

EXEC. PRODUCER: Michael Mann
CO-EXEC. PRODUCER: Dick Wolf

CO-EXEC. PRODUCER: Richard Brams

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

PROD. #63526
March 3, 1988 (F.R.)
Rev. 3/4/88 (F.R.)
Rev. 3/6/88 (F.R.)
Rev. 3/8/88 (F.R.)
Rev. 3/9/88 (F.R.)
Rev. 3/16/88 (F.R.)

MIAMI VICE

MIRROR IMAGE

"ALTER EGO"

Story by

Nelson Oramas
&
Dan Sackheim

Teleplay by

Robert Palm
&
Dan Sackheim

Prod. #63526

MIAMI VICE

"ALTER EGO"

SCRIPT REVISION HISTORY

<u>DATE</u>	<u>COLOR</u>	<u>WRITER(S)</u>	<u>PAGES</u>
3/3/88	WHITE	Story by N. Oramas & Dan Sackheim Teleplay by R. Palm & Dan Sackheim	Set & Cast 1-51
3/4/88	PINK	"	2-2A, 5, 9-11A, 20, 24-24A, 26-27, 30-31, 40
3/6/88	BLUE	M. Duggan	9, 16, 19-20, 39
3/8/88	YELLOW		Set & Cast 1-51A
3/9/88	GREEN	M. Duggan & R. Brams	13-14, 24A, 33, 38-40, 44-46, 49-51
3/16/88	WHITE	"	9-10

MIAMI VICE

ALTER EGO

CAST

SONNY CROCKETT
RICARDO TUBBS
CASTILLO
SWITEK
GINA
TRUDY

ALEJANDRO GUTIERREZ
HOOD
DIVER
DOCTOR #1

(X)
(X)

INTERN #1
INTERN #2
INTERN #3
POLLY WHEELER
MIGUEL MANOLO
DORIS GUMBLE
MANOLO THUG #1
BUSINESS SUIT #1
ROLANDO JORDAN
JIMMY YAGOVITCH

(X)

SETS

INTERIORS:

MEDICAL CLINIC
MANSION
DEN
LIVING ROOM
BEDROOM
HALLWAY
HOSPITAL EMERG. ROOM
FISHING BOAT
MIGUEL'S LIMO
N.D. OFFICE BLDG.
OUTSIDE FROSTED GLASS DOOR
OFFICE - empty, no furniture
OCB
BULLPEN
HALLWAY
CASTILLO'S OFC.
FEATURE ART GALLERY (X)
OFFICE
FT. LAUDERDALE P.D.
BRIEFING ROOM
JORDAN'S OFFICE
YAGOVITCH'S OFFICE
MOTEL ROOM

EXTERIORS:

CAFE (near fishing pier)
LUXURY FISHING BOAT
OCEAN
PARKING LOT
MEDICAL CLINIC - GARDEN
FISHING DOCKS
POOLSIDE
MANSION
TERRACE
GROUNDS
FEATURE GALLERY (DOCK) (X)
HOSPITAL
STREETS
ALLEY

VEHICLES

TUBBS' CADDY
LUXURY FISHING BOAT
SPEED BOATS
LIMO
MERCEDES
LINCOLN TOWN CAR
ND SEDANS
COAST GUARD CUTTER CRANE
(X)

MIAMI VICE

"ALTER EGO"

TEASER

FADE IN

1 EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - DAWN

1

Crockett and Tubbs, in silence, guzzle coffee as the morning sky lightens over the sport fishing pier and the water. They both look like they just fell out of bed, and need the caffeine badly. In addition, Crockett is shivering -- he's wearing some fisherman's version of his regular threads, and they're not very warm. But maybe something else is making him shiver. After a while:

TUBBS

You didn't bring a jacket?

CROCKETT

(shrugging)

It's gonna be hot out there once the sun's up.

Crockett stares off at the sunrise. Tubbs watches him, carefully.

TUBBS

Maybe too hot.

CROCKETT

(coldly)

Don't nursemaid me, Rico. I said I'm okay.

TUBBS

(hurt)

Okay, okay.

CROCKETT

I'm sorry, man. It ain't you. But everybody's smothering me with well-intentioned concern...it's driving me nuts.

TUBBS

Yeah, well -- you've seen those stress tests...death of a spouse is at the top of the list.

CROCKETT

(lightly)

Vacations are stressful, too, as I recall.

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED

1

TUBBS

Sonny, going undercover in the midst of a high level mob summit...that's not exactly r and r.

CROCKETT

Hey, it's a fishing trip.

He reaches over and affectionately slaps Tubbs's arm.

CROCKETT

(continuing)

Don't worry. All I'm doing is bringing Gutierrez and Manolo together. They go after each other - - I'm out of it.

2 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

2

A group of businessmen --middle-aged, prosperous looking, in expensive day fishing clothes -- boarding a luxurious fishing boat. The crew is preparing to cast off, and the screw is boiling foam off the stern.

3 RESUME SCENE

3

Crockett drains his coffee and starts to go. But Tubbs restrains him with a hand to the arm.

TUBBS

Okay. But those two sharks together, there could be a feeding frenzy...they got lots of enemies.

CROCKETT

I'm fine. Honest to God, I'm fine.

But then he puts on his shades, and he doesn't look fine...he looks a little lost.

CROCKETT

Everything's fine, man.

TIME CUT TO

4 EXT. FISHING BOAT - OPEN OCEAN - DAY

4

The men lounge around in the fishing chairs, trolling and shooting the breeze, while the uniformed crew scurries underfoot. Even the guy cutting bait has on a starched white -- albeit blood and fishguts spattered -- uniform. A waiter moves toward Crockett with a tray of champagne flutes.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

4

(X)

Crockett, hooked into something big, ignores the waiter while making like Hemingway in his fishing chair. Alejandro Gutierrez, the tall, stooped major domo of a big Miami coke ring, pats Crockett's shoulder encouragingly, then takes two champagne glasses from the waiter's tray.

ALEJANDRO

Thatta boy, Sonny -- let him run 'til he exhausts himself.

CROCKETT

Or me.

ALEJANDRO

I doubt that. The energy it took to work this out, to bring the two sides together -- I was really impressed.

CROCKETT

(modestly)

They only listened to reason 'cuz you already had their 'nads in a vise.

ALEJANDRO

Nonsense. I told my people there --
(indicating a couple of hoods)
-- that Sonny Burnett -- he's the Henry Kissinger of the Dade County underworld.

Gutierrez's manner is generous and open, like a doting uncle -- he displays what seems like genuine affection for Crockett, and goodwill toward his fellow hoods. When he sees that the waiter has given each man a glass, he hands one to Crockett. Crockett hands off the fishing pole to a crewman.

CROCKETT

(grinning)

Yeah. I get a lot of inside dope.

(X)

ALEJANDRO

(wary)

Such as?

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED (2)

4

CROCKETT

(breezy)

The go-between always knows more about the people he's dealing with than...you know.

ALEJANDRO

No...what.

CROCKETT

(confidentially)

For example. I got the low-down on Manolo's plan to squeeze you out...and believe me, it's not pretty.

ALEJANDRO

I believe you.

(beat)

Well?

CROCKETT

Well nothing. I also know a perfect way to end-around Mr. Manolo that would leave him with a lot of huevos on his face.

ALEJANDRO

I'm listening.

CROCKETT

Naturally, that information is pretty valuable...

ALEJANDRO

Naturally.

(checking watch)

And I'd be willing to --

Before Crockett can answer, one of the Manolo hoods raps on his champagne glass.

HOOD

(oratorical)

Gentlemen...Mr. Manolo is sorry he could not personally be here, but he wants to wish his new friend, Mr. Gutierrez, all the best...

The hoods start applauding and calling "Speech, speech." Alejandro quickly checks his watch, then -- reluctantly, it seems -- steps to the center of the boat.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED (3)

4

ALEJANDRO
Gentleman of the Manolo
organization. My message to you is
very brief: Here's to solidarity.

The men nod their agreement.

ALEJANDRO
(smiling at his
own men)
My capos and I are of one mind on
this --
(raising his
glass)
-- here's to peace, prosperity, and
cooperation, gentlemen.

The men clink glasses, then drink. Alejandro excuses
himself -- shaking hands, he makes his way to the steps
below deck.

CUT TO

5 INT. HOLD - CONTINUOUS

5

Alejandro reaches down into the ice chest where the fish
are stored. Gingerly, he extracts a small styrofoam ice
chest and opens it.

6 INSERT

6

the ice chest holds an explosive device.

7 RESUME SCENE

7

Alejandro reaches toward the device, but he can't make
himself touch it. He studies it, he reaches, pulls his hand
away, reaches -- starts to remove some wires, but his
nerves won't allow it. Checking his watch, he starts to
sweat profusely as he puts the lid back on the chest.

CUT TO

8 EXT. OCEAN - FIVE MINUTES LATER

8

A small speedboat approaches the stern of the fishing boat.

9 INT. FISHING BOAT - CONTINUOUS 9

Alejandro moves through the hoods to Crockett, who's absorbed again in playing out his marlin.

ALEJANDRO
You'd better come with me.

CROCKETT
(jovial)
No way, Alejandro. I'm locked in mortal combat here.

Alejandro checks his watch.

ALEJANDRO
(urgently)
Crockett -- there's no time for an explanation...

CROCKETT
(interrupting)
Whoa! There she goes again!

Alejandro grabs Crockett's arm and tries to yank him out of his seat...Crockett gives him a weird look and shrugs him off. Alejandro checks his watch again, then moves quickly toward the stern.

10 ANGLE -- THE SPEEDBOAT 10

A few feet off stern. (X)

11 ALEJANDRO 11

Jumps onto the speedboat which speeds off. (X)

12 CROCKETT 12

Sees Alejandro go over, and starts to unstrap himself from the fishing chair as

13 LONG SHOT 13

The fishing boat blows, and debris rains down onto the water.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

14 EXT. FISHING DOCKS - MIAMI - DUSK

14

What's left of the blown-up fishing boat dangles from a Coast Guard cutter's crane. Tubbs argues heatedly with a police scuba diver who's taking off his tank and fins.

DIVER

We found this...

He hands Tubbs Crockett's chrome-plated gun.

DIVER

(continuing)

But we've run out of daylight...

TUBBS

Come on...there's a good hour left!

DIVER

Not by the time we got back out -- when the sun sets, it's like, forget it down there.

TUBBS

Yeah -- forget it.

He grabs the guy by the wetsuit.

TUBBS

(continuing

savagely)

So it's dark down there -- so what?

Use a flashlight!

Castillo pushes through the crowd of people fishing and gawking, to where Tubbs is about to go nuts on the scuba diver. He grabs Tubbs' shoulder and spins him around.

CASTILLO

That's enough.

TUBBS

(tight)

They're calling it off, Lieutenant.

Follow Tubbs and Castillo as they walk along the dock. The setting sun burns down the sky.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED

14

TUBBS

I can't believe they can't find
something --

(breaking)

-- one of his stupid loafers for
crying out loud.

A Puerto Rican boy, ten or eleven, approaches Castillo. The kid is shy, scared of all the cops. He says something indistinct -- Castillo crouches down and puts his arm around him, bending low so the kid can whisper. Then he stands up.

CASTILLO

He says he saw a great explosion,
but he was too far away to help.

TUBBS

(bitterly)

He ain't the only one.

CUT TO

15 INT. MEDICAL CLINIC - DAY

15

Close on Crockett's face. His eyes are closed, his face is pale; a deathmask. Hold on his face until his eyes flutter open. The eyes are blank...they stare straight ahead, then slowly turn and look to the side.

16 HIS POINT OF VIEW

16

Alejandro, looming in a cold, fish-eye distortion, lights a big cigar. Smoke billows into the faces of two white-coated interns. They're talking to each other, and to Alejandro, in some weird, broken murmuring -- a dream language.

17 RESUME SCENE

17

CROCKETT

What's happening.

INTERN #1

You're resting, Mr. Burnett.

CROCKETT

I'm Mr. Resting.

INTERN #2

No. You're -- it's okay -- go back
to sleep now.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED

17

ALEJANDRO

(angrily)

Snap out of it, Burnett. What were you going to tell me?

INTERN #1

Give him time, Mr. Gutierrez.

ALEJANDRO

(abruptly)

How long?

DOCTOR #1

Two days, two months -- the brain has its own timetable. I wouldn't want to rush him...

ALEJANDRO

Of course not -- you wanna prolong your over-priced medical fraud.

(beat)

Amnesia, psycho break-down -- whatever it is, just slap him back together. He's gotta report to Mr. Manolo...and I've got a few questions to ask him, myself.

(X)

He storms out of the room.

CUT TO

18 EXT. CLINIC - DAY

18

It's a delapidated clinic in a delapidated neighborhood. Crockett sits in a wheelchair out in a garden. He's got a lap robe over him, and a nurse is trying to get him to take his pills. But Crockett defiantly throws the pills into the bushes, then throws the lap robe in after them. Pull back - the greasy quacks shake their heads.

(X)

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED

18
(X)

Intern #1 gives #2 a look of contempt, then walks over to Crockett.

INTERN #1
Burnett, I've got something --

CROCKETT
(hostile)
Forget it. What you quacks got, I don't want.

INTERN #1
I don't blame you.
(beat)
Listen. When we release you to Mr. Gutierrez, you may be getting into something that's -- over your head.

CROCKETT
I'll worry about that.

INTERN #1
Okay.
(beat)
You know what you are?

CROCKETT
Sonny Burnett.

INTERN #1
What you are...what you do.

CROCKETT
I, uh -- I take care of some stuff that...
(beat)
I don't know.

The intern bends closer to Crockett.

INTERN #1
You drive a Ferrari sports car -- the keys were in your pocket. The police are looking for you. And...

CROCKETT
So how do you see it?

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED (3)

18

INTERN #1

A drug dealer'd be my guess. And that's your business...I just wanted to forewarn you, because Gutierrez -
 (looking around)
 -- he's cold-blooded, man. Believe me.

CROCKETT

(cocky)
 Why should I?

INTERN #1

You don't have to. It may save your life, but that's up to you.

The intern leaves. Crockett looks lost in thought...absently he rubs an old bullet wound that crosses his side.

CUT TO

19 EXT. STREET - DAY

19

Close on a limo. Pull back as the doors open and two thugs get out followed by Crockett. In the BG, a mansion with lush gardens, and coming down the walk, a good-looking woman swinging her hips under a proper wool skirt. (X)
 (X)
 (X)

WOMAN

Hello, Mr. Burnett. Welcome to Ft. Lauderdale. (X)

Crockett takes her in with a leer and a nod.

CROCKETT

Who are you?

WOMAN

Polly Wheeler.
 (beat)
 Mr. Manolo's assistant?

She takes his hand and shakes it.

WOMAN

(continuing)
 He's anxious to meet you finally.

CUT TO

#63526

11A

3/8/88

20 INT. MANSION - DAY

20

Crockett's propped up on a sofa, facing Polly Wheeler and Miguel Manolo.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED

20

Manolo's a Colombian whose bespoke tailoring and refined amiability almost, but not quite, conceal a murderous contempt for anything that interferes with business. He leans forward and pats Crockett's knee.

MANOLO

You seem to have come through your little trauma relatively unscathed, Mr. Burnett.

CROCKETT

Except for memory loss, you mean.

POLLY

But I dare say your other...faculties...are intact?

Crockett looks at her. She's giving him a piercing glance that falls somewhere between a challenge and a mental undressing.

CROCKETT

(leering)

I dare say.

(to Manolo)

So what's the deal?

MANOLO

(gracious)

Business can wait. For now --

He snaps his fingers and a flunkie appears with a bottle of champagne.

MANOLO

(continuing)

Welcome to our little burg, Mr. Burnett. I think you'll find it restful enough, after Miami.

Polly adjusts the cushions behind Crockett's back -- meanwhile giving him a snootfull of cashmered breast. He sits back.

CROCKETT

I'm just about rested enough...

(at Polly)

What I need is some action.

CUT TO

21 EXT. MANOLO'S MANSION - MORNING

21

Manolo walks Crockett around the walled grounds of his house. As he walks, he points out various horticultural landmarks.

MANOLO

These are my champion fighters, retired of course, Quixote and Diablo. They're symbols of my past...the humble beginnings...the back streets...the dirt...

CROCKETT

Yeah. Wish I could relate.

(X)

MANOLO

(sympathetically)

Cheer up. Some of us would be happy to forget the past.

CROCKETT

That's easy for you to say.

(beat)

But you didn't bring me here to talk about the past.

MANOLO

(laughing)

You're quite right. I've got plenty of things for you to do...once you're rested and ready.

CROCKETT

Like I said -- I'm ready.

Manolo takes him, coolly. He sees that Burnett's not jiving.

MANOLO

Okay. Whoever sabotaged my peace conference on the boat there -- he wants to stir things up in Miami.

CROCKETT

To get a little side action going?

MANOLO

The word "little" isn't in my vocab, Mr. Burnett. We're talking four, five hundred million a year.

He pats Crockett on the shoulder and moves away like a priest off to his prayers.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

21

MANOLO

Anyway, get to the bottom of it for me.

CUT TO

22 INT. OCB - DAY

22

Gina and Trudy go through the motions of working, but they're in shock. Switek mopes around -- nobody wants to mention Crockett's apparent death, but his absence hangs over the room like a shroud. Castillo enters, sees the inactivity, and reacts.

CASTILLO

(to Trudy)

Homicide's on their way over to get all of Crockett's -- all his files. Get 'em ready.

SWITEK

Ge'ez, can't...

(X)

(X)

Tubbs walks in and hears Castillo's order.

TUBBS

(to Castillo)

Why aren't we handling this ourselves?

CASTILLO

Because Homicide is.

That's the end of it. Castillo turns and goes back into his office. Tubbs stares after him, then gently restrains Trudy as she opens Crockett's desk drawer.

TUBBS

I'll do it.

(off her look)

It's okay.

Tubbs sits down at Crockett's desk and quickly goes through his files. He finds the ones he's looking for -- one's marked GUTIERREZ - ONGOING in big red letters, the other's marked MANOLO - ONGOING. He takes them and shuts the drawer.

Mr. Burnett. We're talking four,

TRUDY

Uh, Tubbs...

He waves it off: it's okay. Opening the files, he starts copying names and numbers out of them. Then he returns the files to Crockett's desk. He stuffs the paper into his jacket and takes off.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED

22

GINA
(worried)
Rico...

CUT TO

23 EXT. MANOLO'S GARDEN - DAY

23

Alejandro Gutierrez -- his arm in a cast -- sits on a bench, smoking a cigar and contemplating his navel as Crockett saunters out of the house.

ALEJANDRO
(startled)
Speak of the devil -- how you doing,
Sonny?

CROCKETT
I'm all right.
(beat)
Alejandro, right?

ALEJANDRO
(grinning)
That's right -- glad to see the old
memory's back, Sonny.

CROCKETT
Yeah. What brings you around?

Alejandro rubs his shoulder where the cast is.

ALEJANDRO
Mr. Manolo and I have to get our
heads together, figure out who
interrupted our little pow-wow out
there on the water.

CROCKETT
You got any ideas?

ALEJANDRO
(shaking his head)
Not yet.
(neutral)
Hey, Sonny. You were about to tell
me something --
(surreptitious)
-- about Mr. Manolo -- remember?

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

CROCKETT

'Fraid not.
(re: Alejandro's
cast)
Hurt your shoulder?

ALEJANDRO

Hurt my...?
(laughs)
What a kidder. We're both lucky we
weren't blown to freakin' bits.

CROCKETT

(dry)
Yeah...a freakin' miracle.

CUT TO

24 INT. N.D. OFFICE BUILDING - MIAMI - DAY

24

Tubbs stands outside a frosted glass door. On the door is gilt lettering -- INTERKEY COMMUNICATIONS. Then, below it: M. Manolo. Tubbs tries the handle: it's locked. He knocks: no one answers. He looks up and down the deserted hallway, then he stoops down, and cards the door lock. He opens the door and steps quickly through. The office is empty except for a pile of mail that's been pushed through the mail slot. It's all junk mail addressed OCCUPANT. He throws down the pile in disgust. Then a catalogue from an office supply wholesaler catches his eye. He picks it back up.

25 INSERT - THE CATALOGUE

25

The mailing address says Interkey, c/o Doris Gumble.

CUT TO

26 EXT. POOLSIDE - MIAMI - DAY

26

A woman, 45, lies on a lounge chair, smoking a cigarette, which she refuses to ash.

TUBBS

(flashing I.D.)
Doris Gumble? I'm Detective Tubbs.
Miami Vice.

DORIS

Vice? I'm flattered.
(exhaling)
Only I've been retired for years.

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED

26

She rolls over onto her stomach, absorbed in her cigarette, ignoring Tubbs.

TUBBS

I need to ask you a few questions.

She rolls back over, lowers her sunglasses, and gives Tubbs the once over.

DORIS

I figured you didn't drop by for a quick dip.

TUBBS

You work for Interkey Corporation?

DORIS

No.

TUBBS

No?

He shows her the catalogue with her name on it.

DORIS

Okay, so I used to.

Tubbs bends down and yanks the cigarette out of her mouth. He drops it on the ground and grinds it under his heel.

TUBBS

(harsh)

I'm in no mood for games, Doris. I want to know how to find Mr. Manolo, and I want it now.

DORIS

(flat)

Lauderdale, last I heard...moved everything out of Miami.

CUT TO

27 INT. MANOLO'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

27

A cocktail party -- new fogies in dinner jackets brown-nose the old money in furs. Crockett, alone by the piano, is stalked by Polly Wheeler.

POLLY

Don't look so excited.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED

27

CROCKETT
(looking around)
Who are all the stiff?

POLLY
Oh, you know -- social register
brats with hungry noses...Miguel
keeps them around to lend
respectability to the joint.

CROCKETT
That why you're here?

POLLY
I'm here because I like my job.

CROCKETT
Come on, Miss Wheeler -- Daddy
didn't send you to Vassar to learn
the drug trade.

POLLY
No. He thinks I work at a brokerage
house.
(laughing)
Anyway -- I come from three
generations of Main Line robber
barons, so what's the diff?

She leans close to Crockett, as in the limo, and gives him
another cashmere rubadub.

POLLY
(continuing,
seductively)
Personally, I prefer hoods --they're
more upfront with their treachery.

She offers her lips up to Crockett on a silver platter.
He's about to nibble, but they're interrupted by Alejandro,
lurching drunkenly into their tender little scene.

ALEJANDRO
(to Crockett)
Sonny -- you come up with that thing
yet?

CROCKETT
What thing is that?

Alejandro looks warily at Polly.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED (2)

27

ALEJANDRO

You know...our conversation?

(to Polly)

He's a great guy.

(sotto)

Big and all brass...

Smiling, she sits down at the piano and starts softly riffing.

CROCKETT

(to Alejandro)

You know, I did remember something.

ALEJANDRO

(eagerly)

Yeah? What.

CROCKETT

I just remembered seeing you light a cigar in that hospital.

ALEJANDRO

I don't follow you. I'm talking about --

(aggressive)

You were out of your gourd...you were seeing spiders on the wall...

He's too drunk to cover himself...he looks at Polly, then at Crockett, bleary-eyed and defensive. Polly stops playing, and watches him quietly.

CROCKETT

What are you so defensive about, man? I haven't said anything...yet.

Alejandro drains his glass and puts it down on the piano, where a little spills onto Polly, who gives him the fish-eye. Alejandro pulls himself together and walks away, over to Manolo, who's standing there with one of his thugs.

28 ANGLE MANOLO AND ALEJANDRO

28

An MOS chat, ending with an embrace. Follow Manolo as he and his thug come smiling over to Crockett and Polly.

(X)

MANOLO

(to Crockett)

You guys know each other?

(X)

Crockett nods politely at the thug, who grins back.

(X)

CONTINUED

CROCKETT
(to Manolo)
Alejandro 's your man.

MANOLO
What?!

CROCKETT
That broken shoulder of his -- it's
a phony. I saw him firing up a
stogey with both hands, back in
Miami.

MANOLO
After the explosion?

Crockett nods.

CROCKETT
Plus, he's sniffin' around so hard,
I gotta look where I park my butt.

A long pause as Manolo considers.

MANOLO
Alejandro...
(beat)
The man insists on forcing my
hand...
(to the thug)
Gino, you have a deal to attend to.
Get going. (X)

CROCKETT
Let me go with.

MANOLO
You better stay here, get some rest.

CROCKETT
I don't need rest -- I need fresh
air.

MANOLO
Relax. You got a big day coming up.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

29 INT. MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

29

Polly, in a silk nightgown, stands in the open doorway of her room. She's watching as Crockett comes out of his room, strapping on his gun, and then putting on a jacket. As he passes her:

POLLY
Well, good night.

CROCKETT
Good night.

He moves on, then turns back to look at her. We see her from behind as she nonchalantly lets the robe fall open, and Crockett's appreciative reaction. He moves slowly toward her, then reaches inside her robe as she leans in to kiss him.

POLLY
Yup -- everything's working, all right.

He moves her up against the door frame as her mouth opens for his. She breaks away, and starts to tug him into her room.

POLLY
(breathlessly)
Come inside.

Crockett kisses her, then reluctantly pulls away.

CROCKETT
Maybe later. I got some business first.

CUT TO

30 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

30

In the corner of a parking lot, over by some trees, Manolo's limo is angled in by a black Mercedes four door. One of Manolo's two thugs from the party stands by the limo, while the other one is bent inside the Mercedes, checking it out. Two business suits, each with a briefcase, stand quietly between the two cars.

MANOLO THUG #1
(straightening up)
It's cool.

CONTINUED

30. CONTINUED

30

BUSINESS SUIT #1

(smiling)

Maybe you'd like to check the trunk,
too -- or can we get on with
business?

It's late -- Manolo thug #2 can barely stifle a yawn.

MANOLO THUG #2

That's okay -- let's get going.

The four men open their briefcases -- Manolo's with the
dope, the business suits with the money.

31 ANGLE -- THE MERCEDES

31

The trunk inches open, and a gunman swings his leg out, and
crouches behind the big Mercedes.

32 THE MEN

32

Continue their deal. Then they freeze as

CROCKETT (O.S.)

Easy does it, bud.

Crockett pushes the gunman out into the open, a gun to his
back.

MANOLO THUG #2

Sonny -- how the hell did you --

CROCKETT

(grinning broadly)

Hey, I may have some short-circuits,
but I still know how to play this
game.

The gunman spins around and tries to get off a shot point-
blank, but Crockett zips him with the silencer-equipped. He
turns to the business suits.

CROCKETT

Evening, gents. You wanna hand it
over?

They hand over the cash to the thugs.

THUG #1

(to Crockett)

What do we do with them?

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED

32

CROCKETT

Who cares?

(beat)

Tell you what -- their buddy was
happy in the trunk, let 'em try it
on for size.

He forces the suits, at gunpoint, into the trunk, and slams
it. Off his grin,

CUT TO

33 INT. OCB - HALLWAY - NIGHT

33

Tubbs clears out his locker, putting his weapon and
handcuffs into a black gym bag. He closes the locker door
and starts off towards the bullpen.

34 INT. OCB - BULLPEN - NIGHT

34

Tubbs makes his way across the darkly lit room, stopping at
Crockett's desk, which is bare except for a cardboard
packing box. He touches the box for a moment, then walks on
into --

35 CASTILLO'S OFFICE

35

Tubbs sets down the gym bag and removes a folded piece of
paper from his jacket pocket. He is about to place the
note on Castillo's desk when --

CASTILLO (O.S.)

Where do you think you're going?

TUBBS

(looks up)

I've got vacation days coming; I'm
taking them. It's in the note.

CASTILLO

We've covered this. Homicide's
handling the ongoing.

TUBBS

In Miami.

CASTILLO

Lauderdale P.D.'s being brought up
to speed. It's out of our hands.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED

35

TUBBS
(a long look)
See ya, Lieutenant.

CASTILLO
Rico.

Tubbs stops at the doorway.

CASTILLO
You couldn't have stopped it.

TUBBS
No. But -- you know. There's no
body, Lieutenant. No trace of him.
No nothing.

CASTILLO
You've gotta close it out...and get
on with your job.

TUBBS
Exactly.
(beat)
That's exactly what I plan to do.

Castillo stares a little more -- he knows Tubbs is right --
then does an about-face and shuts his door behind him.
Tubbs takes a last look around the room before pushing
through the double doors -- leaving them swinging.

DISSOLVE TO

35A EXT. MANOLO'S POOL AREA - MORNING

35A

Polly comes out in that nightgown you don't need x-ray
specs to appreciate. Crockett, sliding the clip into a
.45, burns a look at her.

POLLY
Good morning.

CROCKETT
Same to you.

POLLY
(lightly)
Okay -- you're not a morning
person...now I know.

Breakfast has been laid out for them on a table by the
pool.

CONTINUED

35A CONTINUED

35A

POLLY

You're expected to show up on the practice range in the basement in an hour.

CROCKETT

Just like summer camp.

He gives the slide a quick rack or two, completely absorbed in the cold steel. Without glancing up at her:

CROCKETT

(continuing)

You always this efficient?

POLLY

Not always...sometimes I come all undone.

Crockett stands up abruptly. There's less than an inch of daylight between their lips as he murmurs into her mouth.

CROCKETT

I noticed.

She sways, almost going down. But he walks away, leaving her in a lather by herself.

CUT TO

(X)

36 EXT. MANSION - BALCONY OVERLOOKING THE POOL - DAY 36

Manolo and Gutierrez are on the balcony watching Crockett as he walks away. There are two briefcases next to Manolo.

37 ALEJANDRO 37

ALEJANDRO

Those two are spending a lot of time together.

CONTINUED