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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

TUBBS' APARTMENT
"CHOPPED HOG" CLUB

NY PRISON CONF. ROOM

ROOFTOP (SWAT)

CLARENCE'S CAR
N.D. SURVEILLANCE VAN
ABANDONED FIREHOUSE

ABANDONED FIREHOUSE

(X)
(X)

(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

19 CONTINUED (3)

19

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 (strokes, 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.

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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