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MIAMI VICE

"WHEN IRISH EYES ARE CRYING"

Original Story by

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Participating Writer

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#62004

6/24/86

MIAMI VICE

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE CRYING

CAST

SONNY CROCKETT
RICARDO TUBBS
CASTILLO
SWITEK
ZITO
GINA
TRUDY

SEAN CARROON
BUNNY BERRIGAN

FATHER GAFFNEY
INTRUDER (DANNY FINNIAN)
IZZY
RICHARD CROSS
MAX KLIZER
THE HOUSEMAN
MAURICE BROOKS
EDDIE KAY
VIET GIRL

(X)

SETS

INTERIORS

PARISH HALL
N.D. SURVEILLANCE VAN
OCB ROOM
FERRARI
RESTAURANT
PENTHOUSE HOTEL SUITE
PENTHOUSE CONDO (KLIZER'S)
TRAVEL AGENCY
TUBBS' CAR
BAR
ARMY TRUCK
METRO/DADE COMMUNICATIONS AREA
HELICOPTER

EXTERIORS

PARISH HALL
BUNNY'S MANSION
STREET
BEACH
GINA'S APARTMENT
EVERGLADES
CARROON'S HOTEL BALCONY
SKYLINE
FOUNTAINBLEAU
ROAD
PARKING STRUCTURE
PARKING STRUCTURE ROOF

MIAMI VICE

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE CRYING

TEASER

FADE IN

- 1 INT. CHURCH PARISH HALL -- NIGHT 1
- An angelic three year-old face fills the screen. Red hair. Freckles. Irish as Patty's pig. Under the driving urgency of the music is the hint of a jig.
- 2 PULLING BACK 2
- We see that the three year old is standing in front of British troops in full battle dress as we dissolve into a
- 2A MONTAGE -- "THE TROUBLES" 2A
- The endless row houses of the Belfast Catholic ghetto. IRA griffitti on walls. Scenes filled with hatred and pain.
- Weeping women and angry men follow a coffin draped in the outlawed flag of the IRA. Etc. ENDING ON:
- 2B A DEAD IRA "SOLDIER" 2B
- Sprawled outside a pub. One leg is twisted grotesquely under him, one arm thrown out, a 9mm. pistol still clutched in a death grip. We PULL OUT AND DOWN to reveal Sean Carroon staring at the screen, his back to camera, one hand on his hip. As the music ends, the screen he's standing in front of turns white and he turns to camera, speaking with a soft Irish brogue.

CARROON

Your newspapers and politicians cry out against Apartheid in South Africa and Russia's invasion of Afghanistan, but the most blatant example of Colonialism in the world today is Britain's heel on the throats of The Catholics of Northern Ireland...our best and brightest have been cut down in their prime by the bullets of an occupying army...

CUT TO

3 EXT. PARISH HALL -- NIGHT

3

A wraith like figure dressed completely in black flits from tree to tree until he's next to the church. He crouches and looks into the basement window.

4 INTRUDER'S POINT OF VIEW

4

Another slide's on the wall -- British soldiers fire into a crowd of rock throwing Irish teens. Standing at a lectern is Carroon -- early thirties, ruggedly good looking. The hall is filled with interested parishoners. Standing along one wall, listening attentively, is Gina. Carroon finishes his remarks. People clap and move toward tables laid out

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

4

with coffee and doughnuts. Several can be seen writing checks. Others drop cash into a large bowl.

CUT TO

5 INT. PARISH HALL -- NIGHT

5

Carroon is surrounded by a group of admirers. Standing next to him is Bunny Berrigan, early forties. A multi-millionaire Irish-American in a Kelly green cashmere blazer, he's got the flushed cheeks and red nose of an alcoholic and the fervid passion of a dilliantante. As Bunny speaks, Carroon and Gina make eye contact. There's an immediate sexual spark -- pure chemistry.

BUNNY

(holding up pen)

Come on, come on -- who needs a pen?
Show me the check and I'll match it
dollar for dollar. It may be warm
here, but those kids in Belfast need
winter coats...

Father Gaffney, a fiftyish Priest, looks at Carroon searchingly.

GAFFNEY

Mr. Carroon...

CARROON

Please father, Sean...

GAFFNEY

Sean...you know we've all heard the
rumors...

CARROON

That this money will buy bullets,
not blankets?

(the priest nods)

It's happened, I can't deny that,
but those days are over, at least
for me and many others...there's
been too much blood...too many
widows.

Gina has moved into the group around Carroon.

GINA

But the shooting hasn't stopped...

(X)

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED

5

CARROON

(fervent)

It must! Fighting the Brits in the streets is hopeless -- pistols and rifles against tanks and machine guns...

(X)
(X)

Bunny claps a man in a green sweater on the shoulder.

BUNNY

Wearing the green's a fine thing, but giving the green's more effective...

He steers him toward the cash bowl, leaving Carroon and Gina alone.

GINA

I expected something different...

CARROON

(quiet smile)

A wild man with a shilleghleh screaming 'Death to the Queen'?

GINA

Something like that...

CUT TO

6 EXT. PARISH HALL -- NIGHT

6

The Intruder's on his knees, head bowed. He sighs deeply, gets to his feet, takes out a stocking cap, pulls it over his head and face, and turns. Only his eyes and mouth are visible. (X)

CUT TO

7 INT. N.D. SURVEILLANCE VAN -- NIGHT

7

Switek and Zito are pissed. Switek's eating a cheeseburger, as we hear snatches of conversation from the small speaker in the van.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED

7

MAN (V.O.)
I wonder if this is tax
deductible?

WOMAN (V.O.)
The children are the one's
I feel sorry for...

GINA (V.O.)
Can I get you something to
drink?

CARROON (V.O.)
Just a cup of tea, if it's
no trouble.

SWITEK
(disgusted) (X)
Major weapons deal... (X)
be lucky to get a
bingo bust out of this.
I get hold of Izzy I'm gonna
rip his lungs out.

ZITO
Yeah? Well get our
Ben Franklin back before
you do...
(shaking
his head)
My first fight's in
three weeks -- I should
be in the gym...

SWITEK
You should be seeing a shrink,
that's where you should be. Fighters
retire before they get to your age.

ZITO
(re: cheeseburger;
ignoring comment)
How long you think your arteries are
gonna be able to pump that sludge...

SWITEK
Don't go healthy on me, alright Lar?

ZITO
(serious)
Sodium in those fries'll kill ya' as
dead as a bullett...

The small talk coming out of the speaker is replaced by the
chatter of automatic weapons fire mixed with terrified
screams. Switek drops the cheeseburger as he and Zito
burst out of the van with guns drawn.

CUT TO

8 INT. PARISH HALL - DAY

8

The Intruder stands in the door, the Mac 10 pointed at the
ceiling. People cower behind chairs and tables. Father
Gaffney steps forward.

GAFFNEY
This is God's house...

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED

8

INTRUDER
And I do God's work...
(to Carroon)
Sean Carroon -- you know why I'm
here...

Carroon pushes Gina gently away from him.

CARROON
And it has nothing to do with God...

Gina's moving away, trying to position herself out of the Intruder's line of sight. Carroon stands alone in the middle of the room, unafraid.

9 THE INTRUDER

9

Lowers the Mac 10 until it points at Carroon. His voice goes up a half octave. There's a quaver in it.

INTRUDER
You have been tried and convicted by
a Court Martial of the Provisional
wing of the Irish Republican Army...
(beat)
The sentence is death...

10 GINA

10

Out of the Intruder's peripheral vision, has drawn her .38. It's pointed at his chest.

GINA
Miami Vice! Drop the gun!

11 THE INTRUDER

11

Shock in his eyes as he looks to his left. A moment of indecision.

GINA
Now!

He lowers the weapon. It looks like it's working until he suddenly swivels and brings it up towards Gina. She fires three times before he can even pull the trigger. He's dead as he hits the floor. Silence.

12

SWITEK AND ZITO

12

Rushing in, guns drawn. They stop short when they see the body. Almost as one, the crowd moves toward the fallen assassin, along with Gina and Carroon. Gina leans down, pulls the stocking mask off and shudders. The face is young -- nineteen at the most -- and Irish. It could be the kid in the opening shot grown up.

SWITEK

He's just a kid...

(X)

A wave of pain suffuses Carroon's features.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

13 INT. OCB -- DAY

13

Crockett, Tubbs, Gina, Switek and Zito in the conference room. Gina looks like she's had a rough night.

CASTILLO

Tell me about the shooter.

SWITEK

Nada. No I.D. No labels. No serial numbers on the Mac 10.

ZITO

Sent his prints to Interpol and both Irelands.

CASTILLO

(to Gina)

You were there for weapons.

GINA

But I don't think anybody else was. I checked with Father Gaffney. Everybody was from the parish.

