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MIAMI VICE

"LEND ME AN EAR"

(formerly "THE BETTER TO HEAR YOU WITH")

Story by

Dick Wolf

Teleplay by

Michael Duggan

MIAMI VICE"LEND ME AN EAR"SCRIPT REVISION HISTORY

(* INDICATES ORIGINAL DRAFT)

<u>DATE</u>	<u>COLOR</u>	<u>WRITER (S)</u>	<u>PAGES</u>
12/8/86	*FIRST DRAFT	Story by Dick Wolf Teleplay by Michael Duggan	1-54
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12/12/86	PINK	"	50
12/15/86	BLUE	"	50
1/04/87	YELLOW	"	Set & Cast 1-55
1/06/87	GREEN	"	21, 24-25
1/07/87	WHITE	"	6-7, 28-29, 47-48
1/08/87	PINK	"	23, 26-27
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1/14/87	WHITE	"	8, 13-14, 18, 22, 30-31, 42, 46
1/30/87	PINK	"	1

MIAMI VICE

"LEND ME AN EAR"

CAST

SONNY CROCKETT
RICARDO TUBBS
LT. CASTILLO
GINA
TRUDY
SWITEK

ALEXANDER DYKSTRA
LEON

IZZY MORENO
STEVEN DUDDY
ROBERTO MACGREGOR
KEN SCANLON
WOMAN'S VOICE
TOMMY NYSTROM
TRACY
ALBERT LAGUARDIA

SETS

INTERIORS:

SURVEILLANCE VAN
OCB
 CONFERENCE ROOM
 CASTILLO'S OFFICE
IZZY'S HOUSE
SUTTON'S STUDY
DUDDY'S HOUSE
WAREHOUSE
TESTAROSSA
CUBAN DINER
METRO DADE
 SQUAD ROOM
 INTERROGATION ROOM

SCARAB
BANK
DUDDY'S VAN

EXTERIORS:

WATERWAY
COLLINS AVENUE

SUTTON'S HOUSE
 POOLSIDE
 SERVICE POLE
 STUDY
DUDDY'S HOUSE
 FRONT DOOR
 PATIO
FRONT DOOR
RESIDENTIAL STREETS
WATERFRONT WAREHOUSE

CIGARETTE BOATS

VEHICLES

CIGARETTE BOATS
SCARABS
SURVEILLANCE VAN
DUDDY'S BLACK VAN
LAMBORGHINI

FREIGHTER
TESTAROSSA
WHITE VAN

1-30-87

This revision is basically a title change. The change on page 1 of the Teaser is for your files only, obviously the dialogue was corrected before shooting.

MIAMI VICE

"LEND ME AN EAR"

TEASER

FADE IN

1 EXT. BISCAYNE BAY - MORNING - BINOCULAR MATTE

1

A search of the horizon reveals a fast moving cigarette racing boat cutting towards the island. Two men are visible in the boat. One's wearing a red shirt. The driver's wearing wrap around sunglasses and a hat.

CROCKETT'S VOICE

Two.

TUBBS' VOICE

Dykstra?

(X)

CROCKETT'S VOICE

Can't tell.

CUT TO

2 CROCKETT AND TUBBS

2

aboard a slightly bobbing small cigarette of their own; partially hidden behind an old fishing trawler. Crockett's at the wheel, currently glued to the binoculars as Tubbs performs a weapons check.

CUT TO

2A THE CIGARETTE

2A

swings around to the back side of the island to meet the seaplane.

2B RESUME CROCKETT AND TUBBS

2B

watching, waiting.

CROCKETT

C'mon...

CUT TO

3
thru
4

OMITTED

3
thru
4

5

CROCKETT'S POV - BINOCULAR MATTE

5

A long beat before the cigarette screams out from behind the island, followed by the plane, as it glides over the water before lifting into the air. The only person visible is the sunglassesed driver.

(X)

(X)

CUT TO

6 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 6

Crockett fires up the cigarette racer.

7 OMITTED 7

8 EXT. BOAT 8

The hull lifts skyward as Crockett throttles the boat forward and maneuvers out toward the approaching cigarette.

8A THE CIGARETTE 8A

Veers left as it heads inland, the driver having spotted (X) the pursuing boat.

8B CROCKETT AND TUBBS 8B

fall in behind for the chase.

9 thru 10 OMITTED 9 thru 10

11 THE BOATS 11

pound across the water at sixty plus.

11A THE CIGARETTE 11A

Angles toward an inland waterway. Both boats scream into the canal, rooster tailing under low-slung bridges.

12 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 12

fly through various underpasses as they follow the spray of the running boat.

13 thru 16 OMITTED 13 thru 16

16A THE CIGARETTE 16A

begins a high speed serpentine from one side of the canal to the other, in an attempt to hold off the pursuit.

16B CROCKETT AND TUBBS

16B

Tubbs, now craning his neck in an effort to see what lies ahead. The end of the canal is clearly visible as --

TUBBS
(yelling)
Sonny...

Crockett's already begun to pull back. The two watch in horror as the running cigarette, showing no signs of decelerating, powers up the embankment and slides onto Collins Avenue, taking out sign posts, bouncing off a divider, and sending traffic screeching and spinning to a halt.

CUT TO

16C EXT. COLLINS AVENUE

16C

As Crockett and Tubbs scramble up the embankment, guns drawn amongst the general pandemonium.

CROCKETT
(warning
onlookers)
Miami Police...get back...move away
from the boat...

TUBBS
(in Spanish)
Clear the area, you're in danger
here...

The above administered while never taking their eyes from the boat. Crockett now cautiously approaches and peeks into the cockpit. He hops aboard as Tubbs approaches from another angle.

16D CROCKETT

16D

bends to check the cartoid on the sprawled body of the red-shirted passenger -- the boats' only occupant. The driver's gone. Crockett looks to Tubbs with --

(X)
(X)
(X)

CROCKETT
Neck's snapped.

(X)

TUBBS
What about the load?

Crockett checks a rear storage hatch. Empty. He peers into the hull compartment.

CONTINUED

16D CONTINUED (2)

16D

Nada. CROCKETT

(X)

What? TUBBS

Clean... CROCKETT

(X)

A frustrated exhale from Tubbs as Crockett shakes his head.

(X)

CROCKETT

The guy wasn't even carrying.

(X)

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

17 OMITTED

17

17A INT. CASTILLO'S OFFICE - DAY

17A

A frustrated Crockett paces in front of Castillo and Tubbs.

TUBBS

They couldn't have dumped. We had 'em in sight the entire time.

CASTILLO

The driver got out.

Switek enters, hands a report to Castillo under --

(X)

SWITEK

Coast Guard Impound said no hidden compartments, no traces of drugs of any kind on the boat.

Crockett's clearly disgusted.

SWITEK

(continuing)

Only prints they found were Lucardo's.

CROCKETT

(frustrated)

Dykstra was there, Marty. There were two guys in the boat.

CASTILLO

Can you testify to that?

Crockett holds Castillo's stare, then sighs and shakes his head.

CASTILLO

What about the shipment?

TUBBS

Decoy boat?

CROCKETT

Not with Lucardo on board.

CASTILLO

How solid was the intel?

CONTINUED

17A CONTINUED

17A

SWITEK

Right off the phone tap. Location,
time--the whole nine yards.

(X)
(X)
(X)

CASTILLO

The tap still in?

(X)

CONTINUED

17A CONTINUED (2)

17A

SWITEK

Yep.

CASTILLO

Stay on it.

Gina sticks her head in. Interrupts with --

GINA

Sonny, line one's your bank.

(X)

CROCKETT

Thanks.

She closes the door behind her. Crockett catches Tubbs' inquiring look.

TUBBS

You overdrawn?

(X)

CROCKETT

Worse. I.R.S. audited my '84 taxes...I need a loan.

(X)

(X)

He moves out the door as we --

CUT TO

18 EXT. DYKSTRA'S HOUSE - DAY

18

Close on a speedboat racing through the water. Pull back to reveal that it's a radio-controlled model in the olympic-sized pool of an almost palatial, early Greco-Miami estate. A twenty-four year old example of genetic perfection (Tracy) -- never worked or worked out a day in her beautiful life -- floats on a raft. A portrait of solitude, interrupted only slightly by the speedboat's whine.

Camera follows the boat past the perennially bored beauty to its owner -- Alexander Dykstra; forty, obviously of Greek descent, tan, athletic, the self-confident air of a well-bred, well-travelled man. He is seated on the steps of the pool, swirling a scotch and addressing a younger, somewhat nervous suit-clad employee (Leon).

DYKSTRA

(without looking
up)Got a little hot on on the run this
morning, Leon...

(beat)

Find out why.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED

18

Right. LEON

DYKSTRA
Any reason I should expect a leak
from our end?

LEON
(shaking his head)
No way.

DYKSTRA
(coming to
decision)
Get this place swept this afternoon.
I get the feeling we're infested.
(beat)
Get the best.

He downs the drink, and sends the speedboat arcing back out
to deeper water as we --

CUT TO

18A INT. TESTAROSSA - DAY - MOVING

18A

Crockett driving. Tubbs sits passenger side, patiently
playing sounding board as Crockett vents his financial
frustrations.

CROCKETT
...A six-figure car, a boat, hell,
I've got shoes alone that would pay
the wimp's rent for a year...

TUBBS
(smiling)
All department owned my
friend...taxpayers paid for
everything but our shorts.

(X)

CROCKETT
(over;
preoccupied)
...a lousy thirty-two a year...and
even that's probably twice what the
little finger-counter makes, and
he's telling me I can't have a
loan...

(X)

CONTINUED

18A CONTINUED

18A

TUBBS

Maybe you'd just be digging yourself
in deeper with the loan...

CROCKETT

...Spend all my time chasin' guys
that drop that much at lunch, and I
can't even pay my debts
legally...something's really outta
whack here...

Off Crockett's frustration --

CUT TO

19 INT. IZZY'S HOUSE - DAY

19

Close on a quietly hissing steam humidifier, over which,
sits Izzy; a towel draped over his head--face completely
hidden at present, but easily recognizeable by the pained
laments that follow.

IZZY

(still under the
towel)

This, of course, is why I should
not be living in Miami...I am like
a meteorological magnet...

(X)
(X)

He pulls back the towel and agonizingly raises his head to
address Crockett and Tubbs while self administering
acupressure to various sinus points.

IZZY

The slightest barometric altercation
in atmospheric pressures affects my
delicate paranasal drainage system.

CROCKETT

Izzy...

IZZY

The pain is excruciating.

Tubbs suppresses a smile as Izzy lowers his head and
redrapes the towel for another blast of steam.

CROCKETT

Imagine your discomfort if you
neglected to give us the complete
skinny on one Alexander Dykstra.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED

19

IZZY
(from under the
towel)

I told you, the guy is moving big
time.

Crockett leans in, pushes the towel back around Izzy's
neck, and uses it to pull Izzy forward--pinning his face at
the steam flue so that his chin receives the brunt of the
scalding steam.

CROCKETT
We had an elaborate interception set
up on Mr. Bigtime, my friend, and we
came away with a big goose egg...

IZZY
(wrestling to pull
his reddened face
away from the
steam)

I am only a purveyor of information,
Crockett...Ow...However, I do have
an addendum to the Dykstra
portfolio...

Crockett releases him. A beat as Izzy rubs his chin,
catches his breath, and picks up a nasal inhaler. He
takes a hit.

IZZY
Dykstra and a gentleman by the name
of Manuel Lucardo were rumored to
have a deal in the elusive
neighborhood of two hundred million
frogskins.

TUBBS
Old news Iz...Lucardo's already
toe-tagged.

IZZY
Yeah, well, early morning tea-talk
has it that that was by design...

CROCKETT
Dykstra ripped him off?

IZZY
(noncommittal)
Unverifiable hypothecalizations at
best...none of which, by the way,
came out of my mouth...

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED (2)

19

Another hit off the nasal inhaler.

CUT TO

20 INT. DYKSTRA'S STUDY - DAY

20

On the cut, we are greeted with an audible blast of Iggy Pop's "Winners and Losers" over a probing subjective POV of the study's high tech lines: white marble offset by an occasional distinctive art piece: Chinese wood carvings, Etruscan metalwork, Indian tapestries; all presently somewhat askew, as the room is in an organized state of disarray. Carpets are carefully folded back, pictures off walls, tables moved, the two phones are disassembled and hooked to a briefcase contained phone sweep analyzer as Steven Duddy, mid-thirties, an affable guy with a loud Hawaiian shirt and the kind of face a father would mistakenly allow his daughter to date, moves around the room with a portable counter surveillance receiver (a retractable antenna probe, shoulder harnessed radio sized unit and headphones). Duddy occasionally taps out a finger beat, or mouths a line of the song that currently blasts from the headphones. A beat before Dykstra enters through the study door, trailed by Miguel (an armed bodyguard). Duddy clicks off his customized counter-surveillance unit (ending the song) and removes his headphones.

DUDDY

No radio transmitters, but you've got a couple of hard line taps...

DYKSTRA

At your rates, my friend, I'm not paying you to listen to music...

Duddy begins to unpack some equipment.

DUDDY

(dismissive)

It's a constant...same as a tone -- a transmitter'll interrupt it. If I was to listen to beeps all day, I'd be in a padded cell...

A beat as Dykstra considers him.

DYKSTRA

What are hard line taps?

DUDDY

Phone taps.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED

20

DYKSTRA
(indicating the
phone)

In here?

DUDDY

No, I'd say somewhere between the
junction box and the service pole.
I'll blow 'em off for you.

Duddy removes a small electronic device from his gear and
begins to hook it into the phone circuitry.

DYKSTRA

What do you mean?

DUDDY

Fry 'em, burn 'em out.

DYKSTRA

And what's to stop them from
bugging me again? (X)

Duddy looks up from his work with --

DUDDY

Me.

Duddy smiles, finishes the hook up before --

DUDDY

(to Dykstra and
Miguel)

Don't touch anything electrical. (X)

He flips a switch, a slight hum is heard. The lights dim (X)
with the power surge, and an indicator light on the unit
signals all clear.

DUDDY

(smiles)

Gone.

Off which--

CUT TO

21 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

21

Switek's in the middle of a burger and a good book as he is
interrupted by a couple of loud pops from his console. He
moves to the board, flips a couple of switches to check
feedback on his phone taps.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

21

SWITEK

The hell...?

He flicks another switch, picks up the modular phone and punches a number.

CUT TO

22 INT. DYKSTRA'S STUDY - DAY

22

As Dykstra picks up the ringing phone.

DYKSTRA

Hello?

(rising anger)

Hello...

CUT TO

23 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

23

Switek's holding the phone as he checks the console monitors. No sign of transmission.

DYKSTRA (V.O.)

Who the hell is this?

Switek clicks off the modular phone, and sets it back down under --

SWITEK

Damn.

CUT TO

24 INT. DYKSTRA'S STUDY - DAY

24

As Dykstra slams down the receiver and turns to the smiling Duddy who's still packing his equipment.

DUDDY

Your friends are trying to get a read outta their melted transmitters.

DYKSTRA

(to Miguel)

I want that number changed today.

DUDDY

Don't bother, it won't do any good.

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED

24

Duddy opens a large equipment case revealing myriad electronic counter-surveillance items.

DYKSTRA
And these items?

DUDDY
Peace of mind...
(indicating)
Voice scramblers, tap alerts,
portable line sweeps...

DYKSTRA
How much?

A beat.

DUDDY
Depends on how much you value your
privacy.

Off which --

CUT TO

25 OMITTED

25

25A INT. CASTILLO'S OFFICE - DAY

25A

Crockett, Tubbs and Castillo are present as Switek drops a couple of burned out phone taps onto the table during --

SWITEK
Somebody toasted the taps. Must
have been a hundred and eighty volt
surge -- probably moved the coffee
makers at the phone company.

(X)

TUBBS
So we're made...

SWITEK
Until we can figure another way
in...

CROCKETT
What about radio transmitters inside
the house?

CONTINUED

25A CONTINUED

25A

SWITEK

Great. How you gonna get in?
Dykstra probably has the place
swept, and our transmitters ain't
exactly on the cutting edge of
invisibility.

CROCKETT

Why don't we use Duddy?

The mention of which brings the room to a quiet halt.

TUBBS

"Miami Steve?"
(chuckling)
Guy'll probably bug us.

SWITEK

Wasn't he kicked off the force?

CROCKETT

He quit. He was up for review on a
conduct charge.

CASTILLO

He's too unpredictable.

CROCKETT

(to Castillo)
Maybe so, but he's the best in the
business...He'll get us into
Dykstra.

A long beat.

CASTILLO

I want him reined.

CUT TO

26 INT. DUDDY'S HOUSE

26

Tight on a video monitor, on which the images of Crockett
and Tubbs are displayed as they stand outside the front
door. Crockett's ringing the buzzer, under --

CROCKETT (V.O.)

Steve?...Duddy?...

Camera pulls to reveal a man standing in front of the
monitors, observing the two visitors.

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED

26

TUBBS (V.O.)
Maybe he left.

CROCKETT (V.O.)
I just talked to him.

TUBBS (V.O.)
Let's wait in the car for awhile.

CUT TO

27 EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

27

As Crockett and Tubbs turn away from the door, a loud buzz is heard, and the door clicks open. Crockett leans in with --

CROCKETT
Duddy?
(beat)
If you're playing games, I'm not in the mood.

The two exchange a glance, unholster their pieces as a precaution, and push inside.

28 INT. DUDDY'S HOUSE - DAY

28

Bachelor living; an inaccessible, colorful mess, augmented by the presence of electronic equipment of all kinds. Half a dozen video monitors, stereo components, video cameras, surveillance equipment ranging from laser mics to telephone scramblers, long range parabolic mics, a couple oscilloscopes, plus an endless number of bugs and wiretaps, etc.

Most of the stuff is in varying states of disassemblage, repair, or just curious tinkering. For those with high-tech phobias -- this is Hell.

TUBBS
Steve Duddy...

Crockett motions to Tubbs, and they move apart. Crockett cheat checks around a corner, Tubbs moves towards the kitchen.

29 TUBBS' P.O.V.

29

A prone pair of legs. He moves around the corner to see Duddy -- sprawled silently on the floor.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED

29

TUBBS

Sonny...

Crockett arrives, the two crouch over the body as a video monitor directly behind Duddy snaps on -- displaying a smiling Steve Duddy --

DUDDY (VIDEO)

Just a little adrenalin rush
fellas...

(X)

(X)

The prone Duddy breaks into an enormous grin as Crockett and Tubbs share an exasperated look.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

30 INT. OCB CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

30

A cornucopia of Duddy's tools of the trade: mics, transmitters, disguised cameras, etc. -- all laid out in display fashion on the conference table for the curious audience of Crockett, Tubbs, Switek, Gina and Trudy.

DUDDY

There are hundreds of ways to penetrate a conversation. Given today's technology, there is no totally secure method of communication.

Gina picks up what appears to be a pen.

GINA

What's this?

DUDDY

(gesturing for
it's return)

That's my favorite pen.

(X)
(X)
(X)

CROCKETT

Look, Steve, it's all great stuff, but we need to get next to a guy who already knows he's a surveillance subject.

DUDDY

There are ways around that. What do you need? Phone? Constant access?

SWITEK

We'd really like a transmitter in the house, but we're pretty sure he's got a sweeper.

DUDDY

No problem.

(He tosses a tiny
transmitter to
Switek)

Specially modified sub-miniature.

I'm the only guy that has 'em.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED

DUDDY (Cont'd)
These babies transmit in the
gigahurt range.

TUBBS
The what?

SWITEK
(impressed)
Microwave transmission...

DUDDY
Can't be detected by surveillance
receivers.

TUBBS
Beautiful...

CROCKETT
We'll take five. Lay 'em all over
the house...

DUDDY
Fine, they're five a pop.

TRUDY
Five hundred, for that little thing?

DUDDY
(shakes his head)
Another zero, sweetness...

TUBBS
Whoa, where's the cop discount?

CROCKETT
C'mon, Steve... (X)

DUDDY
Man's gotta eat, Sonny -- I'm barely
covering my costs. (X)

(sighing) (X)
You can rent 'em...one per cent a
day...but like they say, you break
it you bought it. (X)

CUT TO

31 OMITTED

31A EXT. WATERWAY - NIGHT

31A

The scarab quietly approaches carrying Crockett, Tubbs, and Switek. Switek silently indicates the house as Crockett docks the boat at a neighboring dock. The three hop out and quietly make their way along the water's edge towards Dykstra's house.

CUT TO

32 EXT. DYKSTRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

32

Crockett, Tubbs and Switek quietly move past a window through which we see a couple of Dykstra's boys -- feet up with a beer in front of the tube.

CUT TO

32A EXT. STUDY - NIGHT

32A

Switek uses a small smoker to expose the laser trip lines. Crockett steps over the now visible beams and crouches to work the locked sliding door.

33 INT. DYKSTRA'S STUDY - NIGHT

33

Crockett unlocks the door, and all three men move inside. Tubbs remains near the door; his gun unholstered. Crockett and Switek sweep their flashlights about the room and move toward the desk. Upon doing so, Switek knocks a monolithic sculpture situated on the corner of the desk. Crockett catches the piece as it falls.

CROCKETT

(whispering)

C'mon, Switek...

He places it back on the desk as the two move to a nearby table lamp. Crockett holds the flashlight while Switek unwraps a small tool set and starts to remove the base of the lamp.

34 ANGLE - TUBBS

34

Checks his watch, and peeks outside.

35 INSERT - THE LAMP

35

Switek clips the main A.C. wire, sets the transmitter, and replaces the base --

- 36 RESUME - CROCKETT AND SWITEK 36
The two quietly move back to the sliding door --
- 37 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT 37
Crockett and Tubbs step over the laser as a house light snaps on. The two dive beneath nearby shrubbery while Switek, caught in a more vulnerable position, hits the ground only a few feet from Leon, who stands in the open doorway.
- 38 OMITTED 38
- 39 ANGLE - CROCKETT AND TUBBS 39
Quietly keyed; guns out and trained upon the unsuspecting Leon.
- 40 SWITEK 40
Not breathing, not blinking, as --
- 41 LEON 41
Satisfied, re-enters the house and closes the door.
- 42 RESUME - SWITEK 42
Breathes a sigh of relief.
- CUT TO
- 43 EXT. WATERFRONT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 43
A black scarab idle-drifts up to the loading dock. Two Mac-10 armed guards move to assist a hooded figure from the scarab. The man is politely guided through the partially opened cargo doors.
- CUT TO

44 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

44

As the guards close the doors, the hood is gently removed to reveal Dykstra, who finds himself facing Roberto MacGregor, an irrational mixture of Cuban and Scottish, presently fronting hundreds of stacked, wire baled cardboard boxes.

MACGREGOR

I hope you understand my security precautions, Mr. Dykstra.

DYKSTRA

There is never a need to explain security my friend...

Dykstra has produced a gold cigarette case and lighter with which he deftly initiates a smoke. MacGregor gestures deferentially as the two, followed by an aide to MacGregor, begin to walk through the aisles of boxes.

MACGREGOR

Then let's dance...

(X)

DYKSTRA

Fine. My fee is twelve. It is not negotiable.

A pause.

MACGREGOR

That's quite a bite...

DYKSTRA

Not if one considers the eighty-eight percent benefit to the client.

(X)

(X)

(X)

MACGREGOR

And a time schedule?

DYKSTRA

Client's preference. Tomorrow night if need be...

Dykstra stops, nonchalantly taps a box. MacGregor nods to his aide, who produces an Exacto and slices open the indicated box. The cardboard is peeled to reveal stacked brown plastic-wrapped kilos. The plastic is sliced open, and the aide extracts a packet of one hundred dollar bills.

MACGREGOR

You see, my end of the deal is easy, Mr. Dykstra.

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED

44

During which, he places the packet in Dykstra's outer breast pocket of his suit. Dykstra removes the packet, hands it to the aide under --

DYKSTRA

Everything is easy, Mr. MacGregor...
(beat)
...given the know-how...

CUT TO

45 OMITTED

45

46 INT. OCB - NIGHT

46

Trudy's on the phone as Gina peruses a couple of faxed portfolios.

TRUDY

None of the agencies have anything on Dykstra to suggest he's importing...

CUT TO

47 OMITTED

47

47A INT. SCARAB - NIGHT - MOVING - INTERCUT

47A

Crockett, Tubbs and Switek. Crockett's on the radio.

CROCKETT

(into radio)
What about interpol?

TRUDY

Lot of arrests, no convictions, all currency violations...Thailand, Lebanon, Peru, Colombia...Before that he was a Eurodollar trader in Greece...got indicted for a Ponzi scheme...had to leave in a hurry...

(X)
(X)
(X)

CROCKETT

Thanks, Trudy.

He hangs up the mic, looks to Tubbs with --

CONTINUED

47A CONTINUED

47A

TUBBS

Interesting stamps on Mr. D's
passport.

CROCKETT

(thinking)

Yeah...but cash, not coke. If
Dykstra was importing as heavily as
we think, it wouldn't do him any
good to whack his distributors --
he'd never get his product moved.

(beat; Crockett
can't crack it)

Dykstra's makin' money, but I'll
give you odds it ain't by selling
dope.

(X)

CUT TO

48 EXT. DYKSTRA'S ESTATE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

48

49 INT. DYKSTRA'S STUDY - DAY

49

Dykstra unlocks the door and enters, in pajamas and robe,
followed by his assistant, Leon.

DYKSTRA

Run a check on MacGregor. I need to
know the earliest we can get a
shipment out...

Dykstra stops short, points to the desktop sculpture.

DYKSTRA

You been in here today?

LEON

No, Sir.

DYKSTRA

Anybody?

LEON

(shaking his head)

No, Sir...

Dykstra halts him with a finger to his lips. A beat as he
considers the sculpture, touching it ever so slightly. As
he turns to exit --

DYKSTRA

(quietly)

Get the sweeper...

CUT TO

50 INT. CUBAN DINER - DAY

50

Crockett, Tubbs and Duddy are in the middle of a Caribbean feast.

DUDDY

Had a local politician last year. Said he was being pressured to drop out. Wanted it on tape but was afraid to get caught. I put a sub-miniature...

(points to roof of mouth)

...right here behind the guy's teeth -- told him all you gotta do is keep your mouth open -- smile a lot. Easiest stack I ever made. The jerk sat there like a fly catcher all night.

TUBBS

(chuckling)

And how much does a job like that run?

DUDDY

Well, let's just say it's a better living than when I was a cop.

An uncomfortable pause.

CROCKETT

That's not saying much, is it Duddy?

DUDDY

(trying to keep it light)

Hey, mistrust is on the upswing. Everybody wants to know what the other guy is doing. And of course, nobody wants to be the other guy.

A Beat.

TUBBS

Your work ever sit wrong with you?

DUDDY

I distance myself. I figure I'm like a doctor -- emotionally detached -- can't let the circumstances affect my judgement...same as being a cop -- only nobody shoots at you.

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED

50

CROCKETT
(trying to
lighten)
Not a bad trade-off...

A beat.

DUDDY
Yeah, well it has its downsides.

TUBBS
Yeah, what to do with your money.

Duddy smiles, shakes his head.

DUDDY
Paranoia.

The change in tone catches Crockett and Tubbs off guard.

DUDDY
I know a million ways to watch
someone, to listen to them, to peel
open their secret lives...

(beat)
After a while, anything out of the
ordinary becomes suspicious. I'm
always wondering when I'll be the
target and how they'll work me...

A quiet beat, interrupted by the sound of Duddy's beeper.

DUDDY
Comes with the turf, I guess...
(smiles)
Why I'm an avid believer in
insurance. Cover your ass, and
always leave yourself a way out.

He checks the number on the beeper.

TUBBS
Little emergency, Doctor?

Duddy laughs somewhat ironically as he stands, grabs the
check under --

DUDDY
Yeah...
(beat)
I got this...

Off Crockett and Duddy's exchanged glances --

CUT TO

51 INT. DYKSTRA'S STUDY - DAY 51

Disassembled lamps, clocks, television and stereo equipment, along with removed electrical faceplates on all outlets and switches. Duddy works to remove the base of the table lamp -- He smiles upon spotting the subminiature transmitter.

52 INSERT - THE TRANSMITTER 52

As he clips it from the power wire.

53 RESUME - DUDDY 53

DUDDY
(sotto; smiling)
Very unimaginative boys...

He pockets the transmitter, moves over to the exposed electrical outlet and removes a small case containing a single transmitter from his pocket.

54 INSERT - ELECTRICAL OUTLET 54

Duddy splices the new transmitter into the A.C. wire behind the outlet.

55 RESUME - DUDDY 55

DUDDY
(sotto; tapping
outlet) (X)
Send me something saleable... (X)

He replaces the electrical faceplate, stands and starts to assemble the lamp. Dykstra enters.

DYKSTRA
Well?

DUDDY
You're clean.

DYKSTRA
Where was it?

DUDDY
The lamp here.

Duddy continues to move about the room, assembling lamps, clocks, moving furniture back into place as --

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED

55

DYKSTRA

Amazing. I pay a fortune to an alarm company, yet any fool can walk in here...

DUDDY

Nothing is totally secure, Mr. Dykstra, if they want in, they'll get in...

(X)
(X)
(X)

Dykstra picks up a miniature VSA from an open case of Duddy's equipment.

DYKSTRA

What's this?

(X)

DUDDY

Voice stress analyzer.

(X)

DYKSTRA

(interested)

A lie detector?

(X)

DUDDY

(nodding)

Measures subconscious micro-tremors most often associated with lying in a person's voice.

DYKSTRA

They accurate?

DUDDY

Fairly so.

DYKSTRA

Mind if I take it for a test drive?

DUDDY

Be my guest...

56 EXT. DYKSTRA'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - DAY

56

Close on the VSA's readout as Dykstra holds it for Duddy, who shakes his head in the negative.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

56

Dykstra addresses Tracy as she towels off, obviously not thrilled with the company.

DYKSTRA
(to Tracy)
Try the truth this time. (X)

TRACY
(turning to leave)
Real fun game, Alex...

He grabs her arm, gently spins her around.

DYKSTRA
Game's over, Trace. Answer the question. (X)

TRACY
I did. You gonna believe me or that box? (X)
(X)

DYKSTRA
The machine has no reason to lie. (X)

ANGLE - DUDDY

57

increasingly uncomfortable with the scenario.

TRACY
Good. Maybe it'll sleep with you, too.

She turns, starts to leave.

DYKSTRA
(calmly)
Tracy, have you ever slept with Joey Cabraal?

She stops, does not turn around.

TRACY
You're crazy, Alex...

DYKSTRA
(non-confrontational)
All you have to do is answer the question.

A beat. Duddy clears his throat.

CONTINUED

57

CONTINUED

57

TRACY

No.

She starts to walk away. Dykstra smiles with dead eyes (X)
as --

DYKSTRA

Tracy...

She turns back while moving away.

DYKSTRA

Wrong answer.

Dykstra puts a .45 slug into her forehead. Her body
topples backwards into the pool. Duddy's doing his best to
control himself as Dykstra watches the chlorinated water
turn red under --

DYKSTRA

I can't tolerate dishonesty. (X)

Duddy can barely swallow in response. A beat before
Dykstra snaps back to reality with a clap on Duddy's
shoulder. Duddy, still staring at the body, manages a nod
before --

DUDDY

(dry-throated)

Yeah...

As we --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

58 INT. OCB CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

58

The entire Vice team, minus Castillo are present. Duddy has lost a bit of his jovial attitude. (X)

CROCKETT

C'mon, Steve, I thought you said the microwave bugs couldn't be detected.

DUDDY

Doesn't mean they're invisible if someone knows where to look...

(beat)

The guy's got a good sweeper...

CROCKETT

Terrific -- leaves us with a big sack o' nothin'. (X)

DUDDY

Look, what's this guy into?

SWITEK

That's classified police business. (X)

DUDDY

C'mon, I was a cop. I'm not even askin' for his name...

A beat before --

TUBBS

We think he's importing coke.

DUDDY

You think?

CROCKETT

We've got nothing substantial on him.

DUDDY

After all this damn surveillance?

CROCKETT

All what damn surveillance? All we've been doing is writin' you checks...

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED

58

GINA

Maybe if your transmitters lasted more than a day...

A beat.

DUDDY

We'll laser mic him. He'll never know it. Picks the sound vibrations right off the windows.

DUDDY (CONT'D)

(dismissive gesture)

Cheap -- two bills a day...

(X)

(X)

TRUDY

(slight sarcasm)

How wonderfully generous...

DUDDY

Let's just call it civic pride.

Off his solicitous grin --

CUT TO

59 OMITTED

59

60 INT. METRO-DADE - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

60

as Detective Ken Scanlon picks up the receiver, punches the waiting line.

SCANLON

Homicide, Scanlon...

(beat)

A murder, Ma'am?

Scanlon reaches for a pen. He's not overly excited -- probably receives half a dozen murder cranks a month.

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED

60

SCANLON
(jotting notes)
Your name?
(beat)
Ma'am I'll need your name in order
to file a report...

CUT TO

61 INT. DUDDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

61

Close on Duddy's phone, which is hooked up to an electronic voice altering device. Several pieces of tape clearly mark various selections for 'Female', 1-4' or 'Male', 1-4. Presently the dial indicates a 'Female' selection. Duddy makes no physical attempt to alter his voice or speech patterns.

DUDDY
John Taxpayer, how's that?

A pause from the other end before --

SCANLON'S VOICE
(filtered)
Ma'am, why don't you come down to
the station, file a complaint...

DUDDY
(over)
Listen, Mallet head, I'm trying to
help here -- a woman had her brains
blown out. Now, if you're not
interested, I'm sure I could get the
local papers to take a bite,
probably spell your name right,
too...

Duddy disgustedly slams the phone down.

DUDDY
Lazy jerk...

CUT TO

62 OMITTED

62

63 INT. METRO-DADE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

63

Close on a reel to reel tape player, presently broadcasting the previously heard phone conversation between Scanlon and Duddy. Duddy's voice is unmistakably that of a woman.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED

63

Camera pulls to reveal the interested audience of
Crockett, Tubbs and Scanlon.

SCANLON'S VOICE

Your name?

WOMAN'S VOICE

My name's not important, the
killer's name, however, is
Alexander Dykstra...

SCANLON'S VOICE

Ma'am, I'll need your name in order
to file a report...

WOMAN'S VOICE

John Taxpayer, how's that?

A pause.

SCANLON'S VOICE

Ma'am, why don't you come down to
the station, file a complaint...

WOMAN'S VOICE

(over; angry)

Listen, Mallet head, a woman had her
brains blown out. If you're not
interested, I'll call the papers,
and I'll be sure to spell your name
right.

A click followed by a dial tone. Scanlon turns off the
machine.

SCANLON

Little weird, huh?

The above clearly reflected in Crockett's look to Tubbs.

SCANLON

At first I didn't think much of it,
but I had a twinge...Couldn't shake
it. So I ran Dykstra's name, saw
you guys had an active on him...

TUBBS

How'd you see that? It's a
classified undercover.

SCANLON

You serious? My thirteen year old
can break the department computer
codes.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED (2)

63

CROCKETT
(amused)
Very reassuring...

SCANLON
You guys are lucky...if it hadn't
come in on the 911, we wouldn't even
have a tape...

CUT TO

64 INT. DUDDY'S HOUSE - DAY

64

Duddy is seated in front of three reel to reel Nagra
Flats, feverishly stopping, rewinding, starting each deck
while he scribbles notes on separate A, B and C pads. Each
machine broadcasts segments of Dykstra's conversations.

Duddy speeds through anything he considers irrelevant,
occasionally stopping one or two machines to focus entirely
on one conversation.

MACGREGOR'S VOICE
How much money is that a day? ...My
palms are wet all day I'm so
nervous...all my eggs in one damn
basket...

DYKSTRA'S VOICE
...Details with my people in the
Caymans...no later than night after
tomorrow...

MACGREGOR'S VOICE
...Contracted for end of the week.
You know how much interest a hundred
mil draws?

DYKSTRA'S VOICE
Don't be ridiculous...

MACGREGOR'S VOICE
It should come off your end...I'm
losin' money....

Duddy stops the machine, a smile graces his face then
fades as he reacts to the doorbell.

(X)
(X)

CUT TO

65
thru
65A

OMITTED

65
thru
65A
(X)
65B

65B INT. DUDDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Duddy's in front of an oscilloscope, doing his best to hide his amazement that his tip has effectively boomeranged back into his lap. He pulls away from the scope to address Crockett and Tubbs.

DUDDY

Look, all I can tell you is the voice has been electronically altered -- you'd never get a voice print out of it.

TUBBS

So it could've been anybody?

CONTINUED

65B CONTINUED

65B

DUDDY

Yeah. You, me, the Pope...anyone.

CROCKETT

Great. We're movin' by leaps and bounds on this guy.

DUDDY

Why don't you just pick him up?
You've got the tip.

CROCKETT

C'mon Steve, and hold him on what evidence?

DUDDY

Okay, bad idea. I'm just trying to help...

CROCKETT

Well, use your head...We've been comin' up dry on this jerk for weeks. We've got nothin' substantial on him.

Off which --

CUT TO

66 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DUSK

66

A parked black van. Upon closer inspection, we note that the van's antenna is slowly rotating as the almost indiscernible whine of a tiny motor is heard.

CUT TO

67 INT. VAN - DUSK

67

Steve Duddy sits in a mobile surveillance center that is light years ahead of Vice's van. A video monitor displays what the fiber optic antenna shoots: presently, the exterior of Dykstra's estate..

Duddy alternately watches the monitor, and his own handiwork: a fairly elaborate domino set-up that criss-crosses his small counter space.

Duddy checks the monitor, hits a button and the video zooms to show Dykstra just entering his Lamborghini.

CUT TO

- 68 EXT. DYKSTRA'S ESTATE - DUSK 68
As the Lamborghini rolls down the drive, and exits through the opening wrought-iron gate.
CUT TO
- 69 INT. DUDDY'S VAN - DUSK 69
The monitor displays the departing Lamborghini. Duddy pans the video so as to remain on the car.
DUDDY
(smiles; waves to the monitor)
Bye-bye...
As he taps a domino to begin the chain reaction --
CUT TO
- 70 EXT. WATERFRONT WAREHOUSE - DUSK - MUSIC UP 70
A series of shots:
- 71 OMITTED 71
- 72 A SMALL FREIGHTER 72
Nestled against the loading dock. A crate is lifted from the dock by the winch crane on board the freighter.
- 73 DYKSTRA AND MACGREGOR 73
watch the proceedings from the dock.
- 74 THE WINCH CRANE 74
swinging down for another load.
- 75 DYKSTRA'S MEN 75
on board the freighter. All well armed, as they receive another crate.
- 76 DYKSTRA AND MACGREGOR 76
MacGregor nodding his approval.

- 77 THE CRATES 77
as they are moved and secured on the freighter.
- CUT TO
- 78 OMITTED 78
- 78A EXT. WATERWAY - NIGHT 78A (X)
As the freighter moves away from the dock, a loud pop is heard, and we see MacGregor move into frame with a bottle of champagne. He pours a glass, looks up with a proffered smile to Dykstra as -- (X)
- 79 MACGREGOR'S P.O.V. 79
A silenced Barretta kicks out three slugs.
- 80 RESUME - MACGREGOR 80
The champagne bottle shatters as MacGregor careens over. Dykstra enters frame and dumps the body into the water. (X)
(X)
- CUT TO
- 81 OMITTED 81
- 82 EXT. DYKSTRA'S ESTATE - NIGHT 82
Duddy, now dressed entirely in black, rolls over a fence and crouches in the low lying shrubbery.
- 83 DUDDY'S P.O.V. - THE HOUSE 83
Leon, a sandwich in hand, passes by a lit window.
- 84 EXT. DYKSTRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 84
As Duddy cautiously makes his way to the darkened study window. A small, faint reflection of red light can be seen on the pane which Duddy carefully avoids. Duddy kneels next to the window and removes a small tape recorder from his pack. He uncoils an earplug wire, which has at its receiving end a suction cup that has apparently replaced the earpiece. He licks the cup, affixes it to the window, and starts the tape. A smile as he settles down to wait. Hold on the tape machine before we --

CUT TO

85 EXT. NEARBY SERVICE POLE - NIGHT

85

Upon which we note the laser mic unit, which emits a thin, barely discernible beam of red light toward the study window.

CUT TO

86 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

86

Switek's reading is interrupted by the voice activated tape recorder which has kicked in and now broadcasts the tape of Dykstra and MacGregor.

DYKSTRA'S VOICE

MacGregor -- I'm ironing out the details with my people in the Caymans. It'll be moved no later than night after tomorrow...

MACGREGOR'S VOICE

That's three days later than you promised. I contracted for the end of the week -- that's a total of five days. You know how much interest a hundred mil draws?...

DYKSTRA'S VOICE

Don't be ridiculous.

MACGREGOR'S VOICE

How much money is that a day? Huh? It should come off your end... you're in breach, lettin' it sit -- I'm losin' money.

The tape continues, as the realization dawns in Switek. He reaches for the phone and punches a number.

SWITEK

(into phone)

We've got 'em...Dykstra and MacGregor...

As Switek watches the laser mic'd conversation feed into his recorder --

CUT TO

87 EXT. WATERWAY - MORNING (FROM BEGINNING OF ACT FOUR)

87

Tubbs watches as MacGregor's body is lifted from the channel. Crockett's on a mobile phone with Castillo.

CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED

87

CROCKETT
(into phone)
MacGregor -- canal bobbing with a
mouthful of lead. 'Bout sums up
our case too, doesn't look like
anything to connect it to Dykstra.

In the b.g., a field coroner starts preliminaries on the
body.

88 INTERCUT - CASTILLO'S OFFICE - MORNING

88

CASTILLO
(into phone)
Have the coroner rush a preliminary
autopsy -- give us a time of death.

CROCKETT
(re: proceedings
behind him)
As we speak...I need fifteen at the
bank, and I'll be right in.

Crockett hangs up the phone and moves to join Tubbs, who
watches as Tommy Nystrom, a crusty veteran coroner, and New
Orleans jazz afficianado, removes a ten inch meat
thermometer from MacGregor's liver.

CROCKETT
What's the word, Tom? Rare, medium
or well-done?

NYSTROM
Well, they're marinated like this,
it's a tough call...I'd have to say
eleven to twelve hours. See, any
longer and the cheeks start to puff
like Dizzy Gillespie.

Crockett smiles.

TUBBS
So you'd say before eight?

NYSTROM
Yeah, somewhere between seven and
eight.

CROCKETT
You're sure?

Nystrom's packing his equipment.

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED

88

NYSTROM

Crockett, have I ever been wrong before?

(holds up the
meat
thermometer)

Technology babe, a wonderful tool.

(beat)

Gotta get it back to my wife, she's cookin' a ham tonight...

CROCKETT

(smiling)

You're an artist Tommy...

CUT TO

88A EXT. BANK - DAY

88A

As Crockett, infuriated, blows out of the building, trailed by Tubbs who's doing his best to hide his amusement as they approach the Testarossa.

CROCKETT

Cash transactions...no credit history...since when is cash a crime?

TUBBS

Hey, this is America. You've gotta be in debt...only way the banks can make their money back...

Crockett stops as he rounds the car -- he's heard the coin drop.

CROCKETT

That's it. He's movin' cash...

TUBBS

Dykstra?

CONTINUED

88A CONTINUED

88A

CROCKETT

Lucardo, MacGregor, everyone he's dealt with has more cash than they can launder. Dykstra's arranging to get it out of the country...

Both enter the car.

TUBBS

Reverse smuggling...

CROCKETT

(nodding)

A whole new crime.

(X)

(X)

As the Testarossa peels away from the curb --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

89
thru
91

OMITTED

89
thru
91
(X)
91A

91A CASTILLO'S OFFICE - DAY

Crockett, Tubbs, Castillo and Switek are listening to the end of Dykstra and MacGregor's conversation on a portable reel to reel.

MACGREGOR'S VOICE

It should come off your end. You're in breach, lettin' it si -- I'm losin' money.

Switek clicks off the machine.

CASTILLO

It's enough for an indictment -- nothing more...

TUBBS

(to Switek)

What time did you pick this up?

SWITEK

(shrugs)

About nine -- nine-thirty.

CROCKETT

C'mon Switek, that's impossible. MacGregor was face down in the canal by eight

Switek rifles through some paperwork.

SWITEK

Right here -- nine-twenty-three...

TUBBS

That conversation couldn't have taken place...

CROCKETT

Maybe it didn't...At least not at that time...

CONTINUED

91A CONTINUED

91A

SWITEK

What d'you mean?

CROCKETT

Every dead end points to one area of expertise. Bugs burning out, electronically disguised voices, time shifted conversations...

TUBBS

Duddy?

CROCKETT

Get the feeling our friend has hands in more than one card game...

CUT TO

92 EXT. DUDDY'S PATIO - DAY

92

Duddy's relaxing on a chaise lounge, sporting a tank top, shorts, and sunglasses as he holds a tanning reflector under his chin. He addresses Crockett and Tubbs with --

DUDDY

...And what's wrong with that? It's the American way--you got something against free enterprise, Crockett?

(X)

(X)

Crockett grabs a handful of tank top; lifts Duddy partially off the lounge under --

CROCKETT

I do when it costs me...jerking me around on an on-going so you can run your stinkin' game.

(X)

(X)

DUDDY

Hey, hey what is this wrestle-mania?

Crockett releases the shirt, stays in close as Duddy rearranges himself.

CROCKETT

You played us, Duddy....I bring you in, and you take advantage...

(X)

CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED

92

DUDDY

(over)

I'm an independent, Sonny...A defensive sweeper -- there's nothing wrong with that. You contracted me for offensive work -- I had no idea one of my clients was your subject. When I found out, I tried to make things right...

CROCKETT

(not buying)

C'mon, Steve, all you had to do was open your mouth.

(X)
(X)

DUDDY

Okay, poor judgement, big deal...I'm chromosomally unbalanced. I got the good hair, my brother got the good judgement....

(beat)

So I made a little green...You lost a little time...you still got Dykstra in the bag. Fact remains that you wouldn't have squat on him if it wasn't for me...

(X)

Crockett has turned away, still burning. A beat before --

TUBBS

(quietly)

We gotta move on him, Sonny...

CROCKETT

(disgusted)

Yeah...

He turns and heads for the door. Tubbs hesitates a beat, then follows.

DUDDY

(calling)

Hey...

Crockett stops at the door; doesn't look back.

DUDDY

Be careful. Guy's a psychopath. He's got a voice stress analyzer -- you lie, you die.

(X)

CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED (2)

92

Crockett and Tubbs exit. Off Duddy's slightly troubled countenance --

CUT TO

93
thru
108
OMITTED93
thru
108

108A INT. IZZY'S HOUSE - DAY

108A

Izzy's got black protective goggles on as he sits under a U.V. lamp.

IZZY

That's an awfully big marker...

CROCKETT

Marker nothin', Iz...you owe us.

TUBBS

As usual, your info was half-baked.

IZZY

Half a loaf would be acceptable to most of your average law enforcement interrogators.

Crockett snaps off the lamp, leans down, picks up one of Izzy's goggles.

CROCKETT

I want in -- tonight, Iz.

IZZY

Of course. The only problem is that Sonny Burnett, your alter-ego already has the reputation of a freelance runner, who would not have the laundry problem you have suggested.

CROCKETT

You just get me in, I'll worry about the dance numbers.

Tubbs holds the phone in front of Izzy, who smiles weakly.

IZZY

I sincerely assume that this individual will be out of circulation well into the twenty-first century...as I would like to enjoy my retirement years...

CONTINUED

108A CONTINUED

108A

As Izzy reluctantly takes the phone --

CUT TO

108B EXT. DYKSTRA'S - DUSK

108B

The Testarossa pulls into the drive. A white van bearing a logo: Technology Control, is parked on the street. A small, ferret-faced technician, Albert LaGuardia, peers through quarter-inch bifocals and sports the customary, well-used pocket pen guard, as he loads his counter surveillance equipment into the van.

LAGUARDIA
(as Crockett and
Tubbs exit the
car)
You just missed them...

CROCKETT
Who are you?

LAGUARDIA
(producing a card)
Albert LaGuardia, Counter
surveillance technician.

(X)
(X)

CROCKETT
How long have you been sweeping for
Dykstra?

LAGUARDIA
(hedging)
Well...technically, that's
confidential...

Tubbs snaps open his badge.

CROCKETT
How long?

LAGUARDIA
(stammering)
First time. I swear...if he's in
some kind of trouble...ah, I...you
know, constitutionally, I haven't
done anything wrong...

(X)

CONTINUED

108B CONTINUED

108B

CROCKETT

(over)

We know the argument. Where'd
Dykstra go?

LAGUARDIA

(continuing)

...I didn't think you guys had burst
transmitters...they're very
expensive...

CROCKETT

(leaning in)

Where's Dykstra?

LAGUARDIA

(nervously
adjusting his
glasses)

No idea. I showed him the burst bug
and he flew out of here like his
pants were on fire...I told him how
rare they were, but...

Crockett and Tubbs are already hurrying back to the
Testarossa. As Crockett fires it up --

CUT TO

109 INT. DUDDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

109

Close on a blinking red light accompanied by a loud beep.
A hand enters frame and flips a switch. The beeping stops
as a black and white video monitor snaps on revealing
Dykstra and his two goons exiting their car in Duddy's
driveway.

DUDDY (V.O.)

Ah...the Greek, bearing gifts no
doubt...

(X)
(X)

CUT TO

110 EXT. DUDDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

110

Dykstra and his men approach the door, each carries a
partially concealed Mac-10. Dykstra, less concerned about
concealing his, slams a clip home, under --

CONTINUED

110 CONTINUED

110

DYKSTRA

I want him to know who it is -- I
want to see him lose his water...

CUT TO

111 INT. DUDDY'S HOUSE

111

Another monitor shows Dykstra and company at the front
door. Weapons in plain view. Duddy is seated in a
recliner as he watches the monitor --

DUDDY

That's it, boys...C'mon, move over,
a little more...

CUT TO

112 EXT. HOUSE

112

Miguel has an ear pressed to the door as Leon rings the
doorbell. Dykstra remains to one side.

DYKSTRA

(to Miguel)

Anything?

Miguel shakes his head, moves up to the peep hole, tries
to peer in --

CUT TO

113 INT. HOUSE

113

The video monitor now displays Miguel's giant, blinking
eye.

DUDDY

(chuckling)

Very good, Miguel. That's very
smart...

He swivels the recliner towards the door and lets loose
with both barrels of a Browning over and under twelve
gauge.

CUT TO

114 EXT. HOUSE

114

As Miguel is plastered against the far wall of the corridor by the Magnum loads. Dykstra and Miguel react by spinning in on the partially blown away door from their respective sides -- spraying the entire apartment with lead.

CUT TO

115 INT. HOUSE - DUDDY

115

Has already rolled out of the line of fire and is on the kitchen floor replacing the spent shells.

CUT TO

116 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

116

The Testarossa screeches to a halt. Crockett and Tubbs exit the car crouched, with guns in a combat carry as they split and approach the house.

CUT TO

117 EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

117

Dykstra and Leon stop firing and split up; each taking an opposite side of the house.

117A INT. HOUSE - DUDDY

117A

Watches the exterior action on a small hand held wireless monitor.

CUT TO

117B EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

117B

as Leon smashes a window with the butt of his gun.

117C CROCKETT

117C

Behind him, gun trained as --

CROCKETT
Freeze, Miami Vice...

117D RESUME - LEON 117D
spins, firing wildly. Crockett takes him out with three quick shots.

CUT TO

117E TUBBS 117E
just catching sight of --

117F DYKSTRA 117F
who has found a side door, conveniently ajar. He moves inside.

CUT TO

117G INT. HOUSE - NIGHT 117G
As Duddy, still watching the miniature monitor, strategically re-positions himself.

117H DYKSTRA 117H
cautiously makes his way down a hall. He spots a small, wall mounted fiber-optic video camera slowly rotating so as to view him. A quick blast with the Mac-10 blows it away.

CUT TO

117I CROCKETT 117I
just entering the house, reacting to the shots.

117J DUDDY 117J
gestures frustratedly, shakes his head at the loss of reception on his monitor.

CUT TO

118 INT. HALLWAY - DYKSTRA'S P.O.V. 118
A video monitor, displaying Duddy's frowning face --

CONTINUED

118 CONTINUED

118

DUDDY

(video)

Even paranoids have real enemies,
Alex Baby.

(X)
(X)

119 DYKSTRA

119

Confused and enraged, he spins to blast the monitor.

120 OMITTED

120

121 DUDDY

121

steps out from behind a corner and unloads his Browning,
sending Dykstra to a writhing death.

Duddy breaks his barrels, ejecting his shells and
approaches Dykstra's still body.

122 ANGLE - CROCKETT AND TUBBS

122

Guns up and trained on Duddy --

CROCKETT

Drop it, Duddy.

DUDDY

What -- give me a break, it's not
even loaded...

TUBBS

Drop it, now!

Duddy casually acquiesces under --

DUDDY

Boys, boys, awfully touchy...

Crockett and Tubbs slowly approach.

CROCKETT

Hit the wall, Duddy, you know the
drill...

DUDDY

What is this? I save the taxpayers
a couple hundred grand in trial
costs, and I get treated like a
criminal?

CONTINUED

122 CONTINUED

122

Tubbs checks Dykstra as Crockett frisks Duddy.

CROCKETT

How many people had to die, Steve?

During which, he has cuffed one of Duddy's wrists. Duddy raises his other hand in protest as --

DUDDY

C'mon, Crockett, you're reachin'. I haven't done anything wrong, and you know it.

CROCKETT

Obstruction, felony endangerment...

DUDDY

Hey, I know where the line falls, I didn't cross it.

CROCKETT

Just walked up and looked over it, huh?

DUDDY

Keeps me alive...

Crockett spins him around, snaps the other cuff closed around his wrist.

CROCKETT

That's not good enough, Steve...

DUDDY

C'mon Crockett, not funny...

CROCKETT

My sentiments exactly...

Crockett guides Duddy out the door, and we --

TIME CUT TO

122A EXT. OCB - DAY - ESTABLISHING

122A

122B INT. CASTILLO'S OFFICE - DAY

122B

Crockett, Tubbs, Castillo and Switek, as Crockett spins in with --

CROCKETT

I don't believe it...

CONTINUED

122B CONTINUED

122B

CASTILLO

Kick him.

CROCKETT

Marty, it's wrong. The guy knowingly interfered with an undercover...

TUBBS

Not to mention the budgetary dent he stung the department with...

CASTILLO

The D.A. wants him released. We're risking a civil suit if we hold him any longer.

CROCKETT

This is incredible. The guy screws up an entire operation for his own benefit, may be involved in the death of three or more people, and all we can do is pat him on the head...

CASTILLO

We'll re-open if evidence surfaces.

A long, frustrated beat before --

SWITEK

Maybe Duddy deserves a dose of his own...

CUT TO

122C INT. DUDDY'S HOUSE - DAY

122C

Duddy enters carrying a couple sacks of groceries. He sets them down, pries a beer out of the fridge, opens it and stops just short of drinking it. He casts a wary eye about the room -- sensing someone has been inside his domain. A beat as he quietly surveys the room before all six video monitors snap on -- all displaying Crockett's face. The beer slips from Duddy's hand and falls to the floor as he slowly moves, transfixed, toward the main bank of three monitors. Duddy stares at the silent video image of Crockett, which silently stares back -- six at a time.

CROCKETT (VIDEO)

You know what you did, Steve...you have to live with that...

CONTINUED

22C

CONTINUED

122C

Duddy slowly picks up the remote, tries changing channels (X)
-- no use, Crockett's on every one. (X)

CROCKETT (VIDEO) (X)

I just want you to know you won't be
alone...

(beat)

I'll be watching you...

As Crockett's images all simultaneously grin at Duddy -- (X)

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR