

EXEC. PRODUCER: Michael Mann  
CO-EXEC. PRODUCER: George Geiger

PRODUCER: Richard Brams

CO-PRODUCER: Don Gold  
CO-PRODUCER: Michael Attanasio  
CO-PRODUCER: Michael Piller

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MIAMI VICE

"SOUL ON ICE"

Written by  
Michael Duggan

Prod. #63507

MIAMI VICE

"SOUL ON ICE"

SCRIPT REVISION HISTORY

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MIAMI VICE

"SOUL ON ICE"

CAST

SONNY CROCKETT  
RICARDO TUBBS  
CASTILLO  
SWITEK  
GINA  
TRUDY

DAVE FROBEL  
IZZY MORENO  
CHARLES SIMMERS  
ESTHER NEVIN  
THOMAS SHECK

DETECTIVE  
REPAIRMAN #2

(X)

WOMAN  
JAMES DAVIS  
SLED  
ROBBIE NEVIN  
POE  
NEWSCASTER  
NEWS DIRECTOR

(X)

TOYOMA

SETS

INTERIORS:

TESTAROSSA  
NURSING HOME  
HALLWAY  
ROOM  
OCB  
CONFERENCE ROOM  
CLOSET  
CASTILLO'S OFC.

(X)

TV STATION NEWS BOOTH  
MOTEL ROOM

(X)

(X)

LIMO  
TENT

(X)

(X)

(X)

EXTERIORS:

STREETS  
NURSING HOME  
TUBBS' CADILLAC  
BUNGALOW  
CUBAN COFFEE SHOP  
TESTAROSSA  
OCB (STOCK)  
WATERFRONT  
N.D. WAREHOUSE

(X)

SEA  
TENT

VEHICLES

TESTAROSSA  
TUBBS' CADILLAC  
GINA/TRUDY CAR

(X)

HOMICIDE CARS  
SCARAB

SURVEILLANCE VAN  
POLICE CARS  
LIMO/VAN  
AMBULANCE  
N.D. CAR

MIAMI VICE

SOUL ON ICE

TEASER

FADE IN

1 EXT. STREET - NIGHT (OF DAY #1) 1

Twelve forty a.m. The Testarossa's parked across from an abandoned nursing home - "The Ponce de Leon" - boarded and broken windows, a faded and cracked sign, and uncared for overgrowth suggest that it has been some time since this building's seen any attention.

2 INT. TESTAROSSA - NIGHT 2

Crockett and Tubbs camped out within. Crockett's somewhat contemplative as he stares out at the abandoned building. Tubbs empties the last of some thermos coffee into a styrofoam cup.

CROCKETT

(re: building)

These places always gave me the chills when I was a kid. Holding pens for people waiting to die...

Tubbs shudders upon tasting coffee.

TUBBS

Ugh...stuff's ice cold...

(peers into  
thermos)

This thing must be busted.

He dumps the remainder of his cup out the window. Crockett's roused from his envisaged wanderings as the surveillance van pulls to a stop across the street.

3 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 3

Crockett and Tubbs exit the car to meet Switek. Switek holds pair of heavy duty bolt cutters, and warrant envelope.

CROCKETT

(checks watch;  
facetious)

Record time, Stan.

The three move toward the abandoned structure under --

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED

3

SWITEK

Hey, you ever had to get Judge  
Franklin out of bed to issue...?

TUBBS

Bet that's a wonderful sight.

SWITEK

Plus he didn't think we had squat...

CROCKETT

(disbelieving)

Three chemical deliveries?

SWITEK

He says we have no indication  
whether they're restricted.

TUBBS

(to Switek)

So why'd he sign it?

SWITEK

Told him I knew Mrs. Franklin from  
the police auxiliary league.

(beat; smiles)

I guess the twenty-year-old wasn't  
his niece.

CUT TO

4 EXT. PONCE DE LEON NURSING HOME - NIGHT

4

Close on the chain wrapped, padlocked entranceway doors.  
Widen as Switek snaps through a couple of links with the  
bolt cutters, and Crockett and Tubbs unwrap remainder of  
chain.

SWITEK

No backups?

CROCKETT

No one's been in or out of the place  
all night.

5 INT. NURSING HOME - NIGHT - MAIN HALLWAY

5

Obviously abandoned for some time as the available exterior  
light streaks and crosses the trash-strewn hall. Occasional  
broken furniture suggests possible squatters.

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED

5

Tubbs tries a light switch as the three enter the hall. Nothing. Switek snaps on a flashlight, sending a rat scurrying across the linoleum.

SWITEK

A lotta dyin' in here...

Crockett's already checking rooms. Tubbs and Switek do the same.

CROCKETT

Yeah...

Tubbs stops at the second room he checks.

TUBBS

Whoa. I think we've got a lab.

6 INT. ROOM - NIGHT

6

Switek's flashlight beam sweeps across an array of mostly medical research lab equipment; syringes, I.V.'s, specimen jars, a couple of caged hamsters, sealed vats, personal computer, a portable generator, and various cartons of supplies. Switek pauses at a stack of chemical supply boxes.

SWITEK

(reading off  
boxes)

Glycerol, Dimethyl Sulfoxide,  
Mannitol Heparin...

Tubbs bends to inspect two side-by-side pressurized tanks.

TUBBS

Liquid nitrogen...

Crockett's inspecting the room.

CROCKETT

This is no ordinary drug lab...most  
of this stuff is medical...

Crockett moves to a gurney, on which a sheet-covered cylindrical object about the size of a casket rests. He pulls the sheet off, revealing a sleek, stainless steel seven foot long capsule. Switek's light falls upon a few Japanese ideographs on the near side of the capsule.

SWITEK

'The heck is that?

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED

6

CROCKETT

Give me some light, Stan.

Indicating what appears to be a porthole-sized glass plate situated toward one end of the capsule. Crockett wipes the condensation from the glass.

7 ANGLE - CROCKETT'S POINT OF VIEW

7

Through the glass, Switek's light illuminates the almost purplish palor, and wide open bulging eyes of a man's face -- a frozen Rastafarian, complete with icy dreadlocks.

8 RESUME SCENE

8

Switek drops the flashlight.

SWITEK

(blurting)

Geez...

Tubbs picks up the light as Switek staggers backward. Tubbs and Crockett continue to examine the encapsulized subject.

TUBBS

My God, that's Robillard Nevin...

CROCKETT

The singer?

Switek steps forward with renewed interest.

SWITEK

I'll be damned. So that's where he's been.

Switek raps lightly on the faceplate.

SWITEK

He looks a little stoned.

CROCKETT

(slowly)

He is. Stone-cold frozen.

As the three continue to stare with macabre-like curiosity, and Nevin's unblinking, bloodshot eyes return the favor, --

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

9 INT. OCB - NIGHT

9

2:00 A.M. A hastily dressed Charles Simmers (complete with 'Dade County Medical Examiner' windbreaker) follows Switek in through the front doors. The two do their best to balance the cryonics capsule on a canvas stretcher as their path is somewhat blocked by the presence of large metal air-conditioning duct-work scattered about the entrance way. Further work in progress is in evidence about the OCB (i.e. step ladders, wiring, sections of false ceiling removed etc).

SWITEK

(muttering)

Don't know why we get stuck with this thing.

SIMMERS

Falls in the cracks. If it's remains, it's mine. Otherwise, I can't touch it.

SWITEK

I wish somebody'd decide. We've got enough junk here already.

(to Simmers re:  
ducting)

Watch yourself...

SIMMERS

Department finally givin' you guys new air-conditioning?

SWITEK

Yeah, right in the middle of a heat wave...the bozos...

Crockett blows into OCB, almost knocking into Switek and Simmers as he rushes past. The reason for his haste becoming immediately apparent as Dave Frobels, a thirty-five year old manic-depressive, dressed in slippers, surgical pants, and an old pajama top, clips in directly on Crockett's heels. Tubbs follows a couple beats behind.

CONTINUED



9 CONTINUED

9

FROBEL  
(incredulous)  
You were there for chemicals,  
Crockett...For which I've got  
receipts.

CROCKETT  
(over)  
Fine. Go stuff the complaint box,  
Frobel.

In b.g. Switek and Simmers strain to lift the capsule onto  
a cleared desk. Upon succeeding, a resounding metallic  
clang is heard.

FROBEL  
Hey, how 'bout a little care? You  
crack that thing, I've got a  
decomposed client on my hands.

Under which, Castillo has entered from his office.

CASTILLO  
Judge Franklin's asked us to hold  
the capsule. He'll issue an order  
tomorrow regarding the status of the  
body. How long'll it keep?

FROBEL  
No problem...ninety days, on a full  
charge...If nobody drops it.

Simmers starts to gather his belongings.

SIMMERS  
(to Castillo)  
It's hermetically sealed,  
Lieutenant. It's not going to be a  
health hazard.

Frobel gestures his complete frustration with the  
discussion.

SIMMERS  
He is lacking proper documentation  
for the transport of a corpse...

FROBEL  
(over)  
He is not a corpse...Mr. Nevin is a  
patient. Cryogenically frozen.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED (2)

9

SIMMERS

Look, I don't care how bright a star you were for the county, you can't tell me this body is not dead.

SWITEK

Remember when Nevin dropped out of sight. Story in the Rock Press was he teleported to Venus.

FROBEL

I know there were wild stories, when he disappeared, but he left specific order for secrecy.

(beat)

The patient's been specifically prepped to be thawed and re-animated.

CROCKETT

Aw, for cryin' out...you expect us to believe that you're gonna breathe life back into this popsicle? What'd you do, quit the coroner's office and promote yourself up to God...?

FROBEL

(pointedly)

For your information, Mr. Detective, I've spent the last year studying at the feet of the greatest cryobiologist in the western hemisphere. Namely, Dr. Alfred S. Poe. And it is he, who with my assistance, will breathe life back into this suspended soul.

A beat of uncertainty as Frobel's words settle in before --

SIMMERS

(uncomfortable)

Well, I'd like to get home before the oatmeal's on the stove.

He turns to leave.

CASTILLO

(to Crockett re:  
Frobel)

Get him out of here, and no press. If they hear he's been found, they'll swarm.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED (3)

9

CASTILLO (Cont'd)

(to Switek)

And get that thing off the desk and  
find out who owns it.

TUBBS

You heard the man.

Crockett and Tubbs each grab an arm, and proceed to escort  
Frobel out of OCB.

FROBEL

Small minds guys, small  
minds...this is the future of  
immortality...

(X)

(X)

CROCKETT

Never thought it would be so  
unattractive...

And as Switek wrestles the capsule to a standing position,

CUT TO

10 INT. NURSING HOME - DAY #2

10

As on the cut, a beagle yelps and leaps to retrieve a  
biscuit from Frobel's hand. Crockett and Tubbs watch for  
the most part unimpressed. Tubbs is visibly distracted by  
a wild-eyed, elderly gent in white lab coat (Poe), who's  
passionately pounding a computer keyboard off in one corner  
of the room. Frobel's traded his pajama top for an old  
Japanese baseball shirt. He holds an overweight groggy cat  
in the crook of his arm, while the beagle performs various  
tricks at his feet.

FROBEL

(re: Beagle)

Lazarus just came out of suspension  
this morning -- personality  
completely intact.

TUBBS

How long was he frozen for?

FROBEL

Forty-five minutes.  
(proudly indicates  
cat)

Methusala here...seven times. We  
figure she's got at least a couple  
more...

(MORE)

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

10

FROBEL (Cont'd)

(to cat;  
affectionate)

Don't we sweetheart...

He shakes the cat a bit to elicit some response. She's not interested.

CROCKETT

(unmoved)

Real appropriate, Dave. There's a point to this?

Interrupted by the arrival of a man hidden behind a stack of styrofoam take out cartons.

VOICE

Breakfast...

FROBEL

Ah...

Frobel moves to relieve the individual of half his load, revealing the bearer to be Izzy.

CROCKETT

Oh, no. What are you doing here?

IZZY

Investing in my future, man...

Izzy sets the food down next to Poe, who remains oblivious to all activity other than his work.

IZZY

...the inevitable quest for immortality. Through knowledge we move closer to God...

CROCKETT

(to Tubbs)

Now here's a guy I'd pay to deep freeze.

Izzy sits next to Poe, begins to cut and spoon feed him his breakfast. Poe's eyes never leave the computer screen.

IZZY

I am, of course, impervious to all forms of ridicule. Dr. Poe is a man of pure genius...he forgot how to feed himself a long time ago.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED (2)

10

TUBBS

(to Frobel)

You still haven't explained how you  
got Robbie Nevin's body...

Frobel checks out a breakfast carton, gestures his  
distaste, and opts for an apple --

FROBEL

Simple. We were hired.

TUBBS

You and Poe...

FROBEL

(nodding)

We were on call for the tour.  
Robbie always felt that grim  
ferryman' was right behind him.

Frobel smiles.

CROCKETT

All the way to Miami...

FROBEL

Hey, you want to sell the Fountain  
of Youth where would you go?

A beat of minor exasperation between Crockett and Tubbs  
before --

CROCKETT

So basically you think you can just  
pull Nevin out like a piece of  
chicken and defrost him.

FROBEL

Slightly more complicated...but  
close...

Frobel moves over to Poe, who continues to work on the  
computer while Izzy feeds him.

FROBEL

You see, the clinical definition of  
death is the inability of the heart  
to sustain life. Of course, people  
are brought back from that state  
every day...

(to Izzy)

Smaller bites, Izzy...

Izzy wipes Poe's chin with napkin.

CONTINUED

IZZY

For a genius, guy does drool a lot.

TUBBS

(to Frobels)

What did Nevin die from?

FROBEL

Fugu poisoning.

TUBBS

What?

FROBEL

Blow fish stew. A delicacy in Japan -- unfortunately it's occasionally lethal...

CROCKETT

(adding)

Culinary Russian roulette...

TUBBS

(to Crockett)

No known antidote?

FROBEL

Not until last week...Poe cracked it.

TUBBS

You mean you just thaw him, give him the antidote, and get his heart pumping again?

FROBEL

Like a drowning victim -- only he's been underwater for a year and a half.

TUBBS

When's the thaw?

FROBEL

Supposed to be today. Now, it's as soon as you give us Nevin back.

CROCKETT

That's as soon as you prove he's yours.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED (4)

10

IZZY  
'S beautiful, huh? Any more time in  
the pen -- I do on ice -- save those  
precious years...

Off Crockett and Tubbs' reaction --

CUT TO

11 EXT. NURSING HOME DAY

11

Crockett and Tubbs lead Frobel out. He's dragging Izzy  
along to get in a last word.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED

11

FROBEL

Dr. Poe's guests arrive at four...I'll call them later with the address. You don't need to pick them up, but make sure we've laid in a supply of sake...

11A AT CAR

11A

Izzy stays back and Frobel follows Crockett and Tubbs, reacting to their looks.