SWITEK

(feeling suckered)

Izzy gave us a whole song and dance about heavy duty military stuff.

CROCKETT

(disgusted)

Izzy? You listened to Izzy?

GINA

It just doesn't make sense -- Carroon was real adamant -- said violence hasn't worked...he sure didn't sound like he was trying to buy heavy hardware.

TUBBS

Probably just Izzy hearing something and blowing it up. Somebody says guns are gonna show up, he figures it's gunrunning.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

13

SWITEK

(shrugging;
embarrassed)

Said it was hard information.
Talked about Dragon missiles...lying
little creep!

ZITO

(pissed)

I'm gonna turn that weasel's glasses
into contact lenses.

CROCKETT

(serious)

Maybe Carroon knows something he
shouldn't.

TUBBS

Like?

CROCKETT

If he knows about future Provo
operations and has turned peaceful,
they'd want to make sure he doesn't
talk.

CASTILLO

Where's Carroon staying?

GINA

A guy named Bunny Berrigan's house.
Big bucks professional Irishman.

CASTILLO

(to Switek and
Zito)

Talk to both of them. I don't want
an IRA vendetta here.

(to Crockett and
Tubbs)

We've got a shooter and we've got a
gun tip. Assume there's a
connection until you can prove there
isn't.

TUBBS

So we roust Izzy.

CASTILLO

Yes.

CROCKETT

Blind man's bluff...

CONTINUED

13

CONTINUED (2)

13

The meeting's over. Castillo stays seated. As the others head for the door, he calls Gina back.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED (3)

13

CASTILLO

Gina.

She closes the door and turns.

CASTILLO

You alright?

GINA

I'll survive...

(beat, miserable)

He was so young...a kid...

CASTILLO

He was old enough to kill...

GINA

(looking for
words)

He didn't want to...I could feel it.

CASTILLO

Shooting team finish with you?

She nods.

CASTILLO

You're on the beach until their
reports in.

GINA

(doesn't like it)

I can work from my desk.

CASTILLO

Go home.

CUT TO

14 INT. OCB -- DAY

14

Gina, her face a mask, comes out of Castillo's office.
Trudy looks at her with concern.

TRUDY

What's the matter?

GINA

Castillo's sending me home.

TRUDY

(keeping it light)

You need a back-up?

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED

14

Switek yells from his desk, a phone at his ear.

SWITEK

Gina -- they're transferring a call
from Metro...

She picks up the receiver as her line buzzes.

GINA

Calabrese...

Involuntarily her face softens.

GINA

I know where it is...no, no. I
could meet you there...One's fine.

She hangs up. Trudy cocks an inquisitive eye.

GINA

Sean Carroon...he wants to thank me
for saving his life...

CUT TO

15 INT. N.D. VAN -- DAY

15

Switek and Zito turn in at the gates of an estate, roll
down a long driveway and pull into a huge motor court. A
black Ferrari testarossa's parked near the front door along
with several other expensive pieces of auerotica.

SWITEK

That's funny.

ZITO

What?

SWITEK

No Irish cars...

ZITO

(right over his
head)

The Irish make cars?

Switek rolls his eyes.

CUT TO

16 EXT. BUNNY'S MANSION -- DAY

16

Bunny Berigan swirls a drink as he looks out over the water from his terrace, his back to Switek and Zito.

BERRIGAN

Sean was staying here but he moved out this morning -- he felt that his presence represented a threat to me and my family. I told him that that was ridiculous, but his mind was made up.

SWITEK

You have any idea why they were trying to kill him?

BERRIGAN

I know why -- When Sean turned away from violence, the Provos sentenced him to death.

ZITO

You know where Mr. Carroon is now?

BERRIGAN

I got him a suite at the beach.

CUT TO

17 INT. FERRARI -- DAY

17

Crockett and Tubbs cruise a run-down neighborhood.

TUBBS

(pointing)

Izzy...

CUT TO

18 EXT. STREET -- DAY

18

The Ferrari accelerates and pulls up besides Izzy, who's struggling to control eight greyhounds on leashes. Crockett and Tubbs jump out. Izzy's not thrilled to see them, but there's not much he can do with his hands, quite literally, full.

IZZY

Crockett...Tubbs...

CROCKETT

Nice to see a man into animal husbandry...

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED

18

IZZY

(offended)

If that's some kind of sexual referral you should know that these are all males... My uncle's racing kennel. Four legged Ferraris. A small misunderstanding with the track necessitates me temporarily boarding these magnificent examples of genetic domineering.

CROCKETT

Gee, Rico, I wonder who'll take care of this fertilizer factory while Izzy's at the Honor Ranch?

IZZY

(nervous smile)

No, no -- this is perfectly legal. The dogs all have licenses...

TUBBS

You got a license to sell false information to Switek and Zito?

CROCKETT

They'd like their C-note back.

IZZY

(defensive)

What's the problem? I read the papers. Guns showed up.

TUBBS

Guns shooting, not guns running my man.

IZZY

I gotta tell you, I was as surprised as you were. This was a normally unimpeccable source...

CROCKETT

Whose name is...

IZZY

I'm sure you realize...

CROCKETT

(cutting him off)

...that you're going in if you don't tell us.

Izzy digests this, then makes the best of it and nods.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED (2)

18

IZZY

As I was saying, I'm sure you realize that Max Klizer, as an old acquaintance, would be happy to have relations with his pal Sonny Burnett.

TUBBS

Klizer? The arms dealer?

CROCKETT

If he's involved, we're looking at a lot more than pop guns.

CUT TO

19 EXT. BEACH -- SUNSET

19

Gina and Carroon walk along a deserted stretch of sand, subdued, but easy in each other's company.

GINA

I guess it never felt like a big family. All my aunts and uncles had more kids.

CARROON

Catholic?

GINA

(nodding; a chuckle)

I thought all teachers were nuns until I was twelve.

(beat)

You have brothers and sisters?

CARROON

Three sisters...I had two other brothers.

Gina looks at him when she hears the past tense.

CARROON

(explaining)

One was killed by the British. The other was one of the hunger strikers in the Maze back in '81.

GINA

(softly)

I'm sorry...

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED

19

CARROON

So am I...

(beat)

I thought last night was my turn.

GINA

You didn't seem afraid...

CARROON

When it's time, it's time... Don't
get me wrong -- I'm glad it wasn't.

(beat)

What you did...there's no way to
repay that --

GINA

(guilty)

It's my job. I only wish there had
been another way to handle it.

CARROON

Is that why you were there? Your
job?

GINA

(disingenuous)

I was just curious -- St. Michael's
is my parish.

CARROON

(charming smile)

And your two friends just happened
to be walking by?

GINA

(copping to it)

We'd gotten a tip.

CARROON

About me?

GINA

About a weapons deal going down.

CUT TO

20

INT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

20

Gina looks beautiful. She's wearing a simple black dress, and she's done her hair -- clearly a major effort.

CARROON

You don't look like the coppers I'm used to. How'd you end up with a badge?

GINA

Just wanted to do something where I could help people...

(bitter;
vulnerable)

I never thought I'd be killing kids.

CARRON

(shaking his head)

If you hadn't, I wouldn't be here...

(beat; casual)

What do you do actually?

GINA

Same thing all cops do. A lot of routine. A lot of paperwork...

CARROON

When I called you, they switched me to two or three different operators. It seemed hush hush.

GINA

(hoping he'll
understand)

I really can't talk about it...

CARROON

Ah!

(beat, sad smile)

You're here so you can keep me under surveillance.

GINA

No. I think I'm here so I won't have to be alone...

21 INT. PENTHOUSE HOTEL SUITE -- NIGHT

21

A corner terrace, both the ocean and the city visible beneath Gina and Carroon. They each hold a brandy snifter. Gina drains her glass, puts it down and looks at him.

GINA

Well...I'd better go...

Carroon puts down his glass. Their eyes lock, their expressions serious. He leans forward and kisses her gently. She's stiff -- a little awkward. He breaks, his voice a near whisper.

CARROON

I don't want to be alone either...

They kiss again. Gina moans and melts against him...

DISSOLVE TO

A montage of lovemaking. Carroon is gentle, considerate, patient, until their mutual need overpowers them in a maelstrom of passion.

CUT TO

22 INT. OCB CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

22

Crockett, Tubbs, Switek, Zito and Trudy sit around the table. Crockett's bringing the team up to speed.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED

22

CROCKETT

I'm seeing Klizer tonight...

(to Castillo;

shrugging)

(X)

If Carroon knew about a weapons

deal the Provos had with

Klizer, it'd be a good reason to

make sure his mouth was shut.

(X)

(X)

TUBBS

Non-violence is its own reward...

The intercom buzzes. Castillo picks it up.

CASTILLO

Castillo...send him up...

