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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 EXT. CLEVELANDER LIMO - DAY

23A

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

