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MIAMI VICE

"VIKING BIKERS FROM HELL"

Story by

John Milius

Teleplay by

Dick Wolf
&
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Prod. #62032

MIAMI VICE

VIKING BIKERS FROM HELL

SCRIPT REVISION HISTORY

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2/08/87	WHITE	Dick Wolf and Michael Duggan	1-51
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MIAMI VICEVIKING BIKERS FROM HELLCAST

SONNY CROCKETT
 RICARDO TUBBS
 CASTILLO
 SWITEK
 TRUDY
 GINA

REB
 LASCOE
 TOAD
 CHARLIE
 IZZY
 VICTORIA
 DOCTOR (X)

THE WIRE
 PHILIP HERSH
 DOORMAN
 SALAZAR
 NEILSEN
 BODYGUARD #1
 MALE DANCER
 RESIDENT (X)
 WOMAN DRIVER
 BERNIER
 CRAGUN
 SWAT COMMANDER
 UNIFORM #1 (X)
 UNIFORM #2 (X)
 FAITH (X)

SETSINTERIORS:

TESTAROSSA
 OCB
 CASTILLO'S OFFICE
 CONFERENCE ROOM (X)
 WIRE'S HOUSE
 TV ROOM
 PRESTIGE LIMO
 SALAZAR'S HOUSE
 JACUZZI
 CLOSET
 ART STUDIO
 PENA'S OCEANFRONT HIGHRISE
 LIVING ROOM
 BEDROOM
 LOBBY
 HALL
 BERNIER'S DINING ROOM
 RETIREMENT CENTER
 MENTAL HEALTH CLINIC
 BIKER BAR
 VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT
 HOSPITAL
 CORRIDOR
 ROOM
 VICTORIA'S LOFT
 SURVEILLANCE VAN
 ABANDONED WAREHOUSE
 THE LIFT
 THE STAIRS

EXTERIORS:

INDUSTRIAL WASTELAND
 LOADING DOCK
 CHURCH
 TESTAROSSA
 WIRE'S HOUSE
 TUBBS' CADILLAC
 OCEANFRONT HIGHRISE
 RESIDENTIAL AREA (X)
 HIGHWAY
 BERNIER'S MANSION
 MACARTHUR CASEWAY (X)
 BIKER'S BAR
 MENTAL HEALTH CLINIC
 RUN DOWN AREA (X)
 ISOLATED HOUSE (X)
 OCB PARKING LOT
 SUBURBAN PALACE
 LOFT
 PRESTIGE LIMO
 SALAZAR'S HOUSE
 SURVEILLANCE VAN
 HOUSE DOOR
 SWAT VAN

VEHICLES

FERRARI
CADILLAC
SURVEILLANCE VAN
POLICE CARS
HARLEY DAVIDSONS
BUS
AMG MERCEDES
RUF PORSCHE
STRETCHED ROLLS
STRETCHED MERCEDES

CARS ON CAUSEWAY (X)
COP MOTORCYCLE (X)
AMBULANCE
SWAT VAN
WOMAN DRIVER'S CAR (X)
BATTERING RAM (X)
LAGONDA
CLENET

ANIMALS

CHICKEN

MIAMI VICE

VIKING BIKERS FROM HELL

TEASER

FADE IN

1 EXT. INDUSTRIAL WASTELAND - NIGHT 1

A post-apocalyptic landscape. A lake of cracked and broken asphalt is littered with rustic trailers and gutted service buildings. In the distance, a refinery squats on the horizon, flames shooting into the night sky from its gas towers.

2 A CHICKEN 2

Huge and ominous, struts into frame. It pecks at something, then lifts its head as it's washed in the glare of a single headlight. The light spreads in a pool around the chicken as a Harley Davidson roars closer. The fowl flutters away at the last possible moment. The heavily chromed machine slides to a stop and an engineer-booted foot occupies the bird's space.

3 LASCOE 3

Late twenties. Long hair swept back over hard, unforgiving features. Tattooed forearms ripple in the moonlight. He looks to his right and left as two more chromed chopped hogs roar up alongside him and stop. Their headlights shine on a rusted loading dock which holds three decrepit trailers.

4 LOADING DOCK 4

Dirt poor Haitian refugee kids look out fearfully at the bikes. Chicken scatter as the three riders kill their thumping, clanking machines and dismount. One child, holding a broken plastic robot, darts back into the shadows as the three stride toward the dock.

5 LASCOE 5

hops, catlike, onto the dock. He kicks the door of the first trailer open and women and children rush out like flushed quail. He pulls a gleaming, stainless steel Redhawk revolver from under his colors and holds it tilted back so that the barrel rests on his shoulder.

6 THE OTHER TWO BIKERS

6

Toad and Charlie, both lanky, both evil looking. They walk onto the loading dock. Toad reaches down and pulls the sliding door which rattles up rustily. Smoke pours out from a crude grill made from an oil can and chicken wire. Two Haitian families look up, eyes wide with fear. Toad takes out a folding buck knife and snaps it open. The six inch blade gleams in the semi-darkness. He stops his foot and the families scatter.

7 TOAD

7

looks down at the chicken cooking on the grill. He sticks his knife into a piece. Lascoe walks into frame and Toad hands the leader the knife. As he eats, he turns and looks back at where they came from.

8 LASCOE'S POINT OF VIEW

8

A dirt road runs toward the Miami skyline in the far distant haze. Two headlights emerge from the darkness and get brighter.

9 LASCOE

9

checks his watch and smiles grimly.

LASCOE

Right on time.

The bikers walk to the edge of the dock and hop down as the lights get brighter, finally becoming a large gray bus. The three stand across the road as the bus stops with a whoosh of air brakes, "Florida Department of Corrections" painted across its side. The door opens.

10 REB

10

Steps off the bus wearing a cheap prison suit. The ill fitting clothes can't conceal the powerful body underneath -- 190 pounds of twisted steel. His blond hair stands straight up and is shaved on the sides. His features are handsome and chiselled -- the boy-next-door gone hideously evil. The eyes are cold as stone. The bus swings around and takes off.

LASCOE

(friendly; almost
amused)

Sure don't look like no scooter
trash, Reb.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

10

Reb shucks the suit jacket and tosses it to the ground, then pulls the white shirt off, popping the buttons. He stands there in a basketball-style undershirt, revealing the complicated tattoos covering his arms and shoulders.

REB

(deadpan)

I musta been rehabilitated.

TOAD

You look good. They feed you well?

REB

The strong always eat well.

(to Lascoe)

When's the funeral?

LASCOE

Tomorrow. Ten o'clock.

REB

What about who he saw?

LASCOE

Well -- uh...Charlie here...Charlie, this is Reb.

CHARLIE

(nervous)

I heard alot about you, man...

LASCOE

Charlie did some sniffing around since he knew some of the Wire's customers.

REB

And?

LASCOE

He came up with some possibilities. Toad's got lines out, too.

REB

You bring my piece?

Lascoe looks at Toad who reaches into his saddlebag and comes up with a 3" .44 Magnum Smith and Wesson Model 29.

TOAD

Your old one, Reb.

11 REB

11

his eyes gleam. With a gun in his hand, he's complete.
Blood races through his veins.

REB

Whoever did the Wire'll come to the
funeral.

Lascoe looks at Toad and Charlie nervously, then looks back
at Reb.

CHARLIE

Place is gonna be crawling with
heat, man - The G., narcs,
vice...maybe we should just be cool.

Reb's eyes narrow.

REB

Where's my scooter?

LASCOE

You can ride on the back of
Charlie's.

Reb turns and blasts Charlie before anyone can think. He
walks over and gets on Charlie's bike.

REB

I don't ride on the back of no
one's scooter.

LASCOE

Eh, bro - you'da liked Charlie if
you'da got to know him. He was good
people - he coulda been a friend.

REB

I got enough friends already.

He turns the bike around, pops a wheelie and roars off into
the night.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

12 OMITTED

12

12A EXT. CHURCH - DAY

12A

The biggest goddam drug dealer funeral in the history of Miami. A cross between Mardi Gras and Comic Opera, every dealer, hooker, pimp and low life shit-kicker is either in the parade or watching it. Along with the criminal element their counterparts from law enforcement are out in force, taking pictures of the players. Gina, Trudy and Switek are all there getting snaps for the family album. An endless procession of AMG Mercedes, RUF Porsches, stretched Rolls' and the odd Lagonda and Clenet glide by. Smack in the middle of the pack is a white Testarossa from which a familiar voice emanates.

CROCKETT (V.O.)

Nice day for a funeral.

TUBBS (V.O.)

(an edge)

I just hope nobody puts it together,
partner.

CUT TO

13 INT. TESTAROSSA - DAY

13

Crockett's refusing to take it seriously.

CROCKETT

It was a street shooting, Rico...a
straight, garden variety street
shooting...

TUBBS

...in which one Sonny Burnett took
out The Wire and left the scene.

CROCKETT

(flushing)

There were civilians coming onto the
street.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

13

TUBBS

It was a righteous shoot...it
woulda gone down as justifiable
homicide.

(X)
(X)
(X)

CROCKETT

And it would've been the end of the
cover. Wanna be giving speeding
tickets on the MacArthur Causeway?

(X)

He looks over at Tubbs, his expression passive/aggressive.

CUT TO

14 EXT. THE TESTAROSSA - DAY - (VIEWFINDER MATTE)

14

Reb lowers a .35mm camera. He's managed to scrounge up
some colors and now looks truly terrifying. He turns as
Toad comes up to him.

REB

Names check out?

TOAD

(nodding)

All eight names but no faces.

REB

Doesn't matter.

LASCOE

(smiles; getting
it)

We're gonna do 'em all.

(X)

REB

I swore an oath.

Toad's watching the procession.

TOAD

Here comes the hearse -- that must
be her in the limo.

Reb turns. A stretch Mercedes limo follows the hearse.
Inside is a woman with the frail beauty but the tensile
strength of a dancer. Reb's face registers his shock.
He's a man in the full throes of an instant infatuation.

REB

She's beautiful...

CUT TO

15 INT. OCB - DAY

15

Castillo faces the congregation.

CASTILLO

The natural order has been
disturbed.

TUBBS

With Constantine dead, it could
stay disturbed until the animals
get tired of chewing on each other.

(X)

(X)

SWITEK

(not all that
upset)

Sounds like we'll be going to lots
of funerals...

CROCKETT

That'll be great until civilians
start walking into the crossfire...

CASTILLO

Roll up anyone who's making the
wrong kind of noise.

(X)

TRUDY

Lieutenant, I've got some more
candidates here.

She spreads a handful of eight by tens on the table.

TRUDY

(continuing)
Know any of these turkeys?

CROCKETT

Surveillance photos from the
funeral?

TRUDY

(nodding)
All the ones that couldn't be
I.D.'d.

Gina points at one picture.

GINA

Didn't we bust him two or three
years ago?

CROCKETT

Yeah...Rudy something...

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

15

Tubbs, meanwhile, has focused on the picture of the girl in the limo.

TUBBS

Who's that?

TRUDY

Nobody's ever seen her before. She was in the limo right behind the hearse.

CROCKETT

(suddenly interested)

Relative?

TRUDY

(shrugging)

Girlfriend?

CROCKETT

Where's the limo from?

(X)

TRUDY

Rented...

(checking notes)

Clevelander Limo.

The wheels are turning. Crockett, picture in hand, looks up at Trudy.

CROCKETT

Let me keep this one.

CUT TO

16
thru
22
OMITTED

16
thru
22

22A EXT. WIRE'S HOUSE - DAY

22A

A somewhat portentous, post-modern concrete structure looms behind Toad as he walks into the house with two brown paper bags.

CUT TO

23 OMITTED

23

23A1 INT. HOUSE - DAY

23A1

Cold. Austere. A television and sofa are the only furnishings besides the three indiscriminately parked bikes now occupying the large living room.

Lascoe's in the process of cleaning the various weaponry. Toad enters and dumps the bags. Boxes and boxes of ammo fall out.

TOAD

(re: the house)

Looks like the Wire done pretty good for himself.

LASCOE

Reb says he was the most righteous dealer in the country -- up front guy -- didn't rip nobody off...

TOAD

Heard he throttled a lot of dudes.

LASCOE

Didn't take to being crossed...

(smiles)

Used to choke guys down faster than you could blink...

(X)

Toad's obviously charged by the thought. Reb enters, checking his Red Hawk.

REB

Let's hit it ...

CUT TO

23A

23A EXT. CLEVELANDER LIMO - DAY

The Testarossa pulls up. As Crockett and Tubbs climb out, the air is filled to overflowing with the throaty roar of Harley-Davidson horsepower.

They watch as Reb, Lascoe and Toad roar by at 70.

CROCKETT

Must be down for the social season...

24 INT. CLEVELANDER LIMO - DAY

24 (X)

A run down garage with the stretch Mercedes from the funeral and several other stretches parked.

Crockett and Tubbs are in the glass fronted office with Neilsen, the twenty-five year-old owner. The guy's got a permanent case of the Miami flu. He doesn't like Crockett or Tubbs. The feeling's mutual.

CROCKETT

You make me play twenty questions,
I'll pull you in for a drug test...

TUBBS

(sweet smile)

Look on the bright side - parole violation'll give you a chance to get rid of that nasty post nasal drip.

NEILSEN

You guys are supposed to have a court order ... my customers value their privacy ...

CROCKETT

(to Tubbs)

Good to find somebody who worries more about his customers than himself, ain't it?

NEILSEN

(pissed)

It was for the guy's sister ...

Crockett and Tubbs exchange a look.

CROCKETT

Where'd you pick her up?

Neilsen shoots him a disgusted look and yanks open a file drawer.

CUT TO

25 OMITTED

25

25A CONTINUED 25A

Reb, Lascoe and Toad come up to the door. Reb's got a flower arrangement. He knocks. Lascoe and Toad flatten themselves against the walls on both sides of it. (X)

CUT TO

'26 INT. SALAZAR'S HOUSE - DAY 26

A bodyguard moves toward the door.

BODYGUARD #1
Who is it?

REB'S VOICE
(thinner and
higher)
Flowers for Mr. Salazar.

The bodyguard puts his eye up to the security peephole.

27 BODYGUARD'S POINT OF VIEW 27

Reb, looking quite prim and proper with his flower arrangement.

28 THE BODYGUARD 28

Steps back, flicks the locks and opens the door.

CUT TO

29 OMITTED 29

29A EXT. SALAZAR'S HOUSE - DAY 29A

Reb steps aside as the locks are being opened and Toad takes his place, a flat black crossbow at his shoulder. As the door opens, he pulls the trigger. The bolt leaves the bow with a barely audible twang.

There's a louder "thunk", then a startled, gasping sigh and a dull thud as something hits the floor.

CUT TO

30 INT. SALAZAR'S HOUSE - DAY

30

Reb, Lascoe and Toad step over the feet of the horizontal bodyguard and go down the hall.

(X)

CUT TO

31 INT. SALAZAR'S JACUZZI - DAY

31

Salazar's in the circular Jacuzzi with two 17 year-olds. (Actually, only one's visible. The second's head pops up, gasps for air, then goes under again). Salazar looks like one of life's truly satisfied sleazeballs. The door implodes and Reb appears with the USAS 12 gauge followed by Lascoe and Toad.

(X)

The girl with her head above water screams and leaps out of the whirlpool. Lascoe and Toad are duly appreciative. The other girl surfaces and leaps out. Salazar tries to join her but is slam dunked back into the Jacuzzi by Reb's foot on his head. When he surfaces, he's boiling mad.

SALAZAR

You guys brain damaged? You're in big trouble. . .

REB

Where are the Kruggerands?

SALAZAR

You can't buy Kruggerands any more.

Reb walks into the Jacuzzi, grabs Salazar by the hair and puts his head under water. Salazar's arms flap like chicken wings, but his resistance is useless. Reb pulls his head out and sticks his face in Salazar's.

REB

I'm only gonna ask nice once more. Where are they?

SALAZAR

(gasping)

Guest room. . .closet. . .knapsack.

CUT TO

32 INT. CLOSET - DAY

32

A light snaps on and Toad lumbers into the walk-in closet and spots the large trail pack. His face lights up as he moves to it and gives it a casual yank. It doesn't even budge. He has to squat and position himself to lift it.

CUT TO

33 INT. SALAZAR'S JACUZZI - DAY

33

Toad stumbles into the room, practically duck walking the 200 pounds of gold, which he lets drop as soon as he's inside the door. Salazar's sulking in the swirling water.

SALAZAR

You got what you want, now get out.

REB

(nodding toward)

Gonna take more than this, maricon.

SALAZAR

(very nervous)

What else can I do?

REB

(icy smile)

The truth'll set you free.

SALAZAR

The truth about what?

REB

The Wire. . .

He grabs Salazar's head and pushes it back under the water.

CUT TO

34 OMITTED

34

35 INT. SALAZAR'S JACUZZI - DAY

35

Crockett, Tubbs and Castillo are staring down at Salazar, who's bobbing gently face down in the Jacuzzi. A SID man and a coroner are at work.

CASTILLO

It's starting. What've we got?

TUBBS

Nothing but an ugly way to die.

(X)

CASTILLO

We need more than that.

(X)

CROCKETT

What about the Wire's sister?

(X)

(off their looks)

She's a phantom, but maybe she's got ideas about moving in.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED

35

CASTILLO

Talk to her. See if she can give
us anything...

(X)

CUT TO

36 OMITTED

36

36A INT. ART STUDIO - DAY

36A

Victoria is teaching a class of six students in a class. She walks behind them as they paint a fine-boned male dancer who's striking a pose.

The door flies open and Reb strides in flanked by Lascoe and Toad. The Male Dancer looks like he's going to vibrate out of his skin.

MALE DANCER

Do you mind! This isn't the 3rd
Avenue Gym. . .

(X)

(X)

Lascoe walks over, puts both his hands around the Male Dancer's throat and lifts him off the ground. He kicks the air and turns red. Reb walks over and looks into his eyes from six inches away.

REB

Don't talk anymore.

Lascoe lets him go, and he ends up in a heap on the floor. Reb turns to Victoria with a total character transplant -- he's like Frankenstein with the little girl.

REB

Could I speak to you privately?

VICTORIA

(appalled)

Me?

Reb nods. She follows him into a corner of the studio. He turns to her, clearly in the throes of blind love. He shrugs -- embarrassed. The other two look at him and hoot and make animal noises.

REB

What's you looking at.

They stop.

CONTINUED

36A

CONTINUED

36A

REB

Split!

They turn and walk over to the other dancers -- sit down as if to watch a performance. Needless to say, no one moves. Reb turns to Victoria.

REB

The Wi -- your brother was the best friend I ever had. He was a great man.

VICTORIA

My brother was a criminal.

REB

Perhaps he told you about me -- Reb?

VICTORIA

No.

REB

He sure told me about you.

VICTORIA

I have no interest in ever knowing my brother's acquaintances. You come from a world I wish never existed.

REB

You don't understand.

VICTORIA

I hope to God I never will.

REB

Your brother loved you very much
...I have to give you...your inheritance.

(X)

He looks deep into her eyes -- she looks back -- a moment -- she turns away -- a tear rolls down her cheek -- she stifles a snuffle.

VICTORIA

Would you go...just go...please...
I don't want my inheritance...I
don't want anything from his world.

REB

I took an oath. My honor is
loyalty.

CONTINUED

36A CONTINUED (2)

36A

VICTORIA

(X)

You're...you're as crazy as he
was...just get the hell out of
here...please.

She is crying openly now.

(X)

VICTORIA

(X)

Please.

Reb backs away -- turns -- but they both know he'll be
back.

(X)

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

37 OMITTED

37

37A INT. ART STUDIO - DAY

37A

Close on Victoria's face.

VICTORIA

What is it with you guys anyway?
First, three gorillas...And now you
two...

(X)

(spitting out the
words)

Pretty boys...

Pull back to reveal Crockett and Tubbs staring at a painter
who's at the end of both her day and her tether. Tubbs
flashes his badge.

TUBBS

We're cops.

CROCKETT

But we are interested in gorillas.
(off Victoria's
look)

(X)

They grunt their names?

(X)

VICTORIA

No...I had nothing to do with my
brother's business. He was good to
me...I only knew that side. The
rest took place in another universe.

CROCKETT

Look, lady, we're trying to prevent
a city-wide bloodbath...

TUBBS

Your brother controlled over a third
of the market. His departure has
created quite a vacuum.

VICTORIA

Like I said, Officer, these people
live in another universe. I
couldn't remember even if I wanted
to.

CONTINUED

37A CONTINUED

37A

Crockett digs a card out of his pocket and hands it to her.
As she contemplates the card --

CROCKETT
Call us if you change your mind.

VICTORIA
Some things never change.

Off her glacial gaze --

CUT TO

38
thru
39
OMITTED

38
thru
39

39A EXT. OCEANFRONT HIGHRISE - NIGHT

39A

Crockett and Tubbs pull up in the Testarossa, exit, and are
greeted by two uniformed cops as they approach the
building.

UNIFORM #1
Doorman's not even sure it was
Pena's unit. Just a lot of
screams. We went up and knocked,
but there was no answer...Figured
he was one of your boys, so we gave
you a call...

TUBBS
You check inside?

UNIFORM #2
It was quiet -- we've got no
probable cause...

CROCKETT
Pena's always got probable cause...

CUT TO

39B INT. HIGHRISE LOBBY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

39B

Crockett and Tubbs are trailed by a nervous doorman as they
move toward the elevators.

DOORMAN
Never, in all my life, have I heard
screaming like this...

CONTINUED

39B CONTINUED

39B

CROCKETT

You get a look at anybody unusual
coming or going?

An emphatic negative shake of the head, followed by --

DOORMAN

I called nine-one-one, and
immediately locked myself in the
supply closet....I know what kind
of people Mr. Pena associates
with...

Tubbs smirks as the two board the elevator.

TUBBS

(to doorman)

What floor's Pena on?

DOORMAN

(reaches in to hit
button for them)

Nine...

TUBBS

(stopping him)

Thanks, we'll take eight.

And the door closes as we --

CUT TO

40 OMITTED

40

40A INT. HIGHRISE - NIGHT

40A

The hall is empty. Then the exit doors at both ends of it
pop open and Crockett and Tubbs emerge, guns in hand,
tension turning their faces into masks. They hug the wall
and start edging toward the door to Ferdie Pena's condo.
Crockett knocks.

CROCKETT

Pena? Miami Vice...

CUT TO

41 INT. PENA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

41

as the door is kicked in by Crockett. The two stealthily
check out the room.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

41

When they're finished with the lower level, they move upstairs.

CUT TO

42 INT. PENA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

42

When they enter, they don't know what to focus on. Then their eyes lock on something that chills them both. When the camera pulls back, we know what the sight is by the slipper-clad feet we see dangling in front of us. Tubbs flips on a light, then joins Crockett in checking out the dead man.

TUBBS

Suicide?

CROCKETT

Not unless Pena warmed up by burning himself with cigarettes.

CUT TO

43
thru
45

OMITTED

43
thru
45

45A INT. RETIREMENT CENTER - DAY

45A

A lukewarm rendition of "Besame Mucho," crooned to the accompaniment of a singalong machine. Camera scans a crowd of senior citizens at their weekly afternoon tea dance. Some are actually cutting a rug, but the majority are mesmerized by none other than Izzy Moreno, who's lovingly holding a microphone as he does his imitation of an anemic Desi Arnez. He's wearing a bad lounge-lizard costume and his mustache looks like its been painted on. His voice isn't so hot, either.

But neither Izzy nor the majority of his appreciative audience seem to notice as he moves about the room, melting ladies' hearts and prodding gents' memories with his lounge act antics.

IZZY

(singing)

Besame Mucho...Each time I cling to
your kiss, I hear music
divine...Besame Mucho...Hold me my
darling and say that you'll always
be mine...This

(MORE)

CONTINUED

45A CONTINUED

45A

IZZY (Cont'd)

joy is something new, my arms
 enfolding you, never knew this
 thrill before; who ever thought I'd
 be holding you close to me
 whispering, 'It's you I adore';
 Dearest one, if you should leave me
 -- each little dream would take
 wing and my life would be
 through...

Izzy comes to a skidding halt with a horribly flat delivery
 on this last.

The camera pulls back to reveal the bikers, who have waded
 through the senior citizens and now are towering over the
 Iz. The oldsters are in a tizzy; we can hear their nervous
 hum until it is silenced by the baleful stares of Lascoe
 and Toad. Reb, meanwhile, is boring holes in Izzy with his
 eyes.

IZZY

(to the bikers)

Take everything I got! I mean it!
 My money, my clothes, my car...Hey,
 you gotta see my car -- chopped,
 channeled...really cherry...

(off the bikers'

sullen silence)

Okay, maybe you'd rather have a
 girl...A boy? Still a
 virgin...Could be very good karma
 for you, Reb...

REB

Shut up!

IZZY

Absolutely...No problemo...I always
 been trying to petrify your
 existence, man...

REB

(to Toad)

Gimme the pictures.

IZZY

Something I gotta say, though -- and
 I don't want you to take me wrong,
 'cause I'm speaking from the highest
 deification -- but I never thought
 I'd see you...

CONTINUED

45A CONTINUED (2)

45A

REB
(interrupting)

Out...

The fearful Izzy nods eagerly as Toad hands a stack of 8 by 10 photos to Reb.

REB

Names.

Izzy nervously flips through the photos.

IZZY

Valleriano, Bernier, Correnti...

45B INSERT - THE PHOTOS

45B

All taken at the funeral procession, one of which is a shot of Crockett and the wheel of the Testarossa.

45C RESUME IZZY

45C

Eyes popping at this last.

REB

Speak...

IZZY

(swallowing)

Burnett...local pond scum, a polywog of a man...not even worth your time...

REB

Did I ask for opinions?

A fearful shake of the head from Izzy.

REB

You're a worm...

IZZY

Thank you.

Off his very grateful, very live face --

CUT TO

MONTAGE - MUSIC UP

45D INT. THE WIRE'S HOUSE - DAY 45D

Pictures of the various victims are scattered around a table, torn in half. There's a small pile of unorn pictures on one corner. Reb picks these up and flips through them. He passes Crockett's picture and holds up one of a tough looking Cuban, showing it to Lascoe and Toad.

CUT TO

45E EXT. THE WIRE'S HOUSE - DAY 45E

Reb, Lascoe and Toad climb on their bikes and roar out the drive.

CUT TO

45F EXT. MACARTHUR CAUSEWAY - DAY 45F

Cars pull to the side as the bikes race down the middle lane.

45G A MOTORCYCLE COP 45G

on the shoulder looking for speeders. He finds what he's looking for as the bikes hurtle toward him over the causeway. He kicks the bike to life, then reconsiders and settles back down when he sees Reb, Lascoe and Toad pass him.

45H REB 45H

The wind blows his hair straight back. A happy grin's spread across his face as he weaves in and out of traffic.

CUT TO

45I EXT. AN ISOLATED HOUSE - DAY 45I

The three bikes are parked at the curb. Screams. Finally dying to a choking gurgle, then silence. The front door opens a beat later and Reb, Lascoe and Toad come out.

- 45J EXT. RUN DOWN AREA - DAY 45J
Reb has another picture which he shows to a nervous looking street dealer. The guy shakes his head. Reb takes the front of his shirt, lifts him off the ground and slams him into the wall at eye level.
- 45K THE DEALER 45K
His eyes are the size of coffee cups as he begins spilling his guts.
- CUT TO
- 45L EXT. ROAD - SUNSET 45L
The three bikes at speed. They weave in and out of traffic with total abandon.
- 45M REB 45M
Intent upon his mission. His mouth grim, his eyes narrow.
- 45N LASCOE 45N
reaches down and adjusts the Bowie knife that's strapped to his calf.
- 45O TOAD 45O
leans his head back as he drains a beer and tosses the bottle over his shoulder.
- CUT TO
- 45P EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA - NIGHT 45P
Reb, Lascoe and Toad look at a house that's fully engulfed in flame. Toad grins and hits Lascoe with a high five.
- CUT TO
- 46 INT. OCB CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 46
Fifteen to twenty surveillance photos grace the bulletin board, each bearing a taped label with felt-tipped name inscribed. Five of the photos are marked with a bold "X" signifying the subjects' recent departure from the land of the living.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED

46

TUBBS

Valleriano, Sutton, Mueller, Salazar
and Pena...all no mas...

CROCKETT

There's gotta be a connecting thread
here...

SWITEK

Yeah, they were all very bad boys.

CROCKETT

Constantine's sister mentioned his
brother's business associates...

(beat; checking
bulletin board)

We got anything on The Wire's social
habits?

TRUDY

Didn't he used to use 'The
Violaters' for security?

GINA

The biker gang?

SWITEK

Yeah, he had that beetle-headed
wreck runnin' point for him...

(X)
(X)

CROCKETT

(slowly; softly)

Jack Cragun...

TUBBS

Who?

CROCKETT

A walking mound of sweat, snot and
sucker punches...

(X)

(beat)

You'll love him...

Off Tubbs' look --

CUT TO

47A EXT. BIKER BAR - DAY

47A (X)

The Testarossa looks utterly incongruous pulling up next to a fleet of heavy-duty choppers. Crockett and Tubbs climb out, study the machinery and enter with a sigh.

CUT TO

47B INT. BIKER BAR - DAY

47B

Crockett and Tubbs peer through the darkness. Before their eyes ever adjust to it, they can feel the stare of every pair of hard eyes in the joint. Behind those thuggish gazes are quintessential bikers, the kind who considered Altamont a Sunday-school picnic. Finally, Crockett spots Cragun, a blimp with a greasy ponytail, three days of stubble over a pockmarked face, arms full of tatoos, a king-hell earring and a Levi jacket cut off at the sleeves and emblazoned on the back with one word, VIOLATORS. (X)
Crockett moves on him, Tubbs follows. When the two of them get to the bar --

CROCKETT

I could smell you all the way outside.

CRAGUN

(without looking
up from his beer)

Think it'd help if I bit your nose off?

CROCKETT

Keep talking -- the sound of your voice makes me hot.

CRAGUN

Shove it.

No sooner are the words out of Cragun's mouth than Crockett slams him into the bar face first and drags him along it, knocking off bottles and glasses all the way. When the rest of the bikers look like they're going to come to his rescue, Tubbs pulls his pistol and waves it as if it were his index finger and the bikers were naughty schoolboys.

TUBBS

Ah-ah-ah...

Meanwhile Crockett is still bowling with Cragun's face. (X)
He spins him around by the ponytail. (X)

CONTINUED

47B CONTINUED

47B

CROCKETT
(through gritted
teeth)

All right, let's play Name the
Whacko...

Cragun takes a swing at him and Crockett retaliates by
driving a fist into his soft, squishy middle.

CROCKETT
I can do this all day,
everyday...Now give me a name...

CRAGUN
(gasping)
Your Mama.

He bends over in agony.

CROCKETT
(impatient)
I want the guy whacking the
dealers.

And he grabs Cragun's ponytail again and jerks him up, this
time bending him backward over the bar.

CRAGUN
(gasping)
List...eight guys...Wire's
customers...last two weeks...Reb's
gonna kill 'em all...

Crockett says thanks by flattening Cragun with a right.

CROCKETT
(sweetly)
Thanks, big guy.

He and Tubbs march out through the startled bikers.

CUT TO

48 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

48

The bikers come to a stop in a roadside rest area and
dismount. Reb leans on the roof of a parked car and peers
through a range-finder scope toward a distant mansion.

48A REB'S POINT OF VIEW - TELEPHOTO MATTE

48A

A large dining room, in which a dozen guests are seated around a formal table. As the digital readout appears --

REB (V.O.)

Four hundred and ninety-two yards...

48B RESUME REB

48B

He places a pillow on the hood of the car as Lascoe, with caddy-like attentiveness, hands him an SSG with six power scope. Reb accepts the weapon, carefully wraps the sling around his shoulder, and positions himself on the pillow. Meanwhile, an angry woman driver stops beside the bikers, powers down her window and --

WOMAN DRIVER

There's no hunting here...What's wrong with you?

LASCOE

Better quit flapping your jaws and grab some pavement, mama. You don't wanna see what's goin' down.

WOMAN DRIVER

You're not the boss of me...This isn't your highway...

Toad slams a fist on the hood of her car, leaving a huge dent.

TOAD

Yeah, it is!

The petrified woman speeds away, but Reb is oblivious to her departure.

49 OMITTED

49

50 INT. BERNIER'S DINING ROOM - DAY

50

Bernier is standing, accepting the upraised glasses of his singing guests.

GUESTS

(singing)

...For he's a jolly good fellow,
which nobody can deny.

(X)

Then -- whom! -- he goes sailing out the window behind him as if he had been jerked by a cable. His glass hangs in the air for an instant, then crashes to the floor.

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED

50

And his stupefied guests rise as one and, not having heard the shot, look out the window Bernier exited by as if they're listening to E.F. Hutton. The answer is simple: He went thataway. (X)
(X)

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

51 EXT. BERNIER'S MANSION - NIGHT

51

With the lights of an ambulance and assorted police cars flickering eerily in the background, Crockett, Tubbs and Castillo hash over the latest murder.

TUBBS

The guests say they never heard the shot.

CROCKETT

Took Bernier by surprise, too.

(beat)

This damn Gustafson would have made a hell of a sniper.

CASTILLO

(unimpressed)

He's a killer.

Underwhich Switek comes up, a piece of paper in hand.

SWITEK

(to Crockett)

Your drinking buddy, Cragun, was right. Every one of the vics did business with Constantine the last two weeks he was alive.

Crockett looks away, becomes suddenly quiet.

TUBBS

How're we gonna find this dude?

CASTILLO

Call Raiford. Find out who did his psych work-up. See if he's at all predictable.

SWITEK

He's totally predictable...he never misses.

TUBBS

Maybe we should split up -- cover the remaining three...

CROCKETT

(re-focusing)

Yeah...who gets yours truly?

CONTINUED

#62032

31
(X)

51

CONTINUED

Off the group's realization of Crockett's meaning --

CUT TO

OMITTED

52
thru
54

52
thru
54

54A

54A INT. WIRE'S HOUSE - DAY

The living room looks like hog heaven and not just because the bikers' hogs are parked there, dripping oil and leaving muddy tire prints. Scattered everywhere are empty beer cans, discarded hamburger wrappers and dirty clothes. The beer-guzzling Toad and Lascoe add to the general mess as they lounge in front of the TV. They're watching wrestling, but they're thinking about Reb, who is nowhere to be seen.

TOAD

Lascoe...

LASCOE

(drowsy)

Uh-huh...

TOAD

How long we gonna keep killin' dudes?

LASCOE

(shrugging)

Long as Reb's havin' fun, I guess.

CUT TO

54B INT. TV ROOM - DAY

54B

It's just off the living room in the Wire's house. Reb is sunk deep in an easy chair watching TV. His gaze makes you think of a man in a trance. He's looking at --

THE WIRE (on TV)

Whoooooo...
 (laughing
 mechanically)
 Pretty freaky, huh?

The Wire can't be more than thirty and there's a mad gleam in his eye.

THE WIRE (CONT'D)

I'm comin' at you from the other side, man. Dead...you believe it? Did it happen peaceful, in my sleep? Or was it like some evil forces?

(getting
 emotional)

You know, don'tcha, Reb? So you take care of it, dig?

(rage in his
 eyes)

I mean...one of these cocaine cowboys done the Wire, I want you to play Geronimo...

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

He unleashes a stare piercing enough to melt lead, then raises a document to reading level and resumes being merely nutso.

THE WIRE

(continuing)

Now I gotta do this number...

(taking a breath)

I, Edward Constantine...

(looking up
 sheepishly)

How many people even knew my real name, huh?

(looking back at
 the document)

Being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath all my worldly possessions to my sister, Victoria Elizabeth Constantine.

(looking up again)

Reb? You out there, dude? You gotta take care of her...Make sure she gets everything, all right? Every-freaking-thing...

(a beat)

I love ya, man...

CONTINUED

54B CONTINUED

54B

As the tape runs out, we cut back to Reb, who's still staring at the screen. As a single tear trickles down his left cheek --

CUT TO

55 EXT. MENTAL HEALTH CLINIC - DAY - ESTABLISHING

55

Crockett and Tubbs pull up in the Testarossa.

CUT TO

56 INT. MENTAL HEALTH CLINIC - DAY

56

Philip Hersh is a neurotic chain smoker replete with a hacking cough and enough paperwork scattered around his small office to start a large signal fire. Crockett and Tubbs presently stand in front of Hersh, clinging to what little oxygen the smoke-filled room provides as the shrink fires up another stick -- apparently unaware of the one still lit in the ashtray.

HERSH

A pattern?

(beat; coughs his
lungs out)

Did Genghis Khan have a pattern?

CROCKETT

Sure -- rape, pillage and burn.

HERSH

There you have it. We're dealing with a classic psychopath. Incapable of emotion or regard for human life...a finely-tuned machine perfectly willing -- no, eager -- to destroy everybody and everything in his path.

CROCKETT

You make him sound like a robot.

HERSH

A robot? My mistake. The man's crazy! He's the Devil incarnate. He makes Manson look like Mr. Rogers...He can't be controlled...You know he boxed at Raiford?

(MORE)

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED

56

HERSH (Cont'd)
(off Crockett and
Tubbs' curious
look)

He killed three inmates in the
ring...

TUBBS

Guy must have a stone for a heart.

HERSH

In every case except one...

CROCKETT

Which is?

HERSH

He seemed to have formed an
extraordinarily strong bond with
Edward Constantine...sort of like
Hitler and Himmler.

(X)
(X)

TUBBS

The late Edward Constantine.

HERSH

(nodding)

And now he feels he must avenge his
friend's death.

CROCKETT

So he snuffs the entire list to get
to one guy?

HERSH

In his mind it makes perfect sense
-- process of elimination in the
truest sense of the term.

Off Crockett and Tubbs' discomfort --

CUT TO

57 OMITTED

57

57A INT. HOUSE - DAY

57A

Reb's alone, on the phone.

CONTINUED

57A CONTINUED

57A

REB
It's...you know...I thought maybe we
could do something...Maybe go for a
ride on my scooter or grab a beer...

CUT TO

58 OMITTED

58

58A INT. LOFT - DAY - INTERCUT

58A

VICTORIA
(glacial)
I don't drink...and I would never
get on the back of a motorcycle...

A beat, then --

REB
You eat?

VICTORIA
I'm vegetarian.

REB
Like peas and carrots?

VICTORIA
(a hint of a
smile)
Right...

REB
(grabbing her
arm)
Guess I can find some place that
has 'em...

Victoria tries to jerk free --

VICTORIA
Leave me alone.

REB
(gentle but firm)
No. You have to eat.

CUT TO

59
thru
61
OMITTED

59
thru
61

61A INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

61A

Reb barges into the room and, peering through a cloud of ganja smoke, sees his compadres in compromising positions with two blowsy strumpets, Hope and Faith.

CONTINUED

51A CONTINUED

TOAD
(delighted)
Hey, Reb! Hope you come to party,
man.

LASCOE
Don't be shy. The ladies got plenty
to go around.

Indeed, Faith is coming on to Reb already, rubbing against
him and kissing his cheek and ear. But the longer Reb
surveys the scene, the more disgust there is oozing from
his every pore.

REB
I don't swim in dirty water.

FAITH
(pulling back;
indignant)
What's that supposed to mean?

REB
Have the trash out by eleven --
we're ridin' tonight.

TOAD
Hey, man, we're havin' a good...

Before he can even finish the sentence, Reb grabs him and
throws him up against the wall. A switchblade appears in
Reb's hand. He lays the point over Toad's heart. Reb's
eyes gleam with manic fury.

REB
Don't talk again. Your job's to
obey orders.

CUT TO

62 OMITTED

62

63 INT. VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

63

Reb eats a huge bowl of stir-fried vegetables and buckwheat
noodles. He has great gusto and catches himself before
belching. He starts to rub his mouth clean with his sleeve
but Victoria hands him a napkin. He smiles.

VICTORIA
You liked it, didn't you?

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED

REB
I like all food -- if there's enough
of it.

CONTINUED

VICTORIA
Next time try the turnip
stroganoff.

REB
(smiling)
I never eat dairy products.

She smiles back -- he caught her.

REB
I know about you.

VICTORIA
What -- do you know?

REB
I know what happened to you.
(she grows
uneasy)

The Wire, uh, Eddy told me. He
told me everything about you. The
color of your eyes, your hair --
about the red dog you had when you
were a little girl.

VICTORIA
I didn't know he was so indiscreet.

REB
He was very proud of you -- always.
Look, I...I know all that you went
through...what doesn't kill us --
makes us stronger...

VICTORIA
Is that what prison teaches you
about rape?

REB
No -- that's what Nietzsche teaches
you. I learned a lot of things in
prison. You believe in
reincarnation?

VICTORIA
I'd be a fool not to.

REB
The wheel of Karma?

VICTORIA
You've got a long way to turn.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED (2)

63

REB

It doesn't matter -- what matters is what I do now. That's why you're getting your money. It's your Karma as well as mine.

VICTORIA

My Karma's clear...Don't you understand that. I wish -- I really wish that your's was too.

REB

I have to fulfill my oath.

VICTORIA

I don't want it.

REB

You'll understand in the next life. You see it's part of my mission...and my mission's almost done.

CUT TO

64 EXT. TUBBS' CADILLAC - NIGHT

64

Tubbs is parked on a well-to-do residential street.

TUBBS

(into phone)

Reb takes out anymore of these guys, we'll be out of business partner...

CUT TO

64A INT. TESTAROSSA - NIGHT - INTERCUT

64A

A similar stake out for Crockett.

CROCKETT

Yeah, and if he completes the list, you'll be ridin' solo my friend...

TUBBS

(smiling)

Maybe I can get partnered off with a real looker...lace stockings, never ending legs...

CROCKETT

You got something against my legs?

CONTINUED

64A CONTINUED

64A

Tubbs' laugh is interrupted by --

SWITEK (V.O.)
Hate to break up the party line
boys...

CUT TO

64B INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

64B

SWITEK
...but Victoria just pulled
in...alone

64C SWITEK'S POINT OF VIEW

64C

Victoria exits her car, and approaches her building.

SWITEK (V.O.)
...No sign of a degenerative, over-
active thyroid case though...

CUT TO

64D INT. TESTAROSSA - NIGHT

64D

CROCKETT
Alright, chances are they'll surface
here or at Zeferelli's, Rico...

TUBBS (V.O.)
(urgent)
I've got automatic weapon fire
here...

CUT TO

65 EXT. SUBURBAN PALACE - NIGHT

65

Out the front door tromp the bikers, unspeakable carnage no
doubt in their wake.

They make their way down a path, framed against the lights
of a patio and a swimming pool. When they are safely away,
there is a hellacious explosion and we can see the pool
blown sky high.

LASCOE
(reverently)
Far out, man.

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED

65

TOAD
Righteous detonation...

CUT TO

66 EXT. TUBBS' CADILLAC - NIGHT

66

He's got the phone wedged between his shoulder and his ear as he jams bullets into his .38.

TUBBS
(distracted;
nervous)
Yeah...Yeah...What choice have I
got?

Then he looks up and sees the bikers, who have materialized in front of his car.

TUBBS
(sotto)
They're here.

Reb's got his .357 Magnum out and pointed at the ground. He starts to bring it up. Tubbs sees the movement, reaches for the .38 on the seat and fires a single shot through his windshield that barely puckers the glass and doesn't even faze Reb, though it hits him right in the sternum. Then Reb raises his .357 Magnum and unloads a blast as Tubbs ducks too late. The round shatters the windshield. Tubbs slumps as if dead and blood courses down the side of his face. Reb, watching with pleasure, starts to leave, then stops and plucks the .38 slug from his bulletproof vest.

REB
(to the inert
Tubbs)
Here, this is yours...

He tosses the slug in Tubbs' lap.

CROCKETT'S VOICE
Rico?...Rico!

As Reb leads the bikers off, we --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

67 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

67

Pneumatic doors glide open as Crockett hurries down the hall with a young resident.

DOCTOR

Your partner carry a rabbit's foot or something?

CROCKETT

(not amused)

That supposed to be funny?

DOCTOR

Just wondering -- 'cause they guy's the luckiest patient in this hospital. A sixteenth of an inch more and you woulda been in your dress blues listening to Taps.

CROCKETT

He's gonna be fine, right?

DOCTOR

He's fine now, basically. Just a bad concussion.

They've reached the door to Tubbs' room.

DOCTOR

I've got some sick people to see...

(remembering)

Oh, yeah...if he's a little disoriented, don't worry. It's just the drugs.

Crockett nods and enters.

CUT TO

68 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

68

Crockett silently stands, alternately watching his partner and the vital signs monitor. The slightest flicker of recognition is seen from Tubbs' eyes. Crockett moves to him, squeezes his open palm as Tubbs fights to regain lucidity from the post-op anesthesia.

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED

68

CROCKETT

(softly)

Don't fight it...just relax.

TUBBS

(groggy)

...Can't kill him...

CROCKETT

Shh...Rico, you need to rest...

TUBBS

...Like a machine...I put two slugs into him...he didn't flinch...

(X)

CROCKETT

Okay...alright...

Crockett places a calming hand on Tubbs' forehead as the latter struggles to communicate further. A resident enters. Stops at the sight of Crockett.

RESIDENT

He's not ready for visitors. I'm sorry, I'll have to ask you to leave.

No acknowledgement from Crockett. He remains fixated on Tubbs who has now slipped back into sleep. Crockett bends, whispers into his ear --

CROCKETT

Hang in partner...

As the resident quietly observes the shared pain of a partnership --

CUT TO

69 EXT. TESTAROSSA - DAY - TRAVELLING

69

CROCKETT (V.O.)

No way...absolutely not...

CUT TO

70 INT. TESTAROSSA - DAY

70

Crockett's on the car phone.

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED

70

CROCKETT

You yank me in now -- and we run the risk of losing Gustafson. If he goes underground -- I'll be hit the minute I come up for air...I'd rather have him out in the open.

(X)

INTERCUT

71 INT. CASTILLO'S OFFICE - DAY

71

CASTILLO

(into phone)

Switek's on Gustafson. I want you staking the girl.

CROCKETT

Yeah well, if Switek sees him, he better not try alone...It's my head he wants. He'll have to come and take it.

CASTILLO

That's what I'm trying to prevent.

CROCKETT

Me too.

Off Castillo, recradling the receiver --

72 INT. VICTORIA'S LOFT

72

She opens the door. Reb stands there, holding the rucksack of Krugerrands. He walks in abruptly. She backs up. He puts the sack down. It thuds.

VICTORIA

I told you, I don't want it. It's bad money.

REB

Then make something good out of it.

He backs away. She tries to move it. She can't.

REB

200 pounds.

She sees something in his eyes.

VICTORIA

You're in trouble aren't you?

CONTINUED

- 72 CONTINUED 72
- REB
What trouble?
- He looks at her.
- REB
Next time.
- He closes the door.
- CUT TO
- 73 EXT. LOFT - DAY - BINOCULAR MATTE 73
- Reb exits the loft, and moves to his bike.
- CUT TO
- 74 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY 74
- Switek drums out a finger beat with one hand while watching Reb through the binocs. He sets down the glasses and fires up the van.
- CUT TO
- 75 EXT. VAN - DAY 75
- As Reb's bike pulls out of the drive, the surveillance van U-turns and falls in a discreet distance behind.
- TIME CUT TO
- 76 OMITTED 76
- 76A EXT. HOUSE - DAY 76A
- Reb's bike parked in front, as --
- SWITEK (V.O.)
Twelve thirty-seven Ocean ...
- CUT TO

77 INT. SURVEILLANCE - VAN 77

Now parked across the street from the Wire's house.
Switek's on the mobil phone. (X)

SWITEK

Gustafson pulled in alone. I'm
guessing the altar boys are in there
with him.

CUT TO

78 INT. OCB - DAY - INTERCUT 78

Trudy jots down the address and hands the piece of paper to
Gina, who in turn reaches for another phone as --

TRUDY

(into phone)
Got it. We'll have a team there in
two minutes.

CUT TO

79 OMITTED 79

(X)

79A INT. THE WIRE'S HOUSE - DAY 79A (X)

An uninhabitable pig-sty; smashed fast-food cartons, beer
cans, liquor bottles along with discarded ammunition boxes
and casings.

The television supplies a constant stream of violence-
oriented cartoons for Toad, who's downing a bag of cheese
puffs with a Seagram's wash. Reb's quietly reclined on one
of the beds, eyes closed. (X)

TOAD

Hey, Reb ...

REB

(without opening
his eyes)

What?

TOAD

How many more of these guys we got
to do?

REB

Two more.

CONTINUED

79A

CONTINUED

79A

TOAD

Then what?

REB

We're out of this pit.

TOAD

Where we goin' then?

REB

Valhalla.

Toad doesn't blink at this -- he thinks Valhalla is a bar.

TOAD

The Wire's sister coming with us?

REB

She don't ride with trash like you.

Lascoe appears out of the bathroom. He peers out the shuttered windows before --

LASCOE

Hey, Reb, there's a SWAT team outside.

Reb opens his eyes for the first time, and starts to stir with --

REB

(flat)

Probably here for us ...

CUT TO

79B

INT. TESTAROSSA - DAY

79B

Crockett's on the car phone.

CROCKETT

Just give me an address...

79C

INT. OCB - DAY - INTERCUT

79C

Gina's on the other end.

GINA

Castillo doesn't want you there...

CONTINUED

79C CONTINUED

79C

CROCKETT

(blowing)

Dammit Gina, what am I supposed to do -- wait for a report on this maniac?

GINA

Sonny...

CROCKETT

Just give me a cross-street...anything...

A beat.

GINA

(hesitant)

Ocean and Twelfth...

CUT TO

80 OMITTED

80

80A EXT. WIRE'S HOUSE - DAY

80A

A four-wheeled battering ram stands poised at the edge of the lawn as a dozen SWAT members move about the grounds positioning themselves behind whatever cover is available. A SWAT van is positioned across the street from where a SWAT commander speaks over a loudspeaker.

SWAT COMMANDER

Attention occupants, this is the Miami Police. You have two minutes in which to exit the house in a peaceful and orderly manner ...

81 OMITTED

81

81A ANGLE - HOUSE DOOR

81A

Slowly swings open as an arm appears, waving a torn white pillow case.

TOAD'S VOICE

... No trouble ...

The door swings open a few more inches to reveal Lascoe, on one knee shouldering a rocket propelled grenade launcher which he immediately fires before Toad slams the door shut.

82 THE SWAT VAN 82

bursts into a huge fireball, sending SWAT personnel and uniformed police diving for cover.

TOAD
Hey, bro! You microwaved the suckers!

CUT TO

83 OMITTED 83

83A INT. HOUSE 83A

A fusillade of fire power blows out windows and peppers the entire room as the bikers hoot and holler while rolling for cover. Toad jumps up and fires a burst with the Uzi. Reb looks delighted.

REB
Two more for the Toad man!

CUT TO

84 OMITTED 84

84A EXT. HOUSE - DAY 84A

Various SWAT members pour lead into the small room as the armored battering ram begins to move.

CUT TO

85 OMITTED 85

85A INT. HOUSE - DAY 85A

Toad's on the ground, on his back at the window firing an Uzi upside down and indiscriminately out the blown out window. Reb is standing, firing a USAS .12 gauge blindly with one hand while Lascoe preps the RPG for another assault.

CUT TO

86 OMITTED 86

86A EXT. HOUSE 86A

The battering ram continues its approach.

CUT TO

87 OMITTED 87

87A INT. HOUSE 87A

Lascoe pops up on a knee and discharges a rocket grenade just before taking a slug and going down permanently. Reb looks at him with tears in his eyes.

TOAD

Those bastards!

REB

He's in Valhalla...

He turns and pumps out four more rounds of buckshot.

CUT TO

88 OMITTED 88

88A EXT. HOUSE - DAY 88A

Crockett pulls up in the Testarossa in time to see the battering ram take a disabling hit. Its occupants climb out and run for cover with their heads down.

CUT TO

89 OMITTED 89

89A INT. HOUSE - TOAD 89A

enraged by the sight of the fallen Lascoe, stands at the window screaming, and unloading his Uzi before he catches a fusillade and checks out. A tear gas cannister bounces into the room. Reb leaps over his companion's body and climbs aboard his chopper.

He guns its engine vigorously and stares ominously at the remains of the house's bay window. Then he pops a wheelie and roars through the window.

CUT TO

90
thru
95

OMITTED

90
thru
95

95A

EXT. HOUSE

95A

Reb catches the Swatsters by surprise with his startling exit. He even sends a couple of them reeling with the lead he's spraying, then zooms off down the darkened street. Crockett holsters his pistol and jumps in the Testarossa to give chase.

CUT TO

A SERIES OF CUTS: (NOTE: Chase must run approximately 2 minutes.) (X)
(X)

95B

REB

95B

hunched over, USAS clutched in his fist. He's peering over his shoulder at --

95C

THE TESTAROSSA

95C

which is coming after him at breakneck speed.

95D

REB

95D

unloads another hail of fire.

95E

THE TESTAROSSA

95E

swerves wildly to avoid the blasts, narrowly missing two parked cars and careening up on the sidewalk, but never stopping. (X)

95F

REB

95F

fires again, then looks ahead just in time to see that he's about to run a red light and get sandwiched by two cars. He skids wildly, but manages to pop up in a right turn and resume motoring. (X)

95G

THE TESTAROSSA

95G

is weaving through traffic as Crockett presses on his horn.

95H REB

95H

has his bike headed into a neighborhood where the traffic is thin and the shadows of old buildings would make a sane man think twice about entering.

95I THE TESTAROSSA

95I

pushes on.

95J REB

95J

skids to a halt beside a warehouse, an evil smile spreading across his face. He leaves his chopper in a heap and rumbles inside.

95K THE TESTAROSSA

95K

slows to a crawl as it nears the warehouse. Then a burst of gunfire explodes from inside. Crockett has to stop and duck for cover around the corner of the building.

CROCKETT

Reb!

REB (O.S.)

You want me, come and get me!

And he punctuates his challenge with yet another burst of fire. But Crockett isn't there to get in the way. He's creeping along the warehouse, looking for another entrance, tiptoeing through trash and broken bottles. At last he finds a stairway or a fire escape to climb to the warehouse's second floor. Then he enters.

CUT TO

96 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

96

Broken cathedral windows provide the only light in this huge, seemingly war-torn structure. Crockett's on a second floor landing. He tiptoes forward, but as soon as he does, broken glass crunches beneath his feet.

REB

That you, pinhead?

He fires a series of shots that rip bowling ball sized holes out the floorboards in the area around Crockett's feet.

Crockett darts for the end of the landing as --

97		97
thru	OMITTED	thru
98		98

99	REB	99
----	-----	----

just below the landing, moves with the sound of the footsteps; his USAS pointed skyward as he fires magnum loads as fast as he can pull the trigger.

100	CROCKETT	100
-----	----------	-----

clammers halfway up the stairs leading to a third level as --

101	REB	101
-----	-----	-----

stops firing and climbs in a cargo lift and presses the "UP" button.

102	ANGLE - THE LIFT	102
-----	------------------	-----

As it arrives at the second level, Reb comes off firing.

103		103
thru	OMITTED	thru
104		104

104A	ANGLE - THE STAIRS	104A
------	--------------------	------

Crockett leaps down and is firing before he hits the ground. He gets off two shots, both of them wild. Then his gun jams.

105	REB	105
-----	-----	-----

smiles broadly. With a great flourish, he throws away his weapon and advances on Crockett.

REB
It's gonna be more fun this way.

105A	CROCKETT	105A
------	----------	------

rushes him, figuring that surprise is the best weapon he has. But it does no good. Reb catches him, wraps both hands around his throat and lifts him off the ground. The life is being squeezed out of Crockett, who fights back frantically but futilely. At last he scissers his legs and dips into his ankle holster for his PPK. When he finally has it out, he pumps a shot into Reb's belly. Reb reacts as if he had been stung by a mosquito.

CONTINUED

105A CONTINUED

105A

So Crockett shoots him again. And again.

Until the pistol is empty and Reb is staggering backward with a perplexed look pasted on his mug. He drops Crockett and topples over the ledge of the loft, landing with a resounding splat. Crockett peers over the edge at Reb's carcass, then rolls onto his back, still gasping for air, still wondering if all this really happened.

105B INT. HOSPITAL - DAWN

105B

The first light of dawn dilutes the night. There is the wet dripping sound of a hospital when everyone is asleep.

105C CLOSE ON CROCKETT

105C

His head is in his hands. He looks up -- sees --

105D TUBBS

105D

awake, his head bandaged. He stares out the window at the fading city lights.

CROCKETT

You awake?

TUBBS

I been awake --

(gesturing)

Funny how the dawn makes everything look clean again.

(X)

105E RESUME

105E

Crockett stands up, looks out the window and shakes his head.

(X)

(X)

CROCKETT

They're out there -- most of 'em are asleep now, but they're out there.

TUBBS

Who?

CROCKETT

The monsters. The freaks. The animals. We think we know the street, but every once in a while we find a whole new level.

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

#62032

54
(X)

Rev. 2/16/87

105E

105E

CONTINUED

TUBBS

What about the sister?

CROCKETT

Gone. Vanished. I don't know.

TUBBS

Maybe she's innocent.

CROCKETT

Nice to think there's some kind of cosmic balance, but there sure isn't much innocence. That's why we've gotta be better.

TUBBS

Better. What's this better crap, Sonny? You really think we're any better?

CROCKETT

Better shots.

He watches the dawn. Come up as we --

106
thru
114

OMITTED

106
thru
114

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR