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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)  
(X)  
(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

OMITTED

7  
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

68 CONTINUED

68

GLIDE

Well, you two are on your own from here on in --

(starts off)

Good luck.

TUBBS

Mr. Glide, no, please -- I would not be so nervous if you would come with me --

GLIDE

(shakes his head)

Mr. Cooper, I've made it a lifelong habit never to be found anywhere near any illegal contraband.

(then, sly)

'Specially not with a couple of cops...

Glide lets this sink in, relishing the moment. He stands at the foot of the pier; a long limo waits for him on the side of a street that parallels the water, not too far away...

CROCKETT

What are you talking about?

GLIDE

Come on, boys. Show's over.

(to Crockett)

Sonny, I figure you for local Miami Vice, no? You had me fooled for a while, huh?

(then Tubbs)

Cooper...well, I don't know. DEA? FBI? Does it matter?

(laughs)

You blew it -- you're coming at me from both sides! Entrapment, boys, even if I was stupid enough to go with you now to that..."investment" of yours. Been a pleasure.

He starts to the car, chuckling. Crockett and Tubbs exchange an ambiguous look, and --

(X)

CROCKETT

By the way...

Glide turns, pays attention.

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED (2)

68

CROCKETT  
(continuing)  
That money you skimmed from the  
payment was counterfeit.

69 GLIDE

69

stops dead in his tracks. Smile fades. He turns.  
Crockett is offhand --

CROCKETT  
Just thought you might like to know.

TUBBS  
Hope you didn't pass it to no bank,  
man. It'd be pretty embarrassing  
explaining where you got it.

CROCKETT  
(slight smile)  
Federal crime, huh?

Glide's rage is visible in his intense stare. Lasts a  
moment or two, then he pulls it under control. Realizes  
he's been had, and has to respect it...and quickly  
determine what to do about it.

He takes a couple steps back down the pier toward them.

GLIDE  
It'll never stick --

CROCKETT  
You never know. Let's call a judge  
and find out.

Glide begins to understand the game. Nods slightly. Smiles  
slightly.

GLIDE  
Let's make a deal.

Crockett and Tubbs share a satisfied look.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

70 INT. GLIDE'S STUDY - DAY

70

Crockett is behind the desk. Tubbs is sitting on the edge of the desk. Glide is in the chair in front. A little nervous.

GLIDE

You boys are good. You're damned good. I'll tell it to your face.

TUBBS

That's why we get the big bucks, Charlie.

CROCKETT

(picking up the phone)

I'm bored.

(to Tubbs)

You got the number of Charlie's bank, partner?

GLIDE

Lydia Sugarman, gentlemen.

Crockett and Tubbs are interested.

CROCKETT

Sugarman Electronics?

GLIDE

Are you hanging up the phone now?

Grudgingly, Crockett hangs up.

GLIDE

(continuing)

Sugarman Electronics. A 200 million dollar company. Not too big, not too small. Founded by Doctor Dan Sugarman in 1954. Started with...

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED

70

TUBBS  
(interrupting, to  
Crockett)  
Call the bank.

Crockett starts to pick up the phone.

GLIDE  
O.K., O.K. Sugarman died last year.  
He was eighty-six years old. Which  
leaves us with Lydia, his grief-  
stricken widow.

CROCKETT  
So what?

GLIDE  
So she's twenty-eight years old and  
life without her husband is  
meaningless unless she acquires  
control of Sugarman electronics. I  
believe the technical term is  
'leveraged buyout.'

CROCKETT  
(getting it)  
And she needs capital in a hurry.

GLIDE  
The old man left her fifteen mil.  
All she wants to do is triple it.

TUBBS  
In one deal.

GLIDE  
(shrugging)  
Blonde Ambition.

CROCKETT  
What's your end?

GLIDE  
For making the introductions? One  
million dollars. My needs are  
simple.  
(beat)  
Any chance you guys let me keep it?

Crockett stares him down, coldly. He knows Glide blew away  
Terry, but can't let it get in the way --

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED (2) 70

CROCKETT  
Introduce us. Burnett and Cooper.

TUBBS  
Have dope, will travel.

71 EXT. SCARAB - DAY 71

Tubbs is speeding the boat out of Miami Harbor. Crockett and Glide stand next to him.

72 EXT. FREIGHTER ON THE OCEAN - DAY 72 (X)

The Scarab pulls up to the big boat. Crockett, Tubbs and Glide climb up the rope ladder. Glide goes first.

73 EXT. BOAT DECK 73

Two guerrillas, Indians, are sitting on the deck in canvas chairs, listening to rock and roll and enjoying the sun. They cradle automatic weapons. They see Glide appear over the gunwale and smile, excited to see him. One guerrilla, very young, Hermando, wears an earring. He comes over to Glide and suspiciously eyes Crockett and Tubbs as they climb aboard.

GLIDE  
(off of Crockett  
and Tubbs)  
Mi amigos, Hermando.

Hermando and his pal relax. Guerrilla #2 comes over and lightly fingers the fabric of Tubbs' jacket sleeve. He admires it.

GLIDE  
When this is all over, Cooper, you  
can take this guy shopping.  
(to Hermando)  
Senor Zabado, por favor.

HERMANDO  
Si. Senor Zabado.  
(beat; with great  
difficulty)  
How are you, Mister Charlie Glide.

Hermando beams with pride.

GLIDE  
Great, Hermando. Real good. Bravo.



74 INT. CABIN

74

where Zabado, a mean looking Columbian, is supervising the weighing and packaging of kilos of cocaine. He's pouring the dope on a scale from a trash bag full of the stuff.

He is intense. A couple of helpers watch.

The room is hushed. Zabado is completely intense about weighing cocaine. Glide, Crockett and Tubbs enter and stand to the side.

GLIDE

(a whispers)

We mustn't disturb his concentration.

CROCKETT

(impressed by the weight)

No way.

Zabado puts a little more on the scale, takes a little off. The needle is just about right. Zabado finally smiles, then takes a buckknife from a sheath on his belt and dips into the coke. He snorts a huge line right off the knife face. Finally, he turns to Glide and our guys.

ZABADO

(crazy grin)

Perfecto.

(suspicious, off Crockett and Tubbs)

Who are these guys?

GLIDE

Burnett and Cooper. I have hired them to transport the merchandise.

Zabado is not convinced.

GLIDE

(continuing)

I trust them with my life.

Zabado laughs. Crockett and Tubbs smile.

ZABADO

Mister Glide. I need champagne.

CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED

74

GLIDE  
(to Crockett and  
Tubbs)

Mister Zabado has recently fled his  
homeland. He is anxious to embrace  
the good life in America.

ZABADO  
(slamming his fist  
on the worktable)  
Champagne!

Tubbs and Crockett exchange a look.

TUBBS  
I'm a big fan of champagne.

GLIDE  
Lucky for us, so's Lydia Sugarman.

Crockett and Tubbs smile the Player's smile. Zabado  
cackles.

75  
thru  
77

OMITTED

75  
thru  
77

77A

CLOSE - A BUCKET OF ICE, CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE IN IT

77A

The champagne bucket is moving, bobbing. We widen to  
reveal that the bucket is being carried by a liveried  
waiter, through

77B

EXT. VERANDA - GLIDE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

77B

Music is blaring -- live band. We follow the waiter to

77C

A TABLE ON THE LAWN

77C

revealing that this is a catered dinner for Crockett,  
Tubbs, Glide, Zabado and Lydia Sugarman, a drop-dead blonde  
in the Michelle Pfeiffer mold, an Ice Princess. Zabado is  
excited to see the champagne. As the waiter opens the  
champagne...

ZABADO  
Champagne! Pop! Pop!

CONTINUED

77C CONTINUED

77C

The others at the table are polite, but they can't quite believe this. The waiter pops the champagne. Zabado reaches across Lydia Sugarman and grabs the bottle, upends it in his mouth. Lydia doesn't miss a step.

LYDIA  
(to the waiter)  
On second thought, bring me a double  
Long Island iced tea.

WAITER  
And for the gentlemen?

CROCKETT  
We're fine.

As the waiter turns to leave, Zabado takes the bottle from his lips.

ZABADO  
(to the waiter)  
More breadsticks. Food.

WAITER  
Yes, sir.

The waiter leaves.

LYDIA  
(to Crockett,  
flirting)  
Mr. Burnett, you look like you know  
your way around this business.

CROCKETT  
It's loads of fun once you get used  
to it.

LYDIA  
That's too bad. I don't plan on  
becoming used to it.

GLIDE  
I have arranged for the delivery of  
the merchandise. If your finances  
are in order, Lydia...

LYDIA  
I understand your concern for my  
finances, Charlie, but that's not  
your worry.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

77C CONTINUED (2)

77C

LYDIA (Cont'd)  
(to Crockett and  
Tubbs)  
He actually thinks I might not have  
the cash.

TUBBS  
But you do, right?

Lydia is a little taken aback.

CROCKETT  
(chastising Tubbs)  
Richard, how many times have I told  
you: when they're this beautiful,  
they don't have to lie.

78 ANGLE - ZABADO

78

Chewing with his mouth open. Disgusting.

GLIDE  
Listen, I'm losing my appetite  
here. Here's what I think: Let's  
meet at the Henderson Boat House at  
four P.M. Lydia, you bring the  
money. Burnett and Cooper will  
bring the merchandise.

(X)

LYDIA  
You got a fast boat?

CROCKETT  
(smiling)  
It's not the boat, lady. It's the  
driver of the boat.

LYDIA  
(locking eyes with  
Crockett)  
Then we're all set.  
(dreamy)  
Would you like to dance...  
(suddenly turns to  
Tubbs)  
Richard?

Tubbs gives Crockett a look, shrugs, and gets up.

CONTINUED

78 CONTINUED

78

TUBBS

When they're this beautiful, Sonny,  
you can't say no.

79 EXT. BOAT GARAGE - OCEAN FRONT - LONG SHOT - DAY

79

as the Bugbuster's Van pulls up in front. Secluded. Quiet.  
Switek and Zito pile out, and disappear inside after  
looking around for a beat --

ZITO

...but how do they know that no  
one's gonna show up accidentally or  
something --

SWITEK

They've probably checking it out --

ZITO

(on a roll)

I mean, is there a book, or  
something? "Great Places To Make  
Drug Deals"? They always know --  
and they're never the same --

SWITEK

(going inside)

It's their job, Lar. That's why we  
call them professionals.

ZITO

(stays outside)

I think it's uncanny.

(then, entering)

You never thought about it?

80 INT. BOAT GARAGE - SWITEK AND ZITO

80

Just looking around to know the territory. Place is dimly-  
lit, hasn't been used for a while. Water gently lapping at  
the narrow mooring walkways. A motorized garage door  
opener overhead.

SWITEK

One way in, no way out. No  
surprises.

ZITO

That door opener looks new.

- 81 HIS P.O.V. 81  
The machinery of the opener. Then panning down as his eyes trace fresh wiring down the side of the garage...and into the water. Something beneath the surface, thin and silvery in the murky light --
- 82 RESUME - SWITEK AND ZITO 82  
Zito frowns. Crouches, trying to get a better look at it. Switek is oblivious, satisfied...eager to get out of this dank place.
- ZITO  
What's that?
- SWITEK  
(impatient glance)  
Water, Lar.
- Sound of other vehicles arriving, and he heads out. Zito peers for a beat more, then follows.
- 83 CLOSE - THE UNDERWATER WIRE 83  
Following it across to where it disappears under the walkway.
- 84 CLOSE - THE BRAND NEW OPENER MECHANISM 84  
It seems a little bigger, and more complicated than it needs to be.
- 85 WIDE - THE GARAGE 85  
Peaceful. Empty. Waiting.
- 86 EXT. THE GARAGE - OCEANFRONT - LONG SHOT - DAY 86  
Switek and Zito conferring with Gina and Trudy, and some other cops who have arrived to scout for surveillance points.
- DISSOLVE TO
- 87 EXT. CROCKETT'S SCARAB - OPEN SEA - DAY 87 (X)  
Gliding on becalmed water, out to a rendezvous with Zabado's freighter. (X)

88 INT. SALOON ON THE INTRACOASTAL - DAY 88

Pushing through a Happy Hour market of eligible bachelors (X)  
and bachelorettes to find a well-oiled Rogo huddled in a  
pay phone booth --

ROGO

Mrs. Sugarman? Max Rogo -- I'm  
calling for Charlie Glide --

89 INTERCUTTING - TIGHT ON LYDIA SUGARMAN - DAY 89 (X)

at a vanity table, performing delicate super-realism with (X)  
cosmetics, on her eyes and lips. A silver-plated automatic  
is on the table top with the rest of her beauty  
accessories, as if it's just one of them --

LYDIA

What does Charlie Glide want now,  
Mr. Rogo?

ROGO

(can't hear too  
well, over the  
din)

There's been a change of plans, Mrs.  
Sugarman. Charlie's made Burnett  
and Cooper for cops -- he thinks  
Zabado may have rolled over on us.

Flicker of concern in Lydia's eyes. She's so close she can  
taste it, and now suddenly she's ready to back completely  
out, but --

ROGO

But Charlie's got it all under  
control, ma'am. Don't worry. New  
time, new place.

(beat)

He is gonna need you to make one  
minor sacrifice, though...

90 EXT. FREIGHTER - OPEN SEA - DAY 90 (X)

as Crockett's Scarab comes to rest beside it...and nose-to-  
nose with another speedboat. (X)

CROCKETT

What is this, a convention?

The Indian's gunmen hop down onto the bow of Crockett's  
boat. Dead serious.

CONTINUED

90 CONTINUED

90

GLIDE

No, it's a fast boat filled with funny powder, Burnett. Your C.O.D. package.

He's hopped up onto Crockett's boat's bow, then hops across to the other bow, and stomps on it.

GLIDE

It's all packed in under here. Ten duffle bags.

(beat)

Coast Guard might've spotted you on your way out.

(beat)

It's not the boat, right?

Crockett and Tubbs exchange a look, then start to climb to the other boat --

CROCKETT

Just so it's clear we ain't trading for good.

TUBBS

Can this thing handle all that extra weight?

Crockett fires up the engine, and its powerful rumble is the answer to Tubbs' question.

91 ZABADO

91

is still standing on the bow of the boat. One of his men, a small guy with an earring and an Uzi hops down at the Indian's command. Brief exchange, unheard over the roar of the powerboat, then Zabado strangely -- emotionally -- clasps the young man in a strong embrace. Like a farewell.

92 WIDE

92

The guerrilla hops down into the boat with Crockett and Tubbs. Zabado and Glide climb back up onto Zabado's ship. Tubbs tosses off the mooring lines, and Crockett points the dope-laden vessel back toward Miami.

He glides away, idling for a moment, then guns the engine and the speedboat explodes away.



93 ZABADO'S BOAT

93

Zabado watching the powerboat disappear. Dismayed. Glide is behind him.

ZABADO

Hernando has been with me since the Siege of April, when all in his village were executed by government troops.

GLIDE

Some sacrifices are inevitable.

(turning)

We better start loading the dope into Burnett's boat. It'll be light soon.

Glide walks off. Zabado remains staring into the darkness where the powerboat vanished. Behind him, some of the guerrillas begin to produce some duffle bags. The real stuff. Crockett and Tubbs are delivering a thousand pounds of nothing.

ZABADO

(to himself)

I will miss him.

94 EXT. THE SPEEDBOAT - OPEN SEA - DAY

94 (X)

Racing to shore.

95 EXT. THE BOAT GARAGE - OCEAN'S EDGE - DAY

95 (X)

Quiet. A car approaches, stops where we saw the bugbuster's van stop earlier. Two men get out -- Mrs. Sugarman's people -- both carrying big suitcases presumably filled with cash. They make their way to the garage, wait outside, watching the ocean... (X)

96 NOT FAR AWAY -- BUGBUSTER'S VAN - SWITEK AND ZITO

96

Observing this from their surveillance point. Switek raises a walkie-talkie, speaks softly --

SWITEK

Say hello to Mr. Cash...

97 ANOTHER SURVEILLANCE SPOT - SEDAN - CASTILLO

97

with Gina and Trudy, and a couple of uniforms. Eyes on the boat garage --

- 98 THE GARAGE 98  
The guys with the dough are still waiting. (X)
- 99 SWITEK AND ZITO 99  
Switek turns his attention to the ocean...binoculars searching, then --
- SWITEK  
And here's Wally and the Beav --
- ZITO  
Is that Eddie Haskel with 'em?
- 100 EXT. OCEAN - THE SPEADBOAT - APPROACHING THE GARAGEE - DAY 100 (X)  
Crockett slows the boat, sizing up the meet...Tubbs glances at Hermando, vigilant behind them.
- CROCKETT  
Someone forgot to open the door --
- Hermando pulls an electronic remote control from his pocket, triggers the door of the boat garage, and it begins to open.
- CROCKETT  
Never mind.  
He aims the boat in.
- 101 EXT. OPEN SEA - THE FREIGHTER - DAY 101 (X)  
Guerrillas finishing the job of stuffing duffle bags into the bow of Crockett's Scarab. Zabado watching -- Glide staring out at the horizon, beyond which, on the mainland, the meet is about to take place --
- GLIDE  
(thoughtful)  
Contact bomb?
- ZABADO  
(offhand)  
Time delay.  
(gesturing)  
Door goes up -- set. Door comes down -- adios.

102 EXT. THE SPEEDBOAT - AT THE BOAT GARAGE - NIGHT 102 (X)

Crockett guiding the boat in. Tubbs' eyes flicker across (X)  
the faces of Mrs. Sugarman's boys, now inside the garage...  
then down across the water, where it briefly picks up a  
sliver of wire under water, directly in their path -- then  
they're over it, entering, and suddenly the door is coming  
down behind them.

Crockett and Tubbs exchange a worried look.

CROCKETT

Did we do that?

(looks)

They didn't --

TUBBS

(looking at  
Hermendo)

Neither did he --

CROCKETT

It's a set-up --

They both scramble toward the back of the boat -- Hermendo  
tries to stop them, but he's knocked away --

103 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 103

dive from the back of the boat, out into the water, out of (X)  
the garage just under the door swinging down, then swimming  
desperately to get away from it. A fireball explodes (X)  
behind them. Debris rains down on top of them.

104 OMITTED 104 (X)

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

- 105 INT. SALOON ON THE INTRACOASTAL - DAY 105 (X)  
Festivities beginning to heat up. Crockett and Tubbs enter, scanning the crowd for -- (X)
- 106 ROGO 106  
who sits with a couple of babes, on the far side. He's very hammered, too hammered to close these deals. But not hammered enough not to notice with astonishment --
- 107 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 107  
pushing their way through people, to get to him.
- 108 THE SCENE 108  
as Rogo jumps up, stumbles backward over an empty table, tries to get away, but Crockett and Tubbs get to him and take him under control -- they wheel him away from the crowd, to the edge of the Intracoastal, where a couple of boats are moored for party people --
- ROGO  
Hey -- this suit is raw silk --
- TUBBS  
Where' the real deal happenin', man?
- ROGO  
What? Weren't you there?
- CROCKETT  
Yeah, and it was a big, loud surprise party, pal --
- TUBBS  
We left early.

CONTINUED

108 CONTINUED

108

ROGO

(a little panicky)

Listen, it was Zabado -- he made you  
for cops, he thought you were  
working with the bimlette -- he put  
out a hit.

Crockett and Tubbs aren't buying --

ROGO

You gotta believe me -- there's no  
other meet, guys -- the dope and the  
dough are history, right? You were  
there, you saw it --

Tubbs grabs him and slams him into the hull of a boat --

TUBBS

We were almost part of it!!!

ROGO

Hey --

CROCKETT

Cool off, Rico --

Tubbs is right in Rogo's face.

TUBBS

(crazed-calm)

That's the way it was supposed to  
look, huh -- like the powder and the  
money all went up in a big fireball  
along with two dumb cops, huh?

ROGO

No, it was -- it was a --

Staring at Crockett, then Tubbs. Realizes he's just  
digging a deeper hole --

ROGO

Maybe...

(deep breath)

Maybe I overheard Glide setting up  
something for late this afternoon  
down near Matheson Park --

(X)

Crockett heads off, down the boardwalk. Tubbs hustles Rogo  
off after him. At the end of the walk, a small outboard  
motorboat is bobbing, its owner sloppy drunk on the bow.

CONTINUED

108 CONTINUED (2) 108

Crockett tries to reason with him, then flashes his badge and commandeers the vessel, sparking the engine to life as Tubbs shoves Rogo ahead of him, on board.

They roar off.

109 EXT. SECLUDED BEACH - DAY 109 (X)

A long wooden pier stretches far out into the ocean, beyond the breaking surf. A nondescript van is waiting at the top of the sand, near an access road...

110 CROCKETT'S SCARAB 110

is coming in to dock at the end of the pier. Someone inside flashes a flashlight three times.

111 THE VAN 111

flashes its headlights twice. Then twice again. Three people climb out -- Lydia Sugarman and two large men. Lydia stays back while the two men jog down the beach to the pier, and then out to where Zabado and Charlie Glide are tying up the Scarab.

112 LYDIA'S P.O.V. - LONG SHOT - END OF THE PIER 112

The two big guys disappear under the bow of the boat, then begin quickly hauling out duffle bags. Charlie and Zabado each take a bag -- Lydia's boys take two each -- and the men come hurrying back to the van.

113 RESUME - THE VAN 113

Lydia has a big duffle bag filled with cash, waiting for the Indian. Glide and Zabado throw their bags into the van. The two big guys go back to get the rest of the dope, and Glide and Zabado join Mrs. Sugarman.

She gives Zabado the cash.

LYDIA

You want to count it?

Zabado just checks to make sure it looks like real money. He has no choice but to trust her --

CONTINUED

113 CONTINUED

113

GLIDE

What about my commission?

Lydia smiles, reaches into the pocket of her coat and pulls out the silver-plated automatic. Blows Zabado away. Glide sinks to his knees, thinking he may be next.

LYDIA

Now you've really got something fun to explain to the cops.

She picks up the satchel filled with cash, throws some at Glide -- his commission --

GLIDE

Lydia, baby, it was Zabado --

LYDIA

Right.

Behind her, the two big guys are bringing back the last of the dope. A motor boat is approaching on the horizon, skimming across the glassy water of the Atlantic.

LYDIA

What happened, Charlie? Cops finally figure out how to hook you?

GLIDE

You got it all wrong --

LYDIA

You didn't like it, did you? Didn't like losing, so you thought of a way to snuff the cops and still go through with the deal -- what was the plan, Charlie, tell them that me and Zabado tried to double-cross each other, and Burnett and Cooper got caught in the crossfire?

GLIDE

(no sense arguing with her)

Zabado's dead -- I could say it was his hit, on you, at the boathouse --

LYDIA

And then I killed him in retaliation?

(MORE)

CONTINUED

113 CONTINUED (2)

113

LYDIA (Cont'd)  
(shakes her head)  
Somehow you keep squirming out of  
this, Charlie --

GLIDE  
Lydia -- for all the cops know, the  
cocaine and the cash both went up in  
the explosion -- we're home free --  
they got nothing but splinters and  
guesses --

LYDIA  
And two of my people. You make  
Zabado "sacrifice" somebody, too?  
(angry)  
How come everybody else pays for  
you, Charlie?! How come you never  
pay?  
(raises the gun)  
Why is that?

GLIDE  
Listen to me --

But she's not listening to Charlie Glide. She's listening  
to the sound of the motorboat, still approaching, coming  
right at them now. Lydia frowns --

114 THE MOTORBOAT

114

It's Crockett and Tubbs...and Rogo. Crockett has the boat  
aimed right for shore --

115 THEIR P.O.V. - THE BEACH

115

Glide on his knees, Lydia starting to react to their  
approach; she drops the cash -- too heavy -- runs to the  
van, and hops in the driver's seat. Her two accomplices  
start firing at Crockett and Tubbs.

Crockett opens the outboard all the way, aims for the van--

ROGO  
Wait -- what are you doing???



116 WIDE - THE BEACH 116

The van's wheels spinning in the sand, not getting enough traction for a quick getaway. The big guys firing at Crockett's approach but the target is closing and bobbing too fast.

117 THE OUTBOARD MOTORBOAT 117

rides the crest of a wave, skips onto the beach, and slides toward the van -- Crockett, Tubbs and Rogo all bailing out at the last minute --

-- the boat hits the van, causing an explosion that eliminates Lydia.

