGWE

119

Gina jumps to her feet, going for her pistol. Agwe closes with
her before she can get it out; he angles his knife up --
he'd like to gut her like a fish --

120 MARIE

120

climbing up to the dock, looks up and there is Ti-Jean
smiling down at her, a gun in his hand. She screams.

121 GINA AND AGWE

121

Gina has Agwe's wrist in two hands, gets a leg between his
legs and throws him down. She pulls out her gun -- a
small snubnose -- and swings it in the direction of

122 MARIE

122

on the dock, kicking Ti-Jean. This has no effect on him
whatever and he moves inexorably toward her.

- 123 GINA 123
fires her small snubnose.
- 124 TI-JEAN - INCLUDE MARIE 124
running off as Ti-Jean takes the impact. He looks puzzled,
puts a hand on his chest...and topples ponderously, a
colossus, thudding to the dock.
- 125 GINA 125
swings her pistol, aiming for Agwe...
- 126 WHAT SHE SEES 126
Agwe's foot slipping over the side, a quiet splash as he
enters the water.
- 127 GINA 127
at the side, firing into the water...with no observable
effect. She turns: No Marie.
- 128 CLOSE ON MARIE 128
running in panic, gasping...stopping suddenly as:
- 129 PROFILE'S RV 129
blocks her path, Legba smiling out the window.
- 130 FULL 130
A shadowy struggle as Zobops leap out of the RV, grab Marie
by the arms and drag her to it.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

131 EXT. MIAMI - STREETCORNER - DAY 131

An anonymous commercial strip with fast-food, K-Mart's, discount drugs. Tubbs waits at an intersection, wearing a cheap white suit and white Panama hat -- poor man dressed for church. (X)

A battered truck with a noisy engine labors past Tubbs, a faded legend on its side: "West Dade Poultry Co." It continues as if leaving Tubbs behind -- then grinds to a halt. A tarpaulin hanging over the truck's open back is disturbed and the Paramedic who revived Legba appears, beckoning to Tubbs.

132 ON CROCKETT 132

sitting in his car some distance away, observing through binoculars. He follows the motion as:

133 TUBBS 133

walks to the truck, the Paramedic leaning from its back.

PARAMEDIC

(scrutinizes
Tubbs)

You want to be mounted by the loa,
Monsieur? You think you like that?

TUBBS

(smiles
sheepishly; holds
out hands)

Got a problem with my hands.
Everything slips through them.

PARAMEDIC

(grinning;
knowing)

The loa will improve your fortunes,
fellow. You gonna feel some power
tonight. You got your tribute?

CONTINUED

133 CONTINUED 133

Tubbs takes an envelope from his pocket and gives it to him.

The Paramedic thumbs it open and we see a sheaf of bills inside. He grasps Tubbs' wrist and helps him climb inside.

134 CROCKETT 134

watches as Tubbs disappears behind the tarpaulin. The truck begins to move. Crockett sets his binoculars down and starts his car.

135 IN THE TRUCK 135

there are a number of Haitians, sitting or squatting--men and women, young and old, dressed in different styles but as if for church, all in white; even a couple with their twelve-year-old daughter who wears a white party dress. She smiles at Tubbs. The Paramedic puts a hand on Tubbs' shoulder, urging him to sit. He takes Tubbs' hat off and drops it in his lap, then sits down himself.

136 TUBBS 136

swaying with the motion of the truck. He reaches cautiously into the inside pocket of his jacket, where we glimpse a small electronic device.

137 CROCKETT 137

driving, keeping the truck in sight. A companion device to Tubbs' lying on the passenger seat begins to beep.

138 TRAVELING MONTAGE 138

The beeps continue, perhaps punctuating some ominous music, as Crockett follows down through city streets. (X)

139 INT. TRUCK 139

The Paramedic begins to chant and the celebrants gradually take it up; the rhythm matches the swaying and pitching of the truck.

CONTINUED

139 CONTINUED

139

CELEBRANTS

Atibo-Legba, l'uvri baye pu mwe, agoe!
Papa-Legba, l'uvri baye pu mwe
Papa-Legba, remove the barrier,
That llmay pass through
Vodu Legba, l'uvri baye pu mwe
Pu mwe sa ratre
Voodoo Legba, remove the barrier
That I may come back.

The Paramedic works his way through the group, waving his arms, inciting the celebrants.

140 EXT. STOREFRONT VODOO CHURCH - DAY

140

The chanting continues as the truck pulls up in front.

141 CROCKETT - IN THE FERRARI

141

idles at the corner and watches the chanting people enter the church.

142
thru
145 OMITTED

142
thru
145

145A EXT. REAR OF STOREFRONT VODOO CHURCH - DAY

145A

where three station wagons are parked and waiting. The group, no longer chanting, files silently out. The Paramedic, posted at the head of the file; holds a small canvas bag in one hand. We move closer and see that each person empties his or her personal effects into the Paramedic's bag before climbing into one of the station wagons.

145B FEATURE TUBBS

145B

He sees what is happening and carefully palms his small transmitter. He manages to place it on the rear bumper of the first wagon, drops his watch into the bag, then gets in the wagon.

145C CROCKETT IN THE FERRARI

145C

The beeps are fainter but steady. Crockett waits, looking at the church.

145D EXT. REAR OF STOREFRONT VODOO CHURCH 145D

The wagons pull out. Camera sees the transmitter drop from the rear bumper of the first wagon...then holds on it as it is crushed by one of the tires of the second wagon.

145E WITH CROCKETT 145E

The beeping has stopped. Reacting, he climbs out of the Ferrari, hurries across to the church, finds the door unlocked, goes in. (X)

145F INT. VODOO CHURCH - CROCKETT 145F

finds no one inside. He moves through quickly, exits to the rear. (X)

145G EXT. REAR OF VODOO CHURCH - CROCKETT 145G

emerges, looks around, spots the transmitter. Picks it up. His fist clenches around it. Tilt up for his concerned and frustrated reaction.

DISSOLVE TO;

145H A SIGN - NIGHT 145H

identifes Johnson Junior High. Pan over to see the three station wagons parked by what is obviously a gymnasium. Profile's RV is drawn up next to the wagons. A Haitian watchman -- school employee -- stands guard, peering into the night through dark sunglasses. (X)

146 thru 156 OMITTED 146 thru 156 (X)

156A INT. GYMNASIUM - SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS 156A

Over which we hear drums and Celebrants chanting an invocation to Damballa:

A fire blazes in a huge gas-operated barbecue in the middle of the basketball floor, highlighting dancing figures, entranced, eyes half shut, chanting; Voodoo veves chalked on the floor; an impromptu altar set up on a mildewed picnic table. (X)

CONTINUED

156A CONTINUED

156A

A goat is tethered to the metal backboard support pole at (X) one end of the court; next to the goat, an enamel basin in which rests a gleaming machete.

Tubbs taking everything in, reacting as:

157 BARON SAMEDI

157

approaches, not only carrying the pickaxe, but in the complete Samedi drag -- a morning coat and top hat. He smiles at the Young Girl, tips his hat and places it on the girl's head. It fits, resting on her thick dark hair. They move off to reveal:

A man possessed by Damballa swaying to the rhythm of the chant. Camera tightens in as a black mamba snake crawls out of the collar of his shirt and writhes down his sleeve. The snake falls to the ground. The man comes out of the trance, acts terrified as if he had never seen the snake before and scrambles back. The tip of a crutch appears in the frame, and a second man's hand holding a sack. The crutch whips the snake into the bag and closes it. Camera follows as the second man stands up -- Legba turning his back and moving away, lost in the press of bodies.

158 TUBBS

158

His eyes searching for Legba, the Paramedic meanwhile keeping an eye on him. Tubbs reacts as he sees:

159 MARIE

159

slumped in the front of the stands, flanked by Ogu (in a fancy-dress military uniform) and Agwe (likewise in nautical outfit). Legba enters the frame, begins caressing her face. Her head lolls back and forth, in a swooning fashion. Grinning, Legba embraces her and kisses her neck. (X)

Camera moves in as she opens her eyes. They take on a spark of alertness as she looks directly at Tubbs. She stiffens and pushes Legba away.

160 TUBBS

160

begins to move toward her, but the Paramedic plucks at his sleeve, shaking his head. Tubbs begins shaking in a mimicry of possession and then swings his fist around and punches the Paramedic in the face.

CONTINUED

160 CONTINUED 160

He goes down hard, unconscious, which goes unremarked in the general clamor. Tubbs pulls his pistol out of his ankle holster, puts it in his jacket pocket.

161 FEATURE MARIE 161

Legba watches, seemingly amused, as she runs her hands down her body and begins to sashay out of the stands and across (X) the court, one hand on hip, in the manner of a stylized courtesan. Celebrants begin hailing her as the love goddess, Ezili.

CELEBRANTS

A nu bel fam Se Ezili!

Follow Marie as she kisses a couple of male celebrants, greets a couple of women haughtily. Her eyes, however, are searching...

Tubbs appears in the f.g., his back to us, his hand holding the gun in his pocket. Marie's face lights up and she comes over, grasping his lapels and pulling him to her. She writhes up against him, pulls his head down and begins whispering in his ear. He begins moving, pulling her back with him away from the ritual scene.

162 LEGBA 162

watching, his face growing angry. He has made Tubbs. He and the three Zobops move toward Tubbs.

163 WITH TUBBS 163

moving, holding Marie by the waist, light flashing off the automatic in his hand. Running, he trips over a pickaxe with its business end driven into the hardwood floor. He (X) sprawls, letting the girl go, the wind knocked out of him, looks up at the:

164 YOUNG GIRL 164

wearing the Baron Samedi hat and the jacket, too. She looks down at him, a stern dignity appropriate to the god of death on her girlish features. As she turns and moves away, the Zobops appear, and then Legba, holding his Uzi.

DISSOLVE TO:

165
thru
167

OMITTED

165
thru
167

167A INT. CASTILLO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

167A

Crockett, looking grim, strides in, puts the crushed transmitter on Castillo's desk. Castillo eyes the device.

CASTILLO

You lost Tubbs.

CROCKETT

Him and two dozen others. I put out an A.P.B.

CASTILLO

Go home.

CROCKETT

What about Tubbs?

CASTILLO

Let us hope we can find him.

168 OMITTED

168

168A EXT. GYMNASIUM - PROFILE'S RV - NIGHT

168A

Very dark -- shadowy shapes moving -- sound of footsteps and then headlights blaze on, also the dome light of the RV, revealing, through the windshield, Baron Samedi at the wheel.

Tubbs staggers, shoved into the f.g. of the lighted area. Ogu and Agwe, guns in hand, force him to his knees. His face is bruised.

169 FULL SCENE

169

lit by RV headlights. We now see Legba, holding Marie by the arms, as well as Zobops holding Tubbs down.

Marie seems wasted, boneless, her head resting on Legba's shoulder.

LEGBA

(murmuring to her)

Ah, ma petite, soon you will sleep a long time.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

169 CONTINUED

169

LEGBA (Cont'd)

(to Tubbs)

She does not wish to return with me to Haiti as my consort. She is a good American now. So let her stay here.

He eases Marie to her knees so that she leans against his legs. He produces a garrote from his pocket, winds it deftly around the woman's neck.

TUBBS

(hoarse)

Don't be stupid. I'm a cop.

170 LEGBA

170

smiles, holding the garrote at either end.

LEGBA

I, too, was in the police. When I pay my bribes in Haiti -- in American dollars -- I will be a policeman again.

He turns his back to us and, drawing his hands apart, tightens the garrote. Camera rises so that we see muscles bunching in his shoulders as he apparently strangles Marie.

171 TUBBS

171

elbows Ogu in the groin, almost gets to his feet, but Agwe forces him down again.

172 LEGBA

172

Strain on his face, sweat running from apparent effort. Then the tension is released. The girl slumps at his feet. Now he extracts a small leather case from his pocket.

LEGBA

(to Zobops)

Remove his jacket.

(X)

As Ogu and Agwe tear the cheap jacket from the struggling Tubbs, Legba unzips the case.

173 CLOSE - IN THE CASE

173

A vial and a syringe.

174 WIDER

174

Legba fills the syringe, eyeing the amount judiciously.

LEGBA

This is an experiment. The dose I will give you may kill you. Then again, you may well revive...as I did, upon my arrival. But I put something extra in the mix just for you--

(X)

Ogu pulls Tubbs' arm out straight and Legba jabs it with the needle.

LEGBA

(continuing)

Something to bring visions.

(X)

175 CLOSE ON TUBBS

175

His face is contorted. He breathes heavily and begins to tremble involuntarily.

LEGBA (O.S.)

You think you got no loa inside you. You do. You just forgot about 'em.

(X)

176 TUBBS' POV

176

Legba examining him with a clinical eye as he speaks.

LEGBA

Even if you live, you will never be a policeman again. Your nerve will be too fragile. Your courage will shiver like glass.

(beat; then
droning,
hypnotically)

You will be unable to move, for fear of breaking.

Camera closes in on Legba's face until it fills the screen -- Tubbs' universe. Legba's voice takes on an echo. Over all we hear the beating of Tubbs' heart.

LEGBA

(continuing)

The world will seem as if made of glass. No more real than an image in a mirror.

CONTINUED

176 CONTINUED

176

Legba's face distorts. Colors begin to change; the image solarizes or becomes like a photographic negative. Tubbs' heart pounds louder.

LEGBA
(continuing)
You cannot touch it; you have no hands. You have no legs. You have no thought. You have no will.

Legba's face vanishes, as if X-rayed -- a skull looks down on Tubbs. His heart pounding.

LEGBA
This is how we make zombies.

Tubbs' heart stops. The screen goes black.

DISSOLVE TO:

177 thru 185	OMITTED	177 thru 185
185A	INT. CABIN OF ST. VITUS' DANCE - DAWN	185A
	Crockett lying, fully dressed, atop his bed -- sleeping restlessly. A thud and a scurrying of feet bring him awake. He's on his feet immediately and scrambling for the ladder.	(X)
185B	EXT. ST. VITUS' DANCE - ON DECK	185B
	as Crockett looms up from below...to react to:	(X)
185C	TUBBS	185C
	lying on deck -- absolutely still, perhaps dead -- his face bruised, his clothes torn.	(X)
185D	ON CROCKETT	185D
	reacting.	(X)

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

- 186 OMITTED 186 (X)
- 186A EXT. ST. VITUS' DANCE - ON TUBBS - DAY 186A
Dr. Ohara's hand appears in the f.g., holding a (X)
hypodermic. We hear him murmuring...not every phrase is
distinct.
- OHARA (O.S.)
Antitoxins...stimulants...Rev him
up, so to speak...
- Ohara's other hand swabs the inside of Tubbs' elbow.
- 187 TUBBS' MENTAL POV - LEGBA - NIGHT 187
leaning over Tubbs with his syringe.
- 188 OMITTED 188 (X)
- 188A EXT. ST. VITUS' DANCE - OHARA - DAY 188A (X)
Straightens from giving Tubbs the injection. He speaks to
someone o.s., but we hear:
- LEGBA'S VOICE
This is how we make zombies.
- 189 CROCKETT AND CASTILLO 189
nodding, with concerned looks.
- 190 TUBBS' MENTAL POV - YOUNG GIRL DRESSED AS BARON SAMEDI -- 190
NIGHT
looking sternly down at him.

- 191 VOODOO CEREMONY - TUBBS AND MARIE - NIGHT 191
- Another memory. Marie seizes him by the lapels and draws him to her. She pulls his head down and whispers in his ear.
- MARIE
(loud, echoing
whisper)
Blackbird...Blackbird... (X)
- 192 OMITTED 192 (X)
- 192A EXT. ST. VITUS' DANCE - CLOSE ON TUBBS - DAY 192A
- TUBBS
(muttering)
Blackbird. (X)
- 193 CROCKETT AND CASTILLO 193
- leaning, listening.
- 194 TUBBS' MENTAL POV - LEGBA 194
- winds the garrote around Marie's neck, yanking it tight, looking over his shoulder at Tubbs, wanting him to take in the woman's death.
- 195 OMITTED 195 (X)
- 195A EXT. ST. VITUS' DANCE - TUBBS - DAY 195A
- gasping as if being strangled himself. Crockett sits next (X) to Tubbs, leaning over him. Tubbs thrashes and sits up quickly, goes for Crockett's throat. Crockett seizes his wrists, holding him away...
- CROCKETT
Rico! RICO! Easy, easy...
- 196 WIDER 196
- Castillo and Ohara watch as Crockett struggles with Tubbs, finally embracing him and holding him tight, until the nightmare subsides...and Crockett lets him go.

CONTINUED

196 CONTINUED

196

TUBBS

Ah, Sonny...sorry, man.

CROCKETT

(grinning)

Just my neck. I hardly use it.

TUBBS

Legba killed Marie Sansaricq,
Sonny. Strangled her right in front
of me...

OHARA

You want to lie back now, detective?
You've been poisoned, you know.

TUBBS

I feel fine. I feel great.

OHARA

You feel great now. Later you'll be
tired and you'll need normal rest.

CASTILLO

We understand that, doctor. Thank
you very much.

Castillo's face reads "Police Business." Ohara takes the
hint and departs.

TUBBS

Legba's going back to Haiti. He
told me, Sonny. We gotta stop him.
He killed Marie.

CASTILLO

What is Blackbird, Tubbs?

TUBBS

Blackbird? She said that. Voodoo
talk, they were all chanting...

