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MIAMI VICE
"YANKEE DOLLAR"

Written
by
Daniel Pyne
and
John Mankiewicz

MIAMI VICE
YANKEE DOLLAR

CAST

SONNY CROCKETT
RICARDO TUBBS
SWITEK
ZITO
CASTILLO
GINA
TRUDY

SURFER

BANK TELLER (X)
GUERRILLA
WAITER
SKYCAP (X)

SUSIE BRECKER
DR. BERGIN (FEMALE)
TERRY BRECKER
CHARLIE GLIDE
WEBER
MAX ROGO
HERMANDO
ZABADO
LYDIA SUGARMAN
EDISON

SETS

INTERIORS:

ST. VITUS' DANCE CABIN
AIRPORT TERMINAL GATE (X)

HOSPITAL (X)
EMERGENCY ROOM (X)
CORRIDOR (X)
SUSIE'S BUNGALOW
LIVING ROOM
OCB
CASTILLO'S OFFICE (X)

SQUAD ROOM (X)

UPSCALE LAW OFFICE (X)

GLIDE'S HOUSE
STUDY
BANK
SAFE DEPOSIT ROOM
TELLER'S WINDOW
CABIN OF FREIGHTER (X)
METRO (X)
INTERROGATION ROOM (X)
PROPERTY ROOM (X)

EXTERIORS:

ST. VITUS' DANCE HATCHWAY
AIRPORT (X)

EMERGENCY HOSPITAL
SUSIE'S SEASIDE BUNGALOW
GLIDE'S HOUSE
BACKYARD
VERANDA (X)

MARINA
BRECKER'S BOAT
STREET (X)

BANK (X)

FREIGHTER (X)

OCEANFRONT BOAT GARAGE
SECLUDED BEACH
SALOON ON THE
INTRACOASTAL (X)

#60047

VEHICLES

DAYTONA	
STATION WAGON	
MID-'60'S PORSCHE 911	
N.D. SEDAN	
BMW 635csi	
SCARAB	(X)
	(X)
RED '68 MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE	
BUGMOBILE	
N.D. VAN	
ZABADO'S SPEEDBOAT	(X)
OUTBOARD MOTORBOAT	(X)

MIAMI VICE

YANKEE DOLLAR

TEASER

FADE IN

- 1 EXT. ST. VITUS' DANCE - NIGHT 1
No sounds, not even the sigh of a breeze. The marina has turned in for the night. Elvis, stretched out on deck, shifts restlessly. He's having trouble sleeping.
- 2 DOWN BELOW - IN THE CABIN 2
So is Crockett, lying shirtless on top of the sheets. Moonlight, glancing in through the porthole, plays over his unease. He turns on a lamp, sits up. Frowns, rubs the back of his neck. Now gets up, finds his personal phone book on the bureau, holds it under the lamp, flips through a few pages, pausing once or twice at a name, turns to another name, thinks a beat, looks at his watch. Decision. He reaches for his clothes.
- 3 EXT. DAYTONA - PAST CROCKETT - NIGHT 3
as he speeds through the night. Crockett's pumping: anticipation. He follows the loop to Miami International.
- 4 OMITTED 4 (X)
- 5 INT. TERMINAL - ARRIVAL GATE - NIGHT 5
The announcement board by the gate identifies Flight 117 -- in from Paris. Pan over. Passengers are filing off. Better dressed than most groups of travelers...with a sprinkling of jet setters. (X)
- 6 ANGLE - CROCKETT 6
standing nearby, a bouquet of wildflowers in his gun hand. Anticipation more intense now. Widen as the last of the passengers moves out and past. Crockett shows no disappointment. A beat later, the flight crew emerges -- Captain and Co-pilot first, then stewards, stewardesses, others of the crew.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED

6

Susie Brecker is one of the stewardesses. A smiling Crockett moves into her line of sight. She reacts -- surprised, delighted, excited. Hugs him warmly. He hands her the roses. They head off together, arms around each other -- chatting, laughing, MOS.

7
thru
8 OMITTED7
thru (X)
8

8A EXT. SALOON ON THE INTRACOASTAL - NIGHT

8A (X)

Camera discovers the Daytona drawn up in front. The roses are atop the dashboard.

8B INT. SALOON ON THE INTRACOASTAL - FULL SHOT

8B (X)

reveals a busy bar...and, at the far end, Crockett and Suzie at a table. (X)

9 CLOSER - CROCKETT AND SUSIE

9

Susie finishes off a burger, her eyes tracking Crockett all the time. He rises, extends his hand. Susie rises. They dance. The tempo is fast. Susie goes with it...but Crockett slows her down. Camera moves in on them, holds. (X)

10 EXT. ST. VITUS' DANCE - CROCKETT AND SUSIE - NIGHT

10

dancing on deck. Match cut. The music is slow now. Pull back. They're holding each other very closely. Camera watches a moment longer, then looks away to hold the track of moonlight striping the harbor.