118 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 118

blow away the two gunmen.

119 ROGO 119

chases down Glide, and attacks him, screaming --

ROGO

You almost got me killed!!! You almost got me killed!!!

120 WIDE - THE BEACH 120

Tubbs pulls Rogo off of Glide, who seems a little dazed by all that's happened --

GLIDE

(to Crockett)

Boy, am I glad to see you guys --

CROCKETT

You set us up. You set us up, you set Susie up -- her brother -- those guys at the meet -- everybody you've touched had died --

GLIDE

Hey, Sonny, they changed the meet on me -- the Indian made you for cops, ordered a hit -- I didn't know until it was too late --

CONTINUED

120 CONTINUED

120

CROCKETT

You set us up!!!

And now he's all over Glide, ready to tear him apart if Tubbs doesn't intervene...which he does --

TUBBS

Sonny, man, chill out --

GLIDE

You set yourself up!  
That's the job, isn't it?

Crockett shoots him a deadly look. glide takes a step back. Patrol cars are arriving in the b.g., lights flashing. Uniforms heading down the beach toward --

121 CROCKETT, TUBBS AND GLIDE

121

Crockett relaxes. Tubbs lets him go.

CROCKETT

(to Glide)

You're mine, pal.

GLIDE

For what? I helped you, Crockett --  
you got the drugs, the money, the  
players -- I did what you asked --  
we had a deal --

TUBBS

You shut up!

But Crockett realizes Glide may be right. They can't prove anything...frustrated, he looks around the beach...part of Lydia's payment is blowing across the sand, out of the open suitcase --

CONTINUED

121 CONTINUED

121

CROCKETT  
(to the uniforms)  
I need all the money! Every bill!  
(whirls, to Glide)  
It better be all there, Charlie.

He walks off, disgusted. Tubbs gets some cuffs from one of the uniforms, snaps them on Glide's wrists. Rogo is just staring at Glide, still numb --

GLIDE  
(calls after  
Crockett)  
Trouble with you Vice cops is you're  
not doing anybody any favors!  
You're living by laws nobody else  
believes in --!

TUBBS  
Let's go.

He shoves Glide forward, and as they trudge up to the patrol cars, camera pulls back to a wide angle of the beach...cops in uniform chasing money across the virgin sand...

122 INT. OCB SQUAD ROOM - DAY

122

Everybody counting money -- finishing, actually, because Zito crosses to Crockett with the verdict --

ZITO  
It's all there, Sonny. Every cent.

Crockett nods, shoots a disgusted look toward Castillo's office, where Glide is waiting. Smug.

123 CROCKETT

123

stands. Looks around the room, helplessly, then suddenly trashes his desk, sweeping stuff off of it in anger, throwing things. Then stops suddenly.

Looks around the room again, everybody watching him strangely. He starts out -- brushing past Tubbs --

TUBBS  
Sonny --

CONTINUED

123 CONTINUED

123

CROCKETT

Save it.

He disappears out the double doors, as a couple of Homicide cops are entering: Edison and another guy. They make passing note of Crockett -- and the trashing he's just done--

EDISON

Bad day in Viceville?

TUBBS

You guys here for a reason, or just sightseein'?

Edison shows Tubbs a piece of paper, as:

EDISON

Edison, Homicide. We understand you've detained a Charles Glide --?  
(off Tubbs' look)  
We want to take him downtown, ask him a few questions about the murder of Mr. Terry Brecker...

124 EXT. STREET - CROCKETT'S FERRARI - DAY

124

Another perfect day in paradise. Driving. Trying to get the anger out of his system. He pulls up to an intersection red light. Stops, staring blankly ahead.

125 A RED MUSTANG

125

pulls up beside him. It's the stewardess he's seen before. They trade glances again. She smiles. Crockett doesn't. She reads the pain in his eyes. Smiles differently, then looks away, embarrassed.

Crockett just watches her.

126 THE LIGHT

126

turns green.

127 THE INTERSECTION

127

The girl in the red Mustang turns right, heads down the intersecting street.

CONTINUED

127 CONTINUED

127

Crockett says stopped at the light for a moment...then cranks his Ferrari left, in the opposite direction, heads away.

FADE OUT

THE END