(cradling phone)

A man named Richard Cross is coming

up. Ex S.A.S. commando. He's now

in charge of counter-terrorism for

Scotland Yard. He wouldn't be here

unless we had a big problem...

TIME CUT TO

23 INT. OCB CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

23

Cross paces the conference room as he talks. Quiet, low key, steely, and very tightly wound. Not a guy to screw around with.

CROSS

We're fighting a three headed monster.

(ticking them off

with his fingers)

One. Sinn Fein. The Political Arm of the IRA. A bunch of lying hypocrites posing as statesman.

Two. The IRA itself. Criminals posing as an Army by giving themselves a military structure.

Three. The Provisional Wing -- the Provos. Scum.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

CROSS (Cont'd)

Out and out terrorists who set off
car bombs at Department Stores.

CROCKETT

Awful lot of people in Northern
Ireland might say there was another
way of looking at the problems
there.

CROSS

Not through my eyes there isn't.

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED (2)

23

TUBBS

And the dead shooter was one of these Provos?

(X)
(X)
(X)

CROSS

(nodding)

Danny Finnian.

CROCKETT

(dubious)

Provos are supposed to be hard guys... Finnian was just a kid...

(X)
(X)
(X)

CROSS

A kid who'd murdered three British soldiers before he was fifteen.

(beat)

I'd like to thank whichever of you sent him to hell...

CASTILLO

The Officer involved is on leave.

CROCKETT

What's the scoop on this guy Carroon? They trying to kill him because he turned rational? I listened to the tapes. He sounds like the Mahatma Gandhi of Ireland.

CROSS

(hard eyed)

Our sources indicate that Carroon's in Miami to do something that even the Provo's want nothing to do with.

TRUDY

Oh my God...

CASTILLO

What?

TRUDY

He called Gina yesterday. She was going to meet him...

CROSS

(serious)

She's got a problem. Everybody who gets close to Carroon winds up dead...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

24 INT. PENTHOUSE CONDO - NIGHT 24

Close on a miniature replica WWI Austrian Empire general. Beautifully hand detailed. The finishing touches being delicately applied by a single hair detail brush. The soft strains of Paganini accompany as we pull back to reveal --

25 MAX KLIZER 25

Late sixties, elegant, meticulous; hands like a jeweler. Placid eyes behind a desk mounted magnifying glass. The furnishings are distinctly European. An impressive gun collection dominates one wall of the room. A quiet knock. Klizer snaps off the magnifying light as the double doors are opened by --

26 THE HOUSEMAN 26

Argentine, quietly efficient. He ushers in Crockett. Tubbs follows, dressed in Dashiki chic.

HOUSEMAN

Senor Burnett...

Klizer nods. The Argentine exits, closing the doors behind him. Crockett and Tubbs approach the desk.

CROCKETT

Max Klizer, Topo Manyeri.

The two exchange nods. No handshakes. Klizer gestures for them to sit. Tubbs notes a highly modified .45 singularly displayed on the corner of the desk.

TUBBS

'S a beautiful gun.

Klizer gestures his offering.

KLIZER

Please --

Tubbs picks up the gun, weighs it, jacks the slide.

KLIZER

Heine .45. Custom built combat
auto, compensated long slide.

(MORE)

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED

26

KLIZER (Cont'd)
Extremely powerful, perfectly
balanced.

(X)

CROCKETT
(getting to the
point)
Mr. Manyeri's shopping for specialty
items; big bangs in small
packages...more bounce to the
ounce...

TUBBS
My brothers wish to strike some
blows for freedom.

KLIZER
What type of blows?

Tubbs takes a rumpled sheet of paper out of his pants
pocket...reads it like a grocery list.

TUBBS
Ten 61mm Mortars, ten 80mm Mortars,
fifteen M203 40mm Grenade launchers,
five boxes M67 fragmentation
grenades, five boxes M14 incendiary
grenades, fifty pounds of C4, 50 M25
anti-personnel mines and five
Dragons.

KLIZER
A few left jabs, so to speak.

TUBBS
(grinning)
Exactly.

KLIZER
Some of your items are quite popular
these days...

Crockett and Tubbs exchange a look.

CROCKETT
You saying there's a problem?

Klizer turns, dismisses it with a wave. A beat...

KLIZER
Ten points finder's fee on the
gross.

Crockett nods. Klizer sits down, takes out a pad.

26A INSERT - KLIZER WRITING:

26A

Dixie Tap Room, Copeland.

Eddie Kay. KLIZER (V.O.)
Go before dark.

(X)

CONTINUED

26A CONTINUED

26A

Crockett takes the slip of paper. Klizer glances at Tubbs.

KLIZER

See this man alone, Sonny. He tends
to see things in black and white...

CUT TO

27 INT. PENTHOUSE HOTEL SUITE -- NIGHT

27

A lingering pan of the room reveals the usual signs: strewn clothing, an empty champagne bottle. Gina and Carroon are in bed. Her hair's damp. The after glow of love making. Their voices are low, intimate.

GINA'S VOICE

You miss home?

(X)

CARROON'S VOICE

Certain things.

(beat)

Certain people...

(X)

Find Gina and Carroon in bed. She leans up on an elbow. Carron stares at the ceiling.

(X)

(X)

GINA

I used to think Ireland was like the
song...

(softly)

"When Irish Eyes Are Smiling"...

CARROON

(serious)

They don't smile in the North. They
only cry...

(hollow; lost in
memory)

So much death...I was fifteen when I
killed my first Brit. The next two
or three...every time I got sick.
After that, I didn't feel anything.

(beat)

Fourteen years. And then I woke up.

Gina strokes his hair. It pulls him back to the present.
He smiles, turns to her --

CARROON

All I want now is peace and a woman
to love...

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED

27

GINA
Is that an offer?

CARROON
If I stay alive, it will be.

GINA
(serious)
You know who sent him, don't you?

CARROON
(nodding)
The provisionals.

GINA
Why? You know these people, you fought with them.

CARROON
That's just it. And I know their inner workings. I could do a lot of damage.

GINA
Can't you talk to them?

CARROON
Gina, there's nothing left. These people are all talked out...

Off Gina's concern....

CUT TO

28 INT. N.D. VAN

28

29 BINOCULAR P.O.V.: (INSERT)

29

SWITEK (V.O.)
(filtered)
...and one, naw, make that two bits o' chicken...

30 ZITO

30

watching, his free hand fiddling with the directional mic control as he eavesdrops on Switek ordering take out.

ZITO
That's reasonably healthy, Stan...

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED

30

SWITEK (V.O.)

A giant fries...

ZITO

Wouldn't want to forget your
carbohydrates.

SWITEK

An apple ding dong and a Pina Colada
shake.

ZITO

And one stomach pump to go...

A long beat, then Switek pulls open the van door and climbs
in the back.

ZITO

(still glued to
the binocs)

Two thousand calories minimum.

SWITEK

What are you? My cardiologist?

31 BINOCULAR POINT OF VIEW - TRAVEL AGENCY

31

Berrigan exits. Zito grabs the telephoto, snaps a few
shots.

CUT TO

32 INT. VAN - SWITEK

32

SWITEK

(mouthful of
fries)

Don't you want to follow him?

ZITO

Let's check his travel plans,
instead. We've lost him three times
already. He shifts into second and
we're history.

As they start out of the van...

CUT TO

33 OMITTED 33

34 INT. TUBBS' CAR - DAY 34

in which sits Tubbs, feet on the dash, bored, tired, stiff. His twice read paper offering little solace as his attention is drawn to a car pulling into a driveway up the street.

35 TUBBS' POINT OF VIEW 35

Gina, still clad in previous night's attire, climbs out.

36 RESUME - TUBBS 36

He gets out of the Caddy, moves toward --

Gina! TUBBS

CUT TO

37 EXT.GINA'S APARTMENT -- SUNSET

37

She approaches the entrance, Tubbs catches up to her.

GINA

Hi Rico.

TUBBS

We got some information today you gotta know about...

GINA

About what?

TUBBS

Carroon...

GINA

What about him?

TUBBS

He's a terrorist. Scotland Yard guy named Cross got in today from London. Says Carroon's a stone killer.

GINA

That's all in the past. Sean's changed. All he wants is peace.

TUBBS

(amazed)

Hey, come on...you saying you bought that?

GINA

(stung)

What are you saying? Hormonal overload? Lost my objectivity? I think I'm old enough.

Tubbs sighs, looks away, senses this is futile.

GINA

It's a war, Rico. Just like any other. And it's been going on for hundreds of years...long before the British Army got involved... You show me a warrant and I'll back off. Otherwise, I've gotta follow my instincts.

(X)
(X)

Beat.

TUBBS

I think you're too far out...so does Sonny.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED (2)

37

GINA
(reddening)
Great - he'd sure be real objective.
(resolved)
Thanks for the concern, but it's my
life.

CONTINUED