DISSOLVE TO

11 EXT. ST. VITUS' DANCE - HATCHWAY - NIGHT

11

Later. A shirtless Crockett rises into frame, gathering up the evidence of playful passion -- Susie's shoes, uniform jacket, uniform skirt, her blouse, her stockings -- discarded here and there on the deck. He starts back down below.

- 12 IN THE CABIN - CROCKETT 12
descends with Susie's clothing. Steps to the bathroom door, knocks. There's no answer. Concern. He opens the door. Camera tilts in over his shoulder to reveal Susie doubled up on the floor, twitching, moaning, out of it.
- 13 OMITTED 13 (X)
- 13A INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 13A (X)
Crockett races inside. Susie, wrapped in a blanket, is in his arms -- unconscious. (X)
- 14 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - CLOSE ON A DOCTOR - NIGHT 14
a stethoscope to her ears as she hunches over her o.s. patient, Susie. The doctor, Bergin, a no-nonsense good-looking 35ish woman. Pull back to include Crockett, looking on with matching intensity. A long moment, then the Doctor straightens, removing the stethoscope from her ears and turning to Crockett. The barest shake of her head delivers the grim verdict that Susie is dead.
- 15 ON CROCKETT 15
enraged at the unthinkable, the unacceptable...filled with a silent scream. He turns away, unseeing, toward a wall, then brings both fists crashing out and down. They slam into a large stainless steel bowl on a cabinet. The bowl flies onto the floor, clanging loudly -- delivering the first non-musical sound of the sequence: a strident and reverberating punctuation.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

16 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

16 (X)

Crockett is sitting in the straight-backed visitor's chair (X) in this vacant room. Crockett's angry, frustrated, edgy. Behind him, the door swings open, and Dr. Bergin enters, holding a clipboard.

BERGIN
(consulting
clipboard)
Mister...ah...

CROCKETT
(jumping in, edgy)
Crockett.

Crockett stands up and walks to the doctor, gets real close.

CROCKETT
(continuing)
What the hell happened.

BERGIN
(oddly cold)
It's really quite simple, Mister
Crockett.

CROCKETT
(incredulous
disgust)
'Simple?'

BERGIN
The seizures stopped when she went
into cardio-vascular collapse. B.P.
dropped out. We put her on a
dopamine drip, but she didn't
respond. We started C.P.R.
(shrugs)
She went flatline.

Crockett gives her a look.

BERGIN
(continuing)
A drug overdose. Your friend o.d.'d
on cocaine.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED

16

CROCKETT
(low, scary)
You got the wrong chart, lady.
Susie didn't do blow.

Dr. Bergin is not intimidated and meets Crockett's gaze head-on, grim. There has been no mistake with the chart.

CROCKETT
I was with her tonight. She was
stone cold sober.

BERGIN
(a sigh)
She didn't snort it or shoot it,
Mister Crockett.

Crockett can't stand it. He realizes, and has to look away.

CROCKETT
(he knows)
She swallowed it.

BERGIN
We found a ruptured balloon in her
upper G.I. tract.

CROCKETT
(to himself)
Oh, Susie.

BERGIN
Four balloons were found intact.

Crockett turns back and looks directly at the doctor. He's got it together, but he just might have shed a couple of tears.

BERGIN
(continuing,
softened by
Crockett's
sincere reaction)
I'm afraid we're going to have to
notify the proper authorities.

CROCKETT
(very soft)
You just did.
(beat)
Miami Vice.

CONTINUED

- 16 CONTINUED (2) 16
Crockett reaches out and takes the chart from the surprised Dr. Bergin. He studies it for half a beat...
- 17 EXT. FERRARI - DAY 17 (X)
Crockett speeds down a deserted Miami street. He's grim, talking on the phone. Music, no dialogue. He hangs up. A gust of wind picks up the bouquet on the passenger seat and blows them out of the car into the street behind the car. Crockett doesn't notice. We do.
- 18 EXT. MODEST SEASIDE BUNGALOW - DAY 18 (X)
Tubbs' Cadillac pulls in at a crazy angle behind the Daytona in the bungalow driveway. Tubbs jumps out of the car and heads quickly for the front door, buttoning his shirt as he goes. (X)
We follow Tubbs to the door, then go
- 19 INT. SEASIDE BUNGALOW LIVING ROOM - DAY 19 (X)
Crockett is in the corner of the living room, pacing, holding a small blue bank book, flipping through it. Above his head, on the wall, are travel posters advertising the beauty of Tahiti, scotch-taped to the wall. The furniture is early Stewardess.
Tubbs enters and crosses to Crockett, buttoning the last button of his shirt. The partners share a look.
TUBBS
I'm sorry, man.
CROCKETT
Yeah.
Wordlessly, Crockett hands Tubbs the bank book. Tubbs studies it.
TUBBS
Two hundred thirty-eight bucks. Not much for a rainy day.
CROCKETT
Turn the page, Rico. You missed the last deposit.
Tubbs flips the page.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED

19

TUBBS

Five grand. Day before yesterday.

CROCKETT

Miami to Bogota. Bogota to Paris.
Paris to Miami.

(beat)

Susie's been flying that route for
two years.

TUBBS

And she doesn't dig the powder.

CROCKETT

They found twenty-three grams of
coke inside her. Figure five or six
killed her. She was carrying about
an ounce, total. No one pays five
thousand dollars for an O.Z.

TUBBS

She was carrying a sample?

CROCKETT

It's the only thing that makes any
sense.

TUBBS

You got any idea who Susie'd be
bringing a sample for?

CROCKETT

(on edge)

Sure. When I picked her up at the
airport, she told me she had
swallowed a bunch of coke and was
bringing it to Fidel Castro.

Tubbs gives him a look. Crockett backs off.

CROCKETT

Look, I hung out with her three
years ago, pretty steady for a
couple of months. It got a little
heavy...well...we decided not to see
each other so much. I saw her about
a year ago, and then last night. I
don't know. I couldn't sleep. I
decided to meet Susie's plane.

(beat)

I wasn't even sure she'd be on it.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED (2)

19

CROCKETT (Cont'd)

(beat)

I was thinking about her. We didn't talk about drugs. We had a good time.

Tubbs picks up a picture of Susie and another girl, laughing on the beach.

TUBBS

(off the picture)

This is Susie.

(Crockett nods,
Tubbs smiles)

She looks like a nice person.

CROCKETT

She was.

Crockett looks up at the posters of Tahiti.

CROCKETT

Susie said the only way we'd stay together was if I quit my job and moved us to Tahiti.

Tubbs looks thoughtful, then he and Crockett move through the room to the front door.

(X)

TUBBS

(with compassion)

Who knows? Maybe she's in a place like that now.

20 EXT. OCB - ESTABLISHING - DAY

20 (X)

21 INT. CASTILLO'S OFFICE - DAY

21 (X)

Crockett and Castillo. Mid-conversation.

CROCKETT

Whoever ordered the sample is gonna want to collect it. I want to see who shows up.

CASTILLO

(to Crockett)

Is this a personal matter?

Tubbs enters, carrying a sheet of paper.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

21

TUBBS

The lab report on Susie's sample
(hands the sheet
to Castillo,
who's still
staring at
Crockett)

There's nothing in this stuff but
cocaine. Lab guys say this is the
purest dope they've ever seen. They
wanna meet the genius who made it.

CROCKETT

And I want to meet the slimeball
who's buying it. Whoever it is, he
paid big money for a big sample.
It's gotta be a big buy.

Long, tense beat. Crockett still hasn't answered
Castillo's question.

CASTILLO

Crockett?

CROCKETT

I think we should stake out Susie's
house. Follow the sample. I got
the four balloons.

CASTILLO

Crockett. I asked you a question.
Is this personal?

Crockett considers.

CROCKETT

She was my friend. She's dead. Of
course, it's personal. It's also my
job.

CASTILLO

Remember the difference.
(beat)
Keep me informed.

Castillo stands up. Meeting's over. Crockett and Tubbs
turn to leave.

22 EXT. SUSIE'S BUNGALOW - DAY 22 (X)

A delivery van pulls slowly up the street and idles in front of Susie's house. The driver stares at the house for a beat, checking the number...then drives on. (X)

We widen to include Crockett and Tubbs sitting in Tubbs' Cadillac, watching from across the street. (X)

CROCKETT

I got the Medical Examiner to list her as a Jane Doe for twenty four hours. We're the only ones who know she's dead.

TUBBS

She got any family, Sonny?

CROCKETT

None to speak of.

Tubbs opens a brown paper sack and takes out a couple of styrofoam cups of coffee. He hands one to Crockett. He opens the other one. Sips. Makes a face.

TUBBS

Oh, boy. Nice and cool.
(Crockett looks)
Just the way I hate it.

DISSOLVE TO

23 EXT. SUSIE'S BUNGALOW - DAY - LATER 23 (X)

Crockett and Tubbs look up to see

24 TWO CARS 24

A mid-sixties Porsche 911 and a N.D. sedan pull into Susie's driveway. The drivers get out. The driver of the sedan is a Big Lunk of a guy who just stands by his car while the Porsche Driver, the brains of the operation, a quick little Surfer Type in his mid-twenties, goes to the door. And knocks.

25 INT. CADILLAC - DAY 25

Crockett and Tubbs are alert.

TUBBS

Pick-up time.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

25

CROCKETT

Maybe.

The Surfer type is knocking hard now.

SURFER

Susie! Susie! Wake up!

Surfer looks at his friend and shrugs. The Surfer then walks around the side of the bungalow and tries to look in a window.

26 CLOSE - THE BIG LUNK

26

He's staring after his friend. Suddenly, his eyes go big and we widen to include Tubbs, standing behind him. Tubbs has a gun in the guy's back. As Crockett moves past to go for the Surfer...

TUBBS

Hi. Don't move or speak.

27 BY THE WINDOW AT THE SIDE OF THE BUNGALOW

27

Surfer has climbed on a crate and is peering in the window. He's on tip-toe.

28 CLOSE - SURFER'S FEET ON THE CRATE

28

Crockett's foot sweeps in and kicks over the crate.

29 WIDER

29

Surfer goes tumbling to the ground. Crockett is on top of the guy in a flash.

CROCKETT

(right in the
Surfer's face)Susie's not here right now, pal.
Can I help you?

Surfer's expression reveals terror.

SURFER

She was gonna buy my Porsche, man.
That's all. She's supposed to be
here.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED

29

Crockett relaxes a little.

CROCKETT
(knows the answer)
How much?

SURFER
Five grand.
(beat)
It's worth six.

Crockett gets up, disgusted. He turns away. The Surfer scrambles to his feet.

CROCKETT
Get out of here.

The Surfer sprints out of the frame. We push in on Crockett's face for a beat.

Tubbs joins him. Crockett turns to Tubbs, a sickened expression on his face.

CROCKETT
It was for a car.
(beat)
She did it for a car.

30 EXT. BUNGALOW - DAY - LATER

30

Crockett and Tubbs, in the Cadillac, watch as a convertible, gunmetal colored BMW 635csi swings into Susie's driveway. Look up "coke-dealer" in the dictionary and that's who gets out of the car and goes to the front door.

Young, blond kid in white pants, no shirt and a BMW racing jacket. Rolex, etc.

Crockett and Tubbs look at each other. Crockett's behind the wheel. He starts the Cadillac and burns rubber in a 180, coming back the other way to screech stop in back of the BMW, blocking any exit.

The BMW driver (Terry Brecker) is not impressed. He turns slowly to see Crockett and Tubbs approaching him.

TERRY
What's your hurry? She's not home.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED

30

Tubbs doesn't like his attitude. He slams him up against the wall.

TUBBS

What's your name, chump?

TERRY

This is America. Just call me Freedom.

Tubbs lets go, disgusted. Crockett's had enough. He takes over. Pushes.

CROCKETT

What do you want with Susie?

TERRY

I don't have to give you a reason. I'm visiting.

CROCKETT

(pushing)
Not good enough, pal.

TERRY

I'm her brother.
(beat)
Hey. I'll come back later.

Crockett is a little stunned. He pulls back, gathers himself. He's softer.

CROCKETT

She never told me she had a brother.

TERRY

We aren't exactly close. I'm Terry Brecker. What's this about?

CROCKETT

(after
considering)
Your sister died last night. I'm sorry.

This has no affect on Terry. He takes it in. Then...

TERRY

Where's her body?

CONTINUED

- 30 CONTINUED (2) 30
Crockett's had it. He punches Terry in the face. Terry crumples. Crockett, breathing hard, looks up at Tubbs. Tubbs looks grim.
- 31 INT. METRO INTERROGATION ROOM 31 (X)
Crockett, Tubbs and Terry Brecker. Terry's under the gun. He's folding like a camp chair.
- TERRY
She wanted to do it, man! She wanted a car!
(beat)
She knew the risks! I was helpin' her.
- Crockett is in the corner, holding himself back. Tubbs takes over, gets in Terry's face.
- TUBBS
Read my lips. Who are you working for?! Tell me! Now!
- CROCKETT
Let's put him away, Rico. I don't feel like cuttin' deals today.
- Terry gives up.
- TERRY
Charlie Glide. I think I was...
- TUBBS
(interrupting)
You think?!!
- TERRY
I heard the guy was some kind of lawyer. Workin' for Glide.
- 32 EXT. HUGE HOUSE - SUNSET ISLES - DAY 32
regally poised above the bright blue Intracoastal Waterway. Small cocktail party in progress on the lawn.
- 33 EXT. CROCKETT'S SCARAB - DAY 33
running parallel to the big house, at a fair distance. Tubbs holds the wheel while Crockett lifts binoculars and takes aim at the party --

34 BINOCULARS - P.O.V. 34

scanning figures. Well-dressed, well-bred, money. Finally finding in bright sunlight the impressive

35 CHARLIE GLIDE 35

legendary Miami-born, Miami-bred superplayer, in a pastel linen suit and solid gold accessories, entertaining a brace of pretty girls, with charm and cunning...

CROCKETT (O.S.)

Bingo.

36 INTERCUTTING - CROCKETT AND TUBBS 36

Crockett taking the wheel and Tubbs taking the binoculars to look, as:

TUBBS

Mr. Glide, I presume?

CROCKETT

Man's a Miami landmark, Rico -- like stone crabs or retirement hotels. Twenty years of high living and illegal enterprise without so much as a misdemeanor.

TUBBS

What's his secret?

CROCKETT

He stays away from the Bad Thing.

TUBBS

Until now, evidently...

(beat)

Looks harmless enough.

CROCKETT

Yeah. Looking harmless -- that's his other secret.

37 INT. POLICE PROPERTY ROOM - DAY 37 (X)

Moving through narrow aisles of confiscated contraband with Crockett, Tubbs, and the duty officer, Weber, a bookish man with a perpetually baffled look and a thick southern drawl.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED

37

WEBER

You want me to pretend some of this
is missing?

They stop in front of a huge cache of confiscated cocaine--

TUBBS

We want you to pretend you only
received part of it.

WEBER

The paperwork's already in.
Nobody'll believe me --

TUBBS

Say you made a mistake. We only
need you to lose about a hundred
pounds for a couple of days.

38 CROCKETT

38

keeps walking, eyes roaming over the contraband, until he
comes to some shelves overflowing with bundles of cash
wrapped in plastic.

WEBER (O.S.)

Captain's gonna chew my tail.

TUBBS (O.S.)

We'll take the full rap.

CROCKETT

What about this stuff?

WEBER (O.S.)

You guys are a pain.

Then he appears in frame --

WEBER

Oh, hell, you can have as much of
that as you want.

(then)

Two working days, guys, that's all
I'm giving you --

Tubbs and Crockett stare at the cash, ignoring him.

TUBBS

What are you thinking?

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED

38

CROCKETT

Trump card.

39 EXT. GLIDE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

39

Crockett's Scarab crosses frame in the extreme f.g., temporarily obscuring our view of Charlie Glide pruning Bonsai Trees and lecturing his oily young cohort named Rogo--

GLIDE

It's all in the fine art of pruning, Rogo -- the idea being to take a little off, but not so much you kill the whole deal --

--then camera pushes slowly in on them --

GLIDE

That way the tree can keep growing, and you can keep pruning --

ROGO

If I were you, I'd cut these damn midget trees down, and either plant some real guys, or put in a tennis court.

GLIDE

I ever tell you how me and Newton Blade ping-ponged an IRS agent with dummy corporations till he had a nervous breakdown?

ROGO

No.

CROCKETT (O.S.)

Consider yourself one of the lucky ones.

40 WIDER

40

Crockett, having docked his boat at Glide's pier and disembarked, now crosses the yard to Glide...who pops sunglasses down from the top of his head to see who this is--

GLIDE

S'that Sonny Burnett?

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED

40

CROCKETT
Hello, Charlie. You look pretty comfortable with those shears.

GLIDE
I've always been keen on trimming off things, Burnett, you know that--

CROCKETT
(looking at Rogo)
Who's the sideshow?

GLIDE
(introductions)
Rogo, Burnett. And vice-versa. Rogo's my new aide-de-camp. A legal eagle who specializes in sleight-of-hand --

CROCKETT
Aren't you getting a little old for vaudeville?

GLIDE
No biz like showbiz. Rumors of my retirement from the stage are entirely premature.

CROCKETT
Glad to hear it.

Glide studies Crockett for a moment; realizes this isn't a social visit. Hands Rogo the shears --

GLIDE
Be gentle.

--and he and Crockett head toward the house.

41 OMITTED

41

41A INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - ARRIVAL GATE - DAY

41A

A rail-thin Day Skycap is stacking Tubbs' luggage on a cart. Tubbs is dressed the part of a stylish Jamaican businessman on the lam -- and a little nervous --

SKYCAP
First time in Miami?

CONTINUED

41A CONTINUED

41A

TUBBS
First time in the United States of
America.
(then, quickly)
Business trip.

The skycap reaches to lift the luggage at Tubbs side, but
Tubbs grabs the big leather satchel away --

TUBBS
No -- it's cool. I will carry this.

The Skycap gives him a look that says he's seen this
routine before, and can guess what's in the satchel. He
shrugs, and heads off, leading Tubbs across the lobby
terminal.

42 EXT. VERANDA - GLIDE'S HOUSE - DAY

42

Through the massive porch windows we see the stunning deco
study: glass and velvet and steel, complete with a
sterling silver-and-mirror wet bar, where Crockett is
opening two beer bottles --

CROCKETT
It's a sweet deal, really. Ten keys
of nose whiskey, 99 proof and ready
to pour --

He emerges from the house, crosses to where Blade sits,
absently handicapping the horses at Hialeah. Beyond them,
in the yard, Rogo is worriedly hacking at a Bonsai --

BLADE
It it's so sweet, why are you here,
Burnett?

CROCKETT
I don't know how to march this
powder out. I'm just the pony
express --

GLIDE
And I got an aversion to non-
prescription drugs. Remember?

CROCKETT
(fishing)
I've heard conflicting reports --

CONTINUED

GLIDE

Wives' tales.

(beat)

This contraband's running a temperature, maybe?

CROCKETT

Miami Vice believes they pulled a full hundred keys off a Spanish tuna boat last week...fact is, they're ten short --

(off Glide's smile)

Don't ask.

(beat)

Anyway, I just thought I'd mention it to you on the off-chance you might recommend an investor...

GLIDE

I do dabble in venture capital, from time to time.

A beat of silence. They both sip their beer.

GLIDE

There's this very very big deal brewing, Sonny. Hadn't thought of it before, but I could use you --

CROCKETT

I'm gonna be awfully preoccupied until I get rid of this stuff...

GLIDE

(nods)

Gimme a day to see what turns up.

43
thru
45

OMITTED

43
thru (X)
45

45A

EXT. BAY - BRECKER'S BOAT - NIGHT

45A (X)

A sleek, drug-runner's accessory. Terry's in back, fiddling with the engine. Miami Beach is a string of Christmas tree lights across the eastern horizon.

GLIDE (O.S.)

You're workin' late.

CONTINUED

45A CONTINUED

45A

Terry looks up, finds Glide pulling along side in another boat. Still in his gardening clothes. Terry's relaxed, a little stoned -- (X)

TERRY

Carbs need a little TLC, that's all...

(beat, cocky)

Don't want to get caught with my pants down Friday night --

Glide steps into the boat.

GLIDE

Does that mean you were really gonna make this run yourself?

TERRY

'Course I was -- what are you talking about --?

GLIDE

Well, I just thought that since you used your sister for this last run...

TERRY

Hey -- hey -- she made her own decisions -- I'm not gonna take the rap for a total accident --

GLIDE

Terry. Bottom line is you didn't do it, you had your sister do it. And you had your sister do it about a week too late.

TERRY

(fearful)

So there's no deal?

GLIDE

Of course there's a deal. The merchandise has arrived. We just don't need your sample.

(beat)

Your sister risked all for nothing, I'm afraid.

Glide has taken a handgun out of his coat pocket --

CONTINUED

45A CONTINUED (2)

45A

TERRY
What's that for?

GLIDE
It's for you, Ter.

He holds it out harmlessly. Brecker takes it in his hand
-- seeing how it feels --

TERRY
Oh.
(worried beat)
Think I'm gonna need it?

GLIDE
I know how bad you feel about your
sister. I know you feel
responsible.
(beat)
I know you'll do the right thing.

TERRY
What?

Glide moves quickly -- grabs Brecker's gun hand, twists it
up to point the gun at Terry's head, and fires, blowing the
kid away.

GLIDE
Didn't even leave a note.

He gets back in his boat, and sets Terry's boat adrift. (X)

45B INT. SUSIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 45B (X)

Crockett sits in silence, on the sofa. (X)

46 EXT. SUSIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 46

Crockett's Ferrari parked in front. Light on in the living
room.

TIME LAPSE TO

47 EXT. SUSIE'S HOUSE - MORNING 47

CONTINUED

47

CONTINUED

47

Blank face of the house, in bright sunlight. Same shot,
except now Crockett's Ferrari is gone.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

48 OMITTED

48

48A EXT. CAUSEWAY BRIDGE - TERRY'S BOAT - MORNING

48A

is wedged under the bridge. Coroner removing Terry Brecker's body. A few rubbernecker watching above as Zito steps out of the boat to join Castillo and a cop named Edison, from Homicide, who have just arrived.

EDISON

Suicide?

ZITO

Looks like it.

(beat)

Couldn't have happened to a nicer guy.

Castillo stares at him coldly, unamused. Zito starts uncomfortably back toward shore. Castillo finds Crockett at the back of the boat, crouching, picking up something.

CASTILLO

Crockett --

Crockett stands, holding a small shred of shrubbery between his fingers.

CROCKETT

What do you make of this?

Castillo takes it, turns it over in his hand.

CASTILLO

It's a clipping from a Bonsai tree.

CROCKETT

That's what I thought.

He hops up onto the pier and walks off. Castillo looks at Edison.

49 OMITTED

49 (X)

49A INT. UPSCALE LAW OFFICE - DAY

49A (X)

as, on the cut, Tubbs drops his large leather satchel on the desk of Rogo, the lawyer, and opens it to reveal that it's stuffed with cash, American dollars...Rogo whistles, under his breath --

ROGO

Ever thought about carrying
traveler's checks?

TUBBS

I am told that you can help me
invest this for a profit.

ROGO

Money market'll yield about ten
percent...municipal bonds --

TUBBS

Let's not talk around the point.
You know about what I am speaking --

ROGO

(frowns)

You say a Mr. Greene sent you to me?

TUBBS

My good friend, Kenny Greene, of
Kingston.

ROGO

Kenny Greene.

TUBBS

He said you are an associate of Mr.
Charles Glide?

Off Rogo's considering expression --

50 OMITTED

50 (X)

50A EXT. VERANDA - GLIDE'S HOUSE - DAY

50A (X)

where Charlie Glide is wolfing down crustaceans; Rogo sits
across from him with a pained, worried expression. (X)

CONTINUED

50A CONTINUED

50A

GLIDE

I remember Kenny Greene. Sure.
Small man with gold teeth. He was
carrying quarter of a mil in this
ugly little suitcase.

ROGO

Double that sum and you've got our
friend, Mr. Cooper.

GLIDE

(stops eating)

He's carrying around half a million
cash?

ROGO

Maybe more.

GLIDE

I really dig South Florida.
(resumes eating)
Weirdo capital of the world.

Rogo is terminally worried.

(X)

ROGO

What do you want to do about this
natty? I mean, can you trust a
recommendation from Kenny Greene?

GLIDE

(mouth full)

In a word: no.

ROGO

Then I forget the whole thing, tell
him to go back and invest his dough
in reggae records --

Glide holds up his hand, stopping Rogo. Wipes his mouth
with his napkin. Sets his jaw.

GLIDE

Noon yesterday a two-bit rabbit
named Burnett shows up and says he's
brokering a hundred pounds of flake
for a friend, can I find the
financing? 'Course I can, 'cause
the very next day some possibly
Jamaican embezzler appears in your
office with a satchel full of
finance.

CONTINUED

50A CONTINUED (2)

50A

ROGO
(trying to follow)
You think we're being set-up.

GLIDE
I checked a source in Miami Police,
the dope is sure enough "misplaced".
(beat)
Call Kenny Greene in Jamaica and I
bet he gives Cooper a rave review...

ROGO
(confused)
You think it's all legit?

GLIDE
I think it's cops trying to put the
clamp on Charlie Glide.

ROGO
But it's obvious entrapment.
They're asking you to buy, then
giving you the money to do it.
Nobody's that dumb.

GLIDE
No...unless we've got a couple of
different kinds of cops working the
same territory without telling each
other...
(beat)
This could be fun.

ROGO
Cops. I thought you knew Burnett --

GLIDE
So did I. I was gonna use him, now
that Brecker's checked out --

Glide shrugs, resumes eating once more.

ROGO
You're not a little upset?

GLIDE
Can't tell the players without a
program, Danny. I always operate
under the assumption that everyone
around me is a cop.

He looks up at his wary companion, smiles strangely.

- 51 EXT. MARINA - STREET - DAY 51
Another perfect Miami day, and the Ferrari cruises happily along this crowded street...Crockett alone at the wheel, music on the radio.
- 52 CLOSER - AN INTERSECTION 52
Light turns red, Crockett stops. A fire-red '68 Mustang convertible in perfect shape pulls up even with the Ferrari. Crockett turns idly to look, and locks stares with
- 53 A PRETTY STEWARDESS 53
and her vivid turquoise-rimmed shades -- two beats, she smiles slightly. Her uniform is the same as Susie Brecker's.
- 54 INTERCUTTING - CROCKETT 54
He stares at her. Two beats, then the light turns green -- The Mustang speeds off. The Ferrari seems locked in place. A horn blares behind Crockett. The Ferrari pulls away slowly.
- 55 OMITTED 55
- 55A EXT. SALOON ON THE INTRACOASTAL - DAY 55A
as Crockett comes down the pier, to find --
- 56 CHARLIE GLIDE 56
seated at a deck table.

GLIDE

I've been waiting for you.

CROCKETT

How's the investment market?

GLIDE

Looking good. That's why I've been waiting for you.

57 INT. GLIDE'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

57

Tubbs in a little more casual attire, pacing and playing somewhat nervous as Rogo counts the last of the money from the satchel --

TUBBS

...I got tired of watching the money just sit there, you know? So I say to myself "go to Miami with the money, make some for yourself and then put it back, no one's the wiser, right?"

Rogo nods, not listening, still counting --

TUBBS

(continuing)

I hurt no one.

Rogo nods.

TUBBS

(continuing)

I simply use the money for a little while.

ROGO

Who're you trying to convince? Me or you?

(beat)

Four hundred fifty thousand.

TUBBS

(nervous)

What you going to do with it?

ROGO

Put it in the bank.

CUT TO

58 OMITTED

58 (X)

58A EXT. SALOON ON THE INTRACOASTAL - DAY

58A (X)

as Glide explains to Crockett the details of their transaction.

(X)

CONTINUED

58A CONTINUED

58A

GLIDE

Guy doesn't want to be carrying around all that cash. It'll be in a safe deposit box -- he'll give you the key when you produce the bad thing.

(jolly)

Kind of like an eye for an eye, a key for a key --

CROCKETT

Do you guarantee?

GLIDE

Like Lloyds of London, Sonny-boy. I'll set up the meet for tonight.

(beat)

Thirty a kilo.

CROCKETT

(shakes his head)

Gotta have thirty-five, my friend. This new Coast Guard blockade's driving prices through the ceiling--

Glide considers this.

GLIDE

I could talk him into thirty-two.

CROCKETT

Thirty-three.

GLIDE

That's every cent he's got.

Crockett waits, for effect...finally nods and we

CUT TO

50 INT. GLIDE'S STUDY - DAY

50

ight on a fidgeting Cooper/Tubbs --

(X)

TUBBS

Forty-three? I thought you said it would be thirty-five.

He looks from Glide, behind the Vournets, to Rogo --

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED

50

GLIDE

I said I'd try thirty-five. I did.
It went over like the Titanic.
Look, even at forty-three you're
practically stealing the stuff --
it's untrampled --

TUBBS

Forty-three...I have just enough.

GLIDE

(smiles)
Fortunately.

60 EXT. BANK - DAY

60

as, on the cut, Glide hops out of his convertible -- and
ducks inside, carrying Tubbs' satchel --

61 INT. SAFE DEPOSIT ROOM - DAY

61

as, on the cut, Glide is here, stuffing money into a large
box, glancing about to be sure no one is watching. He stops
with one hundred thousand dollars still unpacked...closes
the drawer and slides it back shut.

Then he takes the remaining money and stuffs his pockets
with it, and walks out --

62 INT. BANK - TELLER'S WINDOW - DAY

62

as, on the cut, a bright, bubbly teller is finishing her
count of the cash in front of her, cash given her for
deposit by the legendary Charlie Glide himself --

TELLER

(nervous giggle)
This is a lot of money.

GLIDE

Half of it's gonna belong to your
Uncle Sam.

TELLER

Yeah...but still. You want this in
the savings account?

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED 62

GLIDE

(nods)

Windfall profits. How sweet it is.

And off his innocent, pleasant expression --

CUT TO

63 EXT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER 63

Glide emerges, hops into his car and roars off...

...camera swings around to reveal

64 THE BUGBUSTERS VAN 64

across the street. Switek and Zito inside, watching Glide drive away. Then they get out and jaywalk to the bank --

DISSOLVE TO

65 EXT. INTRACOASTAL WATERWAY - NIGHT 65

Crockett's Scarab cruising smoothly among the little private inlets adjacent to the mainland...Glide beside him, scanning the banks for --

66 A PIER 66

at the end of which a dark figure stands, waiting. Tubbs.

67 THE SCARAB 67

slows, turns, and approaches the pier. Docks. Crockett hops out, helps Glide come ashore --

68 ON THE PIER 68

Crockett and Tubbs face off. Glide is between them, an inscrutable expression on his face...almost smug.

GLIDE

Sonny, this is Mr. Cooper -- Cooper,
Sonny Burnett...

They shake hands, ad lib greetings --

CONTINUED