CROCKETT

It's got wheels...and it flies.

The three exchange looks...

197 OMITTED

197

197A EXT. AIRPORT FREIGHT WAREHOUSE - PROFILE'S RV - DAY 197A

moves across the tarmac. Camera pans it to the black-painted prop plane.

As it passes, camera moves up to find Castillo atop the warehouse, watching, radio held to his lips. Over his shoulder, we see the RV wind its way to the plane's cargo hatch past small freight trucks and cargo handlers. Camera moves with Castillo as he walks to a stairway, begins to descend.

198 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 198

by the side of the warehouse, behind a stack of crates, watching the plane and the RV.

CROCKETT

You sure you're up to this?

TUBBS

If Legba is, I sure am.

CROCKETT

Unless he can make himself invisible, he's gotta be on the RV.

199 thru 207 OMITTED 199 thru 207

207A TWO BAGGAGE HANDLERS 207A

in the front seat of a small cargo vehicle, motor up to the plane. They stop. Get out. Turn around. They are Switek and Zito. They occupy themselves with a clipboard and look official.

SWITEK

What do you think's on the plane, Larry?

ZITO

Lots of dirty money. Lots of dead goats.

207B TWO CUSTOMS INSPECTORS 207B

approach Switek and Zito who're stanind by the open cargo door. The inspectors are Gina and Trudy.

CONTINUED

207B CONTINUED

207B

GINA
(to Switek)
Ready for the routine inspection?

SWITEK
(drawing his gun)
Yes, ma'am.

Gina takes a deep breath and, with Trudy right behind her, moves to the steps of the cargo bay.

207C TWO ZOBOPS

207C

appear in the cargo bay and look questioningly at Gina and Trudy.

TRUDY
We gotta look at your cargo.
(flashes a badge)
Customs.

The Zobops smile and draw guns. Switek and Zito fan out behind Gina and Trudy. It's a standoff for a beat, then one of the grinning Zobops turns his gun on Switek. Switek fires, cutting down the Zobop, whose shot goes wild.

207D ON THE RV

207D

Four Zobops pile out, guns firing.

207E CROCKETT AND TUBBS

207E

behind the crates, return fire.

207F CASTILLO

207F

crouches at the foot of the warehouse stairway, returning fire.

207G EXT. PLANE - COCKPIT WINDOW - BARON SAMEDI

207G

wearing a dark business suit. Grinning, he brings up an HK assault rifle, positions it, fires.

207H CROCKETT AND TUBBS 207H
hit the ground and Samedi's slugs chew into the crates.

207I INT. RV - LEGBA 207I
gun in hand, moves cautiously toward the RV bedroom window, on the other side of the firefight. He slides the window open.

209 EXT. COCKPIT - BARON SAMEDI 209
leaning out the window, between his hands scintillating light -- the muzzle flashes of the HK.

210 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 210
in prone firing positions, shooting back with their pistols.

211 thru 218 OMITTED 211 thru 218

218A TARMAC - WIDE ANGLE 218A
as the firefight blazes on.

218B EXT. SAFE SIDE OF THE RV - LEGBA 218B
drops to the ground, sprints, gun in hand, toward the warehouse.

218C EXT. COCKPIT - BARON SAMEDI 218C
stops firing. He lets the HK go, and it drops to the tarmac. Samedi slumps and hangs folded in the cockpit window.

218D TUBBS 218D
reacts to:

218E LEGBA 218E
legging into the warehouse.

- 218F ANOTHER ANGLE 218F
Tubbs turns to Crockett.
- TUBBS
Cover me.
- Crockett nods, lets loose a burst at the remaining, fanatic Zobops who are firing from different positions on the tarmac. Tubbs sprints away.
- 218G AT ENTRANCE TO WAREHOUSE 218G
Castillo joins Tubbs and they move inside.
- 219 INT. WAREHOUSE - CASTILLO AND TUBBS 219
hear a faint bolt clatter and jump back, pressing themselves against a wall as:
- 220 LEGBA 220
fires full-auto, a nimbus of light dancing on the silenced muzzle.
- 221 CASTILLO AND TUBBS 221
crouch low, covering their faces as the ricochets buzz and chime off the metal cargo containers and vehicles. They fire back blindly.
- 222 LEGBA 222
exhausts his clip. Pulling a new one from his pocket, he launches himself to another position.
- 223 CASTILLO AND TUBBS 223
start in pursuit. When they reach Legba's former firing position, Tubbs continues down after him. Castillo, however, pauses. He sees a flicker of motion in the b.g., whirls in a firing position.
- 224 REVERSE ANGLE - CROCKETT 224
also in firing position. Crockett walks forward. As he does so, a stack of crates clatter down behind him.

CONTINUED

- 224 CONTINUED 224
Ogu steps quickly out, lifting his ritual sabre for a vicious stroke at the back of Crockett's neck, the blade blurring in step-frame, hissing.
- 225 CASTILLO 225
fires.
- 226 CROCKETT AND OGU 226
Ogu knocked down by the o.s. impact. The sabre clatters to the deck. Castillo joins Crockett, silently indicates Legba's postion. (X)
- 227 OMITTED 227 (X)
- 228 TUBBS 228
having just entered a dark corner, sees Legba reloading again. (X)
- 229 LEGBA 229
swings around, firing. Muffled pops off his silenced gun.
- 230 OMITTED 230 (X)
- 230A TARGET AREA 230A
Tubbs isn't there. Pan off to the right -- to Tubbs who fires. (X)
- 231 LEGBA 231
is struck in the leg, and falls.
- 232 OMITTED 232

233 CLOSE ON LEGBA 233 (X)

Clutching his leg. Gun in hand, he squirms back behind one (X) of the great cartons around the corner of which we see Tubbs advancing.

Angle tightens as a transformation comes over Legba's face. His eyes roll up, his eyelids droop -- he is entering what we recognize as the trance of possession. His lips move.

LEGBA

Atibo-Legba, Papa Legba, remove the barrier...Vodu Legba, walk inside me...Walk...

Legba's head snaps back. He is entranced but seems invigorated. He gets to his feet with no hint of pain and moves vigorously off.

234 TUBBS 234

cautiously moves around the carton where he saw Legba hide. He swings around the corner, aiming. No one there.

235 OMITTED 235 (X)

236 INT. WAREHOUSE - AISLE OF CARTONS 236

Tubbs swings into view at the mouth of the aisle, gun in hand. Zoom down the aisle to show it is empty, Tubbs minute and isolated at the end. He moves another way.

237 CLOSE - TUBBS 237

getting dizzy again. It is very silent -- the hold becomes a gallery of whispers.

LEGBA'S VOICE

...made of glass, nerves made of glass.

238 TUBBS' MENTAL POV - FACE OF LEGBA - NIGHT 238

looming, skull-like.

LEGBA'S VOICE

You have no hands, no legs, no body, no motion...

- 239 IN THE WAREHOUSE - TUBBS - DAY 239 (X)
standing still in another aisle, gun hand hanging at his side. Legba steps into view behind him, raising his Uzi.
- 240 TUBBS' MEMORY - NIGHT 240
Legba winding the garrote around Marie's neck.
- 241 LEGBA AND TUBBS - DAY 241
Both in slow motion: Legba raising the Uzi, Tubbs turning to face him, crouching in a firing position as he does so.
Resume normal motion as Tubbs whirls and fires, blowing Legba away, continuing to aim at his still form for a beat. Nothing on his face but weariness as he turns away. Then, as if something just crossed his mind, he shoots Legba again to be sure.
- 242 ANOTHER ANGLE 242
Tubbs holsters his weapon, sits down on a wooden crate, exhausted, depressed. The RV is visible in the b.g. (X)
through the warehouse doors. The Miami Vice team is taking the remaining Zobops into custody.
- 243 TUBBS' MEMORY - NIGHT 243
Legba, still alive in Tubbs' brain, strangling the girl.
- 244 BACK TO PRESENT - TUBBS - DAY 244
looks up -- a dawning realization.
TUBBS
His back to me the whole time.
He heads out. (X)
- 245 INSIDE THE RV - DAY 245 (X)
Tubbs crouches on the floor, sees a crack where a panel fits. He pries the panel up. Inside, bags of money. He (X)
pulls them out, throws them aside.
TUBBS
He's a damn liar.

246 CROCKETT AND CASTILLO 246
enter the RV to find: (X)

247 OMITTED 247 (X)

248 TUBBS 248

looks down at a coffin fitted into a cavity in the RV floor. With effort, he throws open the lid. Marie lies dormant within, a hose like the one found in Legba's coffin protruding near her face. Tubbs carefully lifts her chin. No marks on her throat.

249 WIDER 249

As Crockett and Castillo react. Tubbs, still holding Marie's chin, meets their gaze. (X)

FADE OUT

THE END