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MIAMI VICE

MIRROR IMAGE

"ALTER EGO"

Story by

Nelson Oramas
 &
 Dan Sackheim

Teleplay by

Robert Palm
 &
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Prod. #63526

MIAMI VICE

"ALTER EGO"

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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's?

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

28 CONTINUED

28

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

37 CONTINUED

37

(X)

MANOLO

That bother you?

(X)

ALEJANDRO

No...I just don't believe in mixing business and pleasure.

(X)

MANOLO

Seems Burnett's doing a good job of both.

(X)

(fixes him with a cold stare)

I'd be satisfied if you'd just start taking care of business.

ALEJANDRO

(carefully)

Yeah, sure, Miguel. No problem.

MANOLO

Good. I agreed to another three key deal with the Arzaminis...

ALEJANDRO

Three lousy keys...hey, wait a sec you set it up?

MANOLO

Yeah. That a problem?

ALEJANDRO

A unilateral decision is a problem, Miguel. Maybe I don't want to deal with the Arzaminis.

MANOLO

Maybe you don't want to deal, period.

ALEJANDRO

I didn't say that.

(beat)

Oh, man. What are we arguing about? Things are going well -- we can afford to share.

MANOLO

(smiling)

That's exactly right.

Opening the two briefcases from the night before, and sliding one over.

CONTINUED

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37 CONTINUED (2)

37

MANOLO
(continuing)
A windfall profit from Burnett.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED (3)

37

ALEJANDRO

Yeah. I heard about that. Pretty slick.

MANOLO

Very slick.

(beat)

Maybe you should bring him along to meet the Arzaminis.

ALEJANDRO

(taking the
briefcase)

Sure. Why not?

CUT TO

38 INT. FT. LAUDERDALE P.D. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

38

A few transients and hungover frat boys are being processed. At the back of the room is a glass paned --

39 DETECTIVE'S BRIEFING ROOM

39

where a group of street clothes detectives are seated around a conference room table -- littered with half empty coffee cups and overflowing ashtrays. They are being briefed by Rolando Jordan, a black detective sergeant.

JORDAN

Banner, Lazar, you two have the eyeball when he leaves the club. If he takes it on foot, we parallel with Fernandez and Rita. Keep it loose, the guy's hinky.

His attention is drawn to the window, where he catches a glimpse of --

40 TUBBS

40

who is grinning at him from across the squad room. Jordan shakes his head in an effort to clear it, then looks again. Then he grins back, flashes a kind of low-key black power salute, then turns back to his men.

JORDAN

(continuing)

Keep the radio chat to a minimum. Questions? All right, we'll reconvene here, at O-three-hundred.

41 THE SQUAD ROOM

41

Jordan crosses to Tubbs, who is leaning against a desk. They shake hands.

JORDAN

The beard threw me for a second, but then I had it.

Tubbs gives a little finger snap to Jordan's gold sergeant's badge.

TUBBS

Looks like we've both been through some changes...congratulations.

JORDAN

Thanks. Man, it's good to see you.

TUBBS

You, too.

There's an almost awkward silence -- old friends wondering whether they can click again after a long absence. Then:

JORDAN

Vacation time?

TUBBS

(nodding)

But I didn't come here to fish...well, actually --

(beat)

Is there someplace we can talk?

CUT TO

42 INT. A SMALL OFFICE - DAY

42

Jordan holds the door open as Tubbs enters a very small, cramped, yet private office. There's a nameplate on the desk -- Det. Sgt. Rolando Jordan, some framed certificates on the wall. Tubbs looks around, impressed.

TUBBS

Your own office...damn, man --

JORDAN

Be it ever so humble. Still...

Tubbs moves over to the window as a detective comes in with some files, which he's reading as he walks.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED

42

DETECTIVE

This is some weird stuff, Sarge --
(looking up,
seeing Tubbs)
Oh, sorry.

JORDAN

'S okay...
(taking the files)
Jimmy Yagovitch, Ricardo Tubbs.
Tubbs works Vice in Miami.

Yagovitch and Tubbs shake hands.

YAGOVITCH

Nice to meet you. Hope the visit's
more pleasure than business...

Tubbs forces a civil smile as --

TUBBS

Yeah...wish I could say it was...

He backs out under --

YAGOVITCH

Know the feeling...

Jordan waits for Tubbs to get around to it -- he's leaning
against a window sill looking out onto the street. Tubbs
takes a deep breath, doesn't turn as --

TUBBS

My partner in Miami got killed in
action.

JORDAN

(wincing)
I'm sorry, Rico.

TUBBS

He was onto a Colombian
player...the-guy had a beach head in
Miami, but I think his primary is
here.

(turning)

So yeah. I guess I am fishing.

JORDAN

Anything I can do...anything.

Tubbs shakes his depression.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED (2)

42

TUBBS

How 'bout we start with your file on
the guy...name's Manolo.
(seeing Jordan's
look)

What.

JORDAN

Not Miguel Manolo.

TUBBS

Yeah...why?

JORDAN

(sighing)
Manolo's got his fingers into
someone's pockets. Every time we try
to make a move, the Manolo
organization picks it up in their
news letter. We've already lost two
undercovers.

TUBBS

Then we'll take him together.

JORDAN

(shaking his head)
Internal Affairs' clamping down
tight on this one. Manolo's strictly
hands off until they plug the leak.

TUBBS

So? Just push me in the right
direction.

(seeing Jordan's
reluctance)

Come on, man.

JORDAN

I can't...it'd be my badge.

Tubbs realizes Jordan's mind is made up. He turns to the
door, then gives him a neutral, distant look.

TUBBS

(tight)
Like I said -- lot of things have
changed.

He shuts the door quietly behind him. Off Jordan's pained
look,

CUT TO

43 EXT. DOCKS - A PARKED LINCOLN TOWN CAR - NIGHT

43 (X)

Crockett and Alejandro are in the car. Alejandro checks his watch while Crockett sits in the passenger seat, quietly staring out the window.

ALEJANDRO

Been over thirty minutes. You sure we're at the right drop?

Crockett doesn't answer. Alejandro shoots him a look, goes on talking.

ALEJANDRO

(continuing)

The Arzaminis...I should've figured.

Alejandro picks up a car phone and dials.

ALEJANDRO

(continuing)

Couldn't find their butts with two hands.

(into phone, in Spanish)

Miguel, nada...no say, man.

(handing phone to Crockett)

He wants you.

Crockett takes the receiver, holds it for a beat before placing it to his ear. Crockett doesn't say a word, he just nods and then hangs up the phone. Alejandro watches him. After a long moment --

ALEJANDRO

(cool)

The deal didn't go down, because it didn't exist. Am I right?

(a beat, louder)

Burnett...

Alejandro reaches down with his left hand, where he surreptitiously searches for his gun. He tenses as Crockett reaches into his breast pocket, only to retrieve a stick of gum, while --

CROCKETT

Miguel knows you planted the bomb.

ALEJANDRO

That the little news item you've been saving for me?

Crockett doesn't answer.

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED

43

ALEJANDRO

(continuing)

Then correct me if I'm wrong --
Miguel wants me in the past tense.
That it?

Crockett shrugs, noncommittal.

ALEJANDRO

(cont.; sarcastic)

You're gonna make a good company
man, Mr. Tight-lips.

CROCKETT

Maybe...

ALEJANDRO

My opinion is you'd make a better
partner.

CROCKETT

I'm all ears.

ALEJANDRO

C'mon, I gotta do a song and dance
here? You're smart enough to know
you ought to be in on the principle
profits...

CROCKETT

I'm also smart enough to know I
don't need a partner to tell me
that.

Alejandro's left hand, still in the door pouch with the
gun, twitches slightly. We hear a slight click.
Crockett's right smoothly slides into his jacket.

ALEJANDRO

How 'bout you give it a chance to
settle, considering your head injury
and all...maybe your judgement's a
little cloudy.

CROCKETT

Maybe. But at least I know part of
my recall's fine.

ALEJANDRO

(nervous)

Why's that?

CROCKETT

'Cause I just remembered what a gun
being chambered sounds like.

(X)

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED (2)

43

Alejandro freezes. Crockett watches him with the chilling opaqueness of a killer. Both know the other's thoughts. Alejandro moves first, yanking the .38 from the door. Crockett's a split second faster. He blows him back against the door. Off Crockett, expressionless --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

44 EXT. MANOLO'S GARDEN - DAY

44

Manolo's on his hands and knees, tending the roses. Crockett stands a few feet away, silently watching. Throughout the following, Manolo speaks without directly addressing Crockett.

MANOLO

Your work has been excellent. You handled Gutierrez like a pro...I'd like to thank you for that.

CROCKETT

No thanks necessary. He would've done the same to me.

Manolo gestures to a stuffed envelope on the edge of the cage.

(X)
(X)

MANOLO

Still...

Crockett takes it, and flips through the cash inside.

MANOLO

(continuing)

If this performance streak continues, Mr. Burnett, I may be forced to make you extremely comfortable here...

CROCKETT

(re: cash)

At least you're twisting in the right direction.

Off Manolo, smiling, pruning his roses --

CUT TO

45 INT. JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY

45

Jordan's at his desk, reading a file. Yagovitch stands, waiting for Jordan to finish.

JORDAN

When did this come in?

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED

45

YAGOVITCH

Maybe an hour ago. Homicide's handling it.

(beat)

You want us to move on it?

JORDAN

No.

YAGOVITCH

(hesitant)

There a reason for that?

JORDAN

(surprised but off-handed)

There's a reason for everything, Yag, you know that.

YAGOVITCH

Yeah...I guess...

CUT TO

45A EXT. MOTEL - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

45A (X)

46 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

46

It's a mid-priced, mid-Fifties nautical-themed motel room. Tubbs is staring through the blinds into the street when the phone rings.

TUBBS

(answering)

Yes?

47 INT. JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY - INTERCUT

47

Jordan's got the report in front of him.

JORDAN

It's me. How're you making out?

TUBBS

I've had better weeks...

JORDAN

I might have something of interest - I don't know. It just came in.

TUBBS

Shoot.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED

47

JORDAN
Homicide just had a body wash
ashore...one Alejandro Gutierrez.

TUBBS
(surprised)
Up here in Lauderdale?

JORDAN
That's why I figured it was strange
-- I thought you said he went down
on the same boat as your partner...

TUBBS
(still sensitive)
Yeah...he did.

JORDAN
Well, autopsy says differently.
Nothing in here about explosion or
drowning...

TUBBS
What?

JORDAN
Gunshot to the head -- and within
the last thirty-six hours.

TUBBS
You sure about this?

JORDAN
Right in front of me.

A beat.

TUBBS
I gotta make contact with Manolo.

Jordan's quiet.

TUBBS
(continuing)
It's the only way we've got into
this thing Ro. You know that.

JORDAN
It's gotta be on your own...IAD'll
have my badge otherwise.

TUBBS
Just point. I'll find my way.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED (2)

47

JORDAN

He runs a trendy dockside gallery,
called Feature. He launders a lot
of money through it. Just be
careful.

(X)

CUT TO

47A EXT. FEATURE GALLERY - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

47A (X)

48 INT. FEATURE GALLERY - DAY

48

Tubbs walks through the gallery, which is elegantly minimal
and hung with large expressionist thrashings. Polly --
wearing a Chanel blazer over a white tee shirt and jeans --
stands with arms serenely folded, watching.

POLLY

Well?

TUBBS

Well what.

POLLY

What do you think?

TUBBS

Not bad. Maybe a little overwrought
for my taste.

POLLY

(smiling)

What is your taste, Mr. -- ?

TUBBS

Cooper.

(beat)

I'm more of a Realist I guess.

(X)

POLLY

Well I'm sorry we don't have
anything that runs to your taste Mr.
Cooper.

TUBBS

Yes, I was wondering if maybe that
situation couldn't be remedied.
Perhaps a meet with Mr. Manolo...

She watches him for a while with her unblinking cat's face.
Then:

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48 CONTINUED

48

POLLY
Mr. Manolo does not make himself
available for amateur investors.

CUT TO

49 INT. GALLERY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 49

Miguel Manolo at his desk, watching a closed circuit TV screen, with audio.

50 THE TV SCREEN 50

Tubbs takes out a business card and a pen.

TUBBS
(scribbling)
Here's the number of my motel.
(handing it to
her)
Tell Mr. Manolo I'm far from
amateur, and I'm only in town for a
couple of days...

POLLY
(noncommittal)
Well, we'll see.

Off Manolo, toying with a small sculpture on his desk.

CUT TO

51 INT. ROLANDO JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY 51

Tubbs leans across Jordan's desk.

TUBBS
Because when he calls, I need
something more than my maxed-out
plastic. (X)

JORDAN
If he calls.

TUBBS
He'll call.

JORDAN
Tubbs, you're a free agent here. I
can't just requisition front money
for you without a --

TUBBS
You need a reason? He killed a cop.
Okay, it was in Miami, but that
makes it every cop's problem.

JORDAN
I know. But our budget isn't like
yours...ten grand buys us a lot of
street action.

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED

51

TUBBS

Get it for me, Ro, and I promise you
-- it'll open the door to smething
much bigger.

Jordan stares at him a long moment. Then he opens a drawer
a takes out a pad, rips off a page, and puts it in his
typewriter. Tubbs smiles triumphantly, and heads for the
door.

TUBBS

Thanks again.

JORDAN

(typing)

You're forgetting something.

TUBBS

(turning back)

Oh, I'll be back for the cash, don't
worry.

JORDAN

I mean backup.

TUBBS

Unh uh.

JORDAN

What "unh uh" -- you want help, take
the help.

TUBBS

(obstinately)

I can handle it.

Jordan assesses his old friend, shakes his head, then
smiles slightly.

JORDAN

One favor then -- or you can forget
the money.

TUBBS

What's that?

Jordan picks up the phone, punches in an extension.

JORDAN

I want you carryin' pounds...

(X)

TUBBS

C'mon Ro...

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED (2)

51

JORDAN

(over)

Hey, try to remember you're a cop,
not some revenge-bent gun slinger.
You want the money, that's the
deal...

Off Tubbs' amused shake of the head --

CUT TO

52 EXT. MANOLO'S TERRACE - DAY

52

Manolo's expression is grave. His words are measured as he
speaks to a yet unseen companion.

MANOLO

Why didn't you come to me with this
earlier?

Camera pulls to reveal Yagovitch, who remains somewhat in
the shadows. Manolo occasionally watches Crockett, who is
some distance away, at the far end of the grounds.

(X)
(X)

YAGOVITCH

It just happened. Besides, there's
been a sudden lack of movement on
anything related to your file as of
late.

MANOLO

(curious)
Specific orders?

YAGOVITCH

Direct from Jordan -- he doesn't
want any movement on you at all.

MANOLO

So why does this Cooper --

YAGOVITCH

Tubbs...Cooper's his cover...

MANOLO

Why is he afforded special
treatment?

YAGOVITCH

The guy's from Miami. They're old
buddies from the Academy.

MANOLO

And his interest in me?

Yagovitch leans in.

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED

52

YAGOVITCH

That's the thing -- he's lookin' to
avenge his partner's death. The guy
supposedly bought it undercover on a
boat...

(pointedly)
...in an explosion...

Manolo is quiet for a beat. He watches Crockett in the
distance.

(X)
(X)

MANOLO

What was this cop's name?

YAGOVITCH

Crockett...Sonny, Crockett...

Manolo closes his eyes. Yagovitch waits.

MANOLO

This man has gotten very close to
me. If he is undercover, he is in a
position to inflict great damage.

YAGOVITCH

If he's undercover, he's out of his
mind -- the guy has killed for you.

MANOLO

Which is exactly what's so
intriguing. Perhaps this Amnesic
trauma is not a cover, but instead
real...

YAGOVITCH

I don't know -- how the hell can you
tell now?

A pause as he studies Crockett.

(X)

MANOLO

I'm going to send him to hit his
partner...

Off which --

CUT TO

53 INT. TUBBS' MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

53

Tubbs on the phone.

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED

53

TUBBS

I realize ten thousand's not a great deal to you, Mr. Manolo...

INTERCUT

54 INT. MANOLO'S LIMO

54

Manolo on the car phone.

MANOLO

No, I understand -- it's good faith money. Please don't worry about the amount.

(beat)

Oh, and Mr. Cooper -- go to the back door of the gallery, if you don't mind...after hours, and all that.

TUBBS

Not at all.

Tubbs hangs up, then re-dials.

TUBBS

Yeah, it's me...tonight's the night.

55 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERCUT

55

Jordan on the phone.

JORDAN

I'm surprised he went for it.

TUBBS

Why, you think I'm new at this?

JORDAN

Manolo's as ruthless as I've ever seen, Rico. I wish you'd reconsider the back-up offer --

TUBBS

I got it covered, Ro.

(beat)

Check you later.

CUT TO

56 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

56

The alley is dark, and strewn with cardboard boxes. Over the loading dock is a red light and the words "Feature Gallery." In a pool of red light, Tubbs raps twice on the door. He waits, then raps again -- nothing.

TUBBS
(checking watch)
Dammit.

He crosses back into the shadows and waits. Footsteps are heard down the alley. Tubbs checks his weapon.

57 ANGLE - CROCKETT

57

Stalking quietly down the alley, gun at his side.

58 ANGLE - TUBBS

58

He steps gingerly out of the shadows. Crockett flattens himself against a wall.

59 CROCKETT'S POINT OF VIEW

59

Tubbs in the shadows.

60 RESUME SCENE

60

Crockett whistles softly.

CROCKETT
Cooper?

Tubbs steps out. He sees Crockett, and registers shock.

TUBBS
Holy --

As he starts joyously toward Crockett, his arms raised out wide. Crockett draws down and fires. Tubbs takes a couple of hits -- zip, zip, with the silencer -- and goes flying back against some boxes. Crockett watches him for a second -- he sees the body crumpled among the boxes, then puts away his gun and turns out of the alley.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

61 INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

61

Tubbs is seated on an examination table as an intern finishes taping a large pressure bandage to the area just below his rib cage.

INTERN #3

That's about it. Take a couple of aspirin, and don't bother calling in the morning...I'm playing golf.

TUBBS

Thanks, Doc.

The intern picks up a bullet-proof vest, somewhat the worse for wear, and hands it to Tubbs.

INTERN #3

It's probably got a few more miles on it, but if I were you...

JORDAN

Don't waste your breath -- he's hard-headed and thick-skinned. I had to hold a gun to his head just to get him to wear the thing.

Tubbs hops down painfully. Jordan helps him into his jacket, and they head for the door.

JORDAN

You're sure about this.

TUBBS

(heated)

I told you --

JORDAN

You also told me it was dark.

TUBBS

Not that dark. I know what I saw. Dammit! He's here.

62 EXT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

62

They come out the front, and Jordan opens the passenger door of a plainclothes sedan.

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED

62

JORDAN

You're gonna call Castillo, I presume.

TUBBS

(facetious)

Yeah, right..."Hey, Lieutenant, guess what -- Crockett's alive and well and using his old partner for target practice."

(X)

JORDAN

Okay. You're calling the shots now...but do me a favor, will you?

TUBBS

What's that?

JORDAN

No more heroics tonight, okay?

CUT TO

63 EXT. BEACH - DAY

63

Tubbs's Cadillac is parked on the beach with a coffin leaning on it. There is a large hole in the sand. Then Crockett appears, dressed all in white, and begins to approach. We see all the other members of OCB dressed in black. The coffin is now in the ground.

CUT TO

64 INT. POLLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

64

Crockett wakes up with a start. Polly rolls over and murmurs to him.

POLLY

You okay?

After a beat, Crockett breaks from her and swings his legs over the edge of the bed, where he sits.

CROCKETT

Yeah. Forget it.

Crockett lifts himself up and walks into the bathroom. He flips on the light and runs the tap. He splashes his face and looks into the mirror. Tentatively, he places his fingertips against the glass.

CUT TO

65 INT. PRECINCT - MORNING

65

In his own little cubby hole office, Jimmy Yagovitch reads the morning paper, his feet up on his desk. As he throws down the sports section, he glances through the glass partition.

66 HIS POINT OF VIEW

66

Rolando Jordan pours a cup of coffee for the bandaged-up Tubbs.

CUT TO

67 INT. JORDAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

67

Tubbs settles himself painfully into a chair and blows on his coffee.

JORDAN

Rico -- he's your partner. It doesn't add up.

TUBBS

I know it doesn't.
(pointed)

But the fact remains that somebody in here fingered me for a cop...

JORDAN

(frustrated)

I've tried, man.

(lower)

IAD won't budge. I don't even know if they've got an idea of who it might be.

Tubbs drinks his coffee in silence. Then he exhales wearily.

TUBBS

I didn't want to have to tap him, but...

He picks up the phone, punches in a number.

(X)

CONTINUED

67 CONTINUED

67

TUBBS
(into phone)
Lieutenant? It's me.

(beat)
You have any pull with local IAD up
here?

(beat)
I need a favor...

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

CUT TO

67A OMITTED

67A (X)

68 YAGOVITCH'S DESK - DAY

68

Yagovitch is watching Tubbs on the phone. Although he can't hear him, it makes him nervous. Picking up his own phone, he dials.

(X)

YAGOVITCH

Hello?

(looking around
furtively)

Let me speak to him.

INTERCUT

69 EXT. MANOLO'S TERRACE - DAY

69

Manolo is breakfasting with the morning papers. Polly sits across from him -- perusing the Journal. A goon approaches with a cordless phone.

MANOLO

(into phone)

Yes?

70 INT. PRECINCT - INTERCUT

70

Yagovitch at his desk, on the phone.

YAGOVITCH

Unless you think he's a bad shot,
the results are in on your boy.

MANOLO

Yes?

YAGOVITCH

Target's right here, big as life.

After a pause --

MANOLO

The vice cop's alive?

Slight interest from Polly.

YAGOVITCH

You got it.

MANOLO

So Burnett's undercover. The
amnesia's an act...

CUT TO

70 CONTINUED

70

Which is enough to warrant Polly's full attention. She puts down her paper.

YAGOVITCH

It's unbelievable...how many lines that guy must've stepped over.

MANOLO

Much farther than you would ever go am I right Jimmy?

YAGOVITCH

That's right.

MANOLO

Until now.

Polly picks back up her paper with --

POLLY

Shame...

YAGOVITCH

Wait a sec... I don't have --

MANOLO

You don't have much choice, Jimbo. They're this close to me, then they're that close to you.

YAGOVITCH

(resigned)

Yeah...

A click -- Yagovitch stares at the dead phone, then places it gently on its cradle. He looks through the glass, where Jordan and Tubbs are still talking.

CUT TO

71 INT. MANOLO'S DEN - DAY

71

Miguel's at his desk when the butler ushers Crockett in. Crockett looks bored and restless.

MANOLO

Sit down, Burnett.

Crockett keeps pacing.

MANOLO

(continuing)

Please -- sit...relax.

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED

71

CROCKETT

I don't want to relax -- I ain't getting paid by the hour, you know.

MANOLO

That's why I called you in. I just got a line on a freelancer with a hundred grand burning a hole in his pocket.

CROCKETT

And no one to relieve of him of his cash...

MANOLO

The deal's set for the Gallery dock. Jimmy Yagovitch'll run interference for you.

CROCKETT

I don't need --

MANOLO

(over)

He knows the man, he knows the place.

(smiling)

Once he sets you up with the guy, you're in charge.

(beat)

You follow me?

CROCKETT

Yeah....maybe I should take the boat.

MANOLO

That's an idea.

(smiling)

Outside the marina, it's a whole big ocean.

CUT TO

#63526

49
(X)

3/9/88

72
thru
72A

OMITTED

72
thru
72A

73 EXT. GALLERY DOCK - DAY

73

Crockett sits behind the wheel of a speedboat. His hands rest on the steering wheel. His mind is focussed on the middle distance -- he sits there as if recollecting, using the steering wheel as a guide. Then he reaches under the control panel, blind-checks something, and -- satisfied -- climbs out of the boat onto the dock.

CUT TO

74 INT. JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY

74

Jordan's phone rings. He answers, hands it to Tubbs.

TUBBS

This is Tubbs.

INTERCUT

74A INT. CASTILLO'S OFFICE - DAY

74A

CASTILLO

IAD has a cop possibly fingered.

TUBBS

Yeah...

CASTILLO

A detective. James Yagovitch.

Tubbs cups the phone.

TUBBS

(to Jordan;
adrenalized)

It's Yagovitch...

Jordan shoots a shocked look towards Yagovitch's empty drink. He's already halfway out of his chair with --

JORDAN

He's gotta know about your partner.
We'll take the gallery - I'll have a
couple of cars sent to the house...

CUT TO

75 EXT. GALLERY DOCK - DAY

75

Yagovitch watches while Crockett fires up the speedboat, then climbs out and tends to the lines. When Crockett's back is turned to him, Yagovitch pulls his jacket aside and clicks the safety off his .38. (X)

YAGOVITCH

You know how to drive this freakin'
thing?

CONTINUED

75 CONTINUED

75

CROCKETT

Sure.

(turning)

You know how to navigate?

YAGOVITCH

Sure.

CROCKETT

Why don't you just tell me where
we're going -- it'd save a lot of
agro later on.

YAGOVITCH

What are you talking about?

CROCKETT

(bored)

Every time I go for a spin with one
of Manolo's pals, they get trigger
spasms.

(X)
(X)

Yagovitch starts to make a slow move for his holster.

YAGOVITCH

I don't blame you. I'm gettin'
kinda sick of Manolo's crapola
myself.

(beat)

So maybe we could deal together.

CROCKETT

Thanks, but no thanks. I don't deal
with dirty cops.

YAGOVITCH

(bitter laugh)

Look who's talking.

CROCKETT

What?

Yagovitch pulls his .38 and waves Crockett into the boat.
Crockett hesitates, then gets into the boat.

YAGOVITCH

You're good, Crockett. But you're
not that good. Start 'em up.

CROCKETT

The name's Burnett, pud face.

CONTINUED

75 CONTINUED (2)

75

YAGOVITCH

Yeah. Whatever...
(cocking gun)
Fire 'em up.

Crockett starts the engines.

CUT TO

76 EXT. GALLERY

76

Jordan's sedan pulls to a stop. Tubbs hops out, and starts to run. Jordan follows him. They see Yagovitch's car.

TUBBS

(yelling)
Sonny! Sonny!

77 THE BOAT

77

Yagovitch casts off and starts to leap into the boat as --

78 CROCKETT

78

reaches under and comes up with a shotgun.

78A OMITTED

78A (X)

79 TUBBS' POINT OF VIEW

79

Crockett coming up with a gun, rolling over, and blasting Yagovitch in mid-leap into the water. Crockett stands up, takes the wheel, and spins the boat into the channel as --

80 RESUME SCENE

80

Jordan runs out of the gallery after Tubbs who yells out in despair...

TUBBS

Sonnnnnneeeeeeeeeeeeeee.....