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MIAMI VICE

"BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY"

(Originally "Long Time, No See")

Teleplay by

Ken Edwards

Story by

Ken Edwards

&

Harold Rosenthal

Participating Writers

Dick Wolf

&

Michael Duggan

Prod. #62007

MIAMI VICE

BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY

SCRIPT REVISION HISTORY

(* INDICATES ORIGINAL DRAFT)

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9/16/86	PINK	"	Set & Cast 1-58

MIAMI VICE

"BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY"

CAST

SONNY CROCKETT
RICARDO TUBBS
CASTILLO
SWITEK
ZITO

EVANS
RANDALL TUCKER
TINY
LUCAS FRYE
BIKER #1
BIKER
SWAT LEADER
SWAT GUY
SANGRES

IZZY MORENO
HENRY LUNA (X)
CLARENCE BATISSE
MELDY
WANGO MACK

SETS

INTERIORS:

EXTERIORS:

"CHOPPED HOG" CLUB
- D.J. BOOTH
- KITCHEN
- MEN'S ROOM
- MACK'S OFFICE
OCB CONFERENCE ROOM
IZZY'S HOUSE
CLARENCE'S APARTMENT

IZZY'S HOUSE
STREET

CLARENCE'S DUPLEX
- FRONT DOOR
TENEMENT ROOF-NY

DEA LAB
CASTILLO'S OFFICE
CLARENCE'S KITCHEN
NY PRISON CONF. ROOM

TUBBS' APARTMENT
"CHOPPED HOG" CLUB

ROOFTOP (SWAT)

ABANDONED FIREHOUSE

CLARENCE'S CAR
N.D. SURVEILLANCE VAN
ABANDONED FIREHOUSE (X)

(X)
(X)

(X)

VEHICLES

TESTAROSSA
N.D. SURVEILLANCE VAN
CADILLAC

1965 HARLEY DAVIDSON 74
LATE MODEL HARLEYS
ASSORT'D HIGH-PRICED
AMERICAN CARS

MIAMI VICE

BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY

TEASER

FADE IN

1 INT. 'THE CHOPPED HOG' CLUB - NIGHT 1

A vintage 1965 Harley Davidson 74 -- 500 chrome plated pounds of "chopped hog" suspended fifteen feet in the air, revolving slowly as, behind it, a large wall ominously flashes with projected images of candid Hell's Angels' shots from the Harley's heyday. A slow pull back reveals a 20 year old beauty, feet on the swept back handlebars, hips arched and undulating to the driving 120 decibel beat of Jefferson Airplane's "White Rabbit". She seductively tugs at her futuristic black leather lingerie above a dancefloor littered with Miami's hippest epicureans, surrounded by a half mil worth of leather and chrome decor--a schizophrenic cross-generation look -- Easy Rider meets Star Wars. Camera finds a nearby private table where Izzy Moreno's reveling in the champagne laden company of a 275 pound Ecuadorian man-child, Henry Luna, who's flanked by two coked out and playful demimondes. Two enormous bodyguards obtrusively flank the table.

Izzy's vociferously admiring the ultra-hot tease of a nearby platform dancer, Meldy. She tosses a garter belt his way. He picks it up, discreetly passes it under his nose while--

IZZY

Mmm...I love Miami... It's like a cultural renaissance you know?

He snaps his fingers. A waiter appears with more champagne as Izzy leans in, addresses Luna, who's totally obsessing on Meldy.

IZZY

You got to loosen up Henry...Chick like that -- she ain't interested in your I.Q.

Izzy produces a pocket quote book from his jacket, holds it at arms length to accomodate his farsightedness and reads--

IZZY

"To the art of working well, a civilized peoples adds the art of playing well."

(indicating women)

Words to live by man...a cat named...Sant-ay-ana...

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED

1

Luna remains nervously stupified. Izzy rises, shaking his head disbelievingly.

IZZY

(to a bodyguard;
re: Luna)

Could take years of counseling, even
from a scatalogical consultant not
unlike myself.

And he glides off toward--

2 THE D.J. BOOTH

2

Clarence Batisse--the club D.J.--an affable guy with an enormously inviting smile is firing off polaroids at the crowd below, as he dances and taunts the throng with--

CLARENCE

Oooh yeah...jack that body...
(upon seeing Izzy)
Izzy, my man...

As the two shake hands, and Izzy steps up into the booth--

CLARENCE

(indicating table)
Who's the whale?

IZZY

Oh, very important man. Ecuadorian
genius, flown in by your boss, Mr.
Mack...

CLARENCE

Really?

IZZY

I'm changing my social status man.
I only conglomerate with
intellectuals now...Knowledge is
power my friend...Whoa...

Said as Izzy shrinks upon seeing--

2A OMITTED

2A

3 TUBBS AND EVANS

3 (X)

just entering the club, Tubbs donning a pair of Cazale (X)
 sunglasses. Evans is a thin artificially energized Black (X)
 in his early thirties. A white jacketed waiter approaches (X)
 and guides him over toward a private corner booth where
 Crockett is sitting across from one Wango Mack, late
 forties. Mack's wearing a \$1,000 Armani suit which does
 little to hide his biker heritage. He's got an iron cross
 tattooed on the back of his hand, a golden skull earring in
 one ear, and a visible scar on the left cheek of his
 weathered face. A massive colleague, Tiny, sits to his
 left. Hand shakes all around as we --

CUT TO

4 OMITTED

4

5 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

5

As on the cut, Switek enters, carrying cartons of Chinese
 food. Zito's on the head phones.

ZITO

He's in.

He removes the phones, flips a switch activating a speaker
 over which we hear the thumping beat of the club, and a
 fairly clean track of dialogue from Tubbs' wire mic.

MACK (V.O.)

Evans says you can move weight.

(X)

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED

5

TUBBS (V.O.)
As much as you've got.

(X)

(X)

SWITEK
(between bites,
mockingly
impressed)
Well, well...

CUT TO

6 INT. CLUB - NIGHT

6

On the booth, now discreetly fronted by two massive
henchmen.

(X)

MACK
That's good. You see, Mr. Cooper,
I'm going to turn the substance
market on its ear.

(X)

TUBBS
How's that?

CROCKETT
(broad smile)
American ingenuity...

MACK
That's right.

Mack produces two vials, places them on the table.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED

6

MACK

Rock or flake, it's the best stuff
you'll ever get your hands on--
guaranteed.

TUBBS

You got weight on this?

MACK

A couple of days you can have all
you want.

Tubbs removes his sunglasses, places them on the table,
opens a vial and produces a small purity test kit as --

CLARENCE'S VOICE

Ricardo Tubbs...

Tubbs looks up as the table is bathed in white light.

7 CLARENCE

7

approaches with a wireless mic, the Polaroid camera, a huge
grin and --

CLARENCE

Ladies and gentlemen, we are blessed
tonight with the presence of one of
NYPD's finest...

Which prompts a beat of frozen uncertainty at the booth as
we --

CUT TO

8
thru
13

OMITTED

8
thru
13

13A INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

13A

Switek and Zito, adrenalized, scramble out under --

SWITEK

He's made...

ZITO

Go, go...

CUT TO

13B INT. CLUB - THE BOOTH - NIGHT

13B

Crockett knocks over a beer while going for his gun, which he seems intent on leveling at Tubbs. Tiny has a sawed off shotgun under the table directed at Tubbs' belly -- all while Clarence good naturedly hams for the crowd, slipping on the Cazale's and continuing his ill-timed monologue while pulling Tubbs out onto the floor under --

CLARENCE

...a top gunning platter spinner from the Big Apple, my good friend, the detective of funk -- Ricardo Tubbs.

The crowd applauds, under which, Mack slaps a restraining hand on Crockett, and discreetly motions to his henchman. The group quietly slips out a side exit as --

13C SWITEK AND ZITO

13C

burst through the front door, badges out, guns in combat position. They exchange a puzzled look at the sight of --

13D RESUME - CLARENCE

13D

still spot-lighted, he hams for the crowd, turns to the glowering Tubbs --

CLARENCE

Say cheese buddy...

He fires off a picture as we --

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

14 INT. OCB CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

14

Castillo, Tubbs, Switek and Zito are seated. Crockett's pacing the room. Tubbs holds up a small glassine envelope.

CROCKETT

Six months of undercover pandering to a bunch of mouthbreathing ex-bikers, and we get blasted out of the water on a million to one shot...

CASTILLO

It happens.

CROCKETT

(furious)
The bozo almost got Tubbs killed. Not to mention damaging my credibility with Mack.

CASTILLO

(to Tubbs)
Where's he fit in?

TUBBS

Clarence Batisse was a New York cop.
(beat)
He was my partner.

Switek and Zito exchange looks. Crockett's eyes narrow.

CASTILLO

Is he involved with Mack's gang?

TUBBS

I doubt it. He's a good man--was a good cop.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED

14

SWITEK

(cautious)

What happened?

TUBBS

Dismissed from the force--a bad
shoot.

ZITO

Was it?

TUBBS

Questionable. He shot a bookie
during a numbers bust. IAD's
investigation hinged on my
testimony, since Clarence claimed
the guy had a gun and I was the only
other cop at the scene.

(beat)

I never saw a gun...

CASTILLO

(beat)

We need to know if he's involved.

Tubbs nods.

CASTILLO

(to Crockett)

What else do we have on Mack?

CROCKETT

Nada. DEA lab's gonna analyze this
today, but if Mack's genius has
synthesized cocaine, we're going to
have a problem with no solution.

SWITEK

Might want to check with our friend
Izzy. Saw him hustling out last
night. Big fat guy and a couple of
Mack's goons with him.

CROCKETT

Guy with Izzy was Mack's chemist.

CASTILLO

See what he's got.

(beat to group)

I want this one fast, Gentlemen.

The group moves, Castillo remains.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED (2)

14

CASTILLO

Zito.

Zito hangs back. The room clears.

CASTILLO (CONT'D)

Call New York. Get Clarence
Batisse's file. Also transcripts of
the IAD hearing.

ZITO

Yes, Sir.

He moves off.

CUT TO

15 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

15

Close on a door. Frenzied barking is heard from within
before--

IZZY'S VOICE

No! Down Thor...

The door is inched open by Izzy, who breaks into a nervous
grin.

IZZY

Crockett...Tubbs...

CROCKETT

Open.

Crockett and Tubbs push their way inside.

16 INT. IZZY'S HOUSE

16

Bedlam. A dozen uncontrolled greyhounds swarm through a
debris strewn room, hopping on to shredded furniture, etc.
Izzy holds two dogs by the collar, keeping them away from
the door. A roll of paper towels is tucked under one arm.
A tape deck is quietly playing Schubert.

TUBBS

(re: room)

You gotta be busting half a dozen
ordinances here...

IZZY

A temporary situation, I assure
you...

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

(over)

We know, your uncle's dogs; a misunderstanding with the track...

IZZY

These dogs are changing my lifestyle--I gotta be home all the time, no more nightlife--but I love these crazy guys--If only I could get them to clean up after themselves...

(X)
(X)
(X)

CROCKETT

And who's gonna clean up when Mack's boys splatter you all over the highway for getting their chemist blitzed?

IZZY

Oh no, that is a legitimized business arrangement. I have rented my social expertise to these gentlemen in order to make hep their boy wonder, who is a serious social paralytic. You see, a total pre-exhibition with sex is affecting his ability to work.

(X)

TUBBS

What else does this boy-wonder do?

IZZY

Eat a lot man--guy's two seventy-five easy. He devours my entire expense account.

CROCKETT

(over)

Izzy...

IZZY

As a man of commerce, imbued with industrialist spirit, I am not given to pry into the lives of my clients...

TUBBS

Keep in mind who you're industrializing for, Iz.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED (2)

16

CROCKETT

(clapping Izzy on
the shoulder)

What Tubbs is trying to tell you is
you work for us - we own you, Iz, so
you're going to let us know
everything.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED (3)

16

IZZY

Right. Like a double agent. Here I am out in the cold again--Maybe you should call my parole officer. Explain why I haven't been in...

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

CROCKETT

Don't push it, Amigo. You're about this close to comin' in as an accessory to narcotics manufacturing.

They turn to leave.

IZZY

Right. No problem.

They're gone. Izzy remains at the door struggling with the dogs.

CUT TO

17 EXT. STREET - DAY

17

Tubbs pulls to a stop in front of an old duplex, checks an address written on a slip of paper, and hops out of the car.

CUT TO

18 EXT. DUPLEX FRONT DOOR - DAY

18

As the door is opened by Meldy, a sultry twenty-five year old dancer (recognizable from the club); bedroom eyes, jaded expression.

TUBBS

I'm Ricardo Tubbs. Clarence around?

(X)

MELDY

He's been expecting you.

She moves off, leaving the door open. Tubbs enters.

19 INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT - DAY

19

The bare essentials save for a large collection of albums, and a few stereo components stacked in one corner. Clarence, in a gray work uniform, is seated in a worn recliner, feet up, eyes closed, headphones on and plugged into a tape deck.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED

19

Meldy watches Tubbs without much enthusiasm before moving into a back bedroom. Tubbs steps in front of Clarence, clicks off the tape deck. Clarence's eyes open; the beginnings of a slow smile, as --

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED (2)

19

CLARENCE

Ain't life a cabaret? Eight years,
then bang! There you were.

TUBBS

You almost got me killed last
night....Retribution?

CLARENCE

(wry)

You don't think I've got that right?

TUBBS

No, I don't.

A beat. A bitter snort from Clarence as he moves to the
window, stares out.

CLARENCE

I never asked you for much man.
Just enough to save my career...my
family.

TUBBS

You think I didn't want them to find
a gun?

CLARENCE

Oh yeah, would've made it a lot
easier on you.

TUBBS

The guy was a book; you were into
him for two grand...

CLARENCE

I had no idea he held the note.

TUBBS

And what was I supposed to do?

CLARENCE

What I would've done--stand up for
your partner...

TUBBS

I didn't see a gun, Clarence.

CLARENCE

Guess that's the difference between
you and me - I would've seen
whatever you told me you saw.

CONTINUED

A long beat.

CLARENCE

You know what it was, Rico?

(beat)

My friends stopped calling--then my wife's friends stopped calling. The kids got it at school...

(beat; ruminative)

Finally I just wanted to eat my gun...

(beat)

It was no wonder they left me.

(long beat)

Two years later, Emeretta killed herself...

TUBBS

(pained)

I'm sorry man.

CLARENCE

(bitter)

Right.

(beat)

Court gave custody of the kids to her mother -- said I wasn't fit.

(sarcastic buoyancy, slightly bitter)

So now I got a new career. Playing the hits for a bunch of stoned freaks.

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

The bitter smile fades. Clarence stares out the window, his back to Tubbs.

TUBBS

You're workin' for a wrong guy my friend.

CLARENCE

Who? Mack? Hey, I just spin the platters.

TUBBS

You're a cop. You've got cop's eyes. You can't not see things.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED (4)

19

CLARENCE

I choose not to...it's called survival.

A long silent look between the two, before--

TUBBS

Don't play me on this...

CLARENCE

Don't accuse me.

A beat. Tubbs turns to leave.

CLARENCE

You've already done that once.

A look from Tubbs before he pushes out the screendoor. Clarence watches him go. Meldy appears from the backroom; remains behind Clarence--watching him.

CLARENCE

(contemplative)

We're gonna get out of here, Meldy.

MELDY

I've been hearing that for a long time.

CLARENCE

I know. But this time we're catchin' a ride.

She moves to him, wraps her arms around him from behind, lays her head against his back.

MELDY

Long as we're together...

CUT TO

20 EXT. CHOPPED HOG - DAY

20

Crockett pulls up in the Testarossa, parks.

21
thru
22

OMITTED

21
thru
22

23

INT. CHOPPED HOG - DAY

23

Crockett, Mack and Tiny cross the empty club.

CROCKETT

This dude able to move weight?

MACK

(total dismissal)

Same guy who brought the cop. Guy's
a nickel dime ounce dealer.

(X)

CROCKETT

(suprised)

So why are we dealing with him?

(X)

(X)

MACK

Just doing a little test marketing.

24 INT. CHOPPED HOG - KITCHEN - DAY

24

A large industrial kitchen. Evans, the wiry black dealer from the teaser, who thinks his street affectations hide his inexperience in drug transactions, paces in front of a long stainless steel table. Two of Mack's ex-bikers watch as he pulls out a roll of 100's. (X)
(X)
(X)

EVANS

Keepin' a man with all these dead presidents waitin'...

MACK

(feral smile)

Hey, pleasure before business.

(X)

The above as Mack opens the Haliburton, removes a large zip-lock plastic bag and casually dumps a good pound of crystalized synthetic cocaine on the steel table.

A second bag of crack is theatrically dumped next to it. Evans' eyes go wide. He's in dealer heaven. He picks up a meat cleaver and thunks a couple of good sized rocks off.

EVANS

Lord, she's a beautiful lady...

(to Mack)

Four keys at twenty eight per?

MACK

Twelve a pound, Mr. Evans. We're Americans. We don't believe in the metric system.

EVANS

Uh-huh.

A beat as he mentally wrestles the figures.

EVANS

Yeah, twelve's good. You hold numbers like that, and I'll be back in town...assumin' it's as rush as you say...

MACK

Feel free to conduct a purity test.

EVANS

Yeah, I think I might...

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED

24

He produces a small water pipe from his coat pocket, collects a few of the smaller 'rocks'.

EVANS

See, the Dean don't need no test.
I'll just have a little taste of the lady.

MACK

(smiling)
I'm sure she won't mind...

Evans offers a small toast with his pipe.

EVANS

Crack it up.

He lights the bowl, inhales, smiles, reels a bit as--

EVANS

Oh man...

His eyes roll back, he stumbles, and spread eagles flat on his back. A few stifled snickers from the gang members.

Luna clicks off a stopwatch, makes a notation on a clipboard.

TINY

We ain't gonna have many repeat customers...

MACK

(to Luna, re:
Evans)
What the hell?

Luna looks down at the corpse with scientific sang froid.

LUNA

(heavy Spanish
accent)
Potency is high.

Crockett moves to Evans, tries to hide his horror, as he checks for a pulse.

MACK

(to Crockett)
Is he pumpin'?

Crockett stands, shakes his head. Mack looks to Luna who shrugs. Crockett surreptitiously slips a rock into his pocket.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED (2)

24

LUNA
(ruminating)
Probably a variation in the PH.

TINY
What do we do with this stiff?

Mack considers for a beat and points to a large walk-in freezer.

MACK
Put him on ice for awhile.

Tiny and another biker unceremoniously grab Evans under the arms and knees as the other biker opens the freezer door.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

25 INT. DEA LAB - DAY

25

As a computer prints out four or five pages of a mass spectrometer's identification and a gas chromatograph's breakdown of a chemical compound; listing element percentages, compositions, and molecular structures. A slow pull back as the reader of said print out; Randall Tucker, emits a low whistle. Tubbs is hovering over one shoulder awaiting translation.

(X)

(X)

TUCKER

Left-handed isomer--stuff's potent...

TUBBS

We know. Crockett watched a guy bounce off the floor with it.

TUCKER

Yeah, well my guess is they knew what was comin'...

TUBBS

What d'you mean?

TUCKER

This mixer they've got is good. He's closer than anyone I've seen to synthesizing the molecule...I think they guinea-pigged your buyer.

Tucker slides over to a computer screen, on which is displayed a complex molecular diagram.

TUBBS

They knew it would kill him?

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

25

TUCKER

Probably. He's got an Econine type compound here--a hundred times more potent than cocaine. All he's got to do is clean up the analog and cut the hell out of the potency. If he can do it cost effectively, we're in big trouble.

(X)
(X)
(X)

(X)

TUBBS

How much more trouble can we be in?

Tucker looks up with--

TUCKER

It'll be legal.

26 INT. CASTILLO'S OFFICE - DAY

26

Crockett's got the lab report. Castillo, Tubbs, Switek and Zito are present.

(X)

TUBBS

Tucker said it's as close as he's seen an underground guy get.

CROCKETT

And If this blimp's found a way to cut the overhead on synthetic production, he'll be able to undercut the entire market, which'll kick off a hell of a drug war...we'll be pickin' up bodies for weeks.

(X)

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED

26

TUBBS

Not to mention the number of O.D.'s
'till the ounce and pound players
figure how much cuttin' this stuff
needs.

ZITO

(sarcastic)

Sounds like maybe we oughtta let it
out -- take a little vacation.

A look from Castillo.

ZITO

Sorry.

Switek shakes his head in disgust -- mostly for Zito's
benefit.

CUT TO

(X)

27 INT. CHOPPED HOG - DAY

27

Izzy, his arm held by Tiny, is being hustled through the door, passing Clarence who's in the D.J. Booth working on tapes.

(X)

(X)

IZZY

Hey, man, arbitrating the demands of Sangres' psychopathic tendencies is not part of my contractual obligations...

TINY

So talk to your lawyer. Mack needs you to translate...

Off Clarence's incorporation of which --

CUT TO

28 INT. MACK'S OFFICE - DAY

28

Mack, Crockett, and several of the bikers are talking to Ramon Sangres, a twenty-eight year-old Marielito psychopath, and two other pieces of swarthy Cuban muscle. Izzy, not liking the position he's in, listens to Sangres's diatribe to a disinterested Mack.

IZZY

Senor Sangres says that he hears that you got yourself one genius chemist. He also says that he can supply distribution to a large segment of the Hispanic population that you can't and that he feels that you can both maximize your profits by becoming partners.

Under which, Clarence knocks and enters.

TINY

We're busy...

MACK

(waving Clarence
in)

Yeah? Well tell him that I'm not interested in partners...

IZZY

(nervous)

I really don't think...

MACK

(chuckling, waving
Clarence in)

No, no--on second thought, tell him that I'm not interested in partners who can't even speak English...

IZZY

Senor Mack...

MACK

(hard)

Tell him!

Izzy sighs and translates as Mack turns to Clarence.

MACK

What's up?

CLARENCE

Need some petty cash for new tapes.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED

28

MACK

(X)

(to Tiny)

Give him five hundred.

(to Clarence)

Thanks for the tip the other night.

CLARENCE

(X)

No problem.

Sangres' face flushes as he hears Mack's insult that Izzy (X)
has just translated. He gets to his feet, looks at Mack, (X)
then turns to Izzy, hisses a sentence, turns on his heel
and heads for the door. Izzy gulps. Mack looks at him.

MACK

What did he say?

IZZY

(trying to be
light)Just a meaningless comment about
certain persons...

MACK

What persons?

IZZY

(softly; wincing)

Certain female members of your
family...

CUT TO

29
thru
31

OMITTED

29
thru
31

32

INT. O.C.B. - DAY

32

Castillo tosses a transcript onto Tubbs' desk.

CASTILLO

Just came from New York. Ever read
it?

Tubbs picks it up under--

TUBBS

My requests were turned down.

CASTILLO

This is off the record.

33

INSERT - TRANSCRIPT

33

The cover reads: "Classified-NYPD, Internal Affairs.
Batisse, Clarence M." As the binder is opened --

DISSOLVE TO

34

EXT. TENEMENT ROOF (NEW YORK) - NIGHT - MONTAGE

34

A series of fragmented flashbacks:

- Tubbs entering an alley, gun drawn in anticipation --

- Tubbs stalking, calling out Clarence's name.

- Clarence turning, panicked, from a collection of garbage
cans which he's rummaging through, a body sprawled next to
him.

CLARENCE

He had a gun! I saw it.

TUBBS

Where did the other one go?

- A second perp, Frye, hands held high, comes out from
behind a dumpster.

FRYE

(to Tubbs)

Darryl didn't have no gun, blood -

(referencing Clarence)

Wyatt Earp just blew him away...

Off Tubbs' shock and Clarence's panic...

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED

34

FRYE
(calmly; to
Tubbs)

Cool out your friend Wyatt Earp
man. He just wasted the guy...

(X)

Off the sound of a ringing phone --

CUT TO

35 INT. CASTILLO'S OFFICE - MORNING

35

As on the cut, Tubbs enters, adrenalized, hands the
transcript back to Castillo.

TUBBS
I've gotta go to New York...it's
wrong...

A beat as Castillo considers.

CASTILLO
Twenty-four hours.

Off Tubbs, out the door --

CUT TO

35A INT. CLUB - DAY (WAS SCENE 31)

35A

Clarence is at a pay phone in the back hallway. He drops a
couple of dimes, punches a number.

CLARENCE
(low)
Tell Sangres he can take Mack's toy
away...tonight -- has to be eleven
o'clock sharp, at the Hog...tell
him to send his boys in blasting.

He hangs up. A contemplative beat --

CUT TO

36 INT. N.Y. PRISON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

36

A security buzz, as a door is opened, and a guard admits
Lucas Frye; a small, ferret-faced man in his mid-thirties
dressed in prison work clothes. The guard latches the door
behind him. Tubbs is seated at a metal table.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

36

FRYE

I don't know you...

TUBBS

Popped you eight years back on a numbers bust.

FRYE

Maybe...

TUBBS

You made some statements to IAD.

Frye sits, lights a cigarette, under --

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED (2)

36

FRYE

Your partner?

TUBBS

He resigned.

FRYE

That's a big deal?

TUBBS

In the report you said you hid
after your partner went down. You
were afraid the cop would waste you
too.

FRYE

So?

TUBBS

As I recall, you stepped out from
behind that vent pretty sure of
yourself.

A long beat. Frye studies Tubbs.

FRYE

You carry any weight on my stay?

TUBBS

I'm not gonna lie, Lucas. You're in
on unrelated charges, but I'm owed
some favors -- I may be able to
help.

FRYE

(desultory)

Yeah....

TUBBS

So how 'bout it? Your buddy have a
gun?

A beat as Frye takes a long drag, exhales with --

FRYE

He had a piece. I hid it in an
airconditioning vent. Knew I'd be
out in a day; the bust was bogus...

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED (3)

36

A long beat.

TUBBS

Why?

FRYE

(smirking)

A four-hundred dollar nickel plated mag? You think I'm gonna leave it for some stiff? Maybe a bonus for some cop?

Off Tubbs' incorporation of this logic --

CUT TO

37 INT. CHOPPED HOG CLUB - NIGHT

37

An earsplitting beat pounds out of concert sized speakers as we slowly crawl up a pair of legs.

Long stemmed beauties, wrapped in clear cellophane, illuminated by a ring of alternately colored lights from below. The tilt reveals the owner of said wheels; Meldy, is midway through a platform routine that would hormonally overdose King Kong. Luna is presently occupying a chair and a half at an adjacent table, catatonically bug-eyed as he nervously watches Meldy, who is clearly directing her attentions his way.

Izzy's on his feet; dancing, encouraging the interplay between Meldy and his client.

IZZY

She loves you man. I can feel the sexual extraction...it's like singeing the atmospherics.

38 ANGLE - TO INCLUDE CROCKETT

38

seated at the next table with two of Mack's heavies, nursing a beer.

39 THE D.J. BOOTH - CLARENCE

39

Abnormally quiet; he observes Meldy's interplay with vested interest; occasionally checks his watch, exchanges nervous glances with Meldy; he nods to her as he segues into a new cut.

40 CROCKETT 40

leans in to Heavy #1, mouths something, stands.

41 MELDY 41

Now beckoning Luna to join her. Izzy tries to get Luna to stand as Meldy moves from her platform onto the table, taunting Luna further, who's now slowly, almost hypnotically rising.

42 CLARENCE 42

Silently encouraging Luna to stand as he anxiously glances toward the door.

43 thru 44 OMITTED 43 thru 44

44A CROCKETT 44A

pushes into the Men's Room.

44B CLARENCE 44B

checks his watch. Another glance toward the door.

45 CLARENCE'S P.O.V. - THE DOOR 45

Three young Cubans discreetly entering. Each with a jacket draped over one arm.

46 MACK'S HEAVIES 46

Noting the Cubans' entrance.

47 CLARENCE 47

Adrenalized, as--

CLARENCE

Meldy--

He flips some switches effecting a light reduction, and activating various dance lights (stobes, lasers, etc.)

- 48 THE CUBANS 48
As they drop their jackets, revealing Mac-10's, they blast randomly throughout the club sending clientele screaming for cover between shattering mirrors and exploding chrome fixtures.
- 49 MACK'S HEAVIES 49
Armed with S & W .357's blast away at the Cubans while--
- 50 CLARENCE 50
Dives for Meldy, Luna and Izzy and hustles them out.
CUT TO
- 51 INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT 51
Crockett's already pressed against the wall, gun out as a few patrons burst in, terrified--
CROCKETT
(screaming)
Stay down.
He peeks out the door and recoils as a string of slugs rip into the surrounding walls.
CUT TO
- 52 INT. CLUB 52
Mack's boys take out two of the Cubans but are immediately cut down by the third, as--
- 53 CROCKETT 53
Spins in from the hallway, fires three quick rounds to drop the remaining Cuban. A beat as an awful silence descends. A few functional lights continue to strobe as Crockett scans the destruction--
- 54 CROCKETT'S P.O.V. 54
Mack's two henchmen, dead. No chemist, Izzy, Clarence or Meldy.

55 CROCKETT

55

A slow exhale as we--

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

56 INT. OCB - DAY

56

Crockett's leaning against a desk. Tubbs is seated while on the phone. Castillo approaches with --

CASTILLO

D.A. wants us to shut down; pull Mack off the street--short circuit the probable drug war.

CROCKETT

They'd be out in a day, and we'd be back to square one with no shot at the chemist.

Tubbs hangs up the phone.

TUBBS

Not answering.

CASTILLO

What's the word on the Cubans?

CROCKETT

I'm beginning to wonder if that's who we're interested in.

CASTILLO

Meaning?

CROCKETT

Meaning our friend, Clarence, isn't at home, and I'm wondering how he, his girlfriend and Izzy were all able to waltz out of a 300 round per minute fire fight.

TUBBS

And for that you've got him tried and convicted?

CROCKETT

No, but I'm sure as hell not bending over backwards with misplaced guilt to protect him.

TUBBS

(even; into
Crockett's eyes)

He was my partner, Sonny...how straight would you be standing?

CUT TO

- 57 OMITTED 57
(X)
- 57A EXT. ABANDONED FIREHOUSE - DAY 57A
The building has seen better days. Clarence unlocks the door and enters. (X)
- 58 OMITTED 58
(X)
- 58A INT. ABANDONED FIREHOUSE - DAY 58A
Clarence crosses the floor and climbs a flight of rickety stairs to a locked room. Izzy looks up as he hears two locks being unbolted. The door opens and Clarence enters the decrepit but usable lab with two sacks of groceries. Luna is watching a Spanish soap opera, his chair surrounded by empty junk food bags. Izzy approaches Clarence with diplomatic caution.

IZZY

Speaking strictly as an impersonal observer, and you know that I'd have no memory of anything that has happened here if certain motorcycle types ever asked, but I gotta say, you are making a big mistake...

CLARENCE

(re: Luna)

That sack of suet been working?
Computer rentals costing me a fortune, not to mention all the other garbage he says he needed. (X)
(X)
(X)

IZZY

He's just taking a break. Says he's real close...

(moving toward door)

So I guess you won't be needing yours truly...

Clarence grabs his arm and steers him back toward Luna.

CLARENCE

You ever wanna be back on the boulevard, you're going to have to earn it.

CONTINUED

58A CONTINUED

58A

IZZY

I would be able to justify my participation in this program much better if my services were compensated for.

CLARENCE

Ten grand if it works.

CONTINUED

58A CONTINUED (2)

58A

IZZY
 (nonplussed)
 Ten grand? We're talking class A
 felony...

CLARENCE
 Plus a bonus.

IZZY
 I like bonuses. Of what nature?

Clarence pulls the phone cord out of his pocket, plugs it
 back in, under --

CLARENCE
 The right to keep your lungs.

He slams the phone down in front of Izzy, who smiles weakly
 and picks up the receiver.

CUT TO

59 OMITTED

59
(X)

60 INT. MACK'S OFFICE - DAY

60

Mack's pacing the room in front of Crockett and a couple of
 the other bikers.

MACK
 (to Crockett)
 ...so you're in the john and you
 hear it hit the fan.

CROCKETT
 (impatient)
 What is this? You want me to draw
 you a picture? We've been through
 this twice already.

MACK
 (cold, lethal)
 Don't crack wise with me, Burnett.
 Everybody involved goes six feet
 down behind this.

CROCKETT
 It ain't 1969, pal...

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED

60

MACK

Wrong. Only things different are the clothes and the haircut.

The phone rings. Mack picks it up.

MACK

Yeah...

INTERCUT

61 OMITTED

61
(X)

61A INT. ABANDONED FIREHOUSE - DAY

61A

Izzy, delivering a bravura performance, is on the phone. Clarence watches him like a hawk.

IZZY

Hey, Mr. Mack, this is your good pal Izzy here...me and the big guy, we got some serious problems, man.

MACK

Is Luna all right?

IZZY

Yeah, yeah. He's fine...for now.

MACK

What the hell's that mean? Who's got you?

IZZY

Some very bad individuals of Cuban attraction.

A look of total fury suffuses Mack's features.

MACK

Sangres? What's the wetback want?

(X)

CONTINUED

61A CONTINUED

61A

(X)

IZZY

Senor Mack, I really do not want
to...

Izzy pantomimes being slapped around, supplying sound effects by slapping his neck next to the phone and letting out pathetic shrieks of pain.

IZZY

...be the conveyance of this ludicrous
demand...

Izzy looks at Clarence, petrified, and mouths "you're
crazy, man!"

MACK

(ice)
How ludicrous?

Clarence looks at Izzy, hard eyed, and hisses a command:
"Tell him."

IZZY

(swallowing hard)
A million...
(beat)
Dollars.

Mack looks like he's quickly moving toward a coronary.

MACK

(low; controlled)
Tell him he's crazy...No, no. Tell
him he's dead.

Once again, Izzy translates into Spanish, mimicking exactly Mack's emphasis on morte, before coming up with his supposed answer.

IZZY

Senor Sangres says that every six
hours he's going to hit Senor Luna
on the head with a heavy object
until you que?..until you deliver
the entire amount in hundred dollar
bills.

Mack is in total control.

MACK

How do I know he hasn't already done
that? How do I know he's still
alive?

CONTINUED

61A CONTINUED (2)

61A

IZZY
(looking at
Clarence)
You want insurances, like a picture
or something, right?

MACK
You got it. A polaroid with you,
the fat freak and today's paper in
it.

Izzy translates into Spanish while giving Clarence the
thumbs up signal.

IZZY
He says we'll be in touch tonight.

Izzy hangs up the phone and turns to Clarence.

IZZY (cont'd)
You got it made man -- all you gotta
do is get hold of a polaroid, take a
picture and he'll pay.

Luna cracks up at something on the T.V.

(X)

CUT TO

62
thru
64

OMITTED

62
thru
64

65

INT. CHOPPED HOG - PAYPHONE - DAY

65

Crockett, nervous, his eyes constantly on patrol --
intercut with Castillo in his office. A hurried
conversation.

CROCKETT

Sangres' smart. He's not going to
hurt Luna.

CASTILLO

You think he already has the
formula?

CROCKETT

I don't know...there's something
wrong...why just a million? Sangres
knows how much that formula could be
worth...if Luna's already come up
with it, Sangres would probably just
croak him so that he'd have an
exclusive...

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED

65

CASTILLO

You don't think Sangres has him.

CROCKETT

(frustrated)

I don't know!..I've just got a feeling...something's wrong...

CASTILLO

You want to come in?

CROCKETT

(shaking his head)

No, it's not me...the cover's solid.

CASTILLO

What happens next?

CROCKETT

Wait for the Cubans to call...

(checking watch)

I'd better get back..have Switek and Zito keep an eye on the club and a SWAT team ready to roll...I'm under for the remainder...I don't know when I'll be able to get out again.

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

66 OMITTED

66
(X)

66A INT. ABANDONED FIREHOUSE - DAY

66A

Luna works among steaming beakers, punching numbers into an IBM PC. A triumphant shout, and a huge grin atop his numerous chins as he starts to jabber in Spanish.

CLARENCE

What's he saying?

IZZY

(listening;
confused)

Something about methyl something...

CLARENCE

Ask him about the stuff.

Izzy asks in Spanish. Luna jabbbers excitedly, the only recognizable words being "yayo synthetico".

CONTINUED

66A CONTINUED

66A

IZZY

He says it's one hundred per cent pure synthetic cocaine -- and that he is now ready to sample his goods and he hopes that I'll join him...

(confidential)

Drugs upset my psychiatric gyros-copics....I'm going to have to fake it, even though he says he found his error and there is absolutely no danger from a scientific point of view.

Luna holds out a vial of powder. Izzy takes it, taps some out onto the back of his hand. Lowers his head and half turns so that the powder falls to the floor. Izzy snorts loudly, straightens up and smiles.

IZZY

Star Wars, man.

Luna is clearly pleased. He picks up the vial with the crack.

LUNA

Now for the real celebration.

Luna lifts up a water pipe, drops the chunk of crack into the top, picks up a small bunson burner, lights it and takes a deep drag. Clarence watches him with hawk-eyed intensity. Izzy adjusts his glasses and waits. Luna takes the pipe away from his lips and holds the smoke in while he looks at Clarence and nods. Clarence's eyes light up. He nods back, the gesture a hopeful interrogatory. Luna exhales explosively. Clarence can't wait any longer.

CLARENCE

Si?

Luna looks at him and nods excitedly.

LUNA

Si! Perfecto!

Suddenly, his body stiffens, his eyes roll back, he starts gasping, staggers, falls into a lab table shattering myriad glass containers, and finally goes down like a head-shot bull elephant. He's dead before he hits the floor. Clarence and Izzy look at each other in horrified shock.

CUT TO

67 INT. CASTILLO'S OFFICE - DAY

67

Tubbs follows Castillo into his office.

TUBBS

He was straight in New York, and I think he's straight now. I'd like Crockett to know...

CASTILLO

He's under. No way to communicate.

TUBBS

How long?

CASTILLO

Probably tonight. He's got a SWAT team on alert.

(beat)

He doesn't think it's Sangres.

The two men look at each other, both aware of Crockett's earlier suspicions about Clarence.

TUBBS

And I know it's not Clarence.

(soft)

Sonny's wrong about Clarence, Lieutenant. He doesn't know him the way I do...

(X)

CUT TO

68 OMITTED

68
(X)

68A INT. ABANDONED FIREHOUSE - DAY

68A

A distraught Izzy is at a back window of the firehouse, desperately trying to melt through the bars over the window with a beaker of acid. He almost spills it when he hears the key in the lock, hops down, his nerves completely frazzled, then jumps a foot when he lands on Luna's body. The door opens and Clarence enters, a polaroid camera in his hand.

(X)

Izzy can't believe it.

IZZY

You gotta be kidding, man...

CLARENCE

He wants a picture, the man's getting a picture. Let's get the whale up...

CONTINUED

68A CONTINUED

68A

A series of cuts:

- Izzy and Clarence wrestle Luna onto a lab stool, his enormous arms and legs flop around.

IZZY

You are aware, I am sure that the laws of the State of Florida, Chapter 782 point 04...

- Clarence takes out the white Cazale sunglasses that Tubbs had worn and Clarence had palmed in the teaser and slips them onto Luna.

IZZY (cont'd)

States "When a person is killed in the perpetration of arson, sexual battery, robbery, burglary, kidnapping or aircraft piracy...

- Izzy stands next to Luna, the dead chemist's arm around Izzy's shoulders. Izzy's hand keeps Luna's head up by holding the hair at the back of it.

IZZY (cont'd)

...the person perpetrating such felony shall be guilty of murder in the second degree punishable by imprisonment for a term of years not exceeding life...

CLARENCE

(nodding)

Sure. If you get caught.

- Clarence shoots a crop of polaroids with Luna looking like Stevie Wonder and Izzy smiling manically, a newspaper with that day's headlines in plain view.

- Clarence slides another film packet into the polaroid. Izzy groans.

IZZY

You got enough already, Man...oh, no!

Luna's body is doing a 300 pound deadweight lean onto Izzy. He tries to get underneath it, but the slide is inexorable. The Ecuadorian corpse slips off the lab stool and crashes to the floor. Izzy jumps to his feet.

IZZY

That's it, Man. No more.

CONTINUED

68A CONTINUED (3)

68A

CLARENCE

Be cool, it'll all be over by
tomorrow.

IZZY

I don't think you're being too
intellectual about this. You got
nothing to deliver to Mack. He
ain't going to be happy, paying for
dead meat.

Izzy picks through a few of the polaroids --

IZZY (CONT'D)

Hey, he don't look so bad after all.

Discards one with --

IZZY

(cont'd)

This one's no good, my hair looks
terrible...

Clarence picks one.

CLARENCE

This one's our meal ticket...

(INSERT A SHOT OF PHOTO)

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

69 INT. MELDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 69

She moves toward the ringing phone and answers it.

MELDY
Hello?..Where are you?

INTERCUT

70 OMITTED 70
(X)

70A INT. ABANDONED FIREHOUSE - NIGHT 70A

Clarence is on the phone. He's rushed, nervous. (X)

CLARENCE
Still at work...listen, Meld--
there've been some
complications...Luna died. (X)

MELDY
Oh my God, Clarence...

CLARENCE
(over)
Don't worry, everything's gonna be
fine...just be ready to roll at six
tomorrow morning. (X)

MELDY
Listen...Tubbs came by...

CONTINUED

70A CONTINUED

70A

CLARENCE
 (cutting her off)
 We'll talk in the morning -- love
 you.

Clarence hangs up, and sits down in front of an electric typewriter.

CUT TO

71 OMITTED

71
(X)

71A INT. ABANDONED FIREHOUSE - NIGHT

71A

Izzy looks out through a small square of glass in the locked warehouse door.

72 OMITTED

72
(X)

73 IZZY

73

turns from the door, hustles over to the lab table, carefully avoiding Luna's body, gets the beaker of acid and moves to the barred window.

He pours the acid onto the bars. As they smoke we

CUT TO

74 EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF - NIGHT

74

Izzy climbs out of the window onto the enormous roof. He walks to the edge and looks over.

75 IZZY'S P.O.V:

75

It's a long, long way down.

76 EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF - NIGHT

76

Izzy walks around the perimeter and finally finds a narrow fire escape ladder. He crosses himself and climbs shakily onto the ladder.

77 OMITTED

77
(X)

77A INT. ST. VITUS DANCE - NIGHT

77A

Crockett's digging a spare clip for his .45 out of an underwear drawer when he hears...

IZZY (V.O.)
Pssst-Crockett!

Crockett reaches for his .45. Izzy climbs down into the cabin. Crockett can't believe it.

CROCKETT
What the hell! You're supposed to be kidnapped!

IZZY
Don't kid yourself-You're looking at the victim of a violent crime...Luna's already dead ...took a hit on some synthetic crack he cooked up himself.

Izzy looks at Crockett with honest concern, desperately trying to make him believe.

IZZY
I came here as soon as I got out of the lab, Man. This whole thing is a Clarence Batisse special. I had nothing to do with it.

CROCKETT
(believes him)
You think the dope croaked Luna?

Izzy points up at the ceiling, then down to the deck.

IZZY
Up, then out...

CROCKETT
Clarence say what he was going to do?

IZZY
All he said was that he had it all figured out...

CUT TO

- 78 OMITTED 78
- 78A INT. OCB -- NIGHT 78A
- Tubbs is on his way out. Castillo's coming in.
- CASTILLO
Any word from New York?
- TUBBS
Nothin'...I've been sitting here
staring at the phone so long, I
figure it won't ring till I leave.
- CASTILLO
I'll be here late.
- Tubbs and Castillo lock eyes. Castillo knows how much getting Clarence straight means to him. Tubbs nods and pushes through the swinging door.
- 79 INT. CLARENCE'S CAR - NIGHT 79
- He impatiently checks his watch, looks up and stiffens.
- 80 CLARENCE'S P.O.V.: 80
- Tubbs' Cadillac pulls up.
- 81 OMITTED 81
(X)
- 81A EXT. FLAGLER STREET - NIGHT 81A
- Tubbs climbs out, Clarence approaches --
- TUBBS (X)
What's so important? I was going to
call you tomorrow.
- CLARENCE
Rico...I haven't been exactly true
blue lately.
(sincere)
But I think I got a way to make it
up...
- TUBBS
What are we talking about?

CONTINUED

81A CONTINUED

81A

CLARENCE

I helped Sangres snatch Luna.

Tubbs looks crushed, the pain and disappointment palpable.

TUBBS

Oh no, man...

CLARENCE

I needed the money. Sangres' in over his head...he'll give Luna back. He's freaked...asked me what to do, I said maybe you'd cut a deal...

(beat)

Figured your people might want to avoid a gang war. He's willing to set up Mack. He'll meet you to talk - just you. One on one.

TUBBS

(thinking)

Might be worth a conversation.

CONTINUED

81A CONTINUED (2)

81A

CLARENCE
(the right sell)
'Course I'd want immunity; the
witness protection gig...

Tubbs looks at him and nods, unwilling to believe that a
friend could go so low.

TUBBS
Have to talk to the D.A., but it'll
fly.
(beat)
When do I meet him?

CLARENCE
The waterfront...by the old
marina...six a.m...

(X)
(X)

CUT TO

81A INT. OCB -- NIGHT

81A

Tubbs, emotionally drained, enters and strides through the
empty squadroom to Castillo's office, knocks and enters.

CUT TO

81B INT. CASTILLO'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

81B

He looks up, not surprised to see Tubbs.

CASTILLO
New York called. They're reopening
the case.

TUBBS
(unrelated)
Looks like that's not going to do
him a whole lot of good. Sonny was
right...Clarence is involved...
(beat)
He's going to need immunity...he's
setting up the meet with Sangres...

CASTILLO
Could you have made the case without
him?

TUBBS
(shaking his head)
No way. We'd have nothing.

(X)

CONTINUED

81B CONTINUED

81B

CASTILLO

When?

TUBBS

Six.

CASTILLO

You want back-up?

TUBBS

(shaking his head)

It might spook them.

CASTILLO

You trust him?

TUBBS

(long beat; nods)

Yeah...

(trying to
explain)

I hurt him real bad, Lieutenant.

CASTILLO

You told the truth.

(X)

CUT TO

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

82

A terminally bored Switek and Zito. Zito watches the entrance of the Chopped Hog.

ZITO

What do you think Crockett does in there every night?

SWITEK

(yawning)

Count yourself lucky, Lar. The place is a Petrie dish of communicable diseases...women in leather undergarments interested only in what kind of machine a man owns...

ZITO

(picking up
glasses)

Log in Clarence the D.J.
(checking watch)
Running a little late...

CUT TO

83 INT. MACK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

83

Mack, along with Crockett, Clarence and several of the other bikers. He's looking at the polaroid, his face a mask of fury. Clarence's typed letter on the desk.

MACK

That freakin' cop...
(picking up
letter)

(X)

You believe the stones on this guy
Tubbs.

(reading)

"If you want to continue doing
business in Miami, you will deliver
the ransom to Clarence Batisse who
will transport it to me at 1 a.m.
If he's followed, the deal is off."

Crockett looks at Clarence with shark-eyed intensity. Clarence is playing it with just the right amount of trepidation.

CROCKETT

Maybe Clarence here's running a
scam.

MACK

(as if Clarence
doesn't exist)
He's not smart enough...
(pointing to
Polariod)

Anyway - those are the same shades
that cop was wearing...he's
involved.

(X)

(MORE)

CONTINUED

83 CONTINUED

83

MACK (Cont'd)

(beat)

Where you meeting him?

CLARENCE

I'm supposed to go to a phone booth.

MACK

(nodding)

The scumball's smart - he's going to send you all over town 'till he knows your're clean...but that's not going to happen 'cause you're gonna call and let us know where you're meeting him.

(beat; thinking)

You want to pick up a commission? 15%...150 large...free and clear?

CLARENCE

(dubious)

What do I have to do?

MACK

Whack this turkey.

Crockett looks like he's been cattle prodded.

CROCKETT

What good's that do if we don't have Luna?

We now see why Mack is truly dangerous. The letter has provoked a totally macho response.

MACK

Hell with that gland case...I'll buy myself a new bright boy. I can't have some 30 grand a year flatfoot stepping on my toes.

(to Clarence)

You want the job or not...All you gotta do is walk up to him and ba-boom!

CLARENCE

What if I can't get next to him? The guy's smart, he'll want to see the cash...

MACK

Everything will look fine. You'll have the cash.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

83 CONTINUED (2)

83

MACK (Cont'd)
(beat, smiles)
He'll just never be able to spend
it.

CONTINUED

83 CONTINUED (3)

83

Mack slides a black Haliburton loaded with Franklins toward Clarence, springs it open --

MACK
(thin smile)
Don't even think about tempting
yourself here my friend.

Clarence leaves. Crockett looks at Mack in amazement. (X)

CROCKETT (X)
You always let employees loose with
a spare mill?

MACK (X)
Hey, when it's counterfeit, I'll
give 'em as much as they want.

CUT TO

84 EXT. THE CHOPPED HOG - NIGHT

84

Clarence walks out with the black Haliburton.

CUT TO

85 INT. N.D. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

85

Zito's looking through the binoculars.

ZITO
Log Clarence out...looks like he's
going on a little vacation...

CUT TO

86 INT. MELDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

86

Clarence bursts in the door with a gleeful shout.

CLARENCE
Meldy!..Meldy where are you?

He throws the Haliburton on the sofa and snaps it open. As
Meldy rushes into the living room. She stops, stunned,
when she sees the stacks of C-notes.

MELDY
Oh, Lord.

Clarence scoops her into his arms and twirls her.

CONTINUED

86 CONTINUED

86

CLARENCE

We're home free, baby. A million
bucks and sweet revenge all in one
night.

Clarence picks up the phone and punches out a number.

CONTINUED

86 CONTINUED (2)

86

CLARENCE

Mr. Mack?..Clarence...I'm meeting
Tubbs at 6 AM at the Old Marina.

(X)

Clarence puts the phone down and darts about, stuffing
clothing, possessions, etc., into an overnight bag.

MELDY

Is this revenge on Ricardo Tubbs?

CLARENCE

(offhanded)

We'll see how good he is at getting
people to believe him.

MELDY

(worried)

He's not taking a fall for this, is
he?

CLARENCE

(confused)

What do you care? I owe him, Meldy.

MELDY

You're damn right you do...more than
you know.

CLARENCE

What are you talking about?

MELDY

He came by to tell you that he read
that IAD report. They had never let
him see it.

Clarence continues packing.

CLARENCE

(bitter)

Hope he enjoyed it...

MELDY

He found a discrepancy. He went to
New York and found the guy who had
hidden the gun on the roof.

CLARENCE

(stunned)

He admitted it?

CONTINUED

86 CONTINUED (3)

86

MELDY

Copped to the whole thing...

(beat)

Ricardo Tubbs went to the Chief of
 Detectives. He thinks maybe you
 can get reinstated with backpay and
 benefits...He's waiting to hear
 back...

(X)

(X)

(X)

Clarence looks ill. He flops down onto the sofa. Meldy
 can see something's very wrong. She's scared.

MELDY

Clarence,...what have you done...

Clarence takes a deep breath and looks at her, his
 expression serious, his voice soft.

CLARENCE

Nothing that I can't fix...

CUT TO

87 INT. MACK'S OFFICE - DAWN

87

A wall clock reads 5:15. Mack, Crockett and a half dozen
 ex-bikers check an assortment of weapons.

MACK

(to Crockett)

You, me and the boys are going to
 be there.

(X)

CUT TO

88 INT. N.D. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAWN

88

Switek is snoring loudly. Zito is half asleep. The neon
 sign on the Chopped Hog flicking off is enough to get his
 attention.

CUT TO

89 EXT. THE CHOPPED HOG - DAWN

89

Mack, Crockett and the other ex-bikers come out. Crockett
 stands on the sidewalk and slips a jacket on.

CUT TO

90 ZITO'S P.O.V. (INFRARED BINOCULAR MATTE) 90
Crockett finishes putting on his jacket.

CUT TO

91 INT. N.D. VAN - DAWN 91
Switek is looking through the night vision glasses. He nudges Zito awake.

SWITEK
Showtime, Sleeping Beauty...
(reaching for the
radio)
Notify SWAT we're going to full
alert...

CUT TO

92 EXT. THE DOCKS - DAWN 92
Tubbs' watch reads 5:55. He paces quietly, unaware of the various forces maneuvering around him.

CUT TO

93 EXT. ADJOINING PIER - DAWN 93
Mack and Crockett wait silently in the shadows.

CUT TO

94
thru
95

OMITTED

94
thru
95

96 INT. CLARENCE'S CAR - DAWN

96

He rolls up to Tubbs, slams the car into park, leaves it running, and gets out.

CUT TO

97 EXT. ADJOINING PIER - DAWN

97

Crockett watches, every nerve on edge. Mack smiles.

MACK
(sotto; to
himself)
You're doing fine, Clarence...

Crockett scans the area. He can't spot anything.

CUT TO

98 THE DOCKS - DAWN

98

Tubbs looks at Clarence curiously.

TUBBS
Where's Sangres..?

CONTINUED

98 CONTINUED

98

CLARENCE

(low, urgent)

Rico, listen to me. You've got to trust me. This whole thing's a setup. I'm supposed to take you out.

(X)

TUBBS

(lost)

What are you talking about?

By now, Clarence is almost next to Tubbs.

CLARENCE

Mack thinks you're a dirty cop...When I get next to you, I'm gonna whip out a piece and you're going to get in my car, got it?

The sincerity and urgency in Clarence's voice is clearly real. Tubbs nods.

CUT TO

99 SWAT LEADER'S P.O.V. (INFRARED BINOCULAR MATTE)

99

Close on Tubbs and Clarence. He watches Clarence's hand move toward his jacket.

CUT TO

100 EXT. ADJOINING PIER - DAWN

100

Crockett sees Clarence's hand come out of the jacket with a pistol in it. Mack smiles. Crockett comes to a decision. His hand goes for his gun.

CUT TO

101 EXT. THE DOCKS - DAWN

101

Clarence points the gun at Tubbs as Crockett steps into the light, yelling, the .45 on Clarence.

CROCKETT

Batisse! Don't do it! Miami Vice!

Mack, hearing this, goes for his gun.

Three small searchlights snap on illuminating the scene and a voice booms over the public address.

CONTINUED

101 CONTINUED

101

SWAT LEADER (V.O.)

This is the Miami Police!

Mack turns toward Crockett and brings his gun up. He's immediately taken out by a SWAT fusilade. Crockett, his gun still pointed at Clarence, moves toward him.

CROCKETT

Against the wall, Batisse.

Clarence assumes the position.

CROCKETT

He was going to do you, Rico...

TUBBS

(a near whisper)

He was trying to save me...Just like you.

CROCKETT

(to Clarence)

Where's Luna's body?

TUBBS

(shocked)

The chemist's dead?

CLARENCE

(nodding)

In the warehouse...

(looking at Tubbs)

I saw a way to get the money and pay you back...

(shaking his head)

I hated you so much...then, when Meldy told me what you'd done, I realized that the problem wasn't with you, it was with me.

TUBBS

(in pain)

But what made you do it -- the Clarence Batisse I knew couldn't even conceive of kidnapping somebody...

CLARENCE

The Clarence Batisse you knew died eight years ago, Rico.

CONTINUED

101 CONTINUED (2)

101

TUBBS
(still can't
figure it)
But you came back.

CLARENCE
(stoic smile;
nods)
Yeah. Just in time to go away.

A SWAT guy comes up, frisks Clarence and slaps cuffs on him while Crockett and Tubbs watch sadly.

SWAT GUY
You have the right to remain silent,
you have the right to consult with
an attorney...

FREEZE FRAME

THE END