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MIAMI VICE

(pilot)

Written

by

Anthony Yerkovich

#83504

MIAMI VICE

CAST

SONNY CROCKETT  
RICARDO TUBBS  
SCOTT WHEELER  
LOU RODRIGUEZ  
CALDERONE  
LEON GUITTEREZ  
TRINI DE SOTO  
SWITEK  
ZITO  
GINA CALBRESE  
TRUDY JOPLIN  
CAROLINE CROCKETT  
BILLY CROCKETT  
JUDGE SUMNER D. RUPP  
EDDIE RIVERA  
MARIA RIVERA  
CORKY FOWLER  
DONNA WHEELER  
WHEELER KIDS (2)  
MECHANIC (IN DINER)  
BARTENDER -  
STRIP JOINT  
ROY

BAILIFF  
LEON'S APARTMENT  
MANAGER  
A.D.A. GORDON AVERY  
PRECINCT DESK  
OFFICER  
JAIL DESK  
OFFICER  
JAILER  
WAITER  
CAPTAIN  
PUBLIC DEFENDER  
NURSE  
FIRST PUNK  
SECOND PUNK  
FOOTBALL ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

NON SPEAKING

RAFAEL TUBBS  
BREAK DANCER  
STRIP DANCER  
ROLLERSKATER  
ELVIS THE  
ALLIGATOR  
THIRD PUNK  
JAI ALAI PLAYER

MIAMI VICE

SETS

INTERIORS:

AFTER-HOURS NIGHT CLUB -  
REAR HALLWAY  
VARIOUS CARS, ND  
SEDANS  
DINER  
STRIP JOINT  
COP BAR  
CROCKETT LIVING ROOM  
MOTEL ROOM  
ST. VITUS DANCE CABIN  
DADE COUNTY MUNICIPAL  
COURT  
N.E. MIAMI METRO  
STATION  
JAI ALAI ARENA  
LEON'S APARTMENT  
PRECINCT SQUAD ROOM  
CORRIDOR  
LADIES ROOM  
ROLL CALL ROOM  
RODRIGUEZ'S OFFICE  
FAT SAL'S  
KEY BISCAYNE CLUB  
SERVICE STATION  
PHONE BOOTH  
COUNTY HOSPITAL CORRIDOR  
COUNTY JAIL CORRIDOR

EXTERIORS:

NEW YORK CITY  
STREETS  
BROOKLYN SALVAGE YARD  
ATLANTIC AVENUE  
BROOKLYN BRIDGE  
THE BRONX  
AFTER-HOUR NIGHT CLUB  
MIAMI BEACH  
(AERIAL/MONTAGE)  
COCONUT GROVE  
SIDEWALK CAFE  
MIAMI RIVER - VARIOUS  
LITTLE HAVANA ALLEY  
ESPANOLA - CUBAN  
BBQ STAND  
INDIAN CREEK  
RAILROAD TRESTLE  
HARBOR AREA  
PARKING LOT  
INLAND WATERWAY  
BAL HARBOR YACHT  
BASIN  
ST. VITUS DANCE -  
DECK  
DADE COUNTY MUNICIPAL  
COURT  
LEON'S APARTMENT  
MIAMI STREETS -  
BISCAYNE BLVD.  
VENETIAN CAUSEWAY  
RICKENBACKER CAUSEWAY  
WHEELER SUBURBAN HOME  
OPA LOCKA AIRPORT

MIAMI VICE

FADE IN

- 1 EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - NIGHT 1  
The Jackson Heights section of Queens. Bogota North. Three in the morning. Abandoned tenements and shattered street lamps, a foot of slush in the curbs and a vicious subzero wind jamming in from Plattsburgh, skidding over the deserted, garbage-strewn bricks and freezing the cajones off ---
- 2 TWO PUERTO RICAN JUNKIES 2  
warming themselves with a San Juan clambake in the leeward mouth of an adjacent alley: mitts extended over a small trash can fire, mumbling Latin jive, then glancing warily up at --- (X)
- 3 THREE LATIN GANG KIDS 3  
Army jackets, porkpie lids and felony flyers, prowling past the alley. Writing off the junkies as under-limit fish, they continue down the sidewalk, owning it, until, with a jab of his elbow, the apparent leader directs the attention of the others to --- (X)
- 4 A LATE MODEL SEDAN 4  
parked one hundred feet ahead, lights out, behind the wheel of which is seated a man, back to camera, whereupon ---
- 5 THE GANG KIDS 5  
crack a grin of anticipation and move in on the sedan. His eyes trained across the street, the driver ignores their arrival whereupon the First Punk bangs heavily on his window. (X)

FIRST PUNK

Yo! Brother!

No reply, the driver denying them even so much as a glance whereupon the First Punk pounds again on the window, harder. A moment passes before the driver rolls down the window and, with a bored gesture, turns to face the trio, revealing for the first time the utterly composed features of ---

6

RICARDO TUBBS

6

A slim, good-looking black street veteran in his midtwenties, (X)  
with a good eight yards worth of Gianni Versace gracing his  
welterweight frame and a somewhat pissed expression. Under  
which ---

FIRST PUNK

(smiles,  
to Tubbs)

Got a couple twenties I can hold,  
brother?

(spits on  
rear window,  
rubbing it in)

...for the wash and wax.

(X)

Tubbs just eyes them for a moment, utterly unconcerned,  
then ---

TUBBS

(flat, low)

Beat it.

FIRST PUNK

(steps back,  
laughs, to  
others)

Dude think he be Michael Jackson or  
somethin'....

Whereupon he suddenly wheels, flashing a six-inch blade  
and ---

FIRST PUNK

(vicious,  
to Tubbs)

I'm gonna cut you good, sucker...!

Then breaks off in midstride as the business end of a  
monstrous sawed-off double-barrel twelve gauge peeks  
nonchalantly up from Tubbs' lap to rest on the window sill  
six inches from the leader's lung cavity, under which ---

TUBBS

(a look)

Can it wait? I'm kinda busy right  
now.

Having turned about eight shades of pale, the Punks manage  
a somewhat panic-choked laugh ---

FIRST PUNK

(backing away,  
stricken)

Absolutely, absolutely.

SECOND PUNK

(backing away,  
a frozen grin)

Nice rappin' with you, my  
man....

(X)

-- then quickly turn heel, disappearing at a fast walk  
around the far street corner, leaving ---

7

INT. SEDAN - TUBBS

7

alone. He lowers the shotgun back to his lap, rolls up the window then, rubbing his tired eyes and pouring a cup of lukewarm dregs from a coffee Thermos, settles back to resume what has been an interminable stakeout of ---

8

TUBBS' POINT OF VIEW - TENEMENT

8

across and up the street, outside the front door of which is parked a pitch-black AMG Mercedes, a driver waiting behind the wheel. No action. Nada.

(X)

9

RESUME - CLOSE ON TUBBS

9

Eyes keyed. His intensity tempered with the patience of a pro. A seemingly endless, silent moment passes, affording us a thorough character study, under which the camera closes resolutely in on the man's eyes, his inner vision drifting inexorably away from the present to the irrepres- sible recurring nightmare of ---

SUDDEN DISSOLVE TO

10

EXT. BROOKLYN WATERFRONT - NIGHT - MONTAGE

10  
(X)

comprising a series of rapid-fire quick, subjective visual flashes of:

An attractive black man in his midthirties, with a white partner, opening up a suitcase on the hood of an ND sedan and revealing piles of currency.

(X)

A black AMG Mercedes, in the rear half-lowered window of which an elegant, middle-aged Latin man nods.

Two bulky Colombians, one of which hefts a suitcase onto the sedan hood opposite the black man.

The Mercedes, casually pulling away.

The Colombians' suitcase springing suddenly open.

Tubbs, watching from nearby cover with several men and an assault rifle.

(X)

Two Uzi submachine guns coming out of Colombians' suitcase. Hands. Eyes. Triggers.

The face of the black man.

(X)

CONTINUED

10

CONTINUED

10

The face of Tubbs as he darts out from his cover, mouth opening in a silent scream.

A horrific explosion of fire and lead from the Uzis.

The black man being ripped apart by a hail of bullets. (X)

Tubbs running toward the carnage. Helpless. Screaming.

The black Mercedes.

The Latin man nodding.

Tubbs cradling the lifeless bullet-ridden body of the black man. A state of shock. (X)

Whereupon, off the sound of a door opening ---

CUT TO

11

INT. SEDAN - TUBBS

11

pulled mercifully back to the present by the sight of ---

12

A MAN

12

middle-aged, Latin, elegant, emerging from the front door with a midsized Halliburton in hand, and two South American killers in tow. Calderone is his name, the backseat executioner of Tubbs' nightmarish recollection. Silver hair, dead eyes and welcome in all the best restaurants from La Paz to Lyons. They move for the black Mercedes, Calderone favoring the rear curbside door as ---

13  
and  
14

OMITTED

13  
and  
14

15

TUBBS

15

slides the twelve gauge under the seat, watches the black Mercedes pull away, in b.g., then allowing a discreet moment to pass, follows. We hold on the vacancy created by Tubbs' departure for one second before it is abruptly, and violently, filled by the high-altitude crash landing of a forty-pound garbage can. Tilting up we catch one glimpse of our gang trio finger-saluting Tubbs good-bye from the roof of a four-story tenement. Big deal. Call the mayor. Next.

CUT TO

- 16 EXT. ATLANTIC AVENUE - NIGHT - THE MERCEDES 16  
making all the greens. Cruising.
- 17 INT. SEDAN - TUBBS AT THE WHEEL 17  
Expressionless. Eyes keyed on the Mercedes seen one half  
block ahead through the windshield.
- CUT TO
- 18 EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT - MANHATTAN 18  
Circus of the stars, glittering like a sea of broken glass  
in b.g. Presently the Mercedes passes, gliding confidently  
across the deserted span. Then four beats back: Tubbs.
- CUT TO
- 19 EXT. THE BRONX - NIGHT 19  
A dark street in the DMZ. Shooting across at an ND 19th  
Century warehouse turned after-hours club, outside of which  
the parking valet is freezing his cubes. A black stretch  
pulls up to disgorge a pack of dissolute slumming Iranians  
who quickly Gucci for the bomb-proof front door which in  
opening, unleashes a quadrophonic blast of Malcolm McLaren  
onto the street, shattering the 4 AM silence. Seconds  
later the Mercedes pulls up and Calderone emerges with his  
two bodyguards.
- 20 INT. SEDAN - TUBBS 20  
parked fifty yards down the street. Watching, as the  
Mercedes pulls away and Calderone, seen in b.g. through  
the windshield, enters the club, bodyguards in tow. Satis-  
fied with the arrangement, Tubbs kills the engine, then (X)  
steps out into the street.
- SMASH CUT TO
- 21 INT. AFTER-HOURS CLUB - NIGHT 21  
Hitting us flush with a sudden, adrenaline rush of over-  
priced perfume, high-tech decor, prewar Berlin decadence  
and a solid, explosive wall of Moroderesque synthesizer  
music. Our arrival from the quiet desolation of the  
street outside is about as subtle a transition as a bag  
lady paratrooping into Le Cirque. Under which the camera  
pans ---



22

## THE SCENE

22

Several mil worth of crystal, Italian marble and monolithic pulsating speakers. And, at tables and on the dance floor, a chattering, clinking sea of nouvelle hip bag men, free-based demi-mondes, pederastic designer jean magnates, assorted madonna-manned Saudis and, finally ---

22-A

## TUBBS

22-A

standing at the far end of the bar towards the rear of the club with a snifter of Martel, casually surveying the wall-to-wall action, his awareness peripherally keyed to a white-jacketed black waiter at the nearby service area, loading up a tray with a magnum of Cristal, six flutes and several mixed drinks. Departing the bar, the waiter passes Tubbs, who detains him just long enough for a discreet whisper. The waiter hesitates one moment then, with a curt nod, accepts Tubbs' proffered C-note and continues through the mass of thrill-mongers towards ---

(X)

22-B

## CALDERONE

22-B

seated at a choice and socially respectable table beside the dance floor with two middle-aged entrepreneurs and three hopelessly jaded Eileen Ford proteges. Smiles and Rive Gauche kisses. Tres upscale. The bodyguards stand unobtrusively several yards away. Mere seconds later the waiter cruises by to unload the Cristal and, in doing so, manages to spill both mixed drinks directly into the lap of Calderone who jumps up in continental disgust. A flurry of semiamusing activity follows in which Calderone, with a few choice Spanish epithets curses out the desperately apologetic waiter, who dabs frantically with several napkins at Calderone's suit until he is roughly pulled away by the hovering bodyguards and dismissed with a sharp slap to the cheek. As the waiter departs, Calderone excuses himself from his party with an attempt at an aristocratic shrug then, leaving his guard dogs behind, moves through the crowd towards a rear corridor marked "Restrooms" and "Fire Exit," passing in transit ---

(X)

22-C

## TUBBS

22-C

hunched over the bar, surreptitiously watching Calderone in b.g., as he enters the rear corridor then disappears into the men's room. Waiting a cautious moment, he casts a glance towards the table-bound bodyguards then, tossing back his drink, moves in on ---

22-D INT. REAR CORRIDOR - TUBBS 22-D

as he enters the dimly lit hallway and stops outside the men's room door. Unbuttoning his jacket, he extracts from his waistband a .38 S&W, surreptitiously checks the cylinder and holding the piece out of sight is just about to enter the men's room when a hand the size of a waffle iron appears on his shoulder and ---

A VOICE  
(Spanish accent) (X)  
Hold it a second, man.

-- Tubbs wheels around just in time to catch ---

22-E THE FIRST BODYGUARD 22-E

flush in the face with the butt of the .38. Reeling against the corridor wall with a low grunt, the bodyguard rebounds back at Tubbs whereupon the two grapple in the tight confines of the corridor for several vicious mauling moments before ---

22-F CALDERONE 22-F

alerted by the commotion, appears suddenly from the men's room door, ten feet in b.g. and, seeing his bodyguard locked in combat with the barely visible figure of Tubbs, moves quickly for the fire exit as ---

22-G THE SECOND BODYGUARD 22-G

moves in from the club proper and drawing an H&K automatic, hesitates one moment for a clear shot at ---

22-H TUBBS 22-H

who suddenly muscles the first bodyguard around just as the automatic discharges, hitting the man square in the back and sending him in a crumpled heap to the floor whereupon Tubbs returns fire at ---

22-J THE SECOND BODYGUARD 22-J

who drops his gun with a scream as a .38 slug tears into his right shoulder, then drops to the ground as a second fractures his left femur. Panicked screams erupt from the O.S. club proper whereupon ---

22-K TUBBS 22-K

wheels around to see the rear exit door just settling to a close then, moving quickly in pursuit ---

22-L EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT - TUBBS 22-L

explodes out of the rear door of the club and sprints to the mouth of the dimly lit alley to confront ---

22-M TUBBS' POINT OF VIEW - THE STREET 22-M

empty. Silent. No sign of Calderone. Devoid of activity save for an ownerless ghetto cur pawing through a toppled trash can, the sound of a far -- distant siren riding the frigid river wind and ---

22-N TUBBS 22-N

Moving tentatively in one direction down the street, he stops, turns then takes a step in the opposite direction. Then stops altogether, utterly at a loss. The camera moves slowly on his face as gazes in frustration and hate at the 5 AM inner-city desolation then, as a fast-passing gypsy cab suddenly obliterates our vision of him with an arcing pothole full of icy gray New York slush ---

SMASH CUT TO

23 thru 42 OMITTED 23 thru 42

43 MIAMI BEACH - DAY - AERIAL SHOT 43

hitting the screen hard with a perspective approximating that of a Baby Huey on a ninety mph off-radar chopper assault of the Big Orange. Skimming over the white water, low, fast, parelleling a good ten billion worth of ocean front real estate. Ninety-two degrees and not a cloud in sight. A kick-ass blast of music and ---

CUT TO

44 MIAMI BEACH MONTAGE 44

Palm trees. Sunshine. Bikinis. Speedboats. Collins Avenue cruisers. Ferraris and fast-food stands. Blue hairs and beach boys. Cubans and convertibles. Dollars. Dope. The Gold Coast. Over which ---

MAIN TITLES

FADE OUT

FADE IN

45 EXT. COCONUT GROVE SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY - TIGHT ON SONNY CROCKETT 45

a sandy-haired, blue-eyed male of wide receiver dimensions, semidozing at a curbside patio table as a waitress clears the table. Dressed in a Basile linen suit, polo shirt, combat Vuarnets, and Milanese leather mocs, Crockett looks a cross between Lance Allworth in his prime and an upwardly mobile pot smuggler. At the moment he is feeling every minute of his thirty-four years as he lowers his shades and pries open a lid to cast a migrained glance at ---

46 A BREAK DANCER 46

Black, neoprene-spined, and all of fourteen, on a nearby corner. Spinning, popping and rocking in the dog day triple-figure afternoon heat to the high-decibled shrieks of "Prince" on a monstrous ghetto blaster. His audience is composed primarily of local Grove trendies, some of whom toss loose change into his upturned hat, and ---

47 CROCKETT 47

who turns in manifest pain....

CROCKETT

Five thousand street corners in greater Miami and Gumby here's gotta pick ours.

...to an amiable, mild-mannered Hispanic in his late twenties by the name of ---

48 EDDIE RIVERA 48

seated across the table from Crockett casually sipping an iced coffee, wearing a Hawaiian shirt, designer jeans and three pounds of neck gold as the waitress leaves and Crockett, removing his glasses, resumes their conversation with ---

CROCKETT

(to Rivera)

So you lost your temper, right?  
Worked the jowls a bit, did the  
hot-blooded Latin machismo number  
and stomped out of the house.

CONTINUED

48

CONTINUED

RIVERA

(nods)

Something like that.

(off Crockett's  
look)She's due in five months, Sonny. I  
don't want her working in some  
greasy spoon.

CROCKETT

(shrugs)

Maria knows how tough it is raising  
a family on the kind of bread we  
make, Eddie. Hell, a baby carriage  
alone'll put you back a week's take  
home.

RIVERA

(resistant)

Look, no wife of mine oughta have to  
work for a living.(off Crockett's  
grin)

Dumb, huh?

Crockett shrugs, then turns in his seat ---

CROCKETT

(to dancer)

Hey, shortstop, you wanna crank down  
the decibels a notch!?-- and winces in pain as the kid cranks up the blaster a  
good ten percent. Rivera sympathetically hands him a  
pocket-tin of aspirin, under ---

RIVERA

(glancing up  
the street)

You sure he's going to show?

CROCKETT

(checks his  
watch, stifling  
a yawn)He better. I was up to five this  
morning trading shots of Cuervo with  
the little bozo just to close the  
deal.

RIVERA

Be well worth it if he leads us to  
the Colombian.

CONTINUED

48

CONTINUED - 2

48

RIVERA (Cont'd)

(a meditative  
beat, then he  
stands)

You got a dime? I'm gonna give her  
a call.

Off Crockett's look, a sheepish shrug.

RIVERA

Want her to know how much I appreciate  
the effort. Maybe take her out on the  
town tonight, dinner, dancing. Make  
up for this morning.

(X)

CROCKETT

(handing him a  
dime, grins)

Now you're talking.

Rivera nods and is just moving for a nearby pay phone when  
Crockett, spotting something down the street, grabs his arm  
and ---

CROCKETT

Show time, Eddie.  
(nods toward  
street)

Call her later.

-- whereupon Rivera follows Crockett's nod to ---

49

CORKY FOWLER

49

a surfed-out blond acid casualty in his midtwenties, Dade  
County's answer to Jeff Spiccola, screeching up to the curb  
in a tasteless, lemon yellow 450SL convertible, stereo  
speakers blasting, under ---

CORKY

(screaming to  
Crockett)

What it is, dude!

Whereupon ---

49-A

RIVERA

49-A

pockets the dime and grabs his briefcase and a small scale  
case as Crockett tosses some bills on the table. Then  
strolling breezily out of the cafe, they head past the  
break dancer towards the curbed 450 under ---

CONTINUED

49-A CONTINUED

49-A

RIVERA

(sotto)

So where'd I fly in from this time...?

-- as we ---

CUT TO

50  
and  
51

OMITTED

50  
and  
51

52

INT. 450SL - DAY - CORKY

52

reacting to Crockett's intro of Rivera with ---

CORKY

(blown away)

Malibu!!

-- as, radio blaring, he cranks a vicious left hand turn, traversing three lanes of traffic, and jams down Twentieth Street, headed west with Crockett and Rivera crammed uncomfortably into the passenger seat.

CORKY

(considering  
the implications,  
to Rivera)

Too much, Eddie! I mean, the whole geocultural concept of it all.

(off their  
puzzlement)

(X)

I mean dig it! Some dirt poor beaner way up in the Andes, picks a half ton of Coco leaves, mule-trains them to Lima, Lima to Bogota, Bogota to Miami, Miami to me, me to you Eddie, Eddie to Lotus land, circus to stars...

(impressed with  
himself)

I mean this business we're in, it's so international, it's so...worldly.

Crockett and Rivera exchange a dazed look.

(X)

CROCKETT

Hey...you forget where the ocean is?

(X)

(off Corky's  
look, jerks a  
thumb east)

My boat's in the Atlantic.

CONTINUED

CORKY

Not gonna need your boat, dude.

(grins)

Different stash. It's already in.

Crockett and Rivera exchange a surreptitious glance, pondering the implications of this, then ---

CROCKETT

(shakes his  
head, firm)

Uh-uh, Corky, that ain't the plan,  
remember?

(off Corky's  
look)

Eddie here flashes the cash, we take  
my boat out and pick up the Colombian's  
stash, then....

CORKY

(off Crockett's  
look he grins)

What Colombian, forget him man. I  
got a whole new supplier.

(to Rivera,  
grins)

Now factory wholesale...Direct to you  
the consumer.

CROCKETT

(overriding,  
pissed)

That's not what we agreed on.

CORKY

Free enterprise, dude. Basis of  
Western democracy.

(grins)

You wanna make the deal or not?

Rivera glances back questioningly at Crockett who responds with a thumbs up, thumbs down alternative. Rivera, his left arm draped around seat, answers with a high sign whereupon Crockett leans forward somewhat aggressively and....

CROCKETT

(to Corky)

Okay, boyscout, you wanna rewrite the  
game plan...I'll rewrite the rules!  
It's thirty-two grand a key, not forty,  
half the bread now, the rest contingent  
on a purity test back at my digs,  
and you're picking up Eddie here's  
business expenses, hotel and  
airfare, got it.

CONTINUED



52

CONTINUED - 2

52  
(X)

CORKY

(avoiding, pissed)

Hey...hey...hey...I got a profit margin to consider here guys. That's a rip off.

CROCKETT

(X)

(smiles)

Free enterprise dude, take it or leave it.

Corky looks from Crockett to Rivera then back to Crockett who manages a winning grin. Finally, Corky's disgruntlement dissolves into a begrudging smile under which at a faint familiar chord from Pyromania Corky suddenly cranks up the radio full blast ---

(X)

CORKY

All right!! Def Leppard!

CUT TO

53

OMITTED

53

54

EXT. LITTLE HAVANA ALLEY - DAY - THE 450SL

54

as, on the cut, it jams the deserted dead end alley, comes to rest ten yards behind a mid-'60s Chevy, and disgorges ---

55

FOWLER, CROCKETT AND RIVERA

55

the latter carrying his briefcase, as they stroll up to the trunk door of the Chevy, under ---

CORKY

(to Rivera)

Ninety-two percent lab-tested pure Peruvian flake, Eddie, root-canal quality, none of that jumped on baby-laxed rat poo they push on the Coast.

RIVERA

(to Crockett,  
nods at 450)

Left my scale behind the seat, Burnett. You mind?

CONTINUED

55

CONTINUED

55

Crockett nods and heads back as Corky pauses one moment in his fumbling through a key ring to show Rivera his gaudy solid gold Rolex.

CORKY

Twelve grand, Bobby, cash.  
(shrugs)

I was gonna spring eighteen for the 'Presidential' but it just screams 'dealer,' if you know what I mean.

Under which ---

56

CROCKETT

56

has grabbed the pharmaceutical scale case from behind the 450 passenger seat. He is about to head back to the Chevy when he drops his vuarnets and, in picking them up off the ground, he suddenly spots beneath the rear bumper of the Chevy ---

57  
and  
58

OMITTED

57  
and  
58

59

CROCKETT'S POINT OF VIEW - A SMALL PACKAGE

59

wired to the rear undercarriage and barely visible in the late afternoon sun, whereupon ---

60

CROCKETT

60

struck suddenly with the implications, rears up as Corky fits a key into the trunk and screams ---

CROCKETT

No!!!

His voice immediately strangled by the brutal deafening explosion that follows, consuming entirely the Chevy, Fowler and Rivera. As a hundred thousand dollar cloud of cocaine slowly, and with an eerie silence, settles upon the carnage, and the horrified visage of Sonny Crockett....

DISSOLVE TO

61

EXT. LITTLE HAVANA ALLEY - DUSK

61

One half hour later, the day's brutal heat and humidity clinging resolutely to the debris-strewn alley, the mouth of

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED

61

which is by now choked with an assortment of metro uniforms, SID units, bomb squad personnel with several canine corps shepherds, two tow trucks, an ambulance, and seedy gallery of late-rising Cuban street people in ginny-t's and pimped-out summer wear. Restrained by crowd control, they pump up for the evening behind a cacophony of top forty salsa and bilingual color commentary as, on the cut, an ND sedan lurches to the red zone and spills out ---

62 LOU RODRIGUEZ

62

A heavysset, ball-busting vice squad lieutenant in his midforties, wearing a pitted-out Dacron sports jacket and a grim expression. Mangling an unlit cigar stub, he pushes his way through the crowd of Marielitos, pausing for one moment to regard a body bag being loaded into an ambulance in b.g., then continues on into the alley to ---

63 SWITEK AND ZITO

63

Plainclothes vice detectives. The former a long-haired bearded biker clone; the latter a blade-thin glassy-eyed adrenaline junkie. Zito acknowledges Rodriguez's arrival with a fatalistic little shrug and ---

ZITO

(a nod  
at Chevy)

Bomb squad's guess is C4 plastics,  
Lieutenant. Rigged up to the trunk  
lock.

Rodriguez nods, his study of the burned-out Chevy skeleton precluded by the involuntary sneezing of two asphalt-sniffing bomb squad dogs nearby. Off Rodriguez's glare, Switek swallows a chuckle, then ---

SWITEK

(regarding dogs)

Few keys of yap serum went up with  
the Chev, boss.

(a silly  
grin to Zito)

Those mutts'll be up for the next  
three weeks.

ZITO

(a twinkle)

Watchin' the late, late show and  
jackin' up their phone bill, no  
doubt.

(X)

CONTINUED

RODRIGUEZ

(a disgusted  
look)

You guys have got a sick sense of  
humor.

(beat)

Where's Crockett?

Zito nods to an SID van parked in b.g., across the street.

SWITEK

(as Rodriguez  
moves)

He's pretty shaken up about Eddie,  
Lieutenant.

RODRIGUEZ

(over his  
shoulder)

He ought to be.

CUT TO

INT. PARKED VAN - DUSK - TIGHT ON CROCKETT IN THE PASSENGER SEAT 64

dazed. Shaken. Staring straight ahead through the wind-  
shield, dragging intermittently on an unfiltered Lucky,  
under ---

CROCKETT

(toneless)

Four days ago. Got a line on that  
Corky Fowler kid that bought it back  
there. He was a runner for a Puerto  
Rican guy name of Leon who works for  
the Colombian. I was the middleman.  
Told 'em I had a big buyer from L.A.

(beat)

Eddie.

(beat)

They'd already gotten the word I  
was a legit runner with a fast boat  
down at the Marina. After Eddie  
flashed the bread, Corky and I  
were gonna make the pickup from  
a Panamanian shrimper eight miles  
off Bal Harbor.

(X)

CONTINUED

Under which we have slowly pulled back to include Rodriguez, seated stiffly in the driver's seat, and jerking a recriminating thumb towards the alley ---

RODRIGUEZ

Long way from Bal Harbor.

(beat)

What about this Leon?

CROCKETT

The kid showed up without him. Corky had found a new pipeline and cut out the Colombian. Was going into business for himself, he said.

RODRIGUEZ

(a tight nod)

This ghost you been chasing for two months. This Colombian drug king...

(a look, reigning  
in his temper)

What makes you so sure he was behind...

(words failing,  
a nod outside)

...this.

CROCKETT

For God's sake, Lou! Corky was on his payroll then decided to go it alone. Who else could it be?

(X)

Rodriguez digests all this then turns slowly to regard Crockett with a vicious smile.

RODRIGUEZ

Haven't changed much from your football days, have you, Sonny.

(a look)

Still a hot dog.

CROCKETT

Listen, Lou.

RODRIGUEZ

(overriding, hard)

No! You listen! I haven't heard word one from you for a whole stinking week. No case reviews, no updates....

(X)

CROCKETT

I was under! I was setting it up....

CONTINUED

RODRIGUEZ

(cutting him off)

No progress reports, and no backups!

CROCKETT

(overriding,  
pissed)

Last time I requested backup, I  
nearly got shot to death by Bluto  
and Lee Harvey Oswald over there...

(a thumb  
at alley)

...and as far as progress reports  
go, I'd just as soon buy radio time.

RODRIGUEZ

(a dangerous look)

Are you implying I have a bad cop in  
my department?

CROCKETT

(back-peddling)

All I know is every time I've gotten  
within twenty blocks of this Colombian  
I've had the pavement pulled out from  
under me.

Rodriguez considers this, then ---

RODRIGUEZ

(a look)

Buy the book, Sonny, from here on or  
I swear I'm pulling you off the street.  
No confiscated speedboat, no 500 dollar  
Italian designer threads and no hopped-  
up sportscar.

(beat)

Maybe a few months driving to a desk  
job in a '65 Plymouth'll teach you  
what being a team player's all about.

Crockett just stares at him in cold silence then, offering  
a perfunctory nod, climbs out of the van.

EXT. LITTLE HAVANA ALLEY - CROCKETT

walking past the aftermath, alone with his thoughts,  
oblivious to the crowd, amongst which we notice ---

TWO HOOKERS

Long-stemmed beauties and showing enough bare skin to  
incite a minor riot. One a feisty, street-savvy Italian

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED

66

girl in her midtwenties, whom we shall come to know later as Gina Calabrese; the other black, same age, named Trudy Joplin. With a look of familiarity they watch as ---

66-A CROCKETT

66-A

passes down the sidewalk then, sensing their presence, stops and turns to meet their gaze. Several moments later Gina has walked up to him under which we have noticed a Miami Metro ID badge pinned to her purse strap and --- (X)

GINA

(a look)

Hi

CROCKETT

Hi.

GINA

(a long beat)

I heard about Eddie...

(beat, lost  
for words)

I'm really sorry, Sonny.

Crockett just nods, hiding his pain, then ---

CROCKETT

You free for a drink later?

(a hollow  
smile)

I could use a little company tonight.

GINA

(an apologetic  
smile)

I'm working tonight, Sonny.

Crockett nods, understanding. The two of them stand there for one silent moment, glancing back to the alley, then at each other. Finally ---

CROCKETT

See you around.

(a look)

There's something I gotta do.

Off Crockett's tangible dread ---

CUT TO

66-B INT. DINER - NIGHT - MARIA RIVERA

66-B

An attractive, slightly plump, Latin woman in her late twenties who, on the cut, emerges from the kitchen with a loaded tray and deftly maneuvers her way through the mostly Hispanic dinner crowd, dropping off menus and water at one booth and a check at another, all the while cheerfully wise-cracking in Spanish with familiar patrons over the sound of jukeboxed salsa. She then drops off a double order of chicken, rice and beans to an overstuffed Mechanic who stares at his dinner in mock anguish ---

MECHANIC

(a familiar  
routine)

What's this, Maria, the diet plate?

MARIA

(to Mechanic's buddy)

Rudolpho's what you call a light eater.

(smiles)

Soon as it's light, he starts eating.

The Mechanic and his friend both explode in laughter where-upon Maria, pinching his cheek flirtatiously, turns and spots ---

67 CROCKETT ACROSS THE ROOM

67

standing silently at the front door, pale, drawn and awkward. Staring at her. His look says it all. As ---

68 MARIA

68

stands there, frozen, the smile dying on her face. An empty beer bottle falls lazily off her tray and shatters on the floor, drawing the attention of the crowd for one terrible moment before Crockett, moving quickly in, sets the tray aside and leads the fast-unravelling woman through the doors to the kitchen.

Moments later a large, profusely sweating Haitian grill cook emerges and, lighting a cigarette, posts himself squarely before the kitchen door, barring entrance with a discreet look to a busboy carrying a tray load of dirty dishes. The diner has barely returned to normal when suddenly, from within the kitchen, a single heart-rending cry is heard over the ambient clatter. Off the glances of startled patrons and the Haitian's involuntary flinch ---

CUT TO

69 INT. STRIP JOINT - NIGHT - THE FACE OF RICARDO TUBBS

69

glistening with a fine coat of sweat, dressed up like some

CONTINUED



69

CONTINUED

69

Caribbean pharmaceutical tycoon in a good five grand worth of gold jewelry, a white silk suit and patterned flammable shirt open to his navel as, on the cut, he moves to the music, screaming --- (X)

TUBBS

'Oh no!!!'  
(two, three, four)  
'Oh, no!!!'

-- in perfect lip-sync to the ear-rending sounds of Eddie Grant's "Electric Avenue": pumping out of the club's concert-sized stereo speakers.

TUBBS

'We're going to walk down to Electric Avenoo...  
And den we'll take you higha...'  
(then screams)  
'Hurt me, mama, hurt me!'

(X)

-- This last exclamation directed to ---

70

A DANCER

70

Nineteen years old, going on forty, barely clad in the sort of black leather lingerie indigenous to futuristic biker pics, and presently doing a cardiac arrest number on an elevated dance ramp behind the dimly lit bar. She makes Jennifer Beals look like some Ivy League liberal arts major, under which ---

70-A

OMITTED

70-A

(X)

70-B

THE BARTENDER

70-B

pours a Scotch on the rocks at the other end of the bar for a savvy-looking, well-dressed man in his late thirties by the name of Scott Wheeler. Under which ---

BARTENDER

(nodding towards  
Tubbs, low, to  
Wheeler)

The Jamaican, Lieutenant. Been in three nights running.

Wheeler nods, his expression thoughtful, glancing with professional interest back towards --- (X)

70-C  
and  
70-D

OMITTED

70-C

and

70-D

(X)

70-E TUBBS

70-E

throwing back a shot of mobay overproof, eyes locked with the dancer, dancing and singing opposite her ---

TUBBS

(harmonizing  
with music)

'Out in the streets...!  
Out in the streets...!'

-- until ---

WHEELER'S VOICE

Hey, twinkletoes....

-- whereupon Tubbs turns to see Wheeler regarding him with a tight, appraising smile.

WHEELER

(indicating  
empty booth)

We gotta talk.

Managing a street-wise nod, Tubbs turns to the nearby stripper and slips a crisp C-note under her G-string ---

TUBBS

(an appreciative  
wink)

Keep up the good work, princess.

-- then heads off after Wheeler, as the newly inspired dancer reaches new heights of artistic expression.

70-F ANGLE ON WHEELER

70-F

seated in a booth, sipping his drink, regarding Tubbs opposite him. Finally ---

WHEELER

This guy you been looking for. What do you want with him?

TUBBS

(shrugs)

Business.

(beat)

You know him?

WHEELER

(a look)

Do you?

CONTINUED

70-F CONTINUED

70-F

TUBBS

Friend of a friend.

(off Wheeler's  
bored impatience)

He used to supply certain...merchan-  
dise to a friend who supplied me.

WHEELER

Used to...?

TUBBS

This friend got blown away in a New  
York bust three weeks ago.

WHEELER

So New York's minus one supplier.

(off Tubbs' nod,  
a spiteful grin)

Take your bar jive back up to  
Brooklyn, Rastus, you're outta your  
league.

Tubbs shoots him a look he could chin himself on.

TUBBS

Listen up, Jack, I can handle four  
times the weight my friend could.  
I've got 200 grand in my shaving kit  
and unlimited resources in New York.

WHEELER

(finishing his  
drink)

Excuse me while I catch my breath.

Glancing at his watch, Wheeler rises and is about to leave  
when ---

TUBBS

(insistent)

Tell him Teddy Prentiss, Tooney's  
friend.

(hands him a  
slip of paper)

I'll be at this number till tomorrow  
night. At the latest.

WHEELER

(pockets number,  
a grin)

I'll see what I can do to accommodate  
you, Prentiss.

CONTINUED

70-F CONTINUED - 2

70-F

Whereupon, Wheeler heads out, leaving Tubbs to loud music and private thoughts as we --

CUT TO

71 thru 76 OMITTED

71 thru 76 (X) 77

77 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - TIGHT ON BIRTHDAY CAKE

looking like it's been mauled by a gang of hungry kids, its candles put aside and a lone remaining slice nearly dissolved into the platter, under which the camera pulls back to include ---

78 A GROUP OF KIDS

78

aged six to eight, sprawled on the carpet near a pile of opened presents and savaged wrapping paper, joysticking a video game. Amongst them is Billy Crockett, a six-year-old towheaded version of his father who glances up as his mother ---

79 CAROLINE CROCKETT

79

passes with a pitcher of lemonade. In her late twenties, Caroline manifests a resilient Southern-girl beauty only slightly tempered by the rigors of a full-time job and motherhood. Having refilled a few glasses and exchanged a plaintive, apologetic glance with her son, Caroline continues back to the dining table and ---

80 SCOTT WHEELER

80

dressed as before and seated with his wife Donna as, on the cut, he is putting on his jacket in anticipation of departure and ---

DONNA

(to kids)

Karen, Bobby, come on. Time to say good night.

(turns to

Caroline, a sympathetic smile)

I'll call you tomorrow, hon.

CONTINUED

80

CONTINUED

80

WHEELER

(to Caroline,  
diplomatic)

Something must've come up at the  
last minute.

(off her look,  
an apologetic  
shrug)

Comes with the territory, Caroline.  
You know how it is.

CAROLINE

(a pissed  
nod)

Oh, I know the territory all right.

Whereupon, breaking off at the sound of a key fumbling in a  
lock, Caroline crosses to the front door and opens it to  
reveal ---

81

CROCKETT

81

holding a huge, gaily wrapped birthday present and attempting  
to hide his drunkenness from Caroline with a business-like  
expression.

CAROLINE

(a look, low)

Nice of you to make it, Sonny.

CROCKETT

I'm sorry, Caroline, I....

Realizing his condition, Caroline simply turns away, under  
which ---

BILLY

Dad!!

-- Crockett is accosted by Billy, in whose exited eyes we  
read the unconditional acceptance and love that exists  
between father and son.

CROCKETT

(a big grin,  
bending down)

Happy birthday, tiger!

(hands him  
present)

Found a little something on the front  
lawn with your name on it.

CONTINUED

81

CONTINUED

81

With a squeal of anticipation, Billy hauls off the package to open it in front of his friends as Wheeler steps up to Crockett and, with the utter frankness of an old friend ---

WHEELER

(whispers)

What's with you, you're half in the bag for God's sake.

(X)

CROCKETT

(low, a look)

Eddie Rivera got himself killed tonight.

Wheeler's face goes stone cold as camera adjusts to include Caroline, with Donna at the dinner table, having overheard. Her eyes meet Crockett's for one second before ---

BILLY

A po-lease car!!

-- Then, leaving behind a three-foot, gumball-flashing Dade Metro squad car, the boy launches himself into his father's arms and ---

BILLY

(hugging  
Crockett)

You're the best, Dad!

Crockett hides his pain with a tight hugging of his son, then glances behind him to Caroline for moral support, the miniature gumball strobing their regret with flashes of red as we ---

CUT TO

82

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ON PHOTOGRAPH OF SONNY AND CAROLINE

82

in happier days, posed comically on his sailboat with a feisty three-year-old towhead. Camera slowly pans a succession of other framed family photographs positioned on a living room buffet: picnics, Christmas morning, birthdays, including a promotional shot of twenty-one-year-old Crockett in football gear, bearing the inscription: "James 'Sonny' Crockett, University of Florida, 1970 Southeast Conference Champions." And finally, a beaming, uniformed Crockett at his police academy graduation. Under all of which, we hear softly O.S. ---

CROCKETT'S VOICE

How's Billy taking all of this?

CONTINUED

82

CONTINUED

82

CAROLINE'S VOICE

He's six years old, Sonny. How do you expect him to take it?

CROCKETT'S VOICE

(a beat,  
then)

Caroline, you suppose if I had been in some other line of work...

(a look)

...things would have been different?

CAROLINE'S VOICE

(overriding,  
gently)

Doing what? Dealing real estate? Selling Porsches for my brother downtown?

(beat)

You're a cop, Sonny. You'd have hated yourself for giving that up and you'd have started hating me for making you.

Under which we have slowly pulled back to ---

83

CROCKETT AND CAROLINE

83

seated together on the couch, sipping coffee, their mood quiet and reflective. We see scattered about the living room the remnants of the party and hear only the silence of the darkened house. Crockett nods at the irrefutable logic of her observation, then ---

CROCKETT

Been taking an informal survey of my unit this week, marriage-wise.

(beat, an  
awkward smile)

Seems outta sixteen vice cops we're barely batting 250.

CAROLINE

(a look, firm)

It's not the job, Sonny...

(off his look)

Oh, sure that has a lot to do with it: seeing you shot that time; waiting alone in bed for that phone call in the middle of the night; having you just disappear for days on end on some undercover scam; your drinking....

CONTINUED

83

CONTINUED

83

CROCKETT

Don't sugarcoat it, darlin'.

A moment of awkward silence follows, their eyes meeting. Before each drifts off onto divergent and unconnected thought patterns with ---

CAROLINE

(a sad smile)

Since the separation I've done a lot of thinking and ...You know, it's funny, but in a lot of ways you and your vice cop buddies are just the flip side of the same coin from these dealers you're always masquerading around with.

CROCKETT

(reflective, eyes lowered)

Actually I think I'm dealing with all the pressures a heck of a lot better than when I first started in plain-clothes, I mean....

(X)

Simultaneously they break off talking, a touch embarrassed by their manifest disconnectedness. Finally....

CROCKETT

Honey, I'm not exactly in the mood for psychoanalysis right now.

CAROLINE

(a look, gently)

You're all players, Sonny.

(beat)

You get high on the action.

It hits Crockett hard, the look in his eyes affirming the truth of her remark. A long regretful moment passes between the two, before Crockett finally stands ---

CROCKETT

(nodding toward a bedroom door)

I'm just gonna peek in on Billy for a second and then I better be going.

CAROLINE

(standing)

You're welcome to spend the night.

(off his look, awkwardly specifying)

I mean, I'll make up the couch.

CONTINUED



83 CONTINUED - 2

83

Crockett declines her offer with a somewhat somber smile and a shake of the head.

Caroline takes the empty coffee cups and heads for the kitchen to hide her surfacing emotions whereupon Crockett disappears quietly into an adjacent bedroom. A moment of silence before Caroline returns and finds Crockett has not yet returned.

84 INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - CAROLINE

84

peering in the door, eyes adjusting to the darkness ---

CAROLINE

(a whisper)

Sonny...?

85 CROCKETT

85

sprawled out on the tiny bed, fast asleep, his six-year-old son snuggled into his arms, as ---

86 CAROLINE

86

gazes down upon them with a soft, distant smile, visions of happier times bringing tears to her eyes, as we ---

CUT TO

86-A EXT. ESPANOLA - DAY - A CUBAN BBQ STAND

86-A

As, on the cut, a rough-looking man in his midthirties named Leon emerges with a take-out order and strolls down the sidewalk through the midafternoon heat-stroked crowds towards his curbed 380SL, passing in the process ---

(X)

86-B A FERRARI DAYTONA CONVERTIBLE

86-B

squeezed into a red zone several vehicles behind the Mercedes. As Leon passes, the man behind the wheel lowers his sports page, revealing himself to be Crockett, then slides out of the car and moves in on ---

(X)

(X)

86-C INT. MERCEDES 380SL - LEON

86-C

As he slides into the driver's seat with his take-out bucket and is just about to chomp into a fistful of ribs when ---

(X)

(X)

86-D CROCKETT

86-D

slides into the passenger seat with a dangerous smile and ---

CROCKETT

Feed your face later, Leon. We're gonna do a lap 'round the block together.

Leon just glances over at him, utterly bored.

LEON

Maybe some other time, Burnett.

Suddenly slapping the ribs out of Leon's hand, Crockett produces a Walther automatic from his suit pocket, aims it below seat level directly at Leon's appendix and ---

CROCKETT

(a look)

Why put off what you can do today?

A study in cool, Leon casually sets aside the take-out bucket and keys the ignition, all the while shaking his head with bemused laughter ---

LEON

You must be crazy, man. I kill dudes for less.

-- then pulls out from the curb into traffic, under which ---

CROCKETT

Spare me the tough talk, Leon. You've already made your quota for the month.

Leon just hangs a mellow right onto Collins Avenue, revealing nothing, whereupon ---

CROCKETT

(losing patience)

Car bomb, Leon. Late yesterday. Alley off 79th Street.

(levels automatic)

Want me to jog your memory some more?

Glancing down at the automatic, Leon manages an unintimidated shrug and ---

CONTINUED

86-D CONTINUED

86-D

LEON

You can jog whatever you want, my man, I ain't admitting nothin'.

(an instructive glance)

Lighten up, Burnett. Dudes get blown away all the time in this town trying to go into business for themselves.

Accepting this in the spirit in which it was given, Crockett reholsters the Walther and ---

CROCKETT

(a look)

You also blew away my end of a two hundred thousand dollar deal, man.

(a look)

You tell the Colombian I want to meet with him about my commission.

Leon erupts with a jaded laugh, checking out his perm in the rearview mirror as he drives, under ---

LEON

He don't give a damn 'bout that nickel and dime jive! Hell, I've seen the man put together twenty million dollar deals, Jack, and I ain't talking just once neither. And there's no way he's gonna meet with you...

(grins)

...'less of course you up your status a bit.

Under which Leon has circled the block and pulled up beside Crockett's Ferrari with ---

LEON

Once around the block, chief. Anything else I can do for ya?

CROCKETT

(a look)

I'm the last person in the world you want as an enemy, Leon.

(beat)

Just make it happen with Calderone.

Leon checks out his orthodonture in the rearview then turns back to Crockett and smiles, as if it had just occurred to him ---

CONTINUED

86-D CONTINUED - 2

86-D

LEON

Tell you what I'm gonna do, Burnett.  
Just 'cause I like you.

(X)

(beat)

There's another shipment coming in  
tonight.

(a look)

Our original deal's still open if  
you're interested: ten grand for  
you and the speedboat, one hour max  
pick-up and delivery.

(off Crockett's  
icy expression)

Look, man, I'm sorry 'bout your  
client and all but that bomb wasn't  
meant for no one else but that Corky  
punk.

(a beat,  
shrugs)

Then again, there's always buyers....

Crockett just stares at the man, his fury barely offset by  
his vengeful pragmatism. Then, finally ---

CROCKETT

(a look)  
Where and when?

CUT TO

87  
thru  
89  
OMITTED

87  
thru  
89

90 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - TUBBS

90

stripped for the heat to boxer shorts and a guinea-t, seated  
on the double bed with an open pizza box and a beer, in the  
midst of a joyless, silent meal as he contemplates Lionel  
Ritchie's "All Night Long" MTV video on the motel set. He  
is halfway through his third slice when suddenly the phone  
rings. Grabbing the remote control, Tubbs kills the audio  
then turns and stares at the phone for two more rings before  
finally grabbing it and ---

TUBBS

(into receiver)

Hello...

(beat)

Speaking.

(beat)

Two hours? You got it, man.

CONTINUED

90 CONTINUED 90

Tubbs hangs up the phone. Then, checking his watch, he opens a night stand drawer, pulls out a shoulder holster and a fistful of .38 cartridges, his gaze in the process falling upon ---

91 A WALLET-SIZED PHOTOGRAPH OF A YOUNG PUERTO RICAN MAN 91

lying on the bottom of the drawer amongst a pile of .38 ammunition. It is the same man we saw mown down by machine gunfire in Tubbs' nightmarish recall. Whereupon ---

92 TUBBS 92

stares at the photo for one further moment then, quickly shutting the drawer in favor of more immediate business, begins strapping on his holster.

CUT TO

93 EXT. INDIAN CREEK - NIGHT - A CIGARETTE BOAT 93

Thirty feet and a hundred grand worth of streamlined fiberglass; a vicious brute capable of kidney-wrenching speeds and generally considered the state-of-the-art contraband runner from Marseilles to the Caymans. Crockett is at the wheel with Leon riding shotgun as, on the cut, it jams down the inland waterway at sixty plus, running lights out. The garish neon carnival of Miami Beach can be seen in full splendor in b.g. Moments later, Leon points ahead toward shore ---

(X)

LEON

(over the  
engine  
noise)

Up ahead! On the left.

Whereupon Crockett pulls back to quarter throttle and cruises in towards ---

94 EXT. INDIAN CREEK - TUBBS AND WHEELER 94

waiting beside a red El Dorado convertible parked in the shadows one hundred yards off Collins Avenue at the foot of the deserted dock. Tubbs is carrying a briefcase. Wheeler signals with a flashlight to acknowledge the arrival of ---

- 95 THE CIGARETTE 95  
as it pulls up to the dock and is quickly moored by Crockett and Leon, who then head up the dock to meet Tubbs and Wheeler waiting halfway between the two vehicles. As they approach, (X) Leon leading the way ---
- 96 CROCKETT AND WHEELER 96  
exchange a surprised glance at each other's presence, under which ---
- LEON  
(to Tubbs) (X)  
You got the cash? (X)
- TUBBS  
(past briefcase,  
grins) (X)  
Hundred and twenty thousand. You  
got the party favors?
- LEON  
(thumb towards  
Cigarette)  
Three keys. In the boat.
- Tubbs nods and is just about to move for the boat when the entire area is suddenly awash with the blazing high beams of ---
- 97 FOUR UNDERCOVER CARS 97  
screaming down from a maintenance road towards the four men, whereupon ---
- 98 LEON 98  
with a panicked curse, takes off at a run along the river bank and is immediately pursued by two vehicles, and ---
- 99 TUBBS 99  
hightails it down the dock toward the water, under which ---
- 100 CROCKETT AND WHEELER 100  
coolly play their hands on their heads, maintaining their undercover roles, under ---

CONTINUED

100 CONTINUED

100

CROCKETT

(sotto, to  
Wheeler,  
good-naturedly)

Who sent you an invitation?

(X)

WHEELER

(a sardonic  
look)

Since when do you need an invite to  
your own party?

As the narcs move in, guns drawn, Wheeler nods down the  
dock at Tubbs fleeing towards the Cigarette boat in b.g.  
and ---

WHEELER

Hope you took the keys out of that  
monster.

CROCKETT

(insulted)

Hey, who do you think you're dealing  
with here....

(X)

His voice suddenly drowned out by the fearsome roar of dual  
Merc V-1750s kicking into action as Crockett searches with  
growing horror for his keys and ---

101 THE CIGARETTE

101

rockets away from the dock under ---

WHEELER

(in response)

Guy who's about to lose a hundred  
grand worth of speedboat.

(X)

CROCKETT

Like hell!

Whereupon Crockett suddenly races up the dock past the  
approaching Switek and Zito ---

CROCKETT

(pissed, to  
Zito)

Little early, aren't you, doofus!

-- then hops into the Eldorado and guns it down Collins  
Avenue in hot, parallel pursuit of ---

102 THE CIGARETTE

102

jamming south down Indian Creek, gold chains jangling with the turbulence. Tubbs glances over at the Eldorado keeping pace on Collins Avenue then gives the boat full throttle, the sudden kidney-wrenching acceleration slamming him painfully against the backrest. Tubbs grins at the boat with newfound respect ---

TUBBS

You beast, you.

-- as all of Miami Beach flies by in b.g. ---

103 INT. ELDORADO - CROCKETT

103

Cooking down Collins Avenue through the heart of Miami, he responds to the Cigarette's increasing speed with ---

CROCKETT

(pissed)

Okay, Curly....

-- a vicious stomp on the gas and a crank of the wheel into the opposing lane, passing a slow-moving trailer and nearly colliding head-on with an oncoming diesel. Cranking the Caddy back into the right-hand lane, Crockett clips several parked cars then muscles the vehicle out of a near-disastrous slide as ---

104 INT. CIGARETTE - TUBBS

104

hitting seventy plus, he glances over towards Collins Avenue at the careening Caddy and is allowed one good laugh before nearly plowing bow first into ---

105 A TUGBOAT

105

looming thirty feet above the Cigarette, barely visible. As the tug sounds the horn, Tubbs cranks the wheel hard to the left then, spotting a narrow intercoastal waterway branching off to the right, he glances back at the road-bound Caddy and with a triumphant grin, disappears down the canal. Whereupon ---

106 INT. CADDY - CROCKETT

106

slams on the brakes and punches the dash in frustration. Then, glances at the railroad trestle spanning Indian Creek up ahead, he guns the Caddy.



- 107 EXT. RAILROAD TRESTLE - THE CADDY 107  
tearing the shit out of its suspension as it bounces along the tracks, forty feet above the water.
- DISSOLVE TO
- 108 EXT. MIAMI RIVER - NIGHT - TUBBS 108  
idling through the dark, unfamiliar shallows along shore, taking a much deserved breather when, passing under a low service bridge, a puzzled expression crosses his features at the sight of ---
- 109 THE ELDORADO 109  
parked directly above and, descending upon him from the shadows, the airborne mass of ---
- 110 CROCKETT 110  
landing heavily upon him in the boat. A vicious struggle ensues in the confines of the boat before Crockett finally extracts his shoulder-holstered automatic and --- (X)
- CROCKETT  
(levelling gun)  
Freeze it.  
(flashes badge)  
Miami. Vice
- Whereupon ---
- 111 TUBBS 111  
reacts with a hopeless shake of his head then, utterly abandoning his Caribbean accent in favor of the Bronx --- (X)
- TUBBS  
Congratulation, pal. (X)  
(flashes  
his badge)  
New York.
- The two cops eyeball each other for one disgusted moment then, off Crockett's sudden weariness --- (X)

CUT TO

112

EXT. HARBOR AREA PARKING LOT - NIGHT - CROCKETT

112

CROCKETT

Two weeks of legwork I've  
put in on this bust and  
three-fourths of the 'dealers'  
turn out to be cops! Me,  
Scottie Wheeler and Trini  
Lopez here putting a  
surprise guest appearance  
direct from Fun City. Not  
to mention Heckle and Jekyll  
jumping the gun by a good  
five minutes. That what  
you mean by 'team' playing?  
(a beat)

You know my badge says  
'Miami,' Lou, but lately  
it's been looking an awful  
lot like Disney World.

RODRIGUEZ

(trying to  
find an opening)  
Yeah right, I'm aware of...  
(drowned out  
by Crockett,  
patience  
wearing thin)  
If you'll just shut up for  
one second I'll explain!!

Under which camera slowly pulls back to include Rodriguez,  
standing beside his ND sedan, and Tubbs slouched nonchalantly  
on the hood with his briefcase. In near b.g. we notice a (X)  
phone booth, the moored Cigarette boat, and finally the  
waters of Biscayne Bay, alive with the shimmering reflection  
of the Miami skyline, one half mile away.

RODRIGUEZ

(off Crockett's  
begrudging  
silence)

Tubbs is here on priority clearance  
per direct request of the NYPD.

(stifling Crockett's  
objections)

Interagency memo, Crockett,  
confidential.

TUBBS

(to Crockett)

Kind of like to keep it that way if  
you catch my drift.

(smiles, to  
Rodriguez)

No offense, but when it comes to  
security leaks this town of yours  
ain't exactly Pentagon South.

Crockett smiles at a visibly displeased Rodriguez ---

CONTINUED

112

CONTINUED

112

CROCKETT

Interesting perspective.  
(back to Tubbs)  
So tell me now Dubbs....

TUBBS

Tubbs.

(a winning  
smile)

My friends call me Rafael. (X)

CROCKETT

You down here for some specific  
value to the taxpayers...  
(returning  
the smile)  
...or you just working on your tan?

The offense Tubbs takes is manifest only in his eyes as he  
slaps the hood of the sedan and curls up in a convulsion of  
mock-laughter.

TUBBS

(to Rodriguez)

Unbelievable! One o'clock in the  
morning and he comes up with these  
zingers.

(to Crockett,  
serious now)

Ever hear of a local dealer name of  
Calderone?

(off Crockett's  
negative)

'Bout four weeks ago one of our  
detectives set himself up in a meet  
with him and a New York pusher named  
Tooney. The bust went sour.

(a difficult  
beat)

Our guy was shot to death. He took  
Tooney with him.

(beat)

Calderone got away.

RODRIGUEZ

(to Crockett)

New York figures he's back down here.

CROCKETT

(to Tubbs)

Alongside five thousand other bush-  
league pushers carrying five aliases  
each and passports to match.

CONTINUED

112 CONTINUED - 2

112

TUBBS

(overriding,  
suddenly pissed)  
The guy's major-league, Crockett,  
and he killed a cop.  
(beat, settling  
down)

The dude I showed up with tonight is  
one of his front men. I was setting  
him up for a rollover before that  
cavalry of yours showed up.

CROCKETT

(a tight smile,  
to Rodriguez)  
Guy's in town for three days and  
already he's an expert.  
(pissed, to  
Tubbs)

That 'dude' you showed up with  
tonight works undercover for the  
DEA, and as for Leon, he's on the  
payroll of a Colombian I've been  
two steps behind for months now!

Tubbs considers this for a moment, then reaches in his  
pocket and pulls out a slightly soggy 9 x 12 blowup.

TUBBS

Surveillance photo taken before the  
shoot-up. Tooney, our man, the guy  
in the shades, that's Calderone.  
(hands photo  
to Crockett)  
Ever seen him?

As Crockett's face tightens, reacting to ---

113 A SURVEILLANCE PHOTOGRAPH OF THREE MEN

113

seen through a telephoto lens, seated in a chi-chi upper  
east side sidewalk cafe. Tooney, on the left, we recognize  
as one of the Uzi-toting Colombians from the salvage yard  
shoot-out. The cop, in the middle, is in his early thirties  
bears a certain resemblance to Tubbs, and is familiar to us  
as the salvage yard shooting victim. The man on the right  
is Calderone.

CROCKETT

(to himself,  
taken aback)  
The Colombian....

CONTINUED

113 CONTINUED

113

TUBBS  
(to Rodriguez)  
Who...?

RODRIGUEZ  
(staring at  
photo, to Tubbs)  
Suspect in a half-dozen drug murders  
down here. Moves a lot of weight.  
(a beat,  
to Crockett)  
Looks like you two are after the  
same man.  
(a tight smile,  
nods at their  
injuries)  
'Stead of beatin' up on each other  
maybe you guys oughta consider  
working together.

(X)

Crockett and Tubbs eye each other warily for several moments,  
before ---

CROCKETT  
(his mind  
made up)  
Forget it.  
(moving towards  
Cigarette)  
Night, Lou.  
(turns back  
to Tubbs, a  
finger at photo)  
I'll want a copy of that first thing  
tomorrow.

Crockett stalks away toward the Cigarette, unties the  
mooring and jumps in, whereupon ---

(X)

114 RODRIGUEZ AND TUBBS

114

exchange a look: the former's somewhat amused; the latter's  
distinctly unimpressed.

CUT TO

115 EXT. INLAND WATERWAY - NIGHT - CROCKETT

115

behind the wheel of the Cigarette, reining the beast in at  
a mellow forty mph as he fumbles in a cooler for a lukewarm  
beer. After popping the tab and taking a healthy tug, he  
slaps a cassette into the quadro deck and straight-arms the

CONTINUED

115 CONTINUED

115

throttle, the sudden roaring acceleration jerking him bodily against the backrest. Volume red-lining and the boat levelling off at eighty plus, Crockett anaesthetizes himself with wind, speed and the brain-mashing pulse of the The Stones' "Undercover Of the Night", as we ---

DISSOLVE TO

116 EXT. BAL HARBOR YACHT BASIN - DAY

116

Slowly panning the Marina waters, littered with a good fifty million dollars worth of luxury motor yachts, speed-boats and sailing vessels, and bustling with the early morning exodus of weekend sailors headed out to sea to beat the suffocating urban heat. The camera finally holds on an ancient, well-tended thirty-eight foot mahogany sloop, moored directly alongside which is the tarp-covered Cigarette boat. The camera pays due homage before slowly moving in on ---

117 ST. VITUS DANCE - GALLEY HATCH

117

slowly sliding back to reveal a badly suffering Sonny Crockett, the early morning tropical sun highlighting the full inventory of his damage. Muffling a sneeze and shielding his migrained vision from the glare, he has no sooner attained the stern deck for a long, luxurious morning stretch than ---

TUBBS

(a fast-clipped  
military scream)

Ensign Tubbs reporting for duty, sir!

-- whereupon Crockett wheels in cardiac-arrested surprise, cracking his head on the boom, to see ---

118 TUBBS

118

stretched out on the cabin roof with a takeout container of doughnuts and coffee, enjoying the morning sunshine and holding back a laugh at Crockett's condition as ---

CROCKETT

(holding his  
head, enraged)

Dammit!

CONTINUED

TUBBS

(a grand  
gesture, grins)

Great day to be alive, eh Crockett?

CROCKETT

(a look)

Yeah, or to beat someone to death,  
depending on your disposition.

(beat)

What are you doing here?

Tubbs hops off the cabin roof with the takeout container and  
a manila envelope and hands the latter to Crockett, under ---

TUBBS

Photocopies of your good buddy,  
Calderone. Remember?

(as Crockett  
opens envelope)

Rodriguez told me I'd find you down  
here under the name Burnett.

(beat)

That your cover or something?

Crockett rips off his T-shirt, grabs a coffee and collapses  
into a deck chair for a few healing rays, under:

CROCKETT

(a rancid look)

No Tubbs, I just felt like changing  
the monogram on my underwear.

Tubbs nods toward the Cigarette moored alongside and ---

TUBBS

With a hundred thousand dollar  
Cigarette boat and a sideline in  
recreational stimulants....

CROCKETT

(bored)

Far as the locals are concerned I'm  
just one more hard-partying ocean  
guide of questionable means.

(glances at photo)

This cop that bought it up in New  
York. Friend of yours?

TUBBS

We knew each other.

(a long pause,  
then finally)

Listen, Crockett. I've been thinking

CONTINUED

TUBBS (Cont'd)

about what Rodriguez said last night,  
about us working together on this  
thing and....

CROCKETT

(overriding, blunt)

Save your breath, Tubbs.

(stands, dumping  
coffee overboard)

I've got enough problems with this  
investigation already without playing  
tour guide to some wide-eyed under-  
study down here on a weekend pass.

TUBBS

(overriding)

Now just wait a second....

CROCKETT

(cutting him off)

No, you wait a second. You might have  
commendations up the ying-yang in the  
Bronx or wherever, but this is Miami,  
pal, where you can't even tell the  
players without a scorecard. And down  
here you're just another amateur.

TUBBS

(temper flaring  
moving in close)

And what are you, God's gift to law  
enforcement?

(a look)

Excuse me if I don't break down with  
disappointment, man, but misconducts,  
suspensions and car bombs aside, from  
what I hear you're not the safest guy  
to be teamed up with.

(X)

Tubbs' indictment is suddenly broken off midstream by the  
impact of Crockett's fist on his jaw. Sent ass-over-back-  
wards onto the deck, Tubbs finally rises to a sitting  
position and rubs his jaw.

TUBBS

Guess I asked for that, huh?

Crockett just stands there, clearly upset by his loss of  
control.

CROCKETT

No you didn't, man. That was totally  
out of line.

CONTINUED



118 CONTINUED - 3

118

TUBBS

(sitting,  
rubbing his  
jaw, a look)

You really think so?

Crockett nods and extends a helping hand ---

CROCKETT

Absolutely.

-- which Tubbs grabs, jerking himself to his feet and, with the same movement, coldcocks Crockett with a Brooklyn back-alley right. Crockett goes down in a heap then just sits there a second, shooting Tubbs a homicidal, and newly respectful, glare, whereupon ---

(X)

TUBBS

Tit for tat, good buddy. I couldn't let you handle all that bad karma by yourself.

(beat, touches  
his swollen jaw)

You haven't got any ice on this bucket, have you?

His eyes losing their anger in favor of some amusing inner vision, Crockett points to the closed hatch and ---

CROCKETT

Down below.

(a hospitable  
smile)

Help yourself.

Tubbs nods his thanks then, sliding open the hatch, is no more than two steps below deck when, releasing a blood-curdling scream, he literally explodes back out of the hatchway mere inches ahead of ---

119

A TEN-FOOT ALLIGATOR

119

scrambling after his prey with an open muzzle the size of a steamer trunk, and trailing a leash a half-inch industrial chain, the end of which he reaches with a vicious wrench a mere foot away from Tubbs, trapped against the wheel housing. As the paralyzed cop stares down in horror at the straining beast Crockett settles nonchalantly back into his deck chair, lighting a Lucky and loving every minute of it.

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

(graciously)

Officer Tubbs, say hi to Elvis: former mascot of the University of Florida football Gators, currently watchdog and resident dope-sniffer of the Saint Vitus Dance.

(winks at Tubbs  
re Elvis)

Got benched my senior year for taking a chomp out of a Georgia free safety.

TUBBS

(pressed flat,  
pissed)

I don't even dig alligator shoes, man.  
Call him off.

(X)

CROCKETT

(whistles)

Here boy. C'mon Elvis.

Whereupon the gator immediately forgets Tubbs and waddles over to Crockett, rolling over like a dog for a routine belly rub. Tubbs leans against the stern of a boat, slightly hyperventilated, under ---

CROCKETT

(rubbing Elvis'  
belly, to Tubbs)

Ate a flight bag full of LSD on a Key West lab bust last spring. Been a little freaked out ever since.

Under which Tubbs has slowly become aware of a muffled sound coming from within the lower intestine of the beast.

TUBBS

(mystified,  
moving closer)

He's...ticking....

CROCKETT

(nods, grim)

Alarm clock. Some frat punks from Florida State pulled a Captain Hook on him in '81.

(X)

His pulse finally back to double digits, Tubbs manages a smile and ---

TUBBS

Takes a lickin' and keeps on tickin'.

Eliciting from Elvis a vicious reptilian chomp in his direction, under which Crockett has glanced at his wristwatch and ---

CONTINUED

119 CONTINUED - 2

119

CROCKETT

Man, I gotta move.

(off Tubbs' look,  
grabbing his shirt)Got a bail hearing downtown on last  
night's bust.

(grabbing his keys)

Leon's long awaited debut as a lead  
vocalist.

(X)

TUBBS

(skeptical)

Dream on, Crockett. He ain't gonna roll  
over on Calderone.

CROCKETT

(a look, grins)

Wanna bet?

Under which, having slipped into his shirt and extracted a  
large halibut from a deckside cooler, he hands Tubbs the  
slimy fish and ---

(X)

CROCKETT

(thumb at Elvis)

Do me a favor and grab him his  
breakfast, will ya?

(over his shoulder)

Bone appa-teet, pal.

(X)

-- then hops onto the dock and heads off, leaving a somewhat  
concerned fish-gripping Tubbs in a Mexican standoff with the  
grinning, acid-freaked beast.

CUT TO

119-A INT. DADE COUNTY MUNICIPAL COURT - DAY - JUDGE SUMNER T. RUPP

119-A

A venerable silver-haired, ball-busting Southern magistrate  
commonly referred to in defense circles as "send 'em up,  
Rupp" seated behind the bench as, on the cut, he flaps his  
robes theatrically and bellows at a nearby court officer ---

JUDGE RUPP

For God's sake, Monroe, will you do  
something 'bout the climate control  
in this sweatshop!?

Whereupon Monroe hustles out past a typical multiethnic  
Dade County court audience of defense lawyers, prosecutors,

CONTINUED

119-A CONTINUED

119-A

bailiffs, cops, felons and their relatives, all shifting uncomfortably in the suffocating heat of the windowless room. And under which, Rupp has swivelled towards the Bailiff and barked ---

JUDGE RUPP

Take your time, Humphries. I got nothing better to do.

The Bailiff responds with a browbeaten scrutiny of his clipboard under which we pick up ---

120 OMITTED

120

121 CROCKETT AND WHEELER

121

in their wardrobe of the previous night, unshaven and seated together on the defendant's bench, looking for all apparent purposes like two world-weary drug smugglers. They surreptitiously consult a betting sheet as the Bailiff announces the next hearing in b.g. ---

CROCKETT

(whispers to Wheeler)

You turning cowboy on me, Scott, or were you just giving your backups the day off last night?

WHEELER

(sotto)

Wasn't planning a bust last night, buddy boy, that is till your troops stormed in.

(grins)

Figured I'd hold off till Leon led me to his main man.

CROCKETT

(nods, accepting this, then glances back to betting sheet)

Give you seven points and take the Dolphins for an even hundred.

WHEELER

(grins, shaking his hand)

I'm gonna have to open a trust fund in your name.

BAILIFF

(announcing to court, a torpid drone)

Bail proceeding...case number 142573 Dade County Municipal Court: Leon Mohammed Jefferson. (X)

Please approach the bench.

-- Whereupon Leon rises from the defendants area and approaches the bench with a well-tanned suede-loafered drug lawyer. Rupp fixes them both with a withering Old Testament glare, then ---

JUDGE RUPP

In accordance with prior recommendation of the District Attorney Mr...

(glances at booking sheet)

...Jefferson and.... (X)

-- breaks off in midstream as ---

122 THE COURTROOM

122

is suddenly plunged into total darkness. A confused and somewhat ominous murmur swells up from the unseen, and unseeing court audience, whereupon, in the ensuing pitch-blackness, we hear the unmistakable and fearsome hammer clicks of countless small arms and shotguns, and ---

JUDGE RUPP'S VOICE

One move and you're history, buster.

Whereupon, just as unexpectedly ---

123 THE LIGHTS

123

are suddenly restored, illuminating an awesome array of weaponry from .357s to riot guns being levelled in all directions by every cop, DA, court officer and bailiff in the room not the least of which is the chrome sawed-off, twelve-gauge languidly cocked across the bench by Judge Rupp at the ear lobe of the paralyzed Leon. A split second of confused silence before ---

124 THE COURT OFFICER

124

rushes back into the room and ---

COURT OFFICER

(flustered,  
to Rupp)

Little overload problem on account  
of the heat, Your Honor. Maintenance's working on it.

Whereupon, much to the amusement of Crockett, Wheeler and assorted felons, the various weapons are quietly stowed by the visibly embarrassed authorities, then finally ---

125 JUDGE RUPP

125

who nonchalantly returns his twelve-gauge to its customary home beneath the bench, then beams graciously upon the court.

JUDGE RUPP

Not exactly a high-water mark for  
our physical plant but nevertheless  
a glowing testament to our  
Constitutional right to bear arms.

CONTINUED

Reluctantly silencing the laughter with a bang of his gavel, Rupp turns back to the rather pallid Leon and ---

JUDGE RUPP

Now Mr. Jefferson: as per recommendation of the State Attorney and in consideration of your investigative cooperation with said office, I'm gonna hereby waive all bail and release you on your own recognizance pending preliminary hearing.

(bangs gavel, voice rising, to Leon)

I'd advise you to merely count your blessings, Mr. Jefferson and...

(bangs gavel, furious)

I say put a lid on it sir or I will personally hold you in contempt of this court!!

(bangs gavel, to Bailiff)

Next case!

LEON

(confused, to lawyer, low)

What's he talking about 'cooperation'?

(to Rupp)

What cooperation, man...?

I didn't cooperate with no State Attorney.

(pushing back

his silencing attorney,

panicking)

Get outta my face, the man's gonna get me killed talking that stuff. I

didn't roll over on nobody!

(as marshals

lead him away)

I want custody, man. I ain't going nowhere like this!

(X)

(X)

Under which, panning the interested parties, we have recorded a subtle conspiratorial glance between Crockett and the Asst. State Attorney Gordon Avery, and a confused look on the face of Wheeler. Then, as a vociferous Leon is nearly dragged out of the courtroom and the Bailiff reads aloud from his clipboard ---

WHEELER

(low, to Crockett)

You know anything about this?

BAILIFF

(to courtroom)

Bail proceeding 142574: Sonny T. Burnett. Please rise and approach the bench.

Off Crockett's innocent shrug as he rises ---

CUT TO

As, on the cut, he is seen in long shot descending the front steps of the courthouse, overwhelmed with burgeoning paranoia and in heated discussion with his attorney. Reaching the curb, the lawyer gestures toward the court parking lot, an offer that is evidently declined by the freaked Leon who dismisses the man with a few excited gestures and unheard

CONTINUED

126

CONTINUED

126

comments then moves off down the sidewalk, imagining potential assassins behind every lightpost. Within moments he is abreast of camera and brought up short by ---

A VOICE

(Cuban)

Que pasa, man!

Wheeling in fright, and nearly bowling over a passing bicyclist, Leon frowns in recognition at the sight of ---

127

TUBBS

127

Tackily draped in a summer-weight pimp ensemble and the usual kilo of decorative metals, he lounges behind the wheel of a curbed Z28 convertible with a friendly grin and ---

TUBBS

Got a hundred and twenty grand I believe belongs to your boss.

(winks)

Care to parlez vous on that, amigo?

LEON

(overriding,  
panicked,  
eyes roving)

Whatta you talkin' about, man, I don't know nothin'!

(X)

Whereupon, glancing over his shoulder with a haunted expression, Leon hurries off. A very small man on a suddenly large and threatening street. A puzzled Tubbs considers the man's exit then fires up the Z as we ---

CUT TO

128

INT. NORTHEAST MIAMI METRO STATION - DAY - RODRIGUEZ

128

standing by the coffee machine, shirt-sleeves rolled against the heat, attempting to fire up a cigar stub with a pack of sodden matches, then --- (X)

RODRIGUEZ

(pissed, throwing  
away matches)

Gimme a light.

(a look)

And quit looking so sure of yourself.  
There're no guarantees here.

(X)

Under which we have pulled back to include: Crockett, pouring a cup beside him; Switek and Zito, typing reports (X)

CONTINUED

at a nearby desk; and in b.g., the frenetic squad room activity of an overburdened urban police precinct. Crockett flips Rodriguez a pack of matches, under ---

CROCKETT

They practically needed a tow truck to get Leon out of that courtroom, Lou. Five'll get you ten he'll be on the horn before the hour's out, screaming protective custody and begging to roll.

Under which, in b.g., we see Wheeler, now dressed in sport-coat and tie, and Asst. DA Avery enter the squad room and cruise up to Crockett and Rodriguez --- (X)

WHEELER

Avery was kind enough to fill me in on the ride over guys. (X)  
(shaking his head, a grin)  
Slick, very slick.

RODRIGUEZ

(a jaundiced look, tugs Wheeler's tie) (X)  
Guy looks more like an investment counselor than a cop.  
(beat, grins)  
So how you like working with the Feds, Scottie?

WHEELER

(shrugs)  
No complaints so far...  
(grins)  
But it's nothin' like the old days.  
(punches Crockett)  
We made one hell of a bad ass team, eh, Sonny?

CROCKETT

(nods, fondly)  
Yeah, I guess we did, Scott.

Under which a Desk Officer has approached Rodriguez with --- (X)

DESK OFFICER

Line twenty-one, Lieutenant. He wouldn't give his name.

Rodriguez glances significantly at Crockett and Avery then, as the Desk Officer exits, he punches in the lighted line on a nearby desk phone and --- (X)

CONTINUED



128 CONTINUED - 2

128

RODRIGUEZ

(into phone,  
all business)

Rodriguez.

(beat, listens)

Uh-huh. Yeah, right, I know all  
about it, Leon.

(beat)

Well I suppose that depends on you.

(beat, jotting  
down an address)

Stay right where you are, pal, I'll  
call back in ten minutes and let you  
know.

Rodriguez hangs up then turns to an expectant Crockett  
and ---

RODRIGUEZ

(handing address  
to Crockett)

Pick him up, Crockett.

(to others,  
a tight grin)

He's ready to roll.

As Crockett glances down at the address ---

CUT TO

129 INT. JAI ALAI ARENA - DAY - JAI ALAI PLAYER

129

as, on the cut, he pushes five feet off a side wall to trap  
a high corner shot then whips it back against the rebound  
wall at lightning speed. We follow the action for several  
more stunning plays, under which we hear the partisan  
exhortations and critiques of an SRO crowd, then pull back  
to include ---

130 THE CROWD

130

largely Latin, except for the occasional camera-clicking  
tourist, and nearly all on their feet, screaming at the  
action. Camera slowly pans the elbow-to-elbow throng  
before settling upon ---

131 A WOMAN

131

Hispanic, midthirties, somewhat masculine in stature and  
gaudily done up in a loud print dress, flop-brimmed hat, and  
sunglasses. Ignoring the Jai Alai game, she professionally  
scans the arena before settling upon ---

132 LEON

132

pacing near a rear exit bank of pay phones, also ignoring the action in favor of a paranoid scrutiny of the crowd, red-lining with anxiety. The camera continues its slow 270 degree pan and finally holds on ---

133 TUBBS

133

seated in a third row bleacher near the front entrance with a soft drink, casually observing Leon, seen above the spectators' heads in b.g., when a large hand appears on his shoulder and ---

CROCKETT

You're starting to get on my nerves,  
 Tubbs.

-- Tubbs wheels around to see a just-arrived Crockett glaring at him.

TUBBS

(surprised)

Crockett...

(off Crockett's  
 look, a shrug  
 towards Leon)

Hey, so I tailed him from the court-  
 house.

(beat)

How'd you know he was here?

Crockett just turns in disgust and, with Tubbs following ---

CROCKETT

(over his  
 shoulder)

It's called protective custody, son.  
 I'll explain it to you sometime.

-- elbows his way through the packed mass of spectators towards ---

134 LEON

134

still waiting nervously by the pay phone, scanning the crowd then suddenly reacting in horrified recognition at the sight of ---

135 THE WOMAN

135

smiling grotesquely at him from ten feet away, her hand in her purse, out of which peeks the silencer-equipped barrel of a .22, under which ---

136 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 136

have progressed halfway through the crowd towards Leon when their eyes suddenly darken at the sight of ---

137 LEON 137

partially visible through the crunch, his mouth open in a silent scream as the bullets find their mark, the pop-pop-pop of the .22 synchronized perfectly with, and hidden by, the loud rebound whack of the Jai Alai ball. Under which ---

138 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 138

Drawing their guns, they lunge desperately through the spectators ---

CROCKETT  
(to crowd)  
Police! Outta the way!

TUBBS  
(to crowd, in  
Spanish)  
Move it! Police!

-- most of whom are keyed on the game and oblivious to the bloodied staggering form of ---

139 LEON 139

who finally crumples to the floor in a heap. Crockett and Tubbs finally reach him as panic spreads through the crowd like a flash fire, then ---

TUBBS  
(bending over,  
checking for  
lifesigns, then)  
He's dead, Crockett.

Desperately scouring the confused, milling crowd, and knowing that the perpetrator is long gone, Crockett's gaze suddenly settles on a pair of overhead security cameras that have been sweeping the crowd. Then, flashing his badge at an in-rushing security cop ---

CROCKETT  
(to guard)  
I'm gonna need the film from those  
security cameras, pal. Do it now.

As the guard moves off and a morbid crowd starts gathering, Crockett trades a glance with Tubbs concerning their deceased star witness, then suddenly wheels in frustration and boots an overloaded trash can, as we ---

CUT TO

139-A EXT. JAI ALAI ARENA - DAY - A PARAMEDIC WAGON

139-A

pulling away from the service entrance of the arena. A moment passes, then Crockett emerges, carrying several video canisters, Tubbs bringing up the rear. A disheartened silence envelopes them, as they slowly cross the parking lot, till finally ---

TUBBS

You know we been bumping knees and elbows ever since we met, Crockett...

(a look)

Think it's time you reconsidered my offer, pal.

Utterly ignoring him, Crockett just continues walking.

TUBBS

(dogging him,  
pissed)

Get over yourself, man! Without me this investigation's dead in the water...

CROCKETT

(stops, then  
turns)

What are you talking about?

TUBBS

The bust last night. As far as Calderone's people know I made off with both the party favors and the cash.

(off Crockett's  
look)

Calderone's cash, Crockett. I'm gonna be hearing from them.

(off Crockett's  
silence)

You need me, Crockett!

Crockett just stares at him a moment, then turns and continues walking. Then stops. Then finally turns and walks back to Tubbs.

CROCKETT

I don't know how this is gonna work out, Tubbs, I mean you're not exactly up my alley, style and persona-wise, and heaven knows I'm no box of chocolates but...

(running out of  
steam, finally)

All things considered, I think we might have to consider some sort of a temporary...

CONTINUED

139-A CONTINUED

139-A

CROCKETT (Cont'd)

(winces)

...working relationship.

Tubbs regards him a moment, then in mute christening of this inauspicious and misfortune-forged alliance, manages an unenthused nod.

CUT TO

140

EXT. LEON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY - MANAGER

140

A middle-aged dyspeptic little man dogging Crockett and Tubbs who are headed from the open doorway of this ground floor apartment towards an exterior stairway as, on the cut ---

MANAGER

(uncertain, to Crockett)

Shouldn't I be asking to see a search warrant or something...?

Tubbs shoots a tentative glance at Crockett who extracts a document from the back pocket of his jeans and reads to the Manager in a toneless drone as he continues up the stairs, under which the Manager has become distractedly aware of his telephone ringing through the open apartment door and ---

CROCKETT

City of Miami, Dade County, Court of Myron T. Bradshaw hereby granting a warranted inspection of one Leon Mohammed Jefferson's premises this twentieth day of....

MANAGER

(calling, to apartment)

Charmaine!

(more ringing)

Charmaine!!

(X)

(hands key to Crockett, irritated)

Here. Just drop it in the mail slot when you're through.

The Manager hurries off for the ringing telephone, whereupon Crockett continues up the stairs. A suspicious Tubbs, following, grabs the "warrant" from his back pocket and ---

TUBBS

(a glance, disgusted)

This is a two-year warranty on a set of steel-belted radials.

Having inserted the key in Leon's door and ignoring Tubbs' look of amused recrimination, Crockett swings open the door and ---

CONTINUED

140 CONTINUED

140

CROCKETT  
(suddenly deflated)  
Aw, man...Damn!

141 INT. LEON'S APARTMENT - DAY - CROCKETT AND TUBBS

141

as they step in to survey the damage. From what we can see of the living room, dining room and kitchen, the place has been thoroughly trashed.

TUBBS  
(a beat,  
closes door)  
Let's give it a quick once over.  
There's a chance they might've missed something.

Crockett just stands there, his frustration building, then turns to stare at Tubbs, who has already started combing the living room, irritated by his enthusiasm ---

CROCKETT  
Yeah, slim to none.  
(gazing at  
the mess)  
In football we call this a fourth  
down passing situation, Tubbs.

Crockett starts scouring the dining area while Tubbs, slightly distracted by the comment, suddenly breaks off his living room search with ---

TUBBS  
(the penny  
dropping)  
Crockett!  
(looks up, grins)  
James Sonny Crockett!

Crockett looks up, regarding him as a solicitous father might a slightly retarded child.

CROCKETT  
Very good, Tubbs. Next week we'll work  
on your name.

TUBBS  
(ignoring this,  
excited)  
University of Florida. All-American  
wide receiver. Number...  
(snaps his  
fingers)  
...88! Am I right or what?

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

That was a long time ago.

TUBBS

Man, you were sensational! I saw you one time when I was about fourteen, run a screen pass ninety yards with ten seconds left on the clock for the winning TD against Alabama.

(laughs,  
remembering it)

The funk-ay honk-ay.

CROCKETT

(grins,  
overriding)

Ninety-two yards, Tubbs. Six seconds remaining.

TUBBS

(a beat, as  
Crockett resumes  
searching)

Not that vice isn't the most glamorous gig in the world, Crockett but, uh...

(a look)

What happened? You must've had half the scouts in the NFL on your tail.

CROCKETT

(a philosophical  
shrug, searching)

Oh, I guess I could've gone for the big bucks and the glory but at the time I kinda figured other things came first.

(off Tubbs'  
look)

Traded it all in for two years in the Southeast Asian Conference. (X)

TUBBS

'Nam...?

CROCKETT

No, Coney Island.

(beat)

Came back with a screwed up right knee, a six point five time in the forty, and a one-way ticket to Palookaville.

CONTINUED

CROCKETT (Cont'd)

(off Tubbs'  
solemn respect,  
a martyr-like  
shrug)

You do what you gotta do.

Under which Tubbs has discovered a small address book taped  
to the bottom of a desk drawer and ---

TUBBS

What have we here...  
(leafs through  
it, off  
Crockett's  
interest)

Phone book, Crockett. No names,  
just numbers.

Crockett takes the book from him, leafs through it for a  
second ---

CROCKETT

I'll have a back-trace done through  
Ma Bell.

-- then pockets it, as we ---

CUT TO

141-A EXT. LEON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY - CROCKETT AND TUBBS 141-A

headed back down the stairs from Leon's apartment, under ---

TUBBS

(a thoughtful  
hesitation, then)

You know, Leon was real panicked out-  
side that courthouse, Crockett. Must've  
changed cabs three, four different  
times on the way to the Jai Alai game  
and I know for a fact the only tail  
on him was mine.

(shrugs)

So how'd the hitter know where to  
find him?

CROCKETT

What are you trying to say, Tubbs?

TUBBS

I'm saying the only ones who knew  
Leon was there were cops.

(a look)

I'm saying you got a leak in your  
department the size of the East  
River, Crockett.

CONTINUED



141-A CONTINUED

141-A

Having already considered this possibility, it nevertheless arrests Crockett to hear it expressed by Tubbs. Stopping at the bottom of the stairs, he turns to meet his eyes for one grim moment, then --- (X)

CROCKETT

You let me worry 'bout my department, pal. Now unless you got a secretary at your motel, I suggest you just scoot back there and wait for the phone to ring.

CUT TO

142 INT. PRECINCT SQUAD ROOM - DAY - CLOSE ON RODRIGUEZ

142

looking extremely distempered and setting a fast pace for Crockett as, on the cut, they shoulder their way through the afternoon traffic, under ---

CROCKETT

(handing  
Rodriguez  
a report)

Aside from the ballistics report, SID's drawn a total blank.

RODRIGUEZ

(skimming report,  
disgusted)

We had him, dammit!  
(hands back  
report)

How 'bout the apartment?

CROCKETT

(shaking  
his head)

Sloppy seconds. Someone beat us to the punch.

(spotting  
someone)

Excuse me, Lou.

Whereupon as Rodriguez continues steaming towards his office, Crockett executes an abrupt U-turn to intersect ---

143 TWO FEMALE OFFICERS

143

one white, one black, presently headed for the exit, back to camera, and turning a few lecherous heads when Crockett moves in with the two Jai Alai arena video canisters and ---

CONTINUED

143

CONTINUED

143

CROCKETT

Gina, I got a small favor to ask of  
you.

(X)

Whereupon the officer turns, revealing herself to be none  
other than Gina Calabrese, having traded in her hooker's  
outfit for more conventional streetclothes. Her companion,  
Trudy, shoots her a wry look then continues on as ---

GINA

Yeah, right. Last time you said that  
I ended up baby-sitting a sick croc-  
odile for an afternoon.

(X)

CROCKETT

(undeterred)  
Alligator, darlin', alligator.  
(holds up  
canisters  
of film)  
Got some video footage I need dropped  
off at the lab...  
(a look)  
Gonna be anywhere near there?

GINA

Sonny, I gotta be in costume and  
on the pavement in less than an  
hour.

CROCKETT

How 'bout dinner tonight.  
(grins)  
Token of my appreciation.

Gina just stares at him a moment, defeated, then grabs the  
canisters from his mitt ---

GINA

I'll think about it.

(X)

Gina turns to head out when Crockett delays her with ---

CROCKETT

Oh, and Gina....

She turns, he hands her a slip of paper.

CROCKETT

Need a little computer bio on a New  
York narc name of Rafael Tubbs.  
(smiles)  
As long as you're downtown.

CONTINUED

143

CONTINUED - 2

143

Gina shoots him a look he could chin himself on ---

GINA

Give 'em an inch, he thinks he's  
a ruler.

-- Then mashing the paper and canister into her pocket, she  
turns and heads out as Crockett grabs his ringing phone.

CROCKETT

(into phone)

Crockett....

CUT TO

144

INT. TUBBS' MOTEL ROOM - TUBBS

144

standing by the bed speaking into the phone as, on the cut ---

TUBBS

(into phone)

We're back in business, my man.

(grins)

One of Calderone's guys just called  
for a meet. De Soto he said his  
name was.

Intercut:

CROCKETT

(into phone)

Little on the festive side? Voice  
a cross between Tio Puente and Carol  
Channing?

TUBBS

Joo got it, mang.

CROCKETT

(glancing  
at wristwatch)

Pick you up in fifteen minutes.

CUT TO

145

INT. FAT SAL'S - DAY

145

Little Havana's answer to a Mulberry street-wise guy's bar:  
pool table, booths, bad lighting and a crowded bar garishly  
decorated with a discordant collage of pinups. The air is (X)  
choked with the smells of rice, beans, grill grease and  
cigars, and the Latin byplay of several dozen Cuban hustlers  
and foreign policy experts, downing rum with beer chasers as  
they cuss at an above-the-bar televised soccer match, the  
frenetic Spanish play-by-play vying for air time with the  
jukeboxed salsa and ---

146

TRINI DE SOTO

146

A somewhat ambiguous-gendered, gold-chained Cuban in his early thirties, Mariel Harbor by way of Cy Devore, seated in a back booth as, on the cut, he philosophizes through a mouth of barbecue in a voice somewhere between Tio Puente and Carol Channing ---

DE SOTO

(a superior  
attitude)

(X)

You see, most of that Marielito stuck in detention with me'd kill the time watching Family Feud, Hollywood Squares, Search for Ryan's Hope, and all that gar-bahge but not me, mang. I figure 'Dig it, Trini, you could be in this dump six months waiting on your papers: use the time, mang, improve your mind.'

Under which we have pulled back to include Crockett and Tubbs sipping iced coffee, Crockett glancing up with irritation at the soccer game, as he will several times during their conversation, as Tubbs nods in approval, finally catching De Soto's drift.

TUBBS

Read a lot, huh?

De Soto just stares at him a moment, as one would a mental deficient, then ---

DE SOTO

(a patient sigh)

Joo missing my point, mang. See I'd skip all that network jive and tune in the old classics: joo know, I Love Lucy, Father He Knows Best, Leave It To You Beaver, Gilligan's Hailand. It's where I learn to speak English so good, mang. The Golden Age of TV.

(X)

(leans in  
confidentially)

And forget about Desi Arnaz, mang. The fact that dude never copped an Academy Award says something deep 'bout the American Psyche.

CROCKETT

(a solemn  
nod)

New York critics, Trini, don't let it throw you.

CONTINUED

146 CONTINUED

146

Tubbs shoots Crockett a homicidal look, under which ---

DE SOTO

Whatever.

(tosses  
napkin down)

Anyway, I bore joo enough with my  
background, mang.

(smiles;  
to Tubbs)

You got the money?

Tubbs meets his eyes straight on and resolutely shakes his  
head.

TUBBS

Not till I see Calderone.

DE SOTO

(a bigger  
smile; palms  
up)

But Teddy, I'm his personal repre-  
sentative.

Crockett turns away from the televised soccer game, looking  
a little antsy as ---

TUBBS

Look, I didn't have to show here  
today, De Soto, it's strictly gratis.  
And after that fiasco last night I'm  
through dealing with middlemen.

(beat)

You tell Calderone he wants his cash,  
he meets with me personally. No  
intermediaries.

DE SOTO

That may be difficult to arrange, my  
friend.

TUBBS

Tell him to consider it a contingency  
bonus on the next load. That nickel  
stash you sent me last night won't  
even cover my air fare.

DE SOTO

(a thoughtful  
beat; then)

And what would, senor....

CONTINUED

Tubbs hesitates a moment, glancing over to Crockett, who smiles easily at De Soto, and ---

CROCKETT

Sky's the limit, amigo.

De Soto considers this, then looks at Crockett.

DE SOTO

And joo, Mr. Burnett, what's your stake in all of this?

TUBBS

Burnett's going to be handling all the transportation.

DE SOTO

(nodding his approval;  
to Tubbs)

A wise choice, Teddy.

(smiles;  
to Crockett)

Your reputation as a boating enthusiast precedes you, my friend.

CROCKETT

If you mean that slack-jawed Leon, the word I got is he's done preceded all of us.

De Soto responds with a burst of laughter at Crockett's wit, then standing, he rifles through a big wad of bills, plunks down two twenties onto the bill tray ---

DE SOTO

Nine o'clock. Key Biscayne Club.

(to Tubbs;  
eyes suddenly  
cold)

Bring the money.

(X)

-- then with an elegant passing wave at several regulars, saunters out of the diner. Crockett and Tubbs consider his exit for one moment, then ---

CROCKETT

Dude gives new meaning to the word 'alien.'

CONTINUED

146 CONTINUED - 3

146

CROCKETT (Cont'd)

(tosses down  
his coffee)

Let's blow this pop stand.

-- rises with Tubbs and heads for the door, passing in the  
process ---

147 THE TELEVISED SOCCER GAME

147

being watched by a dozen rummed-out Cubans as Crockett, on  
the pass, impulsively reaches for the channel selector  
and ---

CROCKETT

(over his  
shoulder, to  
Cubans)Mind if I check the score on that  
Dolphins game?-- without waiting for a reply, quickly turns the channel  
to the game, his every fiber keyed to the midplay action ---

FOOTBALL ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

(on set;  
excited)...Marino faking the handoff, drop-  
ping back to the pocket and...firing  
a quick screen to Hoban at the forty,  
now the thirty, twenty-five, he could  
all the way but...Schmeltzer blind-  
sides him on the twenty and...fumble...!-- when suddenly a huge brown mitt reaches in and turns the  
station back to the Spanish-commentated soccer game where-  
upon Crockett ---

CROCKETT

What are ya' doing, man...!

(X)

-- wheels around in righteous jock outrage to face ---

148 A HUGE CUBAN

148

weighing in around two fifty and looking a cross between  
Teofilo Stevenson and a small tank, standing over Crockett  
with half-a-dozen fellow soccer fanatics, all glaring  
homicidally at Crockett and daring him to switch the  
channel whereupon Tubbs quickly steps between them ---

CONTINUED

148 CONTINUED

148

TUBBS

(to Cubans;  
talking fast)

Aqui, mi amigo, tien un hermano que  
juega en el juego de hoy y sin querer  
ofender, muchachos, les deseo que lo  
posen bien...nosotros nos estamos yendo.

-- all the while pulling Crockett toward the front exit  
as the O.S. Spanish Announcer erupts in a flood of excited  
Spanish about a scored goal and we ---

CUT TO

149 EXT. FAT SAL'S - DAY - CROCKETT

149

stomping out of the diner and down the sidewalk, Tubbs  
alongside, under ---

CROCKETT

(enraged)

...That peanut-brained Jimmy Carter  
issues a blank check to a hundred  
and twenty-five thousand of these  
boat-lifted jokers a good twenty-  
five percent of which are known  
felons and now five years later  
Castro's still laughing his butt  
off while us native sons can't even  
watch a red-blooded American football  
game when the urge strikes.

(X)

TUBBS

(walking  
alongside;  
a sympathetic  
look)

How much money you got on it?

Crockett stops cold beside his curbed Porsche and turns  
to stare at Tubbs.

CROCKETT

(genuinely  
offended)

I'm trying to make a serious, socio-  
political point here, Tubbs. What  
the hell does that have to do with  
anything?

Holding his ground, Tubbs just shoots him a street-wise  
Brooklyn look, finally eliciting from Crockett a sour,  
begrudging expression and ---

CONTINUED



149 CONTINUED

149

CROCKETT

(a disgusted  
mumble)

A hundred bucks.

CUT TO

150  
thru  
154

OMITTED

150  
thru  
154

155 INT. FERRARI - DAY - CROCKETT AND TUBBS

155  
(X)

cruising across the Venetian causeway, Crockett at the wheel,  
Tubbs meditatively regarding the foreign scenery, then  
finally ---

TUBBS

I've been doing a little thinking,  
Crockett, you know, about that  
possible leak and...

(beat)

...how well you know this Lieutenant  
of yours, Rodriguez?

CROCKETT

(a look)

What are you getting at?

TUBBS

(returning his  
look)

He's really the point man in the  
whole operation.

Crockett suddenly slams hard on the brakes to catch a rising  
bridge, then wheels on Tubbs and ---

CROCKETT

You're down here on a courtesy pass,  
New York, so take a major conventional  
detour right now! Got it?

(X)

TUBBS

Hey, lighten up, I was just asking....

CROCKETT

(pissed,  
overriding)

You were just 'asking' about a man I  
consider one of the most righteous  
cops in the entire county and who  
I've worked with for nearly six years  
which is six years longer than I've  
known you, my friend.

CONTINUED

155 CONTINUED

155

TUBBS

(with equal  
force)

Yeah, well if you know him so well  
maybe you want to explain an eighteen  
thousand dollar deposit he made at  
First National ten days ago.

(X)

Though caught totally off guard by the news, Crockett covers  
up by stomping on the gas and rocketing through the now  
green bridge light, under ---

CROCKETT

(outraged)

You're doing makes on my friends!!?

TUBBS

Just a little local research...  
(off Crockett's  
look)

(X)

It's called staying alive, son! I'll  
explain it to you sometime.

CROCKETT

(shifting)

It was a bona fide legal inheritance from  
his uncle or something. Now drop it!

Crockett jams the stick into third, then as the screen  
suddenly distorts in a blue of accelerating red metal and a  
roar of internal combustion ---

CUT TO

156 INT. KEY BISCAWAYNE CLUB - NIGHT

156

A high-tech, higher-priced private disco-dinner club for  
the Dade County glitterati that makes Club A look like an  
East Side falafel stand.

Prince's "Little Red Corvette" is presently pounding the  
shit out of the rather ambitious decor as, on the cut, the  
camera takes us on a walking tour of the SRO crowd of  
Colombian coke royalty, Armani-tailored Marielito hitmen,  
deposed Central Americans and assorted fast-laners, pilot  
fish and aerobicized lovelies, drinking and dancing,  
under ---

GINA'S VOICE

Volunteered for Vietnam?

(laughs)

Aside from an occasional massage  
parlor bust, Sonny never volunteered  
for anything in his entire life.

Under which we have come full circle to hold on ---

157

GINA AND TRUDY

157

dolled up like a couple of expensive party girls and seated with Tubbs, who is dressed in gold-chained dealer-flash, nursing after-dinner drinks at a strategically located table adjacent to the over-spilling dance floor. Crockett is conspicuous by his absence as the conversation continues unabated with ---

TRUDY

(to Tubbs,  
smiles)

Probably told you he got that bad knee of his in combat, huh?

TUBBS

Yeah, well, kinda....

Trudy and Gina exchange an amused look, then ---

GINA

(to Tubbs)

Story I heard is he got himself absolutely wasted after this hundred yard game his last year at U of F and fell two stories climbing out of some baton-twirler's dormitory room at five in the morning.

TRUDY

(to Tubbs)

You call that combat, honey, he'd be a purple heart ten times over.

Whereupon Gina and Trudy bust up laughing then just as suddenly break off as two large mitts appear gently on their either shoulder and ---

CROCKETT

(leaning in, a  
tight smile)

Enjoying yourself, ladies...?

(X)

Whereupon, as Tubbs laughs and Crockett sits, Gina quickly sidesteps the moment with a deliberate double take regarding a passing middle-aged racketeer, loaded down with six pounds of gold around his neck, wrist and fingers and a pretty, twenty-year-old Qualuudette.

(X)

CROCKETT

(regarding  
racketeer, to  
Tubbs)

Twenty-four-hour Martinizing Marty Goins. Runs a money laundering operation out of the Caymans.

(X)

Crockett discreetly breaks off, giving the others a look, regarding the imminent arrival of ---

in a huge-shouldered Claude Montana spring ensemble, and coked to the gills, swinging festively by the table with ---

DE SOTO

(to Tubbs)

Sorry to keep joo waiting so long.  
Theodore. Senor Burnett.

(extending a  
flaccid left  
hand)

I trust dinner was to jour satisfaction.

Tubbs and Crockett have stood, settling on Hollywood shakes, under ---

TUBBS

Righteous, man.

(making intros)

Gina, Trudy my love: Trini De Soto.

A continental half bow from the ultrasuave Trini as Crockett shoots a look to the ladies, whereupon Gina stands with an appropriate bimbo gleam and ---

GINA

If you boys'll excuse us, Trudy and I are due for a little paint and body work.

And with a coy wink for De Soto she saunters towards the ladies room, Trudy in tow, whereupon De Soto sits and Tubbs produces a coat check ticket.

TUBBS

(sliding it  
to De Soto)

It's in the coat check: hundred and twenty even.

(a look)

Good faith money, De Soto. A working relationship, remember...?

De Soto hands the ticket off to a young Latin man who discreetly passes by the table then continues towards the front entrance. Then settling luxuriously back in his seat, Trini encompasses the room with one expansive gesture ---

CONTINUED

158

CONTINUED

158

DE SOTO

I love this place, mang. Pretty people, first-class rest rooms, a selective door policy.

(breaks into a little Barry Manilow samba)

'At the Copa, Copacabana...'

(off their expressions, a somewhat unhinged laugh)

Don't mind me, mang, I've been up four days running.

(X)

As if to corroborate the fact, Trini lets out a jammed exhale, then straightening in his chair, turns to Tubbs.

(X)

DE SOTO

What kinda weight are we talking about, Teddy?

TUBBS

(a drink, shrugs)

I can have up to ten million U.S. at my disposal by noon tomorrow. Forty grand a key, tops. You figure it out.

DE SOTO

(a beat, calculating, then)

I'm not making any promises of course, but joo may have arrived at a very opportunistic time.

(to Crockett)

Tell me about this killer boat of yours, Burnett.

(X)

CROCKETT

Thirty feet. All engine. Can handle a good eighty keys and still outrun anything the Coast Guard's got.

(X)

DE SOTO

(nods, then)

In that case joo might want to have one more of the same on call.

Doing some quick arithmetic, Crockett exchanges an impressed glance with Tubbs regarding the probable load, whereupon ---

CONTINUED

158

CONTINUED - 2

158

DE SOTO

(stands)

If joo hear from us at all it will  
be sometime tomorrow.

CROCKETT

(hands De Soto  
a slip of paper)

We'll be at the boat number. Night  
or day.

De Soto accepts the number then turns to go when ---

TUBBS

(grabbing  
his arm)

Not so fast, Trini.

De Soto turns..

TUBBS

You said Calderone'd be here.

DE SOTO

(a glint)

He has been....

Whereupon De Soto drifts off, just as a tuxedoed Waiter  
arrives with an iced magnum of Perrier Jouet ---

WAITER

(icing the  
bottle)

Compliments of the gentleman behind  
you sirs.

Crockett and Tubbs follow his nod to ---

159

THEIR POINT OF VIEW - CALDERONE

159

The face from the photos, seated at a table situated on an  
elevated platform a mere ten yards away, with two nineteen  
year olds, a Colombian bodyguard and the briefcase. As  
Calderone offers them a chilling smile and an upraised glass  
in toast ---

160

CROCKETT AND TUBBS

160

exchange a surreptitious glance then Tubbs, unexpectedly  
taking the initiative, rises from the table and, leaving  
Crockett, heads directly for ---

161 CALDERONE

161

glancing up from his champagne, cracked crab and giggling concubines as Tubbs moves in with a gracious smile and ---

TUBBS

Hospitable gesture, Mr. Calderone,  
thank you.

(off Calderone's  
distant smile,  
extends hand)

Teddy Prentiss. I'm looking forward  
to doing business with you.

(X)

Dismissing this remark with a wry smile, and without rising, Calderone merely takes Tubbs' extended hand and, gazing up straight into his eyes ---

CALDERONE

(shaking  
his hand)

Enjoy your stay in Miami, Senor Prentiss.

(X)

As Tubbs stares down at the man, there burns an obsessive inner hatred beneath his smile that is totally out of keeping with the usual jaded objectivity of a veteran undercover cop. A subtlety that is not at all lost upon ---

162 CROCKETT

162

as, from his seat, he watches Tubbs and Calderone finish their handshake. No sooner has this inconsistency filtered his consciousness than ---

GINA

(returning to  
her seat)

Regular Hoover convention in the loo  
tonight. Six legs to a stall.

(grabs her coat  
as Tubbs returns)

(X)

I don't know about you party types  
but I'm fading on the vine. Can I  
drop anyone?

TUBBS

(stands)

Yeah, me.

(to Crockett)

See ya in the morning, Crockett.

(nods)

Gina.

CONTINUED

162

CONTINUED

162

GINA  
Good night.

CROCKETT  
Later Tubbs.

As Tubbs and Trudy head off, Gina turns to Crockett,  
somewhat alarmed.

(X)

GINA  
I thought he said his name was  
Prentiss...?

(X)

Crockett considers his slip of the tongue a moment, then  
decides to trust her.

CROCKETT  
(shakes  
his head)  
Rafael Tubbs. NYPD.  
(nonchalant  
beat)  
Computer come up with anything?

GINA  
You're darn right it did.  
(a look)  
Sonny, I don't know who that joker  
is, but Detective Rafael Tubbs' been  
dead and buried over three weeks now.

(X)

His face draining, Crockett wheels to catch a last fleeting  
glimpse of the now-departed Tubbs then, as the confusion  
and paranoia settle in ---

CUT TO

163

EXT. BAL HARBOR MARINA - NIGHT

163

Slowly panning a dark, silent armada of big money recrea-  
tional vessels, sloops, schooners, cigarettes and luxury  
yachts, moored for the night, masts and rigging creaking in  
the soft Carribbean trades; the early-hour stillness barely  
broken by a woman's seductive laughter gliding across the  
water and, from a lesser distance, the pensive refrains of  
Jimmy Buffet's "One Particular Harbor," an interminable  
ringing through a phone receiver and the somewhat fractured  
paranoia of ---

CROCKETT'S VOICE  
...It's some kind of setup, should've  
known it. Guy pops in from nowhere,  
sketchy background, third-hand  
referral...

CONTINUED



163 CONTINUED

163

CROCKETT'S VOICE (Cont'd)

(more ringing,  
growls)

C'mon, pick it up man, pick it up....

(X)

Under which we have snuck up on the St. Vitus Dance, on the deck of which Elvis can be seen stretched out on a chewed-up security blanket beside the softly playing cassette recorder, and gazing sympathetically upon ---

164 CROCKETT

164

seated several feet away on the stern deck with Gina, a fifth of Wild Turkey, holding a mobile telephone to his ear, under ---

CROCKETT

(back to  
rambling)

Never trust anyone in this business  
...cardinal rule...

(slams down  
phone)

Damn!

(to Gina)

I mean, who knows who this guy's  
working for: DEA, IRS, State,  
county, Customs, for all I know he  
could be working for Calderone...!

(X)

GINA

(overriding)

Well, unless you want to wait outside  
his motel all night there's not a lot  
you can do right now anyway...

(a wry look)

Except maybe to get a grip on your-  
self.

Crockett turns to her for one second, offended, then catching the humor in her eye, just shakes his head, tosses back the rest of his drink then pours another. Finally ---

CROCKETT

(low, resigned)

I don't know, maybe I'm getting too  
old for this line of work...Scraping  
by on four hours sleep a day...  
living undercover for weeks at a  
time: dealer this month, outlaw  
biker the next, if it's Tuesday I  
must be working drugs...

(X)

CONTINUED

164 CONTINUED

164

CROCKETT (Cont'd)

(takes a drink,  
shaking his  
head)

Hell on the ol' nervous system, I  
tell you. And disastrous on a  
marriage...

(under his  
breath)

...irregardless of Caroline's inter-  
pretation.

GINA

(a long beat,  
finally)

You ever forget who you are?

CROCKETT

(looks at  
her)

Forget who I am...?

Crockett laughs, a mixture of sadness and self-parody.

CROCKETT

Darlin', sometimes I remember who I  
am.

Gina turns to study him, an awkward silence ensuing which a  
suddenly uncomfortable Crockett seeks to break with a quick  
refill and ---

CROCKETT

But what the heck, I'm not complaining.  
Got a terrific six-year-old boy, two  
boats...

(a tip of  
the glass  
to Elvis)

...one freaked-out alligator and a  
just-announced free agency in the  
Southeast string bikini league.

(grins)

It's like the song says, 'She left  
me at Sears and I cried all the way  
to Walgreens.'

GINA

(stares at  
him, pissed)

You're such a fraud, you know that,  
Crockett. You can play that beach  
bum cowboy routine of yours with the

CONTINUED

GINA (Cont'd)

football lingo and the beer commercial mentality from now till doomsday but basically you're just as scared and mixed up as anyone.

Crockett takes a long moment, considering this, then ---

CROCKETT

(a look)

You know something, Gina. You can be a real pain in the butt sometimes but I like you.

(smiles)

I like you a lot.

GINA

(meeting his eyes)

I like you too, Sonny.

CROCKETT

(amused)

That why you've tossed four dinner invitations back at me in the past three weeks?

(preempting her excuses)

And you wouldn't have come tonight if you hadn't had Trudy along to block tackle.

Gina considers this a long moment, then ---

GINA

My father always told me never to get involved with a man on the rebound, Crockett.

(looks at him, smiles)

And as far as I'm concerned you are bouncing so hard you're practically out of the ball park.

CROCKETT

What the hell's that supposed to mean?

GINA

It means you're still in love with Caroline.

CONTINUED

164 CONTINUED - 3

164

Crockett just shakes his head, managing a confident, unencumbered laugh to mask his uncertainties.

CROCKETT

Try again, lady.

GINA

(a soft smile)

No thanks. I might believe you the second time.

Whereupon she downs the rest of her drink in one throw and rises ---

GINA

I'm going to freshen up and grab my things.

-- then crosses to the hatch and, descending the ladder, disappears gracefully below deck, leaving ---

165 CROCKETT

165

alone, to ponder the night sky and the B side of the Buffett tape, the lights of Miami and the incoming tide. And finally, the sound of Gina's movements below deck whereupon, a gleam igniting in his eye, he rises and bangs his head painfully on the boom, then recovering some semblance of dignity, Crockett crosses silently to the hatch. He is three-quarters of the way below deck when his stealthy descent brings him eye-to-eye with the sour reproachful gaze of Elvis ---

CROCKETT

(low, defensive)

What are you looking at?

Whereupon, retreating from this mute reptilian indictment, he disappears below deck. A brief moment passes before we hear a surprised scream from Gina, then ---

GINA'S VOICE

(laughing)

Sonnyyyy...!

-- followed soon afterward by the sounds of shared laughter, a hot and impromptu embrace and finally, silence. A moment later the below-deck lights go out followed immediately afterward by the quick closing of the hatch, flush in the face of Elvis who, locked out for the evening, plops his muzzle loudly onto his lonely blanket. Then, off his dolefully hound-like exhalation ---

DISSOLVE TO

166 EXT. BAL HARBOR MARINA - DAY - A FIFTY-FOOT CHOW LEE 166

Its well-tanned coed crew hauling sail as it glides across the glassy waters of the awakening marina, catching the early morning trades and passing a wide variety of neighboring vessels, including ---

167 THE ST. VITUS DANCE 167

still shuttered for the night. Devoid of activity, save for the intermittent rolling, from the cutter's wake, of an empty fifth of bourbon.

167-A INT. ST. VITUS' DANCE CABIN - DAY - CLOSE ON CROCKETT 167-A

stretched out on the double bed, in midsnore, a dreamy smile playing upon his face as, on the cut, he rolls over to drape an arm around Gina, and ending up with merely a handful of scales, pries open a lid to find himself staring straight into the self-satisfied muzzle of ---

167-B ELVIS 167-B

lying beside him in the vacancy left by a now-absent Gina. Surprised by her unannounced departure, Crockett sits up, glances around the dishevelled cabin ---

CROCKETT

Gina...?

(receiving no  
reply, deflated,  
to Elvis)

Terrific.

-- then is about to collapse back onto the bed when he is brought up short by the sounds of footsteps approaching down the dock outside and ---

TUBBS' VOICE

All hands on deck! This is your  
eight o'clock wake-up call.

-- as we ---

CUT TO

168  
thru OMITTED  
171

168  
thru  
171

172 EXT. ST. VITUS DANCE - TUBBS

172

freshly shaven and full of good cheer, hopping on board. He pauses a moment to cautiously survey the deck for any unleashed reptiles, then crosses to the hatch and opens it a safe two inches, the epitome of the morning person ---

TUBBS

(into cabin)

Rise and shine, buddy boy! And tell that lapdog of yours any false moves and I'll make a suitcase out of him.

(X)

Silence. Somewhat puzzled, Tubbs slowly slides open the hatch and ---

173 INT. ST. VITUS DANCE CABIN - TUBBS

173

sticks his face into the hatchway, his eyes scouring the darkness ---

TUBBS

Crockett...?

-- then is suddenly grabbed at the collar and yanked head first down the ladder into the cabin darkness by ---

174 CROCKETT

174

who jerks him up off the cabin floor and shoves a flare gun into his abdomen, under ---

CROCKETT

This here's a flare gun, sucker, so unless you want your entire digestive tract lit up like Cape Canaveral you got exactly ten seconds to tell me who you are!

TUBBS

(shocked,  
struggling)

You crazy, man, whatta you doing!!?

CROCKETT

(slams him  
against bunk)

Eight seconds!

(nods)

Course ol' Elvis there might be running a little fast.

The ticking alligator is stretched out on an upper bunk, eyeing Tubbs hungrily, under ---

CONTINUED

TUBBS

Whatta you talking about, you know  
who I am!

CROCKETT

(overriding,  
pissed)

Rafael Tubbs died three weeks ago in  
that New York shootout with Calderone!  
Four seconds.

(off his  
resistance)

Who are you, dammit!!

Tubbs hesitates one moment then, as Crockett is about to  
lose it ---

TUBBS

(a low murmur)

His brother...

(off Crockett's  
puzzlement, angry)

I'm his brother, Crockett!!

As a confused Crockett loosens his grip, Tubbs grabs the  
photo of Calderone and Rafael off the desk top and shoves  
it in Crockett's face ---

TUBBS

(a bitter  
look)

I know we all look alike to you  
Southern crackers, but not this much.

Keeping the flare gun levelled, Crockett grabs the photo,  
seeing the resemblance for the first time, under ---

TUBBS

(nods toward  
photo, pensive)

He was the best, Crockett. Reason  
why I became a cop.

(off Crockett's  
look)

Sixty-First Precinct. The Bronx.  
ID's in my right side pocket.

Crockett cautiously takes out the ID and looks at it ---

CROCKETT

(reads)

Ricardo Tubbs.

(a look)

Don't tell me: your friends call  
you 'Rico.'

CROCKETT (Cont'd)

(back to ID)

Motor Patrol...? Four lousy years  
out of the Academy...?

(tosses flare  
gun, hands  
back ID)

Why?

TUBBS

Homicide up north wasn't getting  
anywhere.

CROCKETT

The interdepartmental memo, priority  
security clearance...All forged?

(X)

TUBBS

(nods, then  
his frustration  
spilling out)

How else could I have gotten in down  
here!? As a grade two street cop on  
leave of absence!? Tell 'em there  
was a death in the family!?

(X)

(a beat)

Or as a veteran Detective First  
Class. On assignment.

(off Crockett's  
look)

The bastard killed my brother,  
Crockett!!

CROCKETT

(a long beat,  
wheels turning,  
and then)

And the hundred and twenty grand...?

(beat)

Don't tell me. You robbed a bank.

TUBBS

(weary)

New York counterfeit bust. Vice  
squad pal of my brother slipped it  
out of the property room for me.

Crockett just stares at him a moment, utterly incredulous,  
then, to Elvis' apparent anxiety, begins pacing the small  
cabin, under ---

CONTINUED



CROCKETT

(mumbling to  
himself)

Counterfeit setup bread, fake memos,  
forged security clearance....

He slams his fist into the wall, Elvis jumps.

CROCKETT

The biggest score of my entire  
Godforsaken career and I'm teamed up  
with some outlaw, New York street  
cop on a hit mission...!

TUBBS

(overriding)

It's called justice, Crockett...!

CROCKETT

(cutting him  
off, moving  
in close)

It's called vengeance my friend,  
plain and simple. Now I may seem  
somewhat unorthodox to the untrained  
eye but when it comes to being a cop  
I am strictly business, pal, and  
I'll be damned if I'll put my life  
on the line with some hothead on a  
personal vendetta...

(X)

(overriding  
Tubbs'  
objections)

... 'cause when it gets personal it  
gets messy, Tubbs. And when it gets  
messy the wrong people get killed.  
Comprende!?

Having run out of steam, Crockett just stands there a  
moment staring at a silent Tubbs, who seems momentarily  
without a defense. A beat then, having made a decision,  
Crockett turns back to Tubbs and ---

CROCKETT

I'm blowing the whistle to Rodriguez.

(beat)

You're out of this operation, Tubbs.  
As of now.

CONTINUED

174

CONTINUED - 4

174

TUBBS

(a look)

There isn't any operation without me, Crockett. Calderone'll back out so quick it'll make your badge spin.

Suddenly the phone starts ringing. Crockett and Tubbs both stare at it, tense.

TUBBS

That's probably them...

(off  
Crockett's  
reticence,  
intense)

Four people dead, Crockett, two months work...All for nothing...?

As phone continues ringing ---

TUBBS

Crockett, please!!

Crockett pauses one more moment then finally, his decision made, turns to Tubbs ---

CROCKETT

Answer it.

CUT TO

175

INT. RODRIGUEZ' OFFICE - DAY - RODRIGUEZ

175

swivelling happily in his desk chair, giving his best impersonation of a man smiling but managing merely a cigar-impaled grimace as, on the cut ---

RODRIGUEZ

(impressed)

Three hundred pounds, huh...?

Crockett is standing opposite him, leafing thoughtfully through a sheaf of surveillance blowups, his attitude tense and uncharacteristically distant as a result of suspicions he is yet unwilling to either express or dismiss, under ---

CROCKETT

(nods)

Eight o'clock tonight off Virginia Key. Panamanian-registered shrimp boat.

176 CROCKETT'S POINT OF VIEW - A SURVEILLANCE BLOWUP OF LEON 176

waiting near the pay phone amidst the crowds at the Jai Alai arena. Several more blowups of Leon follow before there appears one of Leon reacting to someone in the crowd nearby. With a felt tip pen Crockett follows his sightline to the only nearby spectator who, rather than watching the game, is returning Leon's gaze then, with the pen, marks a small rectangle around the Latin hitwoman. Under ---

CROCKETT

I took the liberty of calling a little pregame strategy meet in ten minutes for all the backups; Switek, Zito, Hoban, Dibble, Gorman and Augustine. Figured we could run down the fine points then.

177 RESUME CROCKETT AND RODRIGUEZ 177

as Rodriguez nods in approval and Crockett moves for the door ---

RODRIGUEZ

How about Tubbs?

CROCKETT

(turns to door)

Got him low-profiling it on my boat till the party starts.

RODRIGUEZ

(nods, then a self-satisfied grin)

Seems like you two make a pretty fair team after all.

Crockett manages an ironic smile then is about to head out of the door when a Desk Officer butts his head in and ---

DESK OFFICER

(to Rodriguez)

Call for you from a Sister Agnes at Immaculate Heart, Lieutenant.

RODRIGUEZ

(looking up from paperwork)

I'll have to call her back.

(as the Desk Officer leaves, smiles, to Crockett)

I'm sending my boy Hector there in the fall.

CONTINUED

177 CONTINUED

177

CROCKETT

(pausing at  
door)

Good school. Expensive too.

(eyeing Rodriguez)

Wish I could afford to send Billy  
there.

(X)

RODRIGUEZ

(puzzled by  
his manner)

What's that supposed to mean?

CROCKETT

Nothing, Lou.

(shrugs)

Just seems like an awful tough nut  
to make on a lieutenant's salary.

RODRIGUEZ

(standing)

What the hell's wrong with you  
Crockett? You wanna know where I  
got the money, just ask me.

CROCKETT

Okay, where'd you get the money?

RODRIGUEZ

None of your business. Now get out  
of here.

Crockett just stares at him for a moment, somewhat taken  
aback, then turns and ---

178 INT. SQUAD ROOM - CROCKETT

178

as he exits Rodriguez' office, then moves up to the Desk  
Officer ---

CROCKETT

Finish the name trace yet on those  
phone numbers I gave you, George?

DESK OFFICER

Have it ready for you in an hour,  
Sonny.

CONTINUED

178 CONTINUED

178

CROCKETT

(nods, then,  
confidential)

For my eyes only, pal. Okay?

(off his nod,  
hands him  
surveillance  
photos)

Need a couple quick blowups too.  
High-priority rush.

The Desk Officer nods and heads off, under which Switek, Zito and several equally seedy-looking vice cops pass by with ---

ZITO

(a leer,  
to Crockett)

Whenever you're ready, Professor.

-- then continue into an adjacent roll call room through the open doorway of which can be seen the makings of a full-scale strategy meeting. Under which Crockett has become distractedly aware of ---

179 GINA

179

dressed in her office clothes, entering the squad room and crossing to the coffee machine, studiously avoiding Crockett's eyes, her cheeks burning under his gaze. Whereupon ---

180 OMITTED

180

181 CROCKETT

181

moves in on her, masking his awkwardness with a breezy smile ---

CROCKETT

Got everything straightened out with Tubbs. Little computer mix-up.

Gina just nods, pouring a cup and utterly disinterested. Crockett stands there a moment, a trifle confused, then tries on a diffident smile and ---

CROCKETT

You sure made a fast exit this morning....

CONTINUED

181

CONTINUED

181

Slamming down her coffee cup, Gina cuts him off in mid-sentence with a deadly look and ---

GINA

I've got nothing to say to you.

-- then stalks away for the corridor as Crockett manages an innocent "can't live with 'em, can't live without 'em" shrug for a passing Trudy and the rest of the precinct orchestra section, then hurries after ---

182

INT. STATION CORRIDOR - GINA

182

steaming down the hallway as Crockett, overtaking, begins back-peddalling in front of her for some mobile eye contact, under ---

CROCKETT

(low,  
protesting)

What's wrong, Gina? What are you so mad about?.

(X)

GINA

Think about it, I'll get back to you.

(X)

At which point she hangs a sudden left into the ladies room to escape him. Crockett stands there for a second, frowns, then ignoring the raised eyebrows of the local traffic ---

183

INT. LADIES ROOM - CROCKETT

183

barges in, whereupon Gina wheels from the sink mirror, composure wearing thin and ---

GINA

Get out.

CROCKETT

(palms up,  
diplomatic)

Look, I didn't plan for that to happen last night.

(X)

(a look,  
finally  
a smile)

Still, all in all, I think it was pretty terrific that it did.

CONTINUED

GINA

(repairing  
her makeup)

Yeah, sensational Crockett: full  
moon, the boat, a few drinks, soft  
music...

(catching his  
eye in mirror)

A little sudden onboard romance?

CROCKETT

(turning her  
around,  
bewildered)

And what's so bad about that?

(pushing the  
opening door  
shut on incoming  
personnel)

Do you mind?

GINA

Funny thing is I almost believed you  
till this morning.

(a look)

Nothing like having some guy roll  
over at sunup and whisper his ex-wife's  
name in your ear to boost your self-  
image.

CROCKETT

(a look,  
taken aback)

No...? I did...?

(off her slow  
burning nod)

Gina, I'm really sor....

GINA

(overriding)

You are still in love with her,  
aren't you?

CROCKETT

(beat, a look)

Yes, I am.

GINA

(temperature  
rising)

Then what the hell was last night  
about?

CONTINUED

183 CONTINUED - 2

183

CROCKETT

(closer)

Last night was about you and me.

GINA

(anger  
growing)Cut the bull, Crockett. Why don't you  
just stand up and make your marriage  
work?

CROCKETT

(shaking his  
head)

It's not in the cards, Gina.

(a look)

I think it might be for us.

GINA

(suddenly  
losing it)You and me! Caroline and you! This  
is the last kind of situation I want  
to find myself in, Crockett! I don't  
need it! Understand!?Whereupon she turns and storms out. Then just as suddenly  
barges back in ---

GINA

And what upsets me the most is I let  
it happen because I wanted it to  
happen!--- then is once again gone, slamming the door in her  
wake and leaving Crockett alone with his reflection.

CUT TO

184 EXT. ST. VITUS DANCE - DAY - ELVIS

184

sunning himself on the cabin roof, languorously ticking,  
awash in reptilian hallucinations and eyeing ---

185 TUBBS

185

sprawled shirtless on the rear deck with a Myers and O.J.,  
laughing his ass off at Crockett's tape collection ---

CONTINUED



185

CONTINUED

185

TUBBS

(rummaging  
through  
cassettes)

George Jones, Waylon Jennings, Jimmy  
Buffet, George Jones...

(to Elvis)

Where's this boy buy his music, out  
of a Sears Roebuck catalogue?

Tubbs' laughter dies in midthroat at a deep, intestinal  
growl from the loyal beast then both turn at the sound of  
the ringing mobile phone. Tubbs stares at it a moment,  
then grabs it ---

TUBBS

(into phone,  
Cuban)

St. Vitus' Dance...

(beat)

Hey. De Soto my man!

(beat, frowns)

What you talking 'slight change in  
plans'...?

(beat; finally  
nods)

Forty minutes...? I'll be there.

Tubbs clicks off. He stands there a moment, considering  
the possibilities, then starts to dial.

CUT TO

186

INT. ROLL CALL ROOM - DAY

186

panning a good dozen of the raunchiest looking characters  
this side of Miami detox, sprawled around the room in a  
grungy assortment of guinea-t's, dacron prints, beards,  
baseball caps and sneakers; looking more like an executive  
session of the Modesto Hells Angels than a crack unit of  
undercover vice cops. Rodriguez is standing at the rear  
door, mangling an unlit Dutch Masters while Crockett, pacing  
up front before a large detail map of the South Florida  
coastline, concludes, on the cut, with ---

CROCKETT

(occasionally  
checking notes)

... Switek, Zito and Augustine in the  
Cobra out of Key Biscayne; Hoban,

CONTINUED

186

CONTINUED

186

CROCKETT (Cont'd)

Dibble and Gorman in the thirty-nine foot Cigarette out of Fisher Island. The two metro choppers and the CG cutter won't be given the final coordinates till thirty minutes before blast off.

(a beat,  
looks up)

Any questions?

SWITEK

(waves a mitt,  
studious)

Yeah, I got a question.

As Crockett turns, a beat ---

SWITEK

You roll some queer for that shirt or what?

As Switek and the other narcs crack up, Crockett glances down at his somewhat flashy Hawaiian number, then masking his current depression for the morale of the troops ---

CROCKETT

(to Switek,  
apologetic)

As a matter of fact, your old lady gave me this shirt, Stan.

(a look)

And it wasn't my birthday.

Switek's grin goes a little sour as the other cops, Rodriguez included, nearly bust a gut laughing, under which ---

187

THE DESK COP

187

ducks his head into the door just long enough to hand a manila envelope to Rodriguez, with a nod at Crockett. Then, as Rodriguez heads toward Crockett against the rising, departing tide ---

CROCKETT

(over the  
exodus)

Weapons check and final pep rally back here at eighteen hundred, girls!

CONTINUED

187 CONTINUED

187

CROCKETT (Cont'd)

(accepting  
envelope from  
Rodriguez)

Big hand on the twelve, little hand  
on the six!

Under which the vice crew has moved raucously out to ---

A-188 INT. STATION CORRIDOR

A-188

-- as they emerge directing a few perfunctorily lewd hoots  
and proposals toward ---

B-188 GINA AND TRUDY

B-188

dressed in their hooker outfits and ignoring the riff raff  
as they head out to the streets, during the transit of  
which ---

C-188 GINA

C-188

pauses for a routine check of her mailbox, in which she is  
surprised to find a single red rose. Taking the rose in  
hand she glances back toward the half open Roll Call Room  
door through which she sees ---

D-188 CROCKETT

D-188

still standing at the podium opening the manila envelope,  
a moment passes before he instinctively glances up to meet  
the eyes of ---

E-188 GINA

E-188

regarding him for one silent moment, her expression  
revealing nothing, period. Then, placing the rose in her  
purse, she heads out with Trudy, leaving ---

F-188 INT. ROLL CALL ROOM - CROCKETT

F-188

considering her exit for one reflective moment. Then,  
returning his attention to the contents of the envelope, he  
turns back to the departing Rodriguez and ---

CONTINUED

CROCKETT

(strictly  
business)

Excuse me, Lieutenant....

Rodriguez turns at the door.

CROCKETT

I noticed a small tattoo on  
Calderone's Marielito go-fer last  
night. Whatsisname, De Soto.

(points to  
area between  
thumb and  
forefinger)

Mean anything to you?

RODRIGUEZ

(a thoughtful  
beat)

Must've got it in one of Castro's  
prisons. Designates a sexual offender.

CROCKETT

Any particular kind...?

RODRIGUEZ

(shrugs)

Homosexual or transvestite, something  
like that.

Off Crockett's cool nod, Rodriguez turns to leave, then ---

RODRIGUEZ

(turns back)

Boxed a bunch of numbers and caught  
the long shot triple out at Hialeah  
Racetrack last week, okay Detective?

(X)

(a finger)

My wife hears about it, I'll come  
looking for you, pal.

Crockett cracks a grin, accepting this confidence then, as  
Rodriguez exits, stares down at ---

188  
thru  
192

OMITTED

188  
thru  
192

193

CLOSEUP - PHOTO ENLARGEMENT OF LEON'S FEMALE MEMBER SUSPECT

193

standing in the crowded Jai Alai arena and looking remarkably  
like De Soto in drag. A studious moment, then Crockett  
empties the rest of the envelope's contents onto the podium:

193 CONTINUED

193

namely the small note pad found at Leon's apartment and a three-page typed telephone company name trace on the numbers found within. We see Crockett's finger trace down the unfamiliar names and addresses opposite each number then finally stop midway down the second page and ---

CROCKETT'S VOICE

(low, shocked)

Wheeler....

194 RESUME CROCKETT

194

eyes locked on this terrible piece of evidence, under which a Second uniformed Desk Officer has entered the room with a phone slip and ---

SECOND DESK OFFICER

(approaching)

Didn't want to bust up the lecture with any phone calls, Sonny...

(hands him

phone slip)

Guy named Tubbs, 'bout twenty minutes ago. Said he was rushing out for a meet with a Trini De...Soto or something.

Crockett glances down at the message, the blood draining from his face, then makes for the door as we ---

CUT TO

195 EXT. LITTLE HAVANA - DAY - A LATIN HOOKER

195

in Spandex, heels, and a cascading blonde wig, ambling down Calle Ocho through the languorous heat-stricken pedestrian traffic to a b.g. chorus of AM salsa and sidewalk hustlers, then pausing at the mouth of an alley to light a decorator menthol and shoot a professional sideward glance at ---

196 TUBBS

196

hanging out inconspicuously ten yards into the debris-strewn alley. He impatiently consults his watch then glances up nonchalantly at the mercantile approach of ---

CONTINUED

196

CONTINUED

196

HOOKER

(a smile)

Buscando fiesta, papasito?

(X)

Frowning at something vaguely familiar about the woman, Tubbs just shakes his head.

TUBBS

No gracias mi amor, estoy esperando  
u un amigo.

Smiling her regrets, the Hooker continues walking past him down the alley then suddenly wheels back around with a monstrous-looking chrome-plated .357 Magnum and ---

HOOKER/DE SOTO

(a low growl)

Your waiting's over, dead man.

-- is just about to open fire when, at the sound of a blaring, oncoming horn, De Soto turns, his eyes going wide at the sight of ---

197

THE PORSCHE

197

jamming down the alley at sixty plus, directly towards him, with Crockett at the wheel. Whereupon ---

198

DE SOTO

198

levels the cannon and unloads a good five rounds of artillery, utterly exploding the windshield of the oncoming sports car, under which ---

199

TUBBS

199

snatches his .38 from his ankle holster and, levelling it, blows the frenzied transvestite clear out of his party shoes as ---

200

CROCKETT

200

brings the ventilated, careening Porsche to a screaming stop, then jumps out, gun drawn, to join ---

201

TUBBS

201

standing stricken over the lifeless body of De Soto, face drained, staring at the gun in his hand. Finally ---

CONTINUED

201 CONTINUED

201

TUBBS

(to Crockett,  
weak-kneed)

I...I've never....

Crockett puts a calming hand on his shoulder, understanding implicitly then, reading the signs, offers him his handkerchief. Tubbs moves off behind the dumpster to retch as two black and whites plow into the mouth of the alley. Then, off Crockett's inner rage ---

202 EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DUSK

202

A fairly modest, middle-class residence as, on the cut, the front door is opened by Scott Wheeler, who reacts with a surprised smile and ---

WHEELER

Hey, what brings ya to this neck of  
the woods!?(over his  
shoulder)

Donna, look who's here!

In the b.g., through the doorway we see Donna Wheeler, preparing dinner in the kitchen, and their two young children seated at the dinner table, one of them in a wheelchair, under ---

DONNA

(looking up  
from stove,  
smiles)Hope you brought your  
appetite, Sonny.

CHILDREN

(yelling, towards  
doorway)

Uncle Sonny!

(and)

Mom's cooking spaghetti,  
Sonny!

Under which ---

203 CROCKETT

203

Remaining rooted in the doorway, he manages a tight smile for the sake of the family ---

CROCKETT

(to kids)

Whattya say, gang?

CONTINUED

203

CONTINUED

203

CROCKETT

(to Donna)  
 Sorry, Donna, but I'll have to take  
 a rain check.

Then, eyes rivetted on Wheeler, he hands him Leon's note-  
 book and the name trace list.

CROCKETT

(low, toneless)  
 If that's not enough I got a list of  
 payoffs from De Soto's pad too.  
 (off Wheeler's  
 silence)  
 Think we better handle this outside,  
 Scott.

Wheeler just stands there a moment, his face going pale as  
 we ---

CUT TO

204

INT. WHEELER'S SEDAN - DUSK - WHEELER

204

seated behind the wheel, parked on the quiet residential  
 street in front of his house, staring straight ahead,  
 under ---

WHEELER

(low, expres-  
 sionless)  
 ...Three months behind on the mortgage,  
 thirty-six grand for Scott Junior's  
 medical expenses last year alone, and  
 me clearing a lousy thirty a year  
 gettin' shot at by guys that blow that  
 much on restaurants in a month and  
 don't even have a stinking green  
 card....

(X)

Under which we have pulled back to include a tense, silent  
 Crockett in the passenger's seat. Wheeler breaks off at  
 his disgusted glance then gets back on the track with ---

WHEELER

Six months ago, guy approaches me  
 outside a club in Little Havana and  
 hands me a suitcase. 'Compliments  
 of Mr. Calderone,' he says; nothing  
 else, just 'compliments...'  
 (a weak laugh)  
 I didn't even open the thing for over  
 two weeks, Sonny....

(X)

CONTINUED



CROCKETT

(overriding,  
eyes averted)

How much...?

(off Wheeler's  
silence, a look)

How much to buy you, Scott?

WHEELER

(a long beat,  
then quietly)

Seventy thousand tax-free American  
dollars.

(beat)

The calls from De Soto started a month  
later. Information, that's all they  
wanted.

CROCKETT

(a deadly look)

Information...?

WHEELER

(overriding,  
desperation  
growing)

I tried to pull out a dozen times at  
least but it was too late, I mean, I  
never expected anyone to get killed...!

(X)

CROCKETT

(cutting him off)

They changed the game plan on us,  
John. Is it still going down tonight?

(off Wheeler's  
silent nod)

Where?

WHEELER

(coming unglued)

You gotta help me in this Sonny, I  
got a family, man....

CROCKETT

(temper exploding,  
grabs him)

Where!!!

WHEELER

(utterly losing  
it; panicked)

I got fifteen years in as a stand-  
up cop, Sonny, two medals of valor,  
I took a bullet for you for God's  
sake...!!

(X)

Wheeler's panic suddenly dies in his throat at the sight  
of ---

205 POINT OF VIEW - TWO OFFICIAL SEDANS

205

pulling up to the curb directly opposite them. In the first sedan can be seen Rodriguez at the wheel and in the passenger seat, Tubbs. In the second sedan are two plainclothes vice officers.

206 RESUME WHEELER

206

as the life goes out of him. Finally ---

WHEELER

(drained, eyes  
front)

They're running a motor yacht out of  
Key Biscayne.

(beat)

The drop-off's up river.

Crockett nods, digesting this, staring straight ahead, then turns to Wheeler.

CROCKETT

Am I missing something here or what,  
Scott? I mean, I don't understand  
this.

(beat)

I trusted you.

(beat)

You were my partner, man. Had you and  
Donna and the kids over to our home  
for dinner, what, twenty -- thirty  
times? Thanksgiving. Birthdays....

(X)

Crockett suddenly lunges across at Wheeler and, grabbing him by the neck, begins banging him viciously against the driver's window, utterly out of control ---

CROCKETT

I trusted you, you bastard, I trusted  
you!!

(X)

Whereupon the side door is suddenly flung open and ---

TUBBS

Crockett!!

-- grabbing him by the shoulders, Tubbs drags him bodily out of the car as Wheeler hides his face in his hands, shoulders heaving. Whereupon ---

207 EXT. WHEELER'S SEDAN - CROCKETT

207

slumps against the sedan as Tubbs and Rodriguez look on.  
All illusions broken.

CUT TO

208

INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT - CROCKETT

208

cruising north on 95, utterly drained, zenning out on the white line, hollow-eyed, turning back the pages in his mind. Beside him in the passenger bucket sits Tubbs, acutely aware of Crockett's inner turmoil as he takes inventory of a fully loaded duffel bag: walkie-talkies, flares, flashlights, a sawed-off shotgun...finally, after a silence that seems like a good eight hours ---

CROCKETT

How much time we got?

TUBBS

(glances  
at watch)

Forty-five minutes.

Crockett nods, distracted, then suddenly, without warning, cranks a hard right across three lanes of traffic and zeroes in on a roadside service station. Off Tubbs' disconcertment ---

209

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT - BILLY CROCKETT

209

at the dinner table, laughing his six-year-old butt off at a big spoonful of Jell-O that has just crash landed in his lap. Caroline Crockett leans over to mop up ---

CAROLINE

(laughing)

I'm gonna have to get you a feed bag  
one of these days, William....

-- then breaks off as the phone starts ringing and rising, picks up the receiver.

CAROLINE

(into phone)

Hello?

(a beat,  
soft)

Sonny....

CUT TO

210

INT. SERVICE STATION PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT - CROCKETT

210

on the phone, his voice low and uncharacteristically diffident, under ---

CROCKETT

(into phone)

I need to know something, Caroline....

(X)

CONTINUED

210 CONTINUED

210

CROCKETT (Cont'd)  
(a beat, groping  
for the words)  
The way we used to be together...I  
don't mean lately but before...  
(an awkward  
beat)  
It was real...wasn't it?

211 INTERCUT - CAROLINE

211

slightly taken back by the question, she pauses, then  
finally ---

CAROLINE  
(softly)  
Yes, it was.  
(a beat,  
smiles)  
You bet it was.  
(beat)  
Sonny, what's wrong?

212 INTERCUT - CROCKETT

212

expressionless, but in his eyes the look of a man who has  
just been tossed a line.

CROCKETT  
Nothing, Caroline.

CUT TO

213 EXT. KEY BISCAIYNE MARINA - NIGHT - A MOTOR YACHT

213

moored to its dock as, on the cut, a good ol' boy Captain  
releases the lines and is about to take off when he glances  
up and sees ---

214 TWO DOCK WORKERS

214

in beat-up jump suits, strolling towards him down the dock.  
It is not until they are directly abreast of the yacht that  
we recognize the inimitable features of ---

215 CROCKETT AND TUBBS

215

The latter carrying the duffle bag, as they amble non-  
chalantly up to the Captain, who crosses to dockside to  
hear ---

CONTINUED

215 CONTINUED

215

CROCKETT

(a casual grin)

Good thing we caught you in time, sport.

CAPTAIN

(a tentative look)

Why? I forgot something?

TUBBS

Yeah.

(smiles)

Us.

As the man's face falls at the sight of their badges and guns ---

CUT TO

216 EXT. MIAMI RIVER - NIGHT - CALDERONE

216

standing at the end of an unlit pier which projects some twenty yards out into the desolate industrial waterway, quietly smoking, studying the moonlit sky. Behind him in the shadows we see ---

217 FOUR COLOMBIAN SHOOTERS

217

cradling an assortment of twelve guages, automatics and Ingram machine pistols, standing at the land's end of the pier at which there are parked two four-wheel drives and Calderone's black Mercedes, all pointed strategically out towards the darkened water. At the sound of a distant, approaching engine, the men all glance out to see --- (X)

218 MOTOR YACHT

218

approaching up river, lights out, whereupon ---

219 CALDERONE

219

flicks his cigarette and turns abruptly to the men --- (X)

CALDERONE

(in Spanish)

Luces! Pronto!

-- whereupon ---

220 ONE OF THE MEN 220

reaches into one of the four-wheel drives to blink on, then off, a set of high-powered headlamps, creating a momentary beacon for the approaching ---

221 MOTOR YACHT 221

which likewise flashes its lights on, then off, several times as a signal then quickly motors up to ---

222 THE PIER 222

whereupon two men quickly moor the yacht to the pier as Calderone wheels on the other two ---

CALDERONE

(harsh)

Oigan idiotas, meuvanse!

-- who clamber on board to join the wordless Captain, and move for the open galley door when suddenly ---

223 OMITTED 223

224 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 224

explode out of the galley area, levelling respectively a twelve gauge and a .38, then grab the two on-board men as shield, forcing them to drop their weapons into the water under ---

CROCKETT

Alto vatos, el la policia!

TUBBS

Un movimiento y los hago como pasta de frijoles!

(X)

Whereupon ---

225 THE TWO OTHER MEN 225

unable to get a clear shot, merely face off Crockett and Tubbs, weapons levelled, as Calderone, now holding an Ingram midway down the dock, glancing down river for any sign of backup. Then manages a cool smile, and --- (X)

CALDERONE

(to his men)

Mantenente firme. (X)

Under which ---

226

CROCKETT

226

turns just slightly to the motionless Captain and ---

CROCKETT

(all business)

Face down on the deck, pal.

(levels a  
revolver)

Now!

The Captain immediately complies, spread-eagling on the stern deck, as ---

227

CROCKETT, TUBBS, THE SHOOTERS, CALDERONE

227

resume their standoff. Calderone strategically gages the the situation with a frightenedly dispassionate concentration, intermittently directing his two shooters in barely heard Spanish ---

CALDERONE

(to his  
men, a low  
whisper)

Apartanse homeres. Julio, a la  
isquierda. Coje al tipo blanco.  
Hector a la derecha. Coje al tipo  
negro.

Under which ---

A-228

CROCKETT AND TUBBS

A-228

exchange a tense glance, Crockett indicating that he will take out the man on his right, Tubbs the man on his left. A long beat, then ---

TUBBS

(glancing  
downstream,  
sotto to  
Crockett)Where are they?

CROCKETT

(low, sideways,  
to Tubbs)

Forget it, man. It's goin' down.

As ---

B-228 THE STANDOFF

B-228

suddenly fractures into a frozen, timeless, disembodied montage of expressions and gestures, about to explode at any second, and including ---

C-228 CLOSE ON CALDERONE

C-228

waiting. Watching.

D-228 THE SHOOTERS

D-228

beads of sweat appearing on their foreheads.

E-228 CROCKETT AND TUBBS

E-228

keyed for the moment.

F-228 WEAPONS

F-228

Uzis, Ingrams, the .12 gauge, revolvers: hair-triggered, the moonlight glistening off their blue steels.

G-228 FEET

G-228

shifting nervously into firing position.

H-228 CALDERONE

H-228

adjusting his Ingram, under ---

CALDERONE

(to his  
men, low)

Quando yo doy la palabra.

-- then suddenly breaking off at an incoming roar, he wheels around at the sight of ---

228 A PAIR OF CIGARETTE BOATS

228

jamming up river at fifty miles per hour behind an explosion of search lights and ---

229 FOUR BLACK AND WHITES

229

a quarter of a mile away, barreling down the adjacent dirt road, closing in on the pier, whereupon ---



- 230 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 230  
use the momentary distraction to knock their two hostages overboard and into the water to draw a clear bead on ---
- 231 THE TWO ARMED MEN 231  
who wheel on Crockett and Tubbs and open fire as ---
- 232 TUBBS 232  
steps in front of Crockett and takes a slug in the shoulder and ---
- 233 CROCKETT 233  
blows his assailant a good five feet off the pier with one round of his twelve gauge then wheels and knocks the other man out cold with the butt, under which ---
- 234 TUBBS 234  
wheels to draw a bead on Calderone and finds ---
- 235 TUBBS POINT OF VIEW 235  
Nothing but shadows and an empty pier. Calderone has disappeared. Whereupon ---
- 236 RESUME TUBBS 236  
Tubbs races up the pier in pursuit, oblivious to his pain. Then disappears into the underbrush, as ---
- A-237 CROCKETT A-237  
heads after him some twenty yards back, as the backups close in from water and land.
- 237 EXT. MIAMI RIVER AREA - NIGHT - TUBBS 237  
Weapon leveled, moving cautiously through the underbrush, eyes scouring the shadows, pausing intermittently at each bit of cover, as ---
- 238 CROCKETT 238  
does likewise, drifting through the darkness, unable to spot either Tubbs or ---

- A-239 CALDERONE A-239  
dissolved into the shadow of a banyan tree. Utterly invisible save for the moonlight retreating from his eyes. Waiting. Cat-like. At home in the jungle. As ---
- B-239 TUBBS B-239  
stands motionless a moment in the shadows, barely visible fighting the pain. Then he moves on, as ---
- C-239 CALDERONE C-239  
waiting in the shadows with phantom-like patience, spots a moving shadow in b.g. and suddenly unloads a burst of automatic fire. Whereupon ---
- D-239 CROCKETT D-239  
flattens against a tree, the incoming rounds exploding into the wood, as ---
- E-239 CALDERONE E-239  
abandons his present cover and gliding through the shadows, resumes a statue-like predatory pose a dozen yards away. A moment of utter silence passes before the barrel of a twelve gauge sawed-off shotgun slides up alongside his temple, and ---
- F-239 TUBBS F-239  
TUBBS  
(a whisper)  
You're a dead man, Calderone ---  
As angle adjusts to include:
- G-239 TUBBS G-239  
standing directly behind him. A frozen moment ensues before Calderone suddenly drops his automatic, raises both hands and ---  
CALDERONE  
You win, man. Arrest me.  
(turning slowly  
to face Tubbs)  
Looks like I'll just have to take my chances with the courts.

CONTINUED

G-239 CONTINUED

G-239

Tubbs just stares at him, expressionless, then shakes his head, weapon leveled ---

TUBBS

It ends here.

Calderone stares back, intrigued by the death in the other man's eyes. Then ---

H-239 CALDERONE

H-239

CALDERONE

Uh-uh, dude, cops can't shoot an unarmed man.

(a hint of  
a smile)

It's against the law.

It is Calderone's final mistake. Suddenly, unhinged by the man's contemptuous smile, Tubbs knocks him to the ground with a vicious forearm blow then, leveling his twelve gauge flush in the man's face, pulls back the hammer and ---

TUBBS

(stone cold)

Por mi hermano.

-- is just about to squeeze the trigger when ---

239 CROCKETT

239

appears behind him and screams ---

CROCKETT

No!!

Tubbs does not turn, does not move an inch, but merely tightens his grip on the trigger, hand shaking, out of control ---

CROCKETT

(moving in,  
talking  
him down)

Not like this, Tubbs.

(beat)

Not like this.

CONTINUED

239 CONTINUED

239

Tubbs just stands there for one endless moment more, gun leveled, then suddenly adjusting his aim, fires one round point blank into the ground a quarter inch from the head of the catatonic Calderone. As the explosion is quickly swallowed up by the darkness, Tubbs turns, hands the gun to Crockett and, without a word, heads back toward the pier. Crockett watches, till he is no more than a shadow.

CUT TO

240 INT. COUNTY HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT - DOCTOR

240

As, on the cut, he barges out of the emergency room double doors and heads down the congested hallway for the exit, dogged by Tubbs, whose arm is now in a sling, and who is being likewise pursued by a large and somewhat irate black Nurse, under ---

TUBBS

(agitated,  
following  
Crockett)

Whattaya mean you're gonna transfer him? What's wrong with the downtown jail?

NURSE

(dogging  
Tubbs, pro-  
fessionally  
patient)

You've lost a considerable amount of blood, sir and are in no condition to be walking around....

CROCKETT

(moving, over  
his shoulder)

Quarterback sneak, Tubbs. By hiding Calderone away in an out-of-town lockup we buy the DA enough time to prepare a no-bail plea at the preliminary tomorrow.

(to Crockett,  
patience  
wearing thin)

Detective, will you please talk some sense into this man...?

TUBBS

(moving with  
Crockett,  
puzzled)

He's still due a phone call. Can't his people get some crooked judge to just cruise up to the suburbs and spring him?

(stops to  
retrieve her  
dropped clip-  
board, then  
hurries to  
catch up)

CONTINUED

240

CONTINUED

240

CROCKETT

(grins)

No one'll know he's in the suburbs, not even Calderone himself.

(winks)

We're transferring him in a blacked-out paddywagon. Incommunicado.

NURSE (Cont'd)

Mr. Tubbs, did you hear what I said.

(stops, arms akimbo)

Mr. Tubbs, get back here immediately!!

Having reached the exit door, Tubbs stops for one moment, clearly impressed, then ---

TUBBS

(grins)

Dolan, you're a genius.

-- both disappear into the night, leaving the severely frustrated Nurse, as we ---

CUT TO

241

INT. COUNTY JAIL BOOKING DESK - NIGHT

241

behind which is seated a burned-out graveyard shift Booking Officer as, on the cut, Crockett, Tubbs, and two uniformed Metro cops endure his leisurely perusal of the day's catch, under ---

DESK OFFICER

(skimming clipboard, half-awake)

Let's see: Cabanez, Cadwood, Caldoni ...Calderone.

(awakening)

Oh yeah, Senor Bigshot.

Under which an overweight Jailer has moved in and ---

JAILER

(laughing)

You're tellin' me...

(to Crockett)

How he got a judge in here this hour of the morning beats the hell outta me.

(off their response, shrugs)

Gone. Left with some Palm Beach mouthpiece.

TUBBS

What!?

CROCKETT

Where is he!?!?

CONTINUED

241 CONTINUED

241

CROCKETT

(overriding,  
grabbing  
Jailer)

How long ago!?

JAILER

(pulling back,  
offended)

Ten, fifteen minutes....

Whereupon, exchanging one glance, Crockett and Tubbs wheel and bolt back down the corridor, camera alongside, under ---

JAILER

(in b.g.,  
shouting after)

What's the big deal? No one skips on two million dollars bail.

(X)

Crockett's expression says quite the opposite as he barges back down the corridor, under ---

TUBBS

(bringing up  
the rear)

You know where he's headed!?

CROCKETT

(rushing out  
door, over his  
shoulder)

I've got a good idea.

(X)

CUT TO

242 EXT. BISCAYNE BLVD. - NIGHT - A STREET SWEEPER

242

screeching to a sudden stop in the middle of an intersection as, on the cut, Crockett's Porsche barrels past at sixty plus against the light: horn blaring, brakes locking, tires skidding for one horrific split-second then, rpm's screaming, it rockets away as ---

243 INT. PORSCHE - CROCKETT

243

straightens the shift into third, hitting ninety mph on the stretch, eyes locked to the road, slaloming through the sparse predawn traffic as Tubbs shouts over the engine noise into the mobile phone ---

CONTINUED

243

CONTINUED

243

TUBBS  
 (into phone)  
 ...Two units at 244  
 Baycrest Drive...  
 (beat)  
 No, four, four, the  
 residence and...  
 (glancing up at  
 road, cool,  
 to Crockett)  
 Look out for that...  
 (eyes widening)  
 Crockett!!!

CROCKETT  
 (eyes on road,  
 to Tubbs)  
 ...244 Baycrest Drive (X)  
 and the rest at the  
 airport.  
 (blowing past  
 station wagon)  
 Come on, lady!  
 (back to  
 Tubbs)  
 I see him, man, just  
 relax....

Just as Crockett cranks the wheel to avoid broadsiding a mammoth garbage truck pulling out of a side street then, losing the rear wheels for one split-second, he stomps back on the gas as ---

TUBBS  
 (back to phone,  
 pulse red-lining)  
 ...Yeah, and the others at  
 Opa Locka, call the tower  
 and have 'em delay if his  
 Lear's scheduled for take-  
 off...  
 (beat)  
 The hell with the channels,  
 there isn't enough time?  
 (hangs up,  
 glancing ahead,  
 bracing himself)  
 Run it, man, run it.

CROCKETT  
 (eyes on road,  
 to Tubbs)  
 Have 'em call the control  
 tower, too.

(X)  
 CROCKETT  
 (spotting something  
 up ahead)  
 Aw, for crying out loud...  
 (to Tubbs)  
 Hang on....

Whereupon ---

244

EXT. VENETIAN CAUSEWAY BRIDGE - THE PORSCHE

244

crashing through the lowered guard-arm and hitting the slight ramp created by the slowly raising bridge. Just as the Porsche hits four feet of altitude, flying over the gap ---

CUT TO

245

EXT. OPA LOCKA AIRPORT - NIGHT - A LEAR JET

245

accelerating down the runway, hitting sixty, seventy, ninety miles an hour, its wheels lifting off the runway, then rocketing directly over the heads of ---

246

CROCKETT AND TUBBS

Their hopeless runway sprint grinding to a standstill, they turn to watch the cruel, beautiful ascent of the departing Lear. Two suddenly small men standing on a desolate, concrete plain, utterly drained of emotion. Finally ---

CROCKETT

(turns)

I'm sorry, Tubbs. I, uh...

(lost for words)

I'm sorry.

TUBBS

(eyes still  
glued to jet)

It's not your fault, man.

Crockett nods, then glances up for one last glimpse of the Lear, disappearing into a hazy marine layer. Finally ---

CROCKETT

He'll be back. New name, new  
people, but he'll be back.(turns to Tubbs,  
a hollow smile)Hell, this is the Sunshine State,  
right?

Tubbs' only response is a grim nod then turning, he walks back across the tarmac, Crockett at his side. They walk in utterly deflated silence for what seems like forever, then finally ---

CROCKETT

Guess you got a job to get back to  
in New York, eh...?

TUBBS

(a morose  
laugh)You kiddin'? After the show I put  
on down here hits the fan I'll be  
lucky to get back on payroll as a  
meter maid.

CROCKETT

(a beat,  
finally)Think we could both use a little  
attitude change, amigo.(glances  
over)I know this great dockside beer joint  
down in the Keys if you're up for the  
ride.

(X)

CONTINUED



TUBBS

(a beat, stops)

You know a bar that's open at...

(glances at  
watch)

...six o'clock on a Sunday morning?

CROCKETT

(an utterly  
jaded look)

Does Leslie Gore cry at her parties?

Tubbs considers this for a moment, then reaching the conclusion that he does indeed, manages a weary shrug and ---

TUBBS

(a shadow of  
a smile)

I got nothing better to do at the moment.

Crockett stares at him a moment, the first gleam of true friendship filtering into his eyes. Then clapping Tubbs soundly on the back, moves off with him down the deserted tarmac, camera craning slowly back until the two men are dwarfed by the expanding Florida panorama and ---

CROCKETT'S VOICE

...You ever consider a career in Southern law enforcement, Tubbs?

Off this tentative and somewhat ill-considered proposal, as the morning sun peeks lazily over the Eastern rim of the Atlantic ---

FADE OUT

THE END