FROBEL

What? I gave you a peek behind the curtain of science...

CROCKETT

(on the move)

It's a con, Dave. I'm not gonna stand around and watch it unfold...

Frobel's sense of urgency increases.

FROBEL

Life's a con, Crockett. We're here for fifteen minutes and we die. I'm just trying to improve on that.

TUBBS

You can't just start freezing and thawing people at random.

FROBEL

Oh, you think Einstein played by the rules? Huh? Newton?

Car phone rings. Tubbs reaches in, answers it.

TUBBS

Tubbs...Yeah, we've got him right here...you're kidding... Five minutes.

FROBEL

Madame Curie? I'm a pioneer, I can't work in a strait jacket.

CROCKETT

(leaning in; to Frobel)

That's the best suggestion I've heard all day.

Tubbs hangs up the phone, looks to Crockett with --

TUBBS

It gets worse...

CONTINUED



11A CONTINUED

11A

Off which,

CUT TO

12 INT. OCB - DAY

12

Close on Nevin's encapsulized, frozen visage. Over which is heard the heartfelt sob of Esther Nevin, (the deceased's estranged Jamaican wife).

As camera widens, she steals one more glance at her husband, who's now leaning in a corner of OCB. Her attorney, Thomas Sheck, leads her into the conference room. Castillo follows a beat behind, but not before turning to Switek with --

CASTILLO  
(re: capsule)  
Get him out of sight.

13 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

13

Castillo enters to join the already waiting Crockett, Tubbs and Frobel. Esther's fanning herself, as the OCB's air conditioning is still not operational.

(X)  
(X)

SHECK  
Lieutenant, for the record, your department's lackadaisical attitude and insensitivity regarding the handling of my client's deceased spouse...

Frobel clears his throat, starts to speak. Crockett silences him with a quick elbow to the ribs.

SHECK  
(continuing)  
...has greatly increased the amount of mournful stress already thrust upon Mrs. Nevin during the search for her husband.

During which, through the glass, we see Switek bear-hugging the capsule as he duck walks it across the squadroom. His struggles do not go unnoticed by the group in the conference room. Esther begins to sob. Sheck can only gesture his frustration.

CONTINUED

CASTILLO

My apologies to Mrs. Nevin. This operation is not equipped with an evidence lockup, counselor.

CROCKETT

Pardon me for asking, but how did you locate Nevin? This is supposed to be an undercover unit.

SHECK

A tip from the M.E.'s office. We've been two steps behind him since his disappearance in Japan.

TUBBS

Rumor was he died.

SHECK

But only a rumor. We were never certain until last night.

ESTHER

(slight Jamaican  
accent)

My husband used to drop out of sight for months.

FROBEL

(can't hold it any  
longer)

Your husband was for all intent and purposes divorced from you...

ESTHER

Our romance rekindled and we were heading to a reconciliation when...when...

(tears; can't go  
further)

SHECK

(low)

Divorce papers were never filed...

FROBEL

(escalating)

Only because Rastas don't recognize divorce on Western terms. Why not tell them why you're really here.

ESTHER

To finally place at rest the remains of my beloved Robillard.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED (2)

mm

13

FROBEL

(over)

What about the thirty million other reasons...?

ESTHER

(explodes)

After chasing your con man  
ass halfway 'round the world...  
'Cause I am entitled to  
that estate...

FROBEL

Not if I bring him back  
to life you're not!

SHECK

Contain yourself. Esther, you're  
overwrought!

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED (3)

mm

13

ESTHER

I'm gonna overwrought this sucker  
upside the head!

(beat)

And that geek in the gumball machine  
is going into the ground in Jamaica!

CASTILLO

(very low)

Crockett.

FROBEL

I've got authorization lady! Your  
husband on video tape. Should be  
here by tomorrow.

Crockett and Tubbs are already moving Frobel towards the  
door.

CROCKETT

(to Castillo)

I know. He's gone. We're  
going...

FROBEL

(parting shot)

Another few days and you  
can argue it with your  
ex...! In person!!

Crockett and Tubbs hustle Frobel out the door as we --

CUT TO

14 EXT. TUBBS' CAR - DAY - MOVING

14

Frobel's in the back, gloating over his newfound strategic  
position. Crockett's passenger side, pinching off an  
arriving headache.

FROBEL

She doesn't have a chance. Pos's  
people are sending the tape from  
Switzerland by now.

CROCKETT

(to Tubbs)

Did we do something horrible to  
deserve this?

Frobel scoots forward in order to facilitate conversation.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED

14

FROBEL

Hey, maybe you guys oughta sign up.  
I can get you iced for a discount...

CROCKETT

One life's plenty for me, thank you.

Tubbs is amused.

TUBBS

(to Crockett)

You wouldn't want to check this  
place out in a couple hundred years?

CROCKETT

This place'll be a zoo in a couple  
hundred years.

FROBEL

(fantasizing)

Time rushes past, and suddenly  
you're wipin' the sleep out of your  
eyes, talkin' to your great, great  
grandchildren...who're probably  
older than you...

Frobel chuckles at the thought.

CROCKETT

Nice selling point Dave -- 'just  
heat and serve'.

FROBEL

Hey, people are into convenience,  
why not take it all the way?

CROCKETT

Because it's a scam -- which is the  
only reason you're interested in it.

FROBEL

Oh, you think all great thinkers  
work for free Mr. Policeman? You  
got something against capitalism?

Crockett groans. Tubbs can't help but laugh.

CROCKETT

(to Tubbs)

Thanks for the support, Dr.  
Frankenstein.

CUT TO

15 EXT. NURSING HOME - DAY

15

Three flashing blue and whites, a couple of homicide cars, and an ambulance is present as Tubbs' car pulls to a stop behind a group of onlookers.

Frobel's out of the car and on his way to the entrance before the car is fully stopped -- questioning cops along the way without waiting for an answer.

FROBEL

What's going on? What is it?

Crockett and Tubbs, not far behind, have badges displayed as they approach a homicide detective.

CROCKETT

What's the call here, Detective?

DETECTIVE

Curare poisoning. Guy over there called it in.

(X)

16 ANGLE - IZZY

16

In somewhat of a stupor as he mutters to himself while reading from a Bible. He spots Crockett and Tubbs as --

IZZY

It's all here in black and white, man (Biblical misquotes follow). I should have read ahead...

SIMMERS' VOICE

Hey, Crockett.

17 ANGLE - SIMMERS

17

stands just outside the building's entrance.

SIMMERS

(continuing)

What is this guy, puttin' me out of business? I can't have this body either?

Crockett shakes his head, moves into the building.

TUBBS

(to detective)

Thanks.

CUT TO

18 INT. NURSING HOME - DAY

18

Frobel is frantically dashing about the room with large rolls of foil and buckets of ice. Lazarus follows him about the room yelping wildly. Crockett, Tubbs, and Simmers remain in the doorway.

SIMMERS

(incredulous)

It's a crime scene. I need the body  
-- Homicide guys want a cause of  
death...

FROBEL

(panicked; to  
Crockett and  
Tubbs)

I've got to keep the body cold until  
I can get my hands on another  
capsule.

(calls)

Izzy, more ice...

He tosses them a couple of small plastic ice scoops.

FROBEL

C'mon, how 'bout a hand here?

CROCKETT

(not  
unsympathetic)

Dave...

FROBEL

You gonna deny me this, too?

Frobel moves over to the body and begins to dump ice onto what we now clearly see to be Dr. Poe's lifeless form. Izzy arrives with more ice bags. He moves to assist Frobel.

FROBEL

(continuing)

He's the only one who can bring  
Nevin back. I can't lose him...I  
can't...

Off Crockett and Tubbs' quiet contemplation of their plastic ice scoops, while Frobel dashes about the room --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

19 INT. NURSING HOME - DAY

19

As a sheet covered Poe is wheeled out past the grieving Frobel. Aluminum foil scraps and melting ice cubes litter the room. Crockett and Tubbs remain deferentially quiet. Simmers addresses Frobel on the pass.

TUBBS

(to Frobel)

Nothing you could have done.

FROBEL

I should have been here. I could have started the freezing process sooner.

(beat)

I let him down.

(beat)

Kind of ironic...The most prominent cryobiologist in the world misses out on his own immortality.

TUBBS

I'm sure he knows you tried. Wherever he is.

Frobel looks up at the mural size picture of Nevin in the capsule on the wall.

FROBEL

I want that woman brought to justice.

IZZY

That's right, to yustice!

CROCKETT

Don't jump to conclusions, Dave.

FROBEL

(over; vehement)

You heard her today, spewing threats --the woman's dangerous. With Poe dead she figures she'll get Nevin dead and in the ground 'cause no one else knows how to run the big thaw.

IZZY

But she's wrong, right mang?

CONTINUED



19 CONTINUED

nm

19

FROBEL

Right!

IZZY

'Cause choo a smart a guy as Poe.  
Right?!

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED (2)

mm

19

FROBEL

Right! And I have a responsibility  
to my client and my mentor!

IZZY

And the International Order of the  
Elks everywhere in the world! And  
choo no give up dat chip!

Frobel's regalvanized himself. The fire's evident in his  
eyes.

CROCKETT

(suspecting)

You can't bring him back yourself?

TUBBS

Big difference between making coffee  
and raising a Rastafarian from the  
dead.

Frobel removes a four inch laser disk from the computer  
drive.

FROBEL

(tapping the disk)

Not if you've got the instructions.

Off Frobel's sense of renewed hope and his smile.

CUT TO

20 INT. OCB - DAY

20

Room temperature's in the nineties as the crew files into  
the conference room.

A repair man (different from Act One) descends a nearby  
step ladder as Switek passes.

SWITEK

You guys plan on having this thing  
done before the next Ice Age?

REPAIRMAN #2

Doing our best...

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED

20

Trudy approaches, interrupts with --

TRUDY

What happened to the guy from this morning?

REPAIRMAN #2

Pulled onto another job. I'm still trying to make heads or tails out of what's been done here.

SWITEK

I'll tell you what's been done, you've managed to turn this place into a giant steamroom. It's like being held captive in a health club. I hate steam rooms. I hate health clubs. I hate health. It's un-Elvis...

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

TRUDY

Stan!

(X)  
(X)

Switek mops his brow as he follows her toward the conference room.

SWITEK

Something wrong?

(X)

21 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

21

Switek enters and sits as Gina reads from a file for the gathered team.

GINA

Apparently, most of Frobel's story is on the line. Nevin put up a two million dollar bond to have Poe's cryonics Lear jet standing by.

TRUDY

He was right about the money, too... Nevin's estate is reportedly worth thirty million figuring record royalties. The catch for Esther is the Jamaican's won't distribute the funds without a death certificate or a body.

SWITEK

Certainly explains her bereavement.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

21

TRUDY  
She did the same thing when he  
disappeared in eighty-one.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED (2)

mm

21

TUBBS

What about Nevin's band members?  
They have any reason to want him  
staying dead...what if he is  
dead...'cause after all,  
cryogenically speaking...

CASTILLO

(interrupts)

I'm getting a headache.

GINA

Every time Nevin disappears, the  
band follows suit. Citing lack of  
inspiration without Nevin. One guy  
occasionally plays at a club down in  
Homestead...

(checks notes)

Name's James Thadius Davis...

SWITEK

Eekamouse.

CROCKETT

Heat gettin' to you, Switek?

SWITEK

Eekamouse Davis. Used to see him  
play in Lauderdale. Guy can really  
pound the bongos.

CASTILLO

(to Gina and  
Trudy)

See if you can track him through the  
club.

(to Crockett)

Anything on Poe's death?

CROCKETT

Still assuming Esther and Sheck are  
the primary candidates, although  
nothing to connect them yet.

TUBBS

We'll check on an alibi this  
afternoon.

CASTILLO

Do that. And solve this case, drop  
it or pass it off to homicide. Just  
get it out of here.

CUT TO

22 EXT. BUNGALOW - DAY

22

Gina and Trudy park and approach a rather run-down structure in the Grove. The already tropical backdrop enhanced by a nearby street musician, maybe a dub-poet lounging on a neighbor's car.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED

22

Upon reaching the screen door, they're greeted by the wide-eyed stare of a pint-sized Jamaican boy (maybe six), complete with mini-dreads. Gina and Trudy stoop to greet him through the screen. Reggae music emanates from somewhere in the house.

GINA

Hi there. Is your mommy or daddy home?

The kid runs off, disappearing into the safety of the house as a white cotton dress enters the frame. Gina and Trudy stand. A twenty-five year old Jamaican woman faces them. She's holding an infant.

WOMAN

You from Social Services?

TRUDY

(displays badge)

Miami Vice. We're looking for James Davis...Eekamouse.

WOMAN

He's not here.

A beat.

GINA

It's about Robillard Nevin.

A long beat before the woman moves to unlatch the screen door, off which --

CUT TO

23 EXT. BUNGALOW (REAR) - DAY

23

A semi-enclosed back porch area that serves as an impromptu jam room for the musicians. The room is cluttered with guitars, keyboards, various drums, amps, etc.

James Davis looks less like a follower of Ras Tafari than a Liberal Arts college professor. A Jamaican by heritage, Davis is the only formally educated member of the band, and therefore, most often the spokesperson in the absence of Nevin. Sled and Ray, lounge feet up on some instruments while Gina, Trudy and Davis sit at a nearby table.

DAVIS

Sometimes he'd disappear for weeks...

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

SLED  
(chirping in)  
Months, man...

DAVIS  
This latest thing in Japan,  
though...

GINA  
You saw him just before he  
disappeared?

DAVIS  
At supper. It was to be the last  
night of the tour.

TRUDY  
And Nevin got some bad Fugu fish...

DAVIS  
Robbie always thought he was dying.  
If the man coughed funny, he called  
this Poe character.

GINA  
And after that?

DAVIS  
They took him away in the jet --  
last we ever saw or heard...

TRUDY  
You never tried to contact him?

DAVIS  
Had no idea how to...just came back  
here to wait.

One of the children wanders into the room, approaches Davis  
and crawls onto his lap.

DAVIS  
(continuing)  
After a while Robbie's family sort  
of gravitated here...they had no  
place else to go.

TRUDY  
The kids are his?

CONTINUED



23 CONTINUED (2)

23

DAVIS

(nodding)

I always promised him I would take care of them should anything happen to him.

GINA

What about his wife?

DAVIS

None of the children were bore by the Babylonian.

GINA

Pardon?

DAVIS

She is evil. She falsified the will.

TRUDY

How do you know that?

DAVIS

Robbie was a Rasta. We don't believe in the Western ways -- wills, contracts...all our business was done on a handshake.

GINA

She insists the estate is meant to benefit the children also.

DAVIS

I'd like to see the children provided for, too. But if there's a one in a million shot of having Robbie back, I'd be the first to roll the die.

CUT TO

24 EXT. CUBAN COFFEE SHOP - DAY

24

Crockett and Tubbs are grabbing a quick lunch. The Testarossa is parked nearby.

TUBBS

Okay, forget immortality. Look at it as an extension.

CROCKETT

Yeah, so?

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED

24

TUBBS

Say you die from a particular disease. You're frozen until a cure is found...

CROCKETT

(over)

I know, I know, and the whole process is repeated, until finally they find a cure for old age.

TUBBS

Maybe.

CROCKETT

I still don't see the point.

TUBBS

The point is, there's no risk. If it doesn't work, you're already dead.

Car phone rings. Crockett moves to answer it under --

CROCKETT

Way I see it, the risk is if it does work.

(into phone)

Crockett.

25 OMITTED

25

Intercut:

26 INT. OCB - DAY

26

Switek's on the line.

SWITEK

It appears the inimitable Mrs. Nevin and counsel play quite a serve and volley game.

CROCKETT

English, Stanley...

SWITEK

Sheck's secured a court order for possession of Nevin's body.

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED

26

CROCKETT  
(galvanized)  
Stall him. We'll be right there.

Off Tubbs, gobbling the last of his food while moving to  
join Crockett in the car --

CUT TO

27 INT. OCB - DAY

27

Crockett, Tubbs and Switek are present with Esther and  
Sheck. Crockett's perusing Sheck's court order.

SHECK  
Frankly, I fail to comprehend your  
department's obsession with this  
matter.

CROCKETT  
Our obsession lies with fact that  
we've been ordered to hand over a  
piece of disputed evidence to  
suspects in a related murder  
investigation.

ESTHER  
We weren't anywhere near that man  
that died.

TUBBS  
But you did have probable cause.

SHECK  
Along with I'm sure every other  
grieving relative these cracks have  
bilked out of money... (X)

CROCKETT  
The capsule's not moving until the  
order's checked.

SHECK  
(checking watch)  
Yeah, well tick-tock here gentlemen.  
We're all getting older by the  
minute, and you're wading right into  
a civil suit, Detective.

28 ANGLE - CASTILLO

28

Exits his office and joins the group.

CASTILLO

The papers are in order. Judge Franklin wants the transfer made.

Switek moves towards the storage closet.

SWITEK

Fine. Thing's given me the willies anyway. How're you gonna transport it?

SHECK

I've arranged for a private ambulance to meet us here.

Switek opens the closet door, and immediately closes it. Turns and addresses the group.

SWITEK

Not funny guys...All right! Where is he?

(X)  
(X)

ESTHER

This some kind of plot you're all in together?

(X)  
(X)

Crockett moves to the closet, yanks the door open under --

CROCKETT

Quit screwing around, Switek.

He stops short upon seeing --

29 CROCKETT'S POINT OF VIEW - THE CLOSET

29

empty, save for a broom, a few supplies, maybe a box, and a small puddle of condensation where presumably the capsule once stood.

30 RESUME - GROUP

30

Esther's wailing as Sheck furiously supports her. Castillo and Tubbs do their best to hide their embarrassment, as --

CROCKETT

(disgusted)

Great, Stan. That's just great.

Switek leans in to check the puddle.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED

30

SWITEK  
Maybe he melted.

Off which --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

31 INT. OCB - DAY

31

Crockett's straining to continue his phone conversation over the din of distracted air-conditioning repairmen, and the musical chants of the spiritually heightened Rastafarians while Tubbs, Switek, Gina and Trudy attempt to herd the Rastas out of OCB.

CROCKETT  
(into phone)  
Yeah, we're lookin' for  
Frobel. That's right, just  
get the word out...

TUBBS  
(to others; re:  
Rastas)  
How'd they find us?

GINA  
Said they received a phone  
call -- were told Nevin was  
here.

Crockett hangs up the phone, moves to help the others.

CROCKETT  
What is this, a freakin' circus?

TUBBS  
Why'd you let 'em in here?

SWITEK  
You think we had a choice?

TRUDY  
You tell 'em Nevin's not here?

GINA  
Doesn't matter, they insist he's  
here in spirit.

(X)

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED

31

Phone rings. Crockett yanks it off the hook --

CROCKETT

Crockett.  
(reins himself)  
Hold on.

32 CASTILLO'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

32

Castillo's just hanging up the phone. Crockett quietly sticks his head in with --

CROCKETT

County Commissioner's on two.

A beat before --

CASTILLO

I want that room cleared.

CROCKETT

Yes, sir.

He exits. Castillo picks up the phone.

CASTILLO

Castillo...

33 INT. OCB - DAY - CONTINUOUS

33

Crockett's got the last of the Rastas by the back of the collar. Gina's hanging up a phone.

GINA

Sonny, Swiss Air called. They've got Frobel's tape.

CROCKETT

(to Switek)  
Keep the door locked.

Castillo has exited his office, he addresses the group.

CASTILLO

I've had eight calls in an hour. The county's been threatened with suits ranging from misappropriation of property to violations of Nevin's civil rights...Thirty million in property, fifty million punitive.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED

33

SWITEK

(quietly)

The guy's an ice cream bar how can he have rights?

A wilting stare from Castillo.

SWITEK

Sorry.

CASTILLO

I want that body found.

CUT TO

34 EXT. STREET - DAY

34

Izzy's limo is stuck in traffic. The capsule's propped up in a flatbed trailer behind the limo.

(X)  
(X)

35 INT. LIMO - DAY

35

Izzy's obviously stressed out as he's on the mobile phone. Manny sits next to him.

(X)

IZZY

(into phone)

Hey, I'm no Icarus, man. I'm doing the best that's humanly possible.

Intercut:

36 INT. NURSING HOME - DAY

36

Frobel's on the other end, hurriedly packing the essentials from the makeshift lab.

FROBEL

Izzy, we're on the move here, you've got to shift gears...the Japanese are due in an hour...

(X)

Izzy's got his head out the window trying desperately to negotiate an alternate path of escape -- the phone still glued to his ear as --

CONTINUED



IZZY

Not to worry. I herald from a long line of genetic inbreeding -- Cuban grand prix champions dominate the familial pedigree...

FROBEL

Izzy...

Frobel stops short upon seeing Esther, now filling the doorway with a snub nosed .38.

ESTHER

I just want what's mine.

Frobel sets the receiver down on a table.

FROBEL

He's not here...and he's not yours...you know that...

IZZY

Hello, Iceman...you're breaking up...I repeat, come in...

Esther's obviously on the edge.

ESTHER

I'm not kidding, Frobel...

Izzy's now whistling into the receiver. Frobel nonchalantly continues his packing.

FROBEL

Doesn't matter, you're too late. All lights are green from here on out.

ESTHER

You can't...

FROBEL

Really? Watch me...

Esther fires, catching Frobel mid-grin. Izzy reacts to the sound of the gunshot. A beat before Esther moves to pick up the phone receiver.

ESTHER

Who is this?

Izzy's eyes widen. He immediately slips on his sunglasses while surreptitiously checking the surrounding area for attention, and hangs up.

CUT TO

36A INT. OCB CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

36A

Tight on a television monitor, on which plays a home video quality tape of a still living (barely) Robbie Nevin as he lies propped up on a gurney in an ambulance equipped Lear jet. Poe hovers over Nevin, monitoring vital signs, and readying his cryogenic equipment for use.

CONTINUED

36A CONTINUED

36A

FROBEL'S VOICE (TAPE)

(frantic)

Okay...is this thing on?

Picture jumps and spins around to capture a distorted extreme close-up of Frobel's inquisitive look into video camera's lens.

FROBEL

Is it recording? Okay...November eighth, 9:20pm somewhere over Japan...

Under which, pull to reveal the monitor's audience of Crockett, Tubbs, and Sheck. Monitor's picture spins back onto Nevin, now coughing and obviously near death.

FROBEL'S VOICE

Go, Robbia.

NEVIN (TAPE)

(straining to read statement)

I Robillard Nevin, being of sound mind and close to death, hereby authorize my body to be cryogenically preserved for the express purpose of possible...future...

Nevin fatigues, cannot continue. The heart monitor beeps erratically as Poe scrambles to administer an injection.

POE (TAPE)

He's going...

Video picture jostles and shifts as the camera is apparently placed on the floor without being turned off. We are left with a view of Frobel's and Poe's feet as they attend to the dying Nevin. Crockett moves to VCR, and freezes the picture. (X)

SHECK

(checking his watch)

Well, now I know why she didn't show up. She probably suspected this.

CROCKETT

She's got no rights to the body and apparently none to the estate either. (X)

CONTINUED

36A CONTINUED (2)

36A

SHECK

Let's not jump to conclusions,  
Detective. The codicil obviously  
affects only disposition of the  
bodily remains, speaking of which...

CROCKETT

(anticipating)

We're working on it.

The above said as Crockett moves to the VCR for the tape.  
Upon reaching it, he hits eject, thus allowing the  
television to return to normal viewing. A local newscast  
promo snaps on. A still of Frobels is projected behind the  
newscaster.

SHECK

You had better be. This one time  
civil complaint may blossom into  
criminality, i.e. obstruction,  
collusion...

Sheck stops short upon seeing Crockett and Tubbs' attention  
drawn toward the TV.

NEWSCASTER

Tuned in to Channel three for our  
Live at Five report later today on  
that Miami area scientist who will  
show us the body of Reggae star  
Robillard Nevin which has been  
frozen for the last 18 months!

Phone rings, Tubbs grabs it.

TUBBS

(into phone)

Tubbs...

SHECK

(re: broadcast)

Frobels! Frobels got the body.

TUBBS

Not anymore.

CROCKETT

What?

TUBBS

(hanging up)

Metro/Dade answered a "shots fired"  
-- they found Frobels dead.

CONTINUED

36A CONTINUED (3)

36A (X)

SHECK  
Then Nevin reverts to my client!

(X)  
(X)

CROCKETT  
Yeah? Revert from whom? Who's got  
Robillard Nevin?

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

SMASH CUT TO

38 EXT. TESTAROSSA - DAY MOVING (STOCK)

38

TUBBS (V.O.)  
(urgent)  
Yes, Detective Tubbs, Vice  
division...I don't care, just put me  
through to someone in charge...

39 INT. TESTAROSSA - DAY - MOVING

39

Crockett's pushing the car through light traffic. Tubbs is  
on the car phone.

TUBBS  
That's fine.

Intercut:

40 INT. T.V. STATION NEWS BOOTH

40

A silhouetted news director is seen on the phone against a  
backdrop of monitors, most of which display Frobel's face.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED

40

NEWS DIRECTOR

We were under the impression it would be David Frobel, but if he's dead...

TUBBS

Where's the interview taking place?

NEWS DIRECTOR

I don't know -- He had arranged to beam it in on his own.

CUT TO

41 OMITTED

41

42 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

42

Izzy is working from a three-ring binder, struggling to complete the computer's hook-up. A mini-camera and monitor are set up nearby. Lazarus sniffs about the base of the capsule, while Manny curiously peers in at Nevin -- seemingly checking for a change of expression.

IZZY

(muttering)

Two-thirty-two connector...in here...power up...

He flips the power switch. The computer beeps and boots up. Izzy rounds the computer, sits and smiles.

IZZY

(to dog)

The threshold of immortality, eh?

He tentatively punches another button. The screen displays a three-dimensional view of the encapsulized Nevin.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED

42

IZZY  
What's so hard about this? Manny,  
order up some sushi...

He turns the page.

IZZY  
(continuing)  
Page two...  
(reading)  
Decrease pressure to anterior region  
of the superior vena cava to  
alleviate swelling upon perfusion of  
reservoir contents...

Turns page.

IZZY  
(continuing)  
Well, we don't need that...

Izzy's watch beeps.

IZZY  
(to dog)  
Fame relentlessly beckons...

And as he goes to stand before the camera.

CUT TO

43 OMITTED

43

44 INT. TELEVISION BOOTH - DAY

44

Crockett and Tubbs are with a news director against a backdrop of monitors, most of which display a newscaster's face....

NEWSCASTER  
...Miami area entrepreneur, who has contacted three of Japan's leading conglomerate heads...Channel three has obtained an exclusive, interview with that entrepreneur...here now, David Frobel...

NEWS DIRECTOR  
(to Tubbs)  
Best we can do is approximate an area of origin -- but it may be as large as twenty to thirty miles.

On the cue, they turn their attention to the monitors and Izzy appears, putting on an earphone. Behind him the capsule has been propped up next to Izzy to be included in the video broadcast.

IZZY

Are we on?

NEWSCASTER

Good afternoon, Mr. Frobel.

IZZY

Moreno. Isadore Moreno, Cryo-Biologist To The Stars. And Ken, I'd like to say what a pleasure it is to be with you Live at Five today....

CROCKETT

Judas Priest...

CONTINUED



44 CONTINUED

44

NEWSCASTER

I'm sorry, we were expecting David Frobel...

IZZY

(continuing)

My colleague has an unfortunate case of cold feet and has withdrawn from the project...I will be speaking in his stead...

CROCKETT

Izzy's snatched Nevin....

Intercut:

45 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

45

NEWSCASTER

Mr. Moreno, I'm sure you are aware of the amount of speculation surrounding the disappearance and subsequent death of Robillard...

IZZY

(patting the capsule)

A temporary condition I assure you, Ken...

CROCKETT

(low; to Tubbs)

This, from a guy who can't make toast.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED

45

NEWSCASTER

Surely you're not suggesting that the technological know-how to revive a frozen human being is in the near future?

Under which, a nearby studio phone's red light blinks. The associate director picks it up.

NEWS DIRECTOR

Booth...yep...

She hands the phone to Tubbs.

TUBBS

Yeah...

Intercut:

45A INT. NURSING HOME - DAY

45A

Switek's on the phone. Various police activity surrounds him regarding the recently deceased Frobel.

SWITEK

Witness saw a woman leaving the scene that fit Esther's description.

TUBBS

Thanks, Swi.

Tubbs hangs up the phone, looks to Crockett with --

TUBBS

Looks like Esther did in Frobel.

CROCKETT

(nodding, without taking his eyes from the monitor)

She wants Nevin's body. And guess who's standing in her way?

Lose intercut:

45B RESUME WAREHOUSE

45B

Izzy continues with the interview.

CONTINUED

45B CONTINUED

45B

IZZY

A person is only dead when current technological wizardries can no longer save them...

NEWSCASTER

And what does that mean for Robillard Nevin?

IZZY

Well, I'll tell you Ken...

Izzy's interrupted by the arrival of three well-dressed Japanese businessmen who bow, and extend their hand in greeting. Izzy's obviously distracted, as he tries to wave them out of the video frame.

IZZY

Yeah, yeah, put it over there...make sure it's got extra wasabi...

The Japanese continue to bow and smile as they back out of frame, only occasionally intruding with cameras to snap pictures of Izzy, and or the capsule, leaving Izzy temporarily blinded as he continues his interview.

IZZY

Ah, as I was saying Ken...What we're witnessing here...is the dawning of a new age. A deeper understanding of the juxtapositional processes of living, dying, sleeping, eating and making money...

Izzy's having a difficult time maintaining a flow due to the increased picture taking by the Japanese.

46 OMITTED

46

46A INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

46A

Tight on a television, where we see Izzy continue with his rapidly disintegrating interview, blinking and batting his eyes to the more frequent flash pops of the Japanese. As camera pulls, we reveal the transfixed audience of Esther, who remains glued to the set while Sheck packs his belongings into a nearby suitcase under --

SHECK

I told you to let things be...that we would handle this through legal channels...

Esther remains fixated on the tube, where --

IZZY

(video)

No longer, do we as a people have to suffer the indignities and non-certainties of that great voidness, that total lack of geo-dimensional nothingness...

SHECK

(to Esther)

You hear me, Esther? I'm out...you've escalated this thing into murder...and you're on your own...

Sheck hesitates. Esther gives no response; her eyes not leaving the set, as Sheck picks up his suitcase and exits, slamming the door behind him. Stay with Esther as she watches Izzy, now physically trying to wave the Japanese away under --

IZZY

...because I, Isadore Moreno, will single-handedly turn a new page for humankind in our quest for immortality by thawing...

(leans in; filling screen)

...that's right Ken, thawing Robillard Nevin -- the greatest reggae musician of all time, who with my assistance, will rise from the clutches of death to reign over this apocalpso world of ours...

CONTINUED

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41A

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46A CONTINUED

46A (X)

off which --

(X)

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

49 EXT. DOCKSIDE BARGE - DAY - ON NEVIN'S FACE 49

Behind the frosted glass of the capsule. Izzy's hand reaches in, raps a gauge with his knuckle.

IZZY (O.C.)

Oye, Robbie...not long, now. Nice day to come back, too...little warm, but that won't bother you, eh chico?

50 WIDER 50

Izzy has a fat ring binder open in one hand. The dog, Lazarus, is at one elbow, Toyoma, Kiso and Nakahara at his other elbow. Izzy flips through the binder, searching.

IZZY

"Return From the Dead"... "Return From the Dead"...

Izzy's restricted by the Japanese, industriously taking pictures.

IZZY

(continuing)

Look, when I work the wizardry of my scientific genius to make the miracle of life, I need room. Park it over there.

The Japanese back away, exchanging bows.

TOYOMA

Sorry...it difficult to wait patiently for miracle. And birth of new global industry to begin.

IZZY

You people are like into this? You got that fad thing going back home...neo-crypto-cryo-Buddha-reggae conflagration.

The Japanese exchange uncertain looks, ad lib Japanese explanations to each other. Just then it hits Izzy like a gong.

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED

50

IZZY

"Global industry?"

TOYOMA

Ahh...Yes. We three chairmen largest companies in Japan. Our national fascination with potential for eternal life through technological intervention will sweep world.

IZZY

Yeah...and...

(slaps head)

Oye, mang. Another flash! A genius idea from the entrepreneurial febrile imagination of Dr. Moreno: little plastic nitrogen tubes with Nevin dolls inside you put in the freezer.

(beat)

You make the dolls, I make thirty cents onna dollar, maybe ninety.

TOYOMA

(nods)

We constructure business arrangement.

IZZY

'Worldwide and galactic personal management exclusive for eternity'.

The Japanese buzz, and then nod.

IZZY

(continuing)

Okay...let's turn up the heat and get Robbie up to room temp and make money! Now!

Izzy begins to flip through the ring binder, opening an accordion fold circuit diagram. Too complex. Rips it out and throws it away.

IZZY

The left brain will intuit!...past this part...

(makes noise)

Got it!!!

(beat)

I will now turn him up, turn him on and tune him in.

50A XM-1 THAW UNIT

50A

On the side a meter (insert) reads info "Thermal Overload".  
Izzy doesn't see it. He's about to flick the "on" switch.

51 ON JAPANESE

51

They have been conferring.

TOYAMA

Mr. Moreno.

(Izzy stops)

My colleagues extremely interested  
Mr. Nevin's former band  
members...Mr. Frobel say they be  
here for resurrection. Whole  
Robillard band together. Where are  
they? They no here.

IZZY

You impugn my impressarioness?! My  
showmanship? They and their hair be  
here...

(snap)

like that...!

(beat)

'Cause I see signs above Tokyo,  
Yokohama and...and...Teriyaki!  
"Isadore Moreno Management presents  
Back From the Dead Robillard Nevin  
and the Cryonic Dreadlock Band."  
Yes!

Toyama's eyes gleam in anticipation.

CUT TO

54 EXT. BUNGALOW - DAY

54

The rasta house in the Grove. Izzy drives up in his limo  
and parks in the drive. He checks the street, seeing only  
the street types and musicians we saw before. No threat.  
Izzy kills the engine and gets out.

55 ANGLE - TO DOOR

55

Izzy fixes a pleasing smile on his face and knocks. After  
a few beats, Sled opens the door and looks out.

IZZY

Haile Selassie.

CONTINUED



55 CONTINUED

55

SLED  
Ras Taffari, yes?

IZZY  
I see we speak the same language. I am Dr. Izadore Moreno, inspirational co-conspirator of the Poe Institute with an invitation to the decanting of your beloved leader.

Izzy stiffens as we hear:

ESTHER (O.C.)  
I accept.

56 ANGLE - INCLUDE ESTHER

56

She's appeared from beside the bungalow, and now has a gun nestled in Izzy's ribs.

TIME CUT TO

47 INT. OCB - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

47

The entire team is gathered. Switek stands next to a large, plastic wall map of Miami with a protractor, marking a few degrees of arc and then drawing lines to mark this arc from its center at the TV station toward the waterfront and its possible broadcast origins.

SWITEK  
Frobel had to set up the microwave dish before Izzy got there.

GINA  
What makes you say that, Stan?  
Doubting the competence of  
cryobiologist to the stars?

The absurdity sparks a few laughs.

SWITEK  
A-ha...  
(finishes map)  
...figuring no relay, just a straight signal, here's the area of search. My Euclidean's not too hot, but say twenty square miles.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED

47

GINA

We don't need the whole haystack.  
According to Air Traffic Control,  
the jet we heard was running roughly  
in line with 20th Street.

SWITEK

Which cuts our search area to here.

Switek darkens the outline around one section.

TUBBS

Still three to four square miles.

CROCKETT

All right, so we're looking for some  
open place you could stage an  
event.

48 ANGLE - CASTILLO

48

enters as Switek is gestured outside by a tech.

CASTILLO

Esther Nevin's got the court order  
to take possession of the body  
'cause nobody's left in Poe's  
organization. The money's in  
Jamaica. It's hers if she gets the  
body in the ground. Her lawyer gets  
the death certificate while she  
splits to Brazil, where we can't  
touch her, to wait for the thirty  
million dollars.

TUBBS

With Poe and Frobel we might be  
talking three deaths here.

CASTILLO

Robillard Nevin?

TUBBS

Yeah. If he could be revived...

CROCKETT

'Cause with Izzy behind the wheel,  
Nevin ain't gonna get thawed. He's  
liklier to get Dixie-fried.

TUBBS

By Izzy or by Esther, Nevin winds up  
dead meat.

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED

48

CROCKETT  
Unless we get there first.

Switek blows in with a fistfull of computer printout.

SWITEK  
First twenty possibles on a six  
block grid.

Switek and Gina, Crockett and Tubbs hurry out with their  
lists of locations. Trudy remains behind, putting pins in  
the map.

CUT TO

57 EXT. BUNGALOW - STREET - DAY - IZZY

57

He's being trussed up hurriedly with a water ski rope.

IZZY  
There is no need for dehumanizing  
and humiliating brutalization of a  
man of science like myself.

58 WIDE

58

Sled and Davis are winding Izzy in the rope under Esther's  
gunpoint direction near the rear of Izzy's limo.

ESTHER  
That'll hold him. Give me the  
handle and step back.

Sled and Davis respect Esther's gun. Sled hands her the  
ski rope handle.

IZZY  
You can save yourself the trouble.  
I have withstood the brain cleaning  
and starvation tortures of the Cuban  
secret police...

Esther fits the ski rope handle over the trailer hitch on  
the rear of the limo and winds a few loops.

IZZY  
(continuing)  
Do you think if you burn me with  
your one-oh-one millimeter menthol  
cigarettes or stomp me with your  
Italian spike heels I'll sing?

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED

58

ESTHER

What if I tow you down U.S. One?

Esther flips the van keys in her hand.

IZZY

(monotone)

That'd work.

(beat)

One-forty-one Bayshore mooring.  
It's a barge, actually, about ten  
minutes from here.

(beat)

Can I ride?

CUT TO

52 EXT. WAREHOUSE AREA - DAY

52

Tubbs is returning to the parked Testarossa from a  
warehouse, shaking his head. Crockett is on the car phone.

CROCKETT

(into phone)

We came up with zero south of the  
airport.

Intercut:

53 INT. OCB - DAY

53

Trudy's holding the phone with one hand, reading a computer  
screen, her second hand putting more pins in the map.

TRUDY

Bad news. Thy're ahead of us.  
Neighbors in Overtown reported a  
crazed woman with a gun kidnapped  
Rastafarians and a Latin male tied  
in a water ski rope. She took them  
away in her limo.

CROCKETT

Means Esther grabbed Izzy and has  
the jump on us.

(to himself)

Maybe she'll kill him for us!

(beat)

No. I don't want Esther to kill  
Izzy.

(beat)

I want to kill Izzy.

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED

53

TRUDY  
(into phone)  
Second batch of locations.

TUBBS

Go.

Tubbs fumbles for a pen and paper.

TRUDY  
One-twenty-six, Northwest Fourth...

CUT TO

A59 EXT. STREET - LIMO (2ND UNIT)

A59

CUT TO

59 EXT. WATERFRONT - DAY - TESTAROSSA

59

Crockett has a map opened across the steering wheel, Tubbs  
is holding on the car phone.

60 INT. TESTAROSSA - DAY

60

CROCKETT  
(checking map)  
We're striking out. Fast!

Intercut:

61 INT. OCB - DAY

61

TRUDY  
(into phone)  
...Switek says no luck.

TUBBS  
(into phone)  
Oh for four, Trudy. How 'bout a  
little intuition?

TRUDY  
Running on empty. No help from the  
eye in the sky, either.

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED

61

CROCKETT  
(folding map)  
All that's left is the strip along  
Government Cut.  
(guns engine)  
We'll sweep it in the Scarab.

62 EXT. WATERFRONT - DAY - TESTAROSSA

62

As Crockett peels out.

CUT TO

63 EXT. DOCKSIDE BARGE - DAY (EVENING)

63

The capsule is covered with a silk drape for the impending ceremony. A small canopy has been set up on the dock under which, the Japanese expectantly wait, cameras busy. They react to the arrival of Izzy's limo as it:

64 ANGLE - IZZY'S LIMO

64

plowing through the chain link entrance gate. The limo comes to a halt at the foot of the dock.

65 ON LIMO

65

Gun-toting Esther climbs out of the passenger seat, keeping Izzy covered as he steps from behind the wheel. The band members climb out of the back seat.

66 AT THE CAPSULE

66

The Japanese cringe when Esther swings her gun toward them.

ESTHER  
(to capsule)  
Robillard Nevin: your raggedy ass is  
going into the hereafter forever.  
(to Izzy and  
Rastas)  
Load it in the back. Now!

67 ANGLE OFF - TO WATER

67

The Scarab is charging toward the barge, Crockett driving. Esther is ignorant of its approach, but Izzy sees rescue just a few seconds away.

- 68 ANGLE - LAZARUS 68  
Has made his way down to the gurney and is sniffing about  
as --
- 69 RESUME - IZZY 69  
IZZY  
I think you maybe have a problem.  
You can't kill all of us.  
Esther puts the gun back on Izzy.
- ESTHER  
I don't have to. I'll kill you. (X)  
That makes my point. (X)
- IZZY  
But, who am I, in the grand scheme,  
when you think about it? If I could  
offer some advice, I would not make  
as good a point as, say, Mr. Toyoma.  
Mr. Toyoma makes about a million (X)  
motorcycles a month. (X)
- 70 ANGLE - THE SCARAB 70  
Crockett whips a tight turn and throws a rooster tail of  
water over the dock. Izzy uses the distraction to grab  
Esther's gun hand. They begin to struggle.
- 71 LAZARUS 71  
Now mid leg-lift on one wheel of the gurney, he shakes off  
water from the wave which just hit, and, in the process,  
knocks against the wheel of the gurney. The gurney begins  
to roll ever so slowly.
- 72 ANGLE - THE SCARAB 72  
Comes to a halt at the dock.
- 73 RESUME - THE FIGHT 73  
Izzy spins Esther around, and her gun goes flying into the  
drink. She immediately starts murdering him with her bare (X)  
hands. Davis, Sled, Ray and the women throw themselves (X)  
into the melee as --

74 THE CAPSULE 74

continues - unseen - toward the edge of the dock.

75 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 75

now out of the Scarab, watch the brawl.

TUBBS

Now what?

CROCKETT

Pray she finishes him off. Because if I do, I lose my badge, my pension, my nice car, my good clothes, my impunity from parking tickets.

76 THE CAPSULE 76

rolls.

77 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 77

TUBBS

She is a murderer.

Izzy's being choked to death.

CROCKETT

True.

(pause)

Okay, but only out of civic duty.

Crockett and Tubbs wade into the fight.

77A THE CAPSULE 77A

reaches the edge. It starts to roll off.

79 RESUME - CROCKETT AND TUBBS 79

As they separate Esther and Izzy. The band members and Japanese are still in a row.

IZZY

These people are maniacs. I never raised a hand in anger.



## 78 THE CAPSULE

78

Hits the water unnoticed by all but Lazarus, who watches it go under. He emits a small whine as he is obviously tempted to retrieve it.

## 79A RESUME CROCKETT AND TUBBS

79A

Crockett nods, considering this.

CROCKETT  
Let me do it for you.

With this, Crockett backhands Izzy across the cheek. He goes flying.

## 80 ON ESTHER

80

Tubbs has her turned around in a restraining hold. From this angle she can look off to the water.

ESTHER  
Oh my God...Robillard! Where've  
you gone?!

## 81 ANGLE OFF DOCK

81

Everyone turns around, searching.

IZZY  
(frantically; to  
the dog)  
Lazarus, donde esta? Huh?  
(beat)  
Lazarus...what happened? Pero,  
speak.

CUT TO

## 82 EXT. SEA - EVENING

82

A moderate swell. The melee is seen in the background. The capsule bobs right in front of us in the foreground with Robillard's frozen face and electric straight hair. In the b.g. - 200 yards away - can be seen the melee on the barge. They do not see coming closer to us and presumable floating out to Cuba or the Azures - Robillard Nevin, an almost-was Messiah.

FREEZE

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR