

**"MIAMI VICE"**

screenplay

by

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based on "Miami Vice"

created by

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First Draft

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WGAw

FADE IN:

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EXT. OCEAN - CLOSE UP: WATER - MORNING LIGHT

We are at the delicate interface between ocean and air...liquid and gas...the event horizon where molecules evaporate. This interchange is ethereal. Then, low frequencies rumble through depths...louder...closer, now... And the ocean surface is torn by a 46-foot catamaran and the ROAR of 2,700 horsepower, rocketing at us at 140 knots...

OFFSHORE RACER: "BORN TO WIN"

in PROFILE.

AERIAL: "BORN TO WIN"

...has a canopy, low like a B-1 bomber and extends a half mile. It launches off two-foot swells, goes airborne, pushes to 150 knots with another 1,100 RPM left...

INT. RACE BOAT - SONNY CROCKETT

pilots the "Born to Win" in full helmet. On the throttle and flaps is RICARDO TUBBS...

EXT. OCEAN - "BORN TO WIN"

leads the frontrunners towards a finish line demarcated by a couple of \$10 million yachts loaded with media. At the last moment occurs a small power loss, and "Born to Win" gets nosed into second place by the 46-foot Skater, "Goddess"...

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINA - "BORN TO WIN" - LATER

thunders to the dock, throttled down at low revs. The canopy is up. Crockett and Tubbs' helmets are off. Dockhands tie it off. It's the same crowd you catch at a Grand Prix: nine-figure money, tall, Northern Italian women and minor German princesses with Swiss educations, no bimbos and no questions about asset origins. The exception is "Born to Win's"

sponsor, a blonde, dreadlocked, bearded 6'4" SWITEK. He looks like a dot-com entrepreneur who got out in time. Next to him is a blonde Ukranian lady with high cheekbones. We'll see her again.

WINNING CIRCLE - CROCKETT + TUBBS

in second position to the Japanese driver and throttle man of "Goddess," neither of whom speak English. The #3 boat, "Bicardi Silver," was driven by David Scott and throttled by John Tomlinson...

CROCKETT + TUBBS

leave the winning circle among Asian and Mexican billionaires. As the small crowd breaks up...

A DEEPLY-TANNED PLAYER

named NICHOLAS in Vuarnet wraparounds and buzz-cut white hair glides by...

NICHOLAS

(low)

Burnett, what's crackin'?

CROCKETT

Nothing.

TUBBS

Maxin' and relaxin'.

NICHOLAS

(doesn't believe them)

Sure. Change your mind; get inclined? Let me know...

Whatever Nicholas is soliciting, Crockett and Tubbs don't want. (Nicholas brokers "go-fast" runs, moving loads from offshore into South Florida. Among guys who pilot offshore race boats, there are one or two who've never run a load, but no one's found them yet.) Meanwhile...

CUT TO:

INT. ALONZO STEVENS' HOUSE - A KITCHEN - NIGHT

A couple-hundred-thousand-dollars worth of granite and steel. Off-screen a restaurant-grade Sub-Zero opens with a hiss. Fan starts. Beyond the kitchen we SEE through a dining room to a den. A chair is overturned. We HEAR muffled sounds.

We SEE feet extend through a door jamb. Someone's on the floor. A television is playing, distantly.

INT. DEN - SEE FAMILY PICTURES

so close they almost come to life. A Venezuelan family, two boys and a girl in a pool. Maria, Alonzo, the two boys at their sister's baptism. And we see holding the baby daughter is Riccardo Tubbs.

A family dinner at a South American restaurant. Tubbs sits with the youngest daughter on his lap. Maria is on the other side of him. This is the image that almost comes to life. We hear the vivacious latin ambience late on a Sunday afternoon when families take the grandparents and have dinner.

INT. KITCHEN - SUB ZERO REFRIGERATOR

MOVE from the bright glare of the interior ONTO

the broad neck of a MAN. A Viking is tattooed there. The image morphs into a naked woman presenting her rear to a muscled biker next to a chopper above a swastika residing between shoulder blades. SS lightning bolts are on his neck. PULL BACK from this MAN, who is bent into the frig because he's hungry. His head is shaved and he's naked from the waist up. A BLACK HEFTY GARBAGE BAG is tied around his waist. Yellow industrial gloves are on his hands. Something bad is happening in this house...

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

It's a Sikorski skimming across the water of Biscayne Bay on a moonlit night at living-room level past stilt houses.

RICARDO TUBBS

pilots the chopper past the brightly lit windows of high-rise Collins Avenue condos for the fugitive rich...and heads towards the MacArthur Causeway.

CROCKETT

What's our deal?

TUBBS

Backup in case the Russians get physical.

CROCKETT

How lucky's Miss Universe gotta be?

TUBBS

Skin has to touch skin. That's the requirement for the warrant. Then he makes a credible excuse and he stops....

(beat)

Her crew blackmailed and asset-stripped the last mark down to his social security...

In the back - her long copper legs stretched out under a short skirt - is GINA CALABRESE.

GINA

This I gotta see...

(beat)

...the "make up an excuse and stop" part.

CROCKETT

Have faith.

GINA

I have faith. In horoscopes and fortune cookies...

TUBBS

So?

GINA

Switek pulling this off...? That's not faith; that's delusional...

Wearing enough of nothing to hide the micro .380, which Gina checks right now. There's a round in the chamber.

AERIAL: THE SIKORSKI crosses past the stacks of \$5 million condos to a landing pad on a roof. The Miami of the '80's, that twilight-zone frontier built on coke-fueled cash flow, is over. The frontier development stage is passed. It has BECOME Casablanca. Anything goes; everything has a price.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP LANDING PAD - WIDE

The chopper rockets in, settles.

INT. UTILITY STAIRCASE

Crockett, Tubbs and Gina descend to the 25th-floor penthouse, the target. As Crockett and Tubbs continue down to 24, she looks over her shoulder at Tubbs...

TUBBS

Damn, girl...

INT. SURVEILLANCE APARTMENT (ONE FLOOR BELOW THE TARGET)  
PENTHOUSE - CROCKETT + TUBBS - NIGHT

enter. Two surveillance technicians, RICK and FRANK, are glued to a monitor showing a bedroom in which nothing happens. LT. CASTILLO is there, out of a past somewhere between CIA and the Jesuits...

Referring to the monitor on which there are NO PEOPLE in an EMPTY BEDROOM.

They are watching air move.

TUBBS

This is exciting...

RICK

That's 'cause nothing is happening.

CROCKETT

No shit...?

FRANK

(it goes past him)

Yeah. This is their surveillance...how they video their marks? See, we jacked their fiber optics, like we piggybacked their signal. Get it?

TUBBS

Coooool...

They exit to...

INT. PENTHOUSE CONDO - CROCKETT + TUBBS

are met at the door by security, who recognizes them, and are welcomed by their host, UGO. This is the Baccardi Cup After-Party. The same players from the marina...

OVER CROCKETT + TUBBS

enter an 8,000-square-foot penthouse...offshore racer types, players, So Bee models...

UGO

Runnin' the Biscayne 200?

Crockett wanders off...

TUBBS

If a coupla new exhaust manifolds show up...

CROCKETT

approaches a bar and female bartender...

CROCKETT

Gin and Tonic. Plymouth or Boodles.

BARTENDER

(Scandinavian accent)

Lemon or lime?

CROCKETT

Lemon doesn't go in Gin and Tonics, darlin'. Where ya' from?

BARTENDER

(leaning in)

Gottingen. That's in Sweden.

CROCKETT

You in Miami workin' on your complexion...?

She's beautifully bronzed.

BARTENDER

(laughs)

No. I was in Namibia...

CROCKETT

Doing...?

BARTENDER

With the United Nations High Commission on Refugees. Famine relief.

Gina's listening on her personal comms.

CROCKETT

Really? I did refugee relocation  
in Somalia. But they transferred  
me out after I was wounded...

Gina rolls her eyes as she crosses by Tubbs.

GINA

Only African he ever "relocated"  
was a \$2,000-an-hour Nigerian model  
for Gucci, and he got wounded when  
she took an NBA draft choice to the  
Super Bowl instead of him...

TUBBS

He did volunteer one time...

TRUDY

(entering)

For a massage parlor bust?

(beat)

Why am I here...?

TRUDY JOPLIN is a tall African-American. She whispers into a small mic. If you looked closely, she's ripped...as if steel cables moved under her smooth skin. She slides past Tubbs and Gina...

TUBBS

(low)

...to backup Switek. But only if  
it gets lethal.

TRUDY

That's impossible.

TUBBS

Why?

TRUDY

Because you cannot kill him.

SWITEK

all white bling, is arguing with his blade-thin, glassy-eyed, adrenaline junkie partner, ZITO. Approaching is "Miss Ukraine." High cheekbones suggest one of Genghis Khan's horsemen found her maternal ancestor as attractive as Switek finds her...



Tubbs clocks three beefy Russians in a corner, one is unusually fit.

TUBBS

And there's Dmitri...

CROCKETT

The honey trap. And there's the honey.

TUBBS

Hello, Miss Ukraine...

MISS UKRAINE brings Switek his glass of champagne... She whispers something in his ear...and is led towards a back bedroom. Gina ambles over.

TRUDY

(to Crockett)

Eleven to seven he blows it.

CROCKETT

(whispers)

Twenty on my man...

TRUDY

You're giving away your money, fool...

Tubbs opens his Moto as if he's about to make a call...Trudy looks over his shoulder. What we see is the feed from the monitor in the surveillance room downstairs.

CLOSER: TUBBS'S MOTO

Two blonde people starting to get naked. Switek and Miss Ukraine. A second call comes in. Tubbs ignores it.

TUBBS

(to Zito)

You bet your partner?

ZITO

Sure. Switek versus primal impulse from the amygdala. Higher thinking versus the lizard brain. Tectonic plates of libido confront the cognitive.

GINA

Oh, bullshit. She cops his joint.  
He pushes the button.

TRUDY  
What's so fucking difficult?

THEIR FACES. They watch. And...Crockett's cell phone rings.  
He separates from the group...

CROCKETT  
Yeah...?

STEVENS (O.S.)  
Sonny...?

CROCKETT  
Yeah.

STEVENS (O.S.)  
Where's Riccardo?

CROCKETT  
On the phone.

STEVENS (O.S.)  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Sonny...

EXT. BALCONY - CROCKETT - NIGHT

enters. He's come outside to hear better.

In the background Gina shakes her head about Switek. He blew it. Trudy looks at Crockett and sees Crockett's focused, hearing...

CROCKETT  
Who is this?

INTERCUT  
WITH:

INT. BENTLEY - ALONZO STEVENS - NIGHT

He's cruising at 85. He's floating in a magnolia leather interior. But it's bloodstained from his nose and mouth. He's been beaten. His white shirt is torn. He doesn't care...

STEVENS  
(voice cracks)  
It's fucked up. I'm sorry...

CROCKETT  
(recognizing him)  
Alonzo?  
(beat)  
What are you talking about? Where  
are you...?

STEVENS  
They had me from the gate.

CROCKETT  
I don't understand...

Crockett's alarmed. He catches Tubbs' eye and waves him  
outside...

STEVENS  
I gave up nothing on you guys.  
Don't worry. I kept you and Rico  
out of it. Only the Feds. They're  
on their own...it's all their deal,  
anyway, so fuck 'em.

CROCKETT (O.S.)  
Alonzo, what's goin' on?!

STEVENS  
After I check on Francine and the  
boys, then I'm gone. Sonny, tell  
Rico I'm so sorry. I wanted you to  
know...

Tubbs joins Crockett on the balcony.

CROCKETT  
Where are you?

STEVENS (O.S.)  
...look after her. Ask Rico to.  
Okay? Do that for me. I had to do  
it. They had me from the gate.  
Do that. Whatever you can do for  
them. Okay?  
(breaks)  
Look what I did to them, Sonny...!

CROCKETT  
Alonzo...!

STEVENS (O.S.)

Goodbye.

Crockett's phone goes dead.

TUBBS

What is it?

CROCKETT

Alonzo...

TUBBS

Stevens?

CROCKETT

(nods)

Something's wrong.

Crockett's entering a number while...

TUBBS

(dialing)

I'll try Francine...

Meanwhile Crockett HEARS...

MACHINE VOICE

(recording)

Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Our office hours are...

(Crockett punches three-digit code)

FBI AGENT VOICE

F.B.I.....

CROCKETT

(cuts him off)

This is Detective Crockett. Miami-Dade P.D. Patch me through to your Special Agent in Charge, James Fujima? It's an emergency...

FBI AGENT

He'll be in on Monday...

CROCKETT

I said, "emergency." If he's not reachable, who's running the weekend? The ASAC?

FBI AGENT

We don't give that out...

CROCKETT

Listen carefully.

Crockett compels himself to be patient. Meanwhile, Tubbs has struck out with Alonzo's home phone.

CROCKETT (cont'd)

(into Nextel)

An informant who is working one of YOUR cases right now called me. YOU may have a problem. So get me somebody on the other end of this telephone who knows what the hell I'm talking about...!

Meanwhile...

TUBBS

(into phone)

C'mon...

VOICE (O.S.)

Miami-Dade PD Tech...

TUBBS

(into phone)

Bobby G. The firefly we used to have on Alonzo Stevens' Bentley, check if it still runs; if so, launch Air Support. Locate the Bentley...

(pause, listens)

I don't know...we haven't worked with him for six months...

CROCKETT

(waits, then hears a click on his Nextel)

Hello?

FUJIMA (O.S.)

This is Agent James Fujima.

CROCKETT

Detective Crockett.

FUJIMA (O.S.)

What's your Miami PD badge number?

CROCKETT  
4-4-7 Charlie 12-92.

FUJIMA (O.S.)  
(pause)  
Okay. What's up?

CROCKETT  
A C.I. we cut loose to your Joint Interagency Task Force. Name of Alonzo Stevens. Now, he's YOUR informant. Stevens, called us. I haven't spoken to him for six months.  
I do not know what case you have him on. I do not know what he is talking about. But whatever he is doing for you, it sounds like it is going bad. Right now...

FUJIMA  
How do I discuss operations over an open line?

CROCKETT  
How do I know?  
(beat)  
I got the call from Alonzo on an open line. That is the hand we have been dealt at this moment, at eleven-forty-seven o'clock Friday night. Okay? I am trying to alert you, here.

(beat)  
You know whether or not...you have a thing goin' down. I do not.

(beat)  
But we know this guy. I think you know this guy. Normally, he is cool. Tonight he is distraught. That is atypical. That engenders foreboding. Do you understand the meaning of the word "foreboding"? As in badness is happening to your deal right fucking now?

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED METAL SHED, INDIAN RIVER - WIDE - NIGHT

Nothing. Rusting marine parts and corrugated metal fall into

weeds next on a channel of the Indian River. It cuts through inner-city Miami. Distant noise. But...

INT. METAL SHED - ARYAN BROTHERS

in low light are strapping up. Kevlar vests go over tattooed arms and chests. Glimpses of swastikas. Handguns in waistbands. SMGs (Small Machine Guns) slung from shoulders over white shirts, business-suit jackets. Everybody wears surgical gloves. Shoes are industrial.

REAR SHOT: TWO OF THE BROTHERS

are leaving. One carries a very long rifle with a flash suppressor. It is a bolt action .50 caliber Burrows.

NEARBY ON THE RIVER

is a second Aryan Brother sniper team with an identical weapon aimed at an empty lot a thousand yards away across the Indian River...

INT. METAL SHED

Two Suburbans and an Escalade pull out...

CUT TO:

EXT. INDIAN RIVER - EMPTY LOT

Caribbean freighters seized by US Customs rust at the bank. MOVE IN. Two Cadillacs are parked. Waiting. A door opens. An interior light comes on. MOVE CLOSER. Two Russian slickster types. Patient. One looks at a watch. The other triggers his cell phone. A meeting is imminent.

MEANWHILE:

INT. FBI OFFICE - RAC JAMES FUJIMA - NIGHT

Empty except for the FBI Agent in a sweatsuit carrying files, as if he stopped by when Crockett's call came in. He's on a computer. He picks up the phone...

FUJIMA

Guy's involved in a "meet"...

CROCKETT

"Buy and walk"? "Buy and bust"?

"Reverse undercover"? What?

FUJIMA

Meet and greet. "I flash you some of mine, you flash me some of yours?"

CROCKETT

And the deal goes down at another place at another time.

FUJIMA

That's right.

CROCKETT

...so there's no industrial-strength HRT weapons team out there tonight?

Crockett puts his Nextel on "speaker" so Tubbs can hear, too.

FUJIMA

Correct. Flash samples. Flash cash.

TUBBS

(into phone)

Haitian, Dominican, Russian, Israeli?

FUJIMA

White supremacist types.

Crockett's impatient.

CROCKETT

OMGs, Mongols, Nazi Low-Riders, prison gangs?

FUJIMA

NLR, we think. I wanna know...

TUBBS

(sarcastic)

Oh, good...

FUJIMA

...what else, what else did he indicate to you? I need to know everything he said.

CROCKETT

He is saying they had him from the



gate. He is saying to my partner  
and I and to his family "goodbye."  
What does that tell you?

CUT TO:

INT. MIAMI-DADE P.D. CHOPPER - SWITEK + ZITO

in the back seat get lucky. The pilot reacts as the  
TECHNICIAN in the copilot seat has picked up a signal from  
the FIREFLY...the LOCATOR...on Alonzo's Bentley.

SWITEK  
(keys radio; too much  
static, tries cell phone)  
Sonny, we got him...

INT. BLACK SIKORSKY CHOPPER - CROCKETT + TUBBS

Tubbs pilots it while Crockett gets the location of Alonzo's  
car and repeats it into the headset to Tubbs as the...

EXT. SKY OVER MIAMI - C + T'S SIKORSKY - NIGHT

banks hard left and heads for north 95 towards Lauderdale.  
Meanwhile...

CUT TO:

EXT. INDIAN RIVER - WIDE: THE DEAL - NIGHT

Three Aryan Brothers in business suits get out of the rear of  
the Escalade and Suburban with a driver in each. Our two  
"Russians" approach from their Cadillac with a backup  
Cadillac and one driver on the other side.

CLOSER: ARYAN BROTHERS. Friendly. Hip-hop culture has  
invaded White Supremacist gangs. Buzz cuts. Goatees. A  
couple of diamond earrings.

RUSSIAN #1  
...sample now is okay. And we want  
sample load when we do deal...

ARYAN BROTHER  
Sure, man.

RUSSIAN #1  
What inventory you can supply...?

ARYAN BROTHER #1

Meth. Glass, ice, K's, E's,  
Mitsu's, Ames, Ex...whatever you  
need. Coke? Tonnage. And  
Colombian H. But give us a heads  
up...

The Aryan Brother pops him a couple of vials.

ARYAN BROTHER #1 (cont'd)  
Ice. Spectra-analyze that shit.  
And party-on with the coke. You  
are looking at ninety-two percent  
pure...none of that jumped-on  
powder they sell up in New  
Yorioo...

ARYAN BROTHER #2  
Yeah...  
(beat)  
Now, let's see the green...

One of the Russians puts his hand on a weapon as the other  
opens up a Nike sports bag.

RUSSIAN  
Never seen money before? This is  
called "money."

Aryan Brother #1 reaches into the bag at the wrapped stacks  
of hundreds. Flips through a couple, takes one or two at  
random. Russian nods for him to go ahead.

ARYAN BROTHER #1  
Okay. You got lotsa green. We got  
all the goodies. We party.  
Larry'll call you in the AM and  
talk money, quantity, time and  
place...

WIDEN. Everybody goes back to their cars. As the two  
"Russians" get into theirs, Aryan Brother #1 turns from the  
running board of the Escalade with his driver's door open.

ARYAN BROTHER  
Hey, Ivan! I forgot to ask you  
something, my brother...

He looks at his partner and nods, who says something into a  
Nextel.

ARYAN BROTHER (cont'd)

...they have a decent death-benefit program in the FBI?

For the Russians in the car, time freezes. As they start to react, they're blown up by .50 caliber rounds from the two sniper positions. The .50 caliber rounds go right through car bodies, sheet metal, upholstery, glass, human flesh, bone, more upholstery and metal and out the other end. Another round goes through the passenger door, through the passenger, through the driver, out the driver door and into the night...

WIDE

The three Aryan Brothers approach the steaming cars with the chopped-up occupants and take the gym bag full of cash. The Escalade driver dons night-vision goggles. They load up and drive off as we hear the "thump, thump" of Air Support and some distant sirens. Meanwhile...

CUT TO:

INT. MIAMI-DADE CHOPPER - SWITEK + ZITO - NIGHT

at 170 knots watching a thermographic image of Alonzo Stevens' car on a monitor weave through traffic northbound on the 95... SEE Tubbs' Sikorsky beyond Switek + Zito as it swoops from a higher altitude right past the Miami-Dade chopper, banks and dives for the freeway.

EXT. FREEWAY

Tracking with Stevens' Bentley from the front.

The black Sikorsky is almost on the Bentley's hood. Tubbs racks the chopper sideways so that Alonzo can see Crockett in the copilot seat...

CLOSER: CROCKETT

has his handgun out and is waving Alonzo over to the shoulder. Tubbs keeps the chopper almost blocking Alonzo's Bentley. Alonzo pulls over. Tubbs wheels around and lands on the shoulder. They approach...

ALONZO STEVENS

exits the Bentley and walks toward Crockett and Tubbs. He holds his hand out to keep them at a distance.

Freeway traffic roars past. Crockett and Tubbs don't get too

close, heeding Alonzo's warning...

TUBBS

(incensed, over traffic  
noise)

What the hell did you do?

STEVENS

The Feeb gig was I front a coupla  
undercover, Russian-speakers to  
them. One's ATF. And broker the  
deal. Set up the meet with the NLR  
types...

Stevens takes a low-resolution E-mailed image from his pocket and hands it to Tubbs. Tubbs looks up, shocked, hands it to Crockett. Stevens' head rotates loosely on his shoulders...his mind's elsewhere...

CROCKETT'S POV: IMAGE

Alonzo's wife, Francine, is bound - clothes torn - to a chair in a TV room. On the floor are two young boys bound with plastic ties. Paper bags are over their heads. Francine's eyes are as large as saucers. Around her neck is a necklace of C-4 explosive connected to a detonator.

STEVENS (cont'd)

(shouts)

So I gave them up, man! Gave up  
the Feds! Gave up everything  
I knew. Now I got to go home...

CROCKETT

How'd they get onto you?

STEVENS

How do I know? But it was from the  
get-go. Knew the FBI had run me  
into them.

(beat)

Sonny, I gotta go...!

MEANWHILE:

INT. ALONZO STEVENS' HOUSE - TRUDY - NIGHT

and a Miami PD SWAT team crash through the front door.  
Another team through the back. Trudy in a tactical vest is

second in with a 12-gauge. The house is empty. Gina and other detectives hang in the rear. First SWAT team "clears" the living room, dining room. Second clears the kitchen, maid's quarters...

INT. ALONZO STEVENS' HOUSE - DOOR TO DEN - NIGHT

...last room to clear...center of the house. SWAT teams appear around corners. Weapons up. The looks on their faces tell us nobody is here...nobody alive...and what they see gives even these veterans pause as blood pools around the legs of a family and overturned chairs. Alonzo didn't save anyone.

TRUDY  
(after changing channel)  
Hello, Sonny...?

EXT. FREEWAY - TUBBS

on police radio listens to a message from Trudy while...

STEVENS  
(to Tubbs)  
I gotta, I gotta go...!

TUBBS  
Alonzo...

STEVENS  
What...?

TUBBS  
(voice cracks)  
Alonzo, you don't need to go home.

Now Alonzo knows.

STEVENS  
They said they wouldn't hurt them,  
wouldn't hurt them if...

TUBBS  
They lied.

CROCKETT  
They been known to do that...

Alonzo Stevens has a strange look in his eyes. He looks at Crockett and Tubbs, as if to say something. He doesn't. Crockett and Tubbs walk towards him, to reach him...to

console him...

BUT ALONZO STEVENS

backs away. Looks at them sadly. And before they can stop him, he steps out onto the freeway, opens his arms, and embraces the front bumper of a 70 m.p.h. 18-wheeler.

INT. MERCEDES CL-500 - CROCKETT + TUBBS - NIGHT

Grim, silent, race through Miami traffic to the crime scene we know is ahead because...

OVER TUBBS' SHOULDER we see all the lights from two dozen emergency vehicles a quarter mile ahead. Death is not procedural or casual, not when it's somebody you know, like an informant you worked cases with. Cell phone rings.

TUBBS

Yeah.

CASTILLO (V.O.)

What's your twenty?

TUBBS

Quarter mile away. We see the lights...

CASTILLO (V.O.)

Turn around.

TUBBS

(taking cell)

We know these people...!

CASTILLO

Grieve elsewhere.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE, TOP FLOOR - ANGRY MEN - 3 A.M.

in a concrete space. We've entered mid-scene.

FUJIMA

We're not certain...

CASTILLO

You said Nazi Low-riders...?

FUJIMA

We're not certain!

TUBBS

C'mon, man!

FUJIMA

We think NLR. We don't know!  
Alonzo only fronted as a broker for  
our guys to make the meet. He  
wasn't deep into the crew.

CROCKETT

White gangs...? It doesn't track.

TUBBS

White gangs is tweakers and a  
crystal meth lab in a trailer park.  
Bounce around the old lady Saturday  
night and get your recidivist ass  
busted back...

FUJIMA

Not anymore. This is a distribution  
network out of South Florida,  
moving poly-drug loads, crystal  
meth through coke, to Nashville,  
Atlanta, Memphis, Cleveland. And  
computer fraud, identity theft.  
It's like that.

CASTILLO

(to the point)

Tell them what you want.

FUJIMA

They knew about Alonzo, before he  
made a move on them. They had our  
operation. They've cut into us.

CROCKETT

How?

FUJIMA

We don't know.

TUBBS

Break your encryption? Hack your e-  
mail? Employee databases?  
Somebody on the inside?

FUJIMA

We don't know. And that's the point. Maybe there's a mole. Whatever, it's a disaster. And it's a Joint Interagency Task Force. I have DEA, ATF, U.S. Customs components in on it. So the penetration could be from any one agency. What we do know is I have to suspend operations right now from undercover work through interdictions 'cause I have to assume our Operational Security is blown.

TUBBS

As in, your ass is dead in the water.

FUJIMA

But Miami PD wasn't part of the J.I.T. And from what Alonzo said, he didn't give you up.

CROCKETT

So what do you want?

FUJIMA

To recruit you.

Pause.

CASTILLO

...I didn't want you around the crime scene because it's crawling with federal law enforcement. We don't know who's straight up, who's not...

CROCKETT

Recruit us to do what?

FUJIMA

Get into business with this crew, identify them. Illuminate their network. If you're lucky, discover their source, how they penetrated us. We'll indict and take it from there...

CROCKETT

How do we do that? Make a buy?



(wry)  
That went well...

TUBBS  
Reverse undercover? WE supply to  
them?

FUJIMA  
They got a steady stream of supply.  
So, no...

CROCKETT  
From whom...?

FUJIMA  
A Colombian producer. Named  
Archangel de Jesus Montoya-Londono.

CROCKETT  
Never heard of him.

FUJIMA  
From the North Valle area. New.  
Low-level, we think.

TUBBS  
Aryan brothers are not going to  
change-up suppliers. So...

CROCKETT  
Transpo? How they bringing the  
loads in...?

FUJIMA  
They're not. They collect in  
Miami. Montoya, the producer,  
handles deliveries. That's his  
end, and he varies the routes. We  
got some FLIR off an AWAC of a  
coupla go-fast boats, on one run,  
that's all.

Fujima boots up his military-spec laptop to view the FLIR  
video. Meanwhile...

TUBBS  
Track with me, here...  
(beat)  
They knew the "Russians" were  
undercover Feeb? They should have  
no-showed. But, no, these guys

show anyway, and commit murder upon federal officers. And steal all your money...

(beat; to Fujima)

What does that say to you?

CROCKETT

(speculating)

It says, "We do not fear you."

(to Fujima)

It says, "Fuck off and die." It says, "We get down for recreation..."

Fujima's Dell laptop glows to life. Two almost indistinguishable boats and their wakes are SEEN.

CROCKETT (cont'd)

Blow that up...

Crockett's attention goes to something atypical he spots about the wake emerging behind each boat. He exchanges a look with Tubbs. But they say nothing.

TUBBS

(to Crockett)

So?

CROCKETT

We could try to run loads into these guys.

(to Fujima)

Run a few loads for Montoya into South Florida. Into this group.

FUJIMA

You need to consider a few issues.

CASTILLO

(to Crockett + Tubbs)

...you'd be operating outside territorial United States. Your badges do not count. You have no authorization to carry weapons. If you're busted, it could take a long time to get you re-patriated. And there's no backup...

(to Fujima)

And you will share with them all your intel on Montoya...

FUJIMA

Sure.

CASTILLO

I mean full disclosure.

FUJIMA

Of course. From my side, I don't  
WANT to know anything about what  
you're doing or how you do it...

(to Castillo)

So let me know if we're on...

Fujima splits. Castillo waits until Fujima's car pulls away.

CASTILLO

(to Tubbs)

About the Stevens family, I'm  
sorry. I know you were close to  
them.

TUBBS

I was the kids' godfather.

CASTILLO

(intuits)

And...?

TUBBS

"And" what?

CASTILLO

I got to know. There is never any  
room for "personal"...

CROCKETT

(for Tubbs)

He is fine. And we know the jokes.  
When it gets vengeful, things get  
messy. When they get messy the  
wrong people die...

(beat)

Everybody gets it.

CASTILLO

Good.

TUBBS

And the answer is "yes."

(beat)

Before she met Alonzo, once upon a

time, a long time ago.  
(beat)  
You bet it was personal.

...and is now compartmentalized in the past.

CASTILLO  
Okay.  
(to Crockett)  
What'd you spot...?

CROCKETT  
Three wakes off the back of those  
boats. Who runs three Sterling  
engines off a deep-V hull?

TUBBS  
Sal Maguda.

CASTILLO  
He any good?

TUBBS  
Oh, yeah...

CASTILLO  
So what's gonna persuade Montoya to  
change off Sal Maguda running his  
deliveries...?

It's a rhetorical question.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDIAN RIVER - THERMAL IMAGE OF TWO DEEP V-HULL GO-FAST  
BOATS - NIGHT

They're two feet out of the water on their dry dock, next to  
a Marine Shed.

It's an unlikely location because derelict factories, cheap  
apartments, weeds and marine scrap metal are the  
neighborhood.

EXT. SURVEILLANCE LOCATION - CROCKETT + TUBBS

and a SWAT team in the weeds across the river. They include  
SGT. JEAN-LOUIS BASTIDE, a Haitian in dark sweats. They all  
are in plain clothes.

BASTIDE

Odile, she say they're pregnant...

We don't know what that means, yet.

TUBBS

Yeah? Okay. Only Jean-Louis and I do the talking...

CUT TO:

INT. MARINE SHED - DOOR - NIGHT

Both steel doors EXPLODE as if their molecular structure, itself, disintegrated from one BLAST of Tubbs M-40 grenade-launcher firing a canister of ball bearings like a king-size shotgun on steroids as...

GUARDS

react, but Crockett draws down on one with an AK-47. Bastide wounds the second GUARD who had drawn down his H & K. A Third Guard begs to live in French Patois. They own the place. And Crockett sees...

800 individually-wrapped bricks of North Valle Colombian cocaine are on a table.

TUBBS

Comme on dit...  
(Like they said...)

JEAN-LOUIS

Charger et les recoit d'ici...  
(Load 'em up and get out of here...)

BAD GUY

You crazy? Que fais-tu?

TUBBS

Que faisons-nous? De qu'a-t-il l'air, fou! Nous voulons tous votre drugs.  
(What are we doing? What's it look like we're doing, fool? We are stealing all your dope.)

Suburban crashes through the wreckage of the door and backs to the table. Jean-Louis and SWAT #1 start throwing bricks into the back. Tubbs with Crockett exit.

EXT. MARINE SHED - DRY DOCK - CROCKETT + TUBBS

approach the two deep V-hull go-fast boats with three engines off the back. Tubbs cracks the breech of the grenade launcher and loads a 40-millimeter shell, while he strolls down the dock...

CROCKETT

tosses two Willie Peters (white phosphorus grenades) into the boats. Tubbs fires the M-40 at a third boat, which explodes flame, followed by...

TWO CARNATIONS OF WHITE PHOSPHORESCENCE

destroy the smuggler's Strykers, which we saw in Fujima's video. Crockett + Tubbs have just put Sal Maguda out of business. They walk away and around the side of the shed, disregarding the curious citizens of Little Haiti, come to watch the fireworks...

CUT TO:

INT. MERCEDES CL 600 ON A MIAMI STREET - CROCKETT + TUBBS - BRILLIANT DAYLIGHT

drive. Crockett reaches into a paper bag full of cell phones and grabs one. He dials up a number, grabs another and hands it to Tubbs.

CROCKETT

(in the phone)

Hey, Sailor...

(pause)

Yeah, I'm good.

(beat)

Got a hole in the calendar...looking to charge up the cash flow.

(waits)

Yeah, later.

Crockett struck out. While...

TUBBS

(into phone)

Hey, Nicholas, my ace. Wha's up?

NICHOLAS (V.O.)

You know. Same old...

TUBBS

(into phone)

We got idle all of an instant. You got something from somewhere that's got to go someplace, somewhen, which is not too distantly in the future...?

INT. COLLINS AVENUE CONDO - NICHOLAS - DAY

...the guy with the white hair.

NICHOLAS

It is fortuitous that you called...

CUT TO:

EXT. LA PERLA DISTRICT OF SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO - TWILIGHT

Corrosion and decay. People look coldly at us. Malevolence and malefaction on every corner. No one's picked up the garbage for a month. Poverty in the Caribbean half-light...

CROCKETT & TUBBS

cross the street to CAMERA from their rental car. The La Perla section was a 16th Century haven for pirates. It's had little civic improvements in 400 years.

They enter a nightclub - shabby neon.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - CROCKETT + TUBBS - TWILIGHT

There are no customers. They're cautious. Men stop them and frisk them. They expected that.

CROCKETT

We're from Nicholas to meet José...

They're waved to the rear. They start towards a back table. A small group of people wait...

OVER CROCKETT + TUBBS APPROACHING: JOSÉ "COCHI LOCO" YERO

He's a former right-wing Colombian paramilitary from the North Valle near the Pacific coast. He runs operations, communications and security. He has cold eyes and a corpulent face. He's notorious for using torture to ferret-out informants. Right now he watches these two Americans approach. Security people are on either side of him.

JOSÉ YERO  
(extends hand)  
José...

CROCKETT  
Sonny Burnett...this is my partner,  
Rico.

JOSÉ YERO  
Sit.

As Crockett sits, he notices that at a table a few to the side is a woman. This is ISABELLA. Behind glasses, she seems immobile, filled with intelligence, well-dressed in subdued Tom Ford and staring at him. Reading him. Crockett holds the look that extra beat and turns back to business...

CROCKETT  
(to Security)  
Dos café.

He's security, not a fucking waiter. But Yero nods. Security fetches coffee, anyway.

TUBBS  
So lay it out, my brother...

JOSÉ YERO  
Nicholas said you okay. That's nice. But how I know if you any good?

CROCKETT  
What...?

JOSÉ YERO  
Who you run loads for? Cause other than Nicholas, you knows you?

Tubbs looks at Crockett. They thought it was a done deal.

CROCKETT  
(dark)  
My mommy and daddy know me.

Isabella tilts her head imperceptibly.

TUBBS  
And we didn't come down here to audition. Business auditions for us...



(beat)

...and know who we are and know  
they want their load run by us  
before Nicholas calls.

CROCKETT

That way we do not waste AvGas or  
our motherfucking time.

Yero's security reacts to the tone and raises weapons. A few  
start up out of their chair as...

ZITO + SWITEK

appear at the door, SMGs from shoulder straps. Zito flips a  
D14 hand grenade which Crockett snatches out of the air,  
pulls the pin and slams on the table. Everyone FREEZES.

Only Crockett's hand pressure restrains the clip.

CROCKETT (cont'd)

(goes right up in Yero's  
face)

You want to "know" shit? Who the  
fuck are you? You got a side deal  
with U.S. Customs to open up the  
coast in a few spots...in exchange  
you flip them some gringo runners?  
Like us...?

TUBBS

You wearing a wire?

Tubbs rips open Yero's shirt.

CROCKETT

Or DEA? The Feeb?

Yero's shirt...open to the waist. No wire. Yero's furious.

Yero's people have weapons pointed their way. They outnumber  
Switek and Zito. Slack's taken up on triggers. It's on the  
edge. And the edge is overloaded. Tubbs reads that, warns  
Yero...

TUBBS

People gonna walk into this place  
and say, "Ola, hijo! That some  
crazy wallpaper. Whew...it wild!  
Is that a Jackson Pollack?"

CROCKETT

"No, viejo. That was José Yero, splattered all over his motherfucking wall."

TUBBS

So we can close each other's eyes right now. Real easy. Real fast.

(pause)

But, then, nobody makes any money...

Yero gestures his security to calm down....one notch. Crockett and Tubbs still hold the grenades.

Then Crockett opens his shirt. No wires. So does Tubbs.

Pause.

JOSÉ YERO

(flat)

Equipment?

TUBBS

Slow and low, Adam A-500s...

(Yero looks quizzical)

...carbon composite, stealthy, 1400 nautical-mile range, thousand ki payload...all the way to Caravels and 727's from a source country to a transshipment point. Small freighters. We've done containers...

CROCKETT

And specialize in very fast go-fast boats for coastal runs.

TUBBS

What kind of weight?

JOSÉ YERO

We don't talk weight. We talk logistics.

Isabella sits, watching this. She drinks her coffee.

JOSÉ YERO (cont'd)

You get longs and lats for the pickup. Open ocean. You run it in. On shore, our people receive

the loads.

CROCKETT

(interrupts)

The people on shore who handle a load we run are our people, not your people. No tweakers, dopers, first-timers we don't know. They didn't do time with us, they ain't doing crime with us.

TUBBS

What you get from us is a date. A place. "In the parking lot of a Jack-in-the-Box in north Miami." At such-and-such time, an eighteen-wheeler will be there. Keys in the ignition. Ready to roll. You pick it up. And you drive it...

(waves his left hand)

...away.

CROCKETT

Money thing is done in advance in places where there are no guns. Because when money and guns get together, there is violence...

JOSÉ YERO

You afraid of violence?

CROCKETT

I am not John Wayne. There is no "S" on his chest. We get down if the play calls for it. But we are into business and making money.

TUBBS

And violence is extra. And expensive. So how much weight you looking to move?

JOSÉ YERO

Nothing. 'Cause how you do delivery on the beach, I don't like. Maybe this does not work.

CROCKETT

Then it don't work.

TUBBS

What happened to the last transporter you had?

JOSÉ YERO  
What do you care?

TUBBS  
(to Crockett)  
Do we need this...?

CROCKETT  
(rises)  
Red light, green light, José?

JOSÉ YERO  
(doesn't answer, leans back)  
I'm also called "Cochi Loco." That means "Crazy pig." 'Cause I enforce security and get people to tell me what I need to know. That part of what I do, you never want to find out about.  
(pause)  
Other people will negotiate the money and go or not go. Not me...

TUBBS  
Then what were we talking to you for?

JOSÉ YERO  
I had to lay eyes on you.

CROCKETT  
And...?

Isabella watches Crockett...

JOSÉ YERO  
(to Tubbs)  
You seem okay.  
(to Tubbs re: Crockett)  
But him? I don't like... how he looks...

Everything goes from tense to lethal. Has Yero made them?

TUBBS  
What do I care what you think about how he looks? You wanna fuck my

partner or do business?

JOSÉ YERO

Wait by the phone.

(pause)

You get a call. Or maybe you don't. Until then, piss off back to where you come from...

Crockett flips the hand grenade and catches it with his left hand...and he drops it in front of José Yero. It spins on the table. He had reinserted the pin. And they back out.

CUT TO:

INT. MIAMI SAFE HOUSE - TUBBS IN THE SHOWER - NIGHT

Contemplative. Offscreen a door opens. Entering is Gina Calabrese. She's naked. She washes his back. She dumps too much shampoo on his head. He tries to clear it from his eyes. Laughs. They start to make love under the water, in the steam, through the misted glass, offscreen we hear an engine rumble...

CLOSER: GINA

Somebody's coming.

TUBBS

...Sonny can wait.

Tubbs and Gina are not random lovers, they're in love. The look in her eyes, the openness is pure femininity behind the Bronx presentation. She smiles, touches the side of his face.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE, ON THE INDIAN RIVER - CROCKETT - NIGHT

ties up a 75' Sun Seeker. It looks like a 38' deep-V offshore racer on growth hormones. Crockett's alone, as dusk fades over the '60's ranch house on the river. It's under tropical trees, with one strip of white neon utility lighting outlining the flat eave.

INT. SAFE HOUSE, KITCHEN - CROCKETT

let himself in. He's at a kitchen stool at the counter when Tubbs enters in sweats.

TUBBS

Anything?

CROCKETT

Nothing.

Gina enters in a robe...

GINA

(beat)

"Hi, Gina. Hi, Sonny."

CROCKETT

Hi, Gina.

(putting shopping bag on  
table)

This is from Frick and Frack.  
Trudy?

TUBBS

(re: bag)

What do we got?

Crockett pulls out three overly-large cell phones...

CROCKETT

Satellite. New encryption.  
Supposedly sharper than the G...  
(to Gina)  
How good's our background?

Tubbs and Crockett look at the Mac screen as Gina boots it up. Gina's fingers tap dance on the keyboard.

GINA

You're so not the PD, if you got  
busted on a DUI, you're in serious  
trouble...you're bad men back to  
grammar school.  
(to Tubbs)  
San Quentin. Pelican Bay.  
(to Crockett)  
Marine Corps. Statesville.  
Pelican Bay, where you guys hooked  
up. Now you're too smart and too  
fast to get jacked again...

CROCKETT

How will it stand up?

GINA

If they ran the rental car or lease  
on this place...even if it's EPIC

database in El Paso...they'd have to work through the layers of bullshit three weeks deep. Then they'd find your deeper, hidden criminal selves...

INT. LIVING ROOM - BAD 3 AM TELEVISION - LATER

No one's watching it.

INT. BEDROOM - GINA

asleep. Tubbs' eyes are wide open, staring...

INT. SECOND BEDROOM - ECU: PAGER

lights up. Beeps. Crockett's hand grabs it. It's the summons from José Yero.

INT. KITCHEN - GINA - PRE-DAWN

GINA

(Lazily)

What am I supposed to do after I get my nails and hair done...?

TUBBS

Reality TV and stay by the phone. That's what all wives-in-crime do...

He leans over and kisses her. She holds firmly the back of his neck and looks into his eyes.

GINA

Be...careful... You hear me?

He winks at her in assurance and he's gone. Her lazy smile drops off. "Careful"...she's not so sure he will be...

CUT TO:

INT. LEAR 55 JET - TUBBS PILOTS

Crockett in the copilot seat. Switek and Zito are in the back, barely awake. Zito hands out coffee. Switek's stashing weapons behind the fuselage upholstery. Tubbs is clearing US air space as we...

EXT. SKY - AERIAL: LEAR JET

rockets through cumulonimbus against a black sky up to 35,000 feet.

TUBBS

Where we meeting 'em...?

CROCKETT

Port-Au-Prince.

EXT. PORT-AU-PRINCE AIRPORT, RUNWAY - LEAR JET - DAWN

touches down, drives towards us... Turns towards commercial aviation facility...

CLOSER: HATCH

opens. Switek and Zito emerge to rental cars with two car-rental clerks waiting...

CUT TO:

INT. PORT-AU-PRINCE HOTEL ROOM - DOOR - DAY

Crockett and Tubbs make a careful entry. Hands on weapons, carrying bags...

CROCKETT

What do we got?

TUBBS

Five minutes...

We see TRADECRAFT. They clear the room. They check for bugs and external surveillance. They pull curtains. Tubbs from a bag pulls a scanner. Under the two beds. Behind the picture. The lamp. The telephone. Meanwhile...

CROCKETT

"traps" the room to reveal if it had been searched while they were gone. He aligns the suitcase perfectly parallel on the bench. A matchstick goes against the closed closet door. A ballpoint pen is leaned against the telephone.

TUBBS (cont'd)

...show time.

From his bag Tubbs pulls a Smith & Wesson J-frame hammerless in .357 Magnum. He holsters this on his ankle. A Remington 780 shotgun with pistol grip, sawed-off to a 12-inch barrel gets slung on a bungee-cord shoulder strap under his right



arm. .9mm under his shirt in his waistband and two spare magazines clipped to his belt.

CROCKETT

loads a .45 "race" gun with rounded sights and a magna-ported barrel, cross-drawn, and a blunt .45 Para-Ordnance in the small of his back. They're ready.

INT. CORRIDOR - THEIR DOOR

opens. Crockett "traps" that door, too, with a small piece of tape.

CROCKETT + TUBBS

All of it tells us that where they are and where they're going is a high wire act without a net. No backup. Their badges don't work. There is no law; there is no order. They are in a state of nature where people get killed for their shoes.

DISSOLVE  
TO:

EXT. PORT-AU-PRINCE CEMETERY (HAITI) - CROCKETT + TUBBS -  
LATE AFTERNOON

wait. Shadows on white limestone monuments. Bird songs.

DISSOLVE  
TO:

WHITE MAUSOLEUMS - DUSK

They wait. And wait. And nothing happens.

TUBBS  
They watching us watching them  
watching us waiting for them? Or  
what?

CROCKETT  
Who knows...

Still apprehensive, concluding they're victims of a "no-show"...

TUBBS  
That's it.

They split.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR - CROCKETT + TUBBS - TWILIGHT

approach their door. Crockett stops. The tape "trap" is torn. Weapons appear in their hands. Someone's been here.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CROCKETT + TUBBS

enter stealthily. Then, they relax. They need not have bothered being so careful about detecting a clandestine surveillance.

OVER CROCKETT + TUBBS

The room is overtly destroyed. Not one piece of furniture is unbroken. Walls have been opened. Pictures ripped. Curtains. Their stuff's strewn all over. And, then...

DOORS CRASH

in. HAITIAN PARAMILITARY in soccer jerseys and shorts with assault rifles...

BEDROOM DOORWAY - FOUR MORE PARAMILITARY

AK's are aimed at Crockett and Tubbs' heads. Crockett's .45 and his Para-Ordnance are in each hand. Tubbs' shotgun is aimed at the front door, his .9mm at the men streaming in the windows. Frozen moment. A woman's voice...

ISABELLA (O.S.)

(to Crockett)

Put your guns on the table...

(enters, sits)

If we wanted you dead, you would no longer be drawing breath in Miami. We wouldn't have brought you all the way here.

CROCKETT

Really? So, what is this, a party?

Crockett + Tubbs put down their weapons.

TUBBS

We'll have room service wipe up the furniture...and bring drinks.

Isabella says something in French. The Cops ease-up. Isabella's personal security frisks Crockett + Tubbs and remain. Paramilitary leave.

CROCKETT

Glad we came. This place is a lot of fun if you're Doctors Without Borders. So...?

Isabella takes off her glasses. She's Afro-Cuban.

ISABELLA

I run down the numbers. Nothing is very negotiable. Small loads? We pay three thousand a ki. We pay your fuel costs up front plus ten percent. The next ten percent on U.S. landfall.

TUBBS

Define small.

ISABELLA

Two, three thousand a ki. Two thousand ki's, your end is \$6,000,000.

(beat)

Complex transshipments or dealing with containers, these have front-loaded costs we pickup.

(beat)

For this kind of weight, the balance of 80% is when our buyer picks up the load.

(beat)

Transactions are offshore. Dollars or euros. Secure internet transfers. We have lists of Cayman and Isle of Man banks infiltrated by IRS, to be avoided...

(beat)

No transactions of cash or other banking instruments take place on U.S. soil...

(beat)

That's the deal.

CROCKETT

I thought we had to meet the Man.

ISABELLA

You do.

CROCKETT

When?

ISABELLA

Right now.

As she leaves...

INT. MERCEDES - CROCKETT + TUBBS - NIGHT

in the back seat on a rural road. Isabella is not with them. One of her Russians is. In the front seat, his SMG is ready; his eyes never leave Crockett and Tubbs.

EXT. ROAD - CARAVAN

A military Hummer in the front carries Isabella with her security. Behind is a crew cab with bench seats loaded with Haitian paramilitary.

INT. MERCEDES - TUBBS

They approach a town. He nudges Crockett. A police roadblock's ahead.

CROCKETT

has seen something else. He indicates the pager on his waist.

TUBBS' POV: PAGER - NO SIGNAL

That's what's surprising. Tubbs pulls his cell phone. Meanwhile, they're slowing down for the police roadblock. Crockett gets tense...

TUBBS

watches. His cell's SIGNAL STRENGTH INDICATOR steps down to zero.

EXT. POLICE ROADBLOCK - COPS

stop the caravan. Is this turning bad?

INT. CAR - CROCKETT

alarmed.

EXT. ROADBLOCK - HAITIAN COPS

check under the vehicles with mirrors. See all the weapons. Salute. Usher the convoy past.

INT. MERCEDES - CROCKETT + TUBBS

exchange a look. Then they get it. The cops work as security for the narcotrafficker. The caravan advances towards a major intersection. This one is blocked-off by Haitian military.

EXT. SECOND CHECKPOINT - CAR DOOR

is snatched open. Haitian soldiers search Crockett and Tubbs. They defer to the Russian-speaking security. Mercedes pulls forward...

CROCKETT

eyes his pager; Tubbs his cell phone: no signal in an urban area? Blocking signal traffic is something the CIA does over Baghdad. It's not supposed to be happening in Haiti on a dope deal.

CROCKETT + TUBBS

SEE a third circle of security approach.

PRIVATE-SECTOR TYPES IN BUSINESS SUITS

carrying automatic weapons, some more casually dressed, some with night-vision goggles. The vehicles stop.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE

Crockett and Tubbs are directed to get out. They're pushed around and searched. A working class Glaswegian Scot, a couple of 5'10" Brits are off to the side with short hair and shoulders that are too deep and faces like Rugby players (ex-SAS). Russians are ex-KGB. Languages overheard: smatterings of Russian, Hebrew and English. Crockett and Tubbs look at each other: they get it. This is the cream of private sector security. And it says top dollar infrastructure.

THEY + WE SEE: EXT. TOWN SQUARE

Four avenues lead in. Each avenue is blocked. The square is closed down to vehicles and pedestrians. Locals have disappeared. In the center of the square are FOUR MATCHING

BLACK SUBURBANS.

CROCKETT

gestures to Tubbs to look up. They see...

ROOFTOPS: TWO-MAN TEAMS - SNIPER + SPOTTER

with night-vision goggles...

CROCKETT + TUBBS

are clean.

CROCKETT, TUBBS + ISABELLA

cross through a no-man's land. It feels like being in the open in Kosovo.

TUBBS

checks out the first Suburban's uplink satellite dish on a hydraulic mast. The rear's converted into computer equipment sitting in ruggedized racks...

INT. SECOND SUBURBAN - WIDE

Doors open. The interior has been converted into a luxurious, limo-like office with swivel seats. Isabella followed by Crockett and Tubbs enter. It's occupied by ARCHANGEL DE JESUS MONTOYA-LONDONO. He's not flashy. He has smooth skin, slightly opalescent, black eyes. His right arm is normal length, but shriveled.

MONTOYA

Please take that seat on the side...

TUBBS

Thank you.

MONTOYA

(polite, friendly)

Excuse me because I am very busy and have many things to do, so this will be brief. Yes?

(beat; not waiting)

We will try you on a "run." One. To build trust. We do a thousand kis. In all matters, when you work for us, you must do exactly what

you say you will do.

(beat)

In this business with me, if you say you will do a thing, you must do exactly that thing.

(beat)

Then? You will prosper beyond your dreams and you can live in Miami in millionaire style.

(beat)

If you are arrested, there will be lawyers made available to you in the United States. You will use them. Anything you need, you will be provided by me. It cost you nothing. You will contact and work through José Yero on logistics and communications. To do with money, you will work through my wife, Isabella...

Crockett notices that Montoya lightly holds her hand. It's confident. And he sees the slight smile on Isabella's face as she watches he and Tubbs...

MONTOYA (cont'd)

More than I, in finance and business, she is very dangerous. I look forward to our doing work together. Whether we do or not, it is unlikely we will meet again. So I extend my best wishes to your families...

(to Tubbs)

Particularly to your beautiful wife.

(beat)

Thank you for making this long trip to see me...

Dismissed, they exit.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - EXTREMELY CLOSE: TUBBS

Subterranean alarms are going off. Tubbs finds himself in this small city, occupied by narcotraffickers and their security in the middle of nowhere. Urgency agitates Tubbs. He controls it...

CROCKETT

in the town square, now, too. But Isabella stayed inside Montoya's Suburban. Now, she lowers her window.

ROADBLOCKS

break up. Montoya's Suburbans pull out. The security cordon deforms. It all disappears around them. It leaves only the Mercedes, a driver, and Crockett and Tubbs...

CLOSER: CROCKETT

looks after the caravan.

CROCKETT'S POV: ISABELLA'S EYES

in the side-view mirror on the passenger side. She is looking at him.

CROCKETT

holds that look.

ISABELLA'S EYES IN THE MIRROR

holds his.

CROCKETT

Sound deadens. His attention is on the woman in the mirror...until it's broken by Tubbs' attention to his cell phone.

TUBBS' CELL PHONE

Signal strength returns. Tubbs punches in numbers.

TUBBS

(low)

...who did we just meet?

He waits. A phone rings. It's picked up by Gina.

GINA (O.S.)

Hello...?

Tubbs is relieved...

TUBBS

You okay?

GINA



Yeah.

TUBBS

You sure?

GINA

Yes. What's up?

TUBBS

Nothing. Calling to say hi...  
What's up with you?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SAFE HOUSE, KITCHEN - GINA

GINA

Bored.

To Tubbs, that's good news.

TUBBS

Okay...see you soon.

GINA

...and thanks for the flowers.

EXT. HAITIAN TOWN SQUARE - TUBBS

TUBBS

What flowers?

GINA

The bouquet, here. Five-hundred  
dollars worth of roses...yellow.

Pause.

TUBBS

There a note?

Pause.

GINA

You mean with the flowers...?

TUBBS

What's it say?

GINA

"Salutations from the south..."

A deep chill.

GINA (cont'd)

I...I thought it was from you.

And, now, she gets it. Gina is in the kitchen. Alone, in their secret safe-house location. She and Tubbs have nothing to say. He looks to Crockett. The message from Montoya-Londono is clear: I know you. I can reach out and locate you or yours. Anytime. YOU ARE NOT SAFE.

TUBBS

We're on our way...

INT. KITCHEN - GINA - NIGHT

TUBBS (O.S.)

(forced casual)

So why don't you...meet the plane...

We sense this is code. It means get the fuck out of there right now!

GINA

(cool)

Okay.

TUBBS

Good idea.

(beat)

We'll grab a bite.

Gina ends the call, drops to the floor to the wall, kills the lights, holds her Sig .9mm at her side as she moves deeper into the interior...

CUT TO:

INT. CUBAN CAFE ON CALLE OCHO, MIAMI - TUBBS + GINA - 4 AM

Close on their two faces. He's holding her hand under the table. The noise of the surrounding crowd is a ROAR. That's the idea. They want their words buried under noise...

PAST GINA: CROCKETT

discreetly at the door, watching the street. Trudy, Switek and Zito are at adjacent tables.

GINA

...the lease, the phones, the cars...layers of false ident. Would take the FBI weeks. How long did it take them? Three hours? Four?

(re: the note)

This means, "We can reach out and touch somebody." Like Bad Teleflora.

TUBBS

(cuts in)

...even if they could run the identities you built to EPIC, all they'll find is more cover... Trust what you built. It's quality, girl. We're cool...

GINA

(leans in; holds his hand tighter)

...you are trying to reassure me because you know when people get anxious, they make mistakes. You're worried about me. Do not be.

(into his eyes)

I am careful. I am cool. I got Trudy, backup, whatever. You worry about you. Because you are the ones who are in denied territory, not me. If your focus is on me, you'll miss something coming at you. That's how people slip up. Get hurt. And I'd die if anything happened. You worry about you. You and Sonny...are in the dangerous place. I'm fine...

Gina leans back in her chair. Their eyes still connect across the distance between them. Their hands still touch.

GINA (cont'd)

(loud)

Fuck 'em. They sent us some flowers. Big deal. Thanks for the flowers...

Gina Calabrese shrugs. Tubbs laughs, and we are...

INT. SAFE HOUSE - BEDROOM - 4 AM

Low music. Dark shadows. Half-light washes the walls from passing headlights. Tubbs and Gina are naked. It's the lovemaking of a man and a woman when they hold precious the moments they have because they know that in these moments they are safe. And that the present is fleeting. And they know their time together is about luck. Because life is short. Departure is imminent. Nothing lives forever. It's in their faces and their eyes...

CUT TO:

INT. SHACK (GUAJIRA PENINSULA, COLOMBIA) - CROCKETT - DAWN

A lantern lights his face. The night is soft. Crockett's with a couple of campesinos, playing poker and drinking beer.

Whoever's shack this is, is a Tupac Shakur freak. His image is on all the walls. A diesel truck starts and pulls away outside.

EXT. LANDING STRIP - TUBBS - NIGHT

checking the cargo tie-downs inside an A-500 Adam aircraft. He's sweating. His shirt's off. The cargo is ten black plastic-wrapped and taped bundles. Like any good pilot, Tubbs trusts nobody but himself to tie-down the load. The rear seats are removed. There's a plastic bladder holding a reserve of 50 gallons of AvGas.

INT. SHACK - CROCKETT

wins. The girls shriek. Crockett pushes the money towards the Campesinos. They refuse. Crockett insists. One will only accept the money if Crockett accepts his Randall hunting knife. He does. Tubbs is in the doorway.

CROCKETT

We set.

Crockett kisses the girls, gracious about the gift. Tubbs looks out into the night.

TUBBS

To the limit.

CROCKETT

You worried about the tree line, US Customs AWACS, or something else on your mind?

TUBBS

Like...?

CROCKETT

Gina in the Miami pad.

(no answer)

You gonna give me phony denials?

TUBBS

No.

(beat)

You gonna give me phony  
reassurances?

CROCKETT

No.

TUBBS

Good. So let's go...

They head toward the strange-looking plane. It's a single fuselage with two propellers...one at the nose, one at the tail. Off the wings are two booms that connect to a rear wing. It's a Burt Rutan aircraft design.

There is neither metal nor exposed exhausts for radar or IR to spot. It does 200 knots at 22,000 feet. It'll fly, forever, 1,000 kilos of flake worth \$23 million, and the total air weight is less than two Bentleys. It's the smuggler's dream airplane.

EXT. LANDING STRIP - END OF RUNWAY - A-500 ADAMS

heads for the tree-line. It will not make it. At the last moment, Tubbs pulls back the stick and the plane lofts over the trees, clipping the tops...

INT. A-500 - CROCKETT

throws a look sideways at Tubbs.

EXT. SKY - A-500

airborne over the Caribbean, heading north...

CROCKETT (O.S.)

(into radio)

Transglobal Airlines flight zero-  
zero-zero...is in the air...

ZITO (V.O.)

Roger that.

INT. A-500 - CROCKETT - MUCH LATER

is dozing. A signal.

Tubbs points up and to the right. Crockett wakes, looks. An Aero Commander Turbo Twin is paralleling the A-500's course. Now, it slides over them...almost into a collision. It sits right over the A-500, separated by only 75 feet.

INT. OPA-LOCKA AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL - TRAFFIC CONTROLLER - DAY

handling a myriad of flights, reacts. On his radar he sees next to the image of the Aero Commander, a ghost image....

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

Eleven-ten, Sierra, do you have a visual on another aircraft...?

INT. AERO COMMANDER - SWITEK + ZITO - DAY

Switek is flying and looks down at the A-500 below...

ZITO

Negative, Opa-Locka.

INT. OPA-LOCKA AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL - TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

keys his radio.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

Opa-Locka Air Traffic Control to JIT 0-seven-six-Nellie-Charlie...

AWAC (V.O.)

Hello, Opa-Locka. What's up?

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

I've got an Aero Commander coming in on a two-seventy-nine heading, but I had a double image...like there's another plane there, now I'm only picking up on one. What do you read?

INT. US CUSTOMS AWAC - RADAR OFFICER

RADAR OFFICER

Let me see...

His FLIR (Forward Looking Infrared) picks up Switek and Zito's Air Commander. He flips through all the different modalities of detection, including thermography, for anything else suspicious in the airspace...

AWAC RADAR OFFICER

(into mic)

Too many Mai Tais at lunch...  
You're seeing double. One blip.  
One plane.

EXT. SKY - SIDE SHOT: THE AERO COMMANDER LIKE A PANCAKE ON TOP OF THE A-500 RIGHT BELOW IT

We get the joke. The A-500 with its stealthiness under the Aero Commander together like a single footprint.

AERIAL ANGLE: TWO PLANES

piggybacked, enter US airspace and cross the coastline into Florida.

From underneath, the Aero Commander sweeps to the right on approach as Tubbs radically dives for the trees, hugging the contour at 220 knots at 150 feet...having snuck this plane and its load into the United States of America.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRCLE 6 MOTEL, PARKING LOT - U-HAUL-IT TRUCK - NIGHT

Alone in the acid-yellow glare of the sodium vapor lights. We wait. We don't know why we're here.

PARKING LOT PERIMETER - SAWGRASS

MOVE IN...and we REVEAL staked-out are Crockett, Jean-Louis and Tubbs...

CROCKETT

Neptune gonna show?

We don't know who he's talking about.

JEAN-LOUIS

Oh, he'll show. This is his kind of deal. Crime on crime. Who's gonna call the cops?

CROCKETT

(skeptical)

Usually his thing is street  
dealers. Torture their families  
until they cough up the stash.  
This...?

JEAN-LOUIS

He's ambitious.

TUBBS

Heads up...

ESCALADE

Lights off. Cruises through the parking lot past the U-Haul-  
It to the other side and disappears.

TUBBS (cont'd)

That's slick: Neptune's Escalade's  
worth more than the real estate.  
But no one's supposed to notice his  
drive-by?

CROCKETT

Here's another incognito genius...

ANOTHER ANGLE: MALIBU SS

cruises the other end of the parking lot. The Escalade  
returns. All's clear. Both converge around the U-Haul-It  
truck. Out of the Escalade steps NEPTUNE - 6'4", narrow-  
shouldered and bald. From the Malibu and back of the  
Escalade, Four more Haitian ZO POUNDERS with handguns,  
shotguns and shades...

NEPTUNE

pops the lock on the U-Haul-It with a crowbar. He rolls up  
the door expecting millions worth of cocaine. Instead he  
comes face to face with the barrel of a 12-gauge...

TRUDY

April Fool, motherfucker.

Trudy whips the butt end of the shotgun around, caving in  
Neptune's cheekbone and nose...

WIDER - NEPTUNE

goes down for the count. Switek - under the truck - rolls  
out. Crockett, Tubbs with shotguns, Jean-Louis and Zito with



CAR-15s emerge from the perimeter with bright lights on shouting for the Haitians to freeze...

TUBBS

(Patois)

Arrete! Arrete! Freeze!

(to one)

Et vous, mo-fo!

A 250-lb. ZO POUNDER brings up his weapon. Crockett BLOWS the guy's legs out from under him. Zito disarms him. The other two are disarmed.

NEPTUNE

is rolled over by Crockett. He plastic-ties his wrists and feet. Others are manhandled...

JEAN-LOUIS

(in French)

Get the fuck in the truck...!

Zo Pounders, plastic-tied, are thrown into the truck with the thousand kilos of cocaine. But not Neptune. The gate is rolled down and padlocked.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE - CROCKETT - NIGHT

staring at his satellite cell. Waiting. He looks out the window at the passing river. Soft voices from another room...probably Tubbs and Gina. It's five in the morning. It rings. He answers.

JOSÉ YERO (O.S.)

Client got delivery. But there were..."extras" in the back of the truck.

CROCKETT

"Extras" tried to relieve us of your weight...

(beat)

And by the by, you know of a player in Overtown who goes by the name of "Things Aquatic"?

JOSÉ YERO

I do. We don't do business with him...

CROCKETT

He tried to..."do business"...with you. Around ten. His place. Be there.

JOSÉ YERO

I'll be there.

EXT. OVERTOWN STREET - JOSÉ YERO IN A TINTED EXCURSION - DAY

cruises storefront churches, chacouteries, Baptist missions, Haitian restaurants and palm trees. Men in dark trousers and white shirts lean in doorways. The SUV preceding Yero stops three houses before us. The Excursion with Yero stops two houses beyond. Security - very casually - deploys. NOW, Yero approaches...seen through the curtains of the window we're looking through. Reveal Tubbs watching.

And, he crosses to the door and opens it as Yero cautiously enters.

INT. LIVING ROOM - YERO

And his face registers surprise.

CROCKETT

Look familiar?

DOPE

Carefully stacked in the living room are the PLASTIC-WRAPPED BRICKS OF COCAINE THAT CROCKETT AND TUBBS STOLE FROM SAL MAGUDA'S WAREHOUSE WHEN THEY BLEW UP HIS BOATS.

Hog-tied and bleeding all over his clothes, in the corner is Neptune. His mouth is taped. He's shaking his head...disclaiming, disowning and disavowing...

TUBBS

This the load you lost a while back?

JOSÉ YERO

It is. He try to take tonight's load?

CROCKETT

Yeah.

JOSÉ YERO

And what do I do with him?

TUBBS

(shrugs)

Whatever you want. Like we said,  
we're not into violence.

Yero looks around the corner and sees Switek and Zito in the dining room, casually at ease with Galil assault rifles...meaning "don't even think about it"...

CUT TO:

INT. AN EMPTY MANSION - JOSÉ YERO - DAY

The empty mansion is on its own peninsula. Through the windows we see a yacht and Crockett's 48' Stryker, its canopy open but without its racing supergraphics. The mansion interior...all Beaumaniers limestone...is devoid of all furnishing. They sit on white plastic garden chairs from Sears.

JOSÉ YERO

(suspicious)

I walk into Neptune's house...very nice. But I also see you... and our drugs that got ripped from Maguda.

TUBBS

You don't like us finding your load? We can go and lose it all over again...

CROCKETT

How 'bout this? How'd Neptune know where to hit us? Huh? Whose Op sec's got a leak? Yours?

JOSÉ YERO

What'd Neptune tell you?

CROCKETT

He didn't. Interrogation's not in our skill set.

(beat)

So c'mon, what suspicions have you master-minded off these associations?

JOSÉ YERO

(whispers in Spanish to  
Isabella)  
Here's what this is...ask how much  
they want to turn back to us our  
load...

Yero's certain about their motive.

ISABELLA  
We want it back.

CROCKETT  
Okay.

ISABELLA  
What's the recovery? How much are  
you looking for?

TUBBS  
(to Crockett)  
How much we looking for?

CROCKETT  
Nothing.

ISABELLA  
What's "nothing"?

CROCKETT  
Nothing. As in "free, gratis."

TUBBS  
And as an investment in the  
future...

ISABELLA  
(takes off her glasses and  
looks at Crockett)  
"Future" of...?

CROCKETT  
A fine...business...relationship...

She holds Crockett's look...as she did before.

TUBBS  
It's yours cause what's yours, is  
yours. And what's ours is ours...  
(to Yero)  
...like the second ten-percent,  
which is now due, Yero, my ace.

Isabella gestures. Yero kicks across the floor a cardboard box full of money. Tubbs glances inside. Doesn't count it.

TUBBS (cont'd)  
What's up next? Or is this a one-time deal?

Isabella decides.

ISABELLA  
(to Yero)  
Give them the shipment on the seventeenth...

Yero doesn't like it. She gestures "do it."

TUBBS  
Conveyance?

ISABELLA  
Maritime. Jose will fill you in.

And she starts to leave...and sensing Crockett's gotten up and follows her. Meanwhile

TUBBS  
(to Yero)  
Lay it out...

And Crockett, close behind Isabella, now...

CROCKETT  
(low)  
There is one thing you can do for me in recognition of the death-defying risks we took to recover your product...

ISABELLA  
(low)  
And what is that?

This is the wife of narcotrafficker Archangel de Jesus Montoya-Londono.

CROCKETT  
Let me buy you a drink.

Isabella pauses. Crockett may get killed right now. They're near the open doors to the patio.

ISABELLA

(low)

What do you like to drink?

CROCKETT

(low)

I'm a fiend for mojitas.

Isabella looks over at Crockett's boat. Back to Crockett...

ISABELLA

(low)

How fast does that go?

CROCKETT

It goes very fast.

ISABELLA

Show me...?

Isabella and Crockett head outside towards the dock, Tubbs overtakes...

TUBBS

Can I talk to you for a second,  
partner...?

They step aside.

TUBBS (cont'd)

(low, re: Isabella)

Wha's up...?

CROCKETT

(low)

I know what I'm doing.

And he leaves to help Isabella board. Switek unties and pushes off the boat. Looking out the window at them is José Yero, as perplexed as Tubbs, who covers...

TUBBS

...secure satellite comms.  
encrypted e-mail, the longs and  
lats for the transshipment  
point...all that? It's all cool.  
But I need a vector, not a  
location. 'Cause ships move.  
That's why they call them ships.  
Ship stops? It's trying to be an

apartment building. At sea that  
attracts attention. That's bad...

Meanwhile...

INT. STRYKER, CABIN - CROCKETT + ISABELLA

pulling away from the docks at 12 knots, repressing the  
thunder of the 2,700-horsepower engines. Crockett leaves the  
canopy slid back. They're open to the air. He gives  
Isabella headsets so they can talk over the roar. The wind  
starts to move her hair. She's not sure how to put on the  
headset.

Crockett lets the boat rock over the swells while he arranges  
her headset around her ears. His fingers brush her hair,  
touch her skin...

It was not intentional. But the look in Crockett's eyes is  
as if a small voltage passed through him.

He plugs her headset into the dash, regains the wheel, shoves  
the throttles forward and...

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - "BORN TO WIN"

cuts and then leaps over swells. In seven seconds they're  
doing over 70 knots. And Crockett holds it there as...

ISABELLA

The wind whips her hair behind her, now. The two are small  
against the smooth 50' long hull. Crockett hands her  
wraparound shades for her eyes. She doesn't want them...

CROCKETT

(through headset)

So where's the best place for  
mojitas?

ISABELLA

Bodeguita del Medio. It's the only  
place for mojitas...

CROCKETT

Where's that?

ISABELLA

Off a little alley with  
cobblestones. Hemingway went  
there...

CROCKETT

The Keys?

ISABELLA

Havana.

CROCKETT

Havana? Cubans don't like us or my  
business...

ISABELLA

Are you afraid?

(smiles; Crockett shakes  
his head "no")

Good. And you don't need a visa.  
Cause you're with me.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - OVERHEAD "BORN TO WIN" - DAY

rockets from one swell to the next, getting airborne. Wind and salt electrify Isabella. She turns to Crockett and smiles, putting on the glasses, now. Crockett gestures to her knees. She should keep them bent. Crockett pushes it to 75 knots...

FRONTAL: CROCKETT + ISABELLA

in strong light, ripped by wind. Behind them are ocean and sky and twenty-foot plumes which jet from the props and make a wake that vectors in diagonals to what each is leaving behind them...where they've been...and converge to push them to the new places where they're headed. Behind, the skies are leaden. They're racing a storm. Sunlight shafts through a gap in thunderclouds, turning the clouds yellow. Now, they turn peach against the darkening open water and the grey sky behind. The boat vibrates, the engines scream and...

CROCKETT

waves her over to join him behind the wheel. He holds out his left hand to steady her. He brings her to him. Both lean against his high upholstered chair. He holds her to his side. Indicates the wheel...

CROCKETT

Light touch. Everything comes to  
you through the wheel.

CROCKETT



stays on the throttle, throttling back when the props are out of the water so you don't redline the engine and forward when reentering. The swells are now four feet. They launch off each, get airborne, cut into the next...

CROCKETT (cont'd)

How do we get into Cuba?!

ISABELLA

My cousin is the harbor master. You must not bring in drugs. You cannot be armed. If you're carrying, it has to go. Or stow it inside. No one will go near your boat...

CROCKETT

You do business in Cuba with your husband?

ISABELLA

I never do business in Cuba.

(beat)

And nobody goes to Cuba but me.

(smiles)

And he is not my husband...

Crockett's surprised. And he doesn't push it.

CROCKETT

Were you born in Havana?

ISABELLA

Angola. My mother was being a surgeon there. She volunteered. Mozambique and Mali, too...

(over the wind)

...those days, in those days...she was part of Cuba's gift to the third world. She came from a bourgeois family with a house in Verdado...we still have the house. We will go there...

CROCKETT

Where's she now?

ISABELLA

She's dead...

Crockett looks at her. Her perspective is that of the '60's

and '70's, the politics of national liberation, the perspective of Marcuse and Franz Fanon.

CROCKETT

Your father?

ISABELLA

Angolan Military. Went back to the fighting. Disappeared. Who knows...?

Isabella looks at the look on Crockett's face.

ISABELLA (cont'd)

Go ahead and ask...

CROCKETT

How's he not your husband?

ISABELLA

I am no one's wife. I live in my own house. I do not live in a man's house. He has a wife. We are together. I am free. Because of banking and finance and travel...

(looks at him, shouts over wind)

And I can do anything I want...

She laughs. She has that combination of intellect, beauty and youth. Everything is possible...life will never end...she can ride this crest eternally.

And Crockett knows that her confidence makes her oblivious to peril, makes "right now" too real because she believes she will live forever.

CROCKETT

can't help it. He looks right at her. She lifts her face to the spray. Some clouds part and light strikes her...

And Crockett wants to possess her; to protect her. He wants no one else to have her. He wants no harm to come to her. And this is an impulse that takes him over to the core of who he is. And, as we MOVE IN CLOSER, Crockett has to turn away...

ISABELLA

sees this. She's quizzical. Crockett looks back at her.

Their eyes connect.

"BORN TO WIN"

leaps...

CROCKETT

his left arm around her shoulder, his right on the wheel.  
She rocks back against his body. They rip across the seas...

CUT TO:

INT. "JAZZ" - A HAVANA NIGHTCLUB JAMMED WITH PEOPLE - NIGHT

14-piece Afro-Cuban band. IN THE PRESS OF dancers at a small  
table, Crockett and Isabella...

CROCKETT

(shouts over noise)

Mojitas...?

ISABELLA

(shouting back)

Later! Do you dance?

CROCKETT

I dance...

They move into the crowd under two-story high windows  
overlooking Meyer Lansky's Hotel Riviera - freeze-dried 1959  
Las Vegas.

CROCKETT + ISABELLA

Whatever we knew about Sonny Crockett, we did not know he  
could dance. Their feet, their knees and thighs, perfectly  
matched, they samba, like lightning.

He swings her around and turns her to a close embrace as  
their hips and legs parallel each other's, as he turns her  
under his arm, stops her, pulls her backwards into his body,  
her hips into his, the fast beat, the footwork, and he spins  
her back facing him, pressing her closer as it gets faster  
and...

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CROCKETT + ISABELLA

fall onto a bed, shedding the last of their clothes, making

love in a house somewhere. Beyond them is an open window to the ocean. The sky turns red and grey but the water stays molten.

Their eyes are open...because they're locked together the whole time and their faces are steady and urgently surprised because this is not language; not a symbol, not a representation of a thing. Jesus Montoya is not here. Miami is not here. This is discovery. This is fact. They have discovered each other and have never felt like this about anyone before in their lives.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE, BEDROOM - CROCKETT - MORNING

His eyes open. He wakes up. Light and situation flood in. He does not know where he is. He pulls on his pants. Barefoot, he walks to the window. The interior is high-ceilinged with immaculately polished floors. And Crockett looks around, a stranger in a stranger place.

EXT. THE BALCONY - CROCKETT

enters. The paint on the outside of this house is peeling and patinaed with stain. The yard is overgrown. The stucco fence around the streamline deco facade is crumbling from weather and time...

CROCKETT WATCHES THE OCEAN

from the balcony of the futuristic villa in Verdado... A futurism from 1939, peeling aqua, aging science fiction. Wherever we are in the world, this place is out of the stream, outside history. And Isabella, this woman from a different world, enters, brings him an oversized cup of coffee. In his trousers, Crockett drapes an arm across her shoulders and they stand in the air.

CROCKETT

hears voices from the interior.

ISABELLA

My aunt. She's ancient. She looks after the place...

(beat)

This was my mother's family's home...

CUT TO:

INT. BODEGUITA DEL MEDIO - CROCKETT + ISABELLA - AFTERNOON

in the funky yellow restaurant drinking mojitas. They've had lunch served to them at the bar. Frosted glasses have sugar on the bottom and are loaded with crushed Cuban herbs. The bartender has been there for 40 years. Crockett and Isabella look like regulars. They've served chicken and plantains. Like any restaurant, the people eating at the bar are the regulars. They sit where Hemingway sat in the slow part of the afternoon.

ISABELLA

Tell me everything.

CROCKETT

No.

ISABELLA

I insist.

CROCKETT

(flip)

Okay.

(beat)

Macon, Georgia is where I was born. Wound up in a juvenile facility. I was 14. Then the military. Then prison. Because I was dumb and angry. Then I read. Then I got smart. Then I discovered what I know, now...it's all business...

Isabella smiles.

CROCKETT (cont'd)

(to Bartender)

My friend, two more.

(beat)

What was your mother's name...?

ISABELLA

Blanca...a rubio like you.

(pause)

I see her in a dress...an old photograph from Lucinda somebody's wedding...everybody is with couples. Husbands and wives. They all pose. My mother is alone because my father had to go back to the fighting.

(she points)  
...she looks right into the camera.  
She is the most beautiful woman in  
the room. By herself. In a party  
dress. And she looked like she  
knew she would die alone...

(beat...remembers)  
She spoke many languages. We were  
in Luanda when she died. I went to  
her friends in Mali. They sent me  
to the Ecole Polytechnique in  
Geneva to study mathematics, where  
I met Montoya in the discos. He  
had banking there...I was seventeen  
and very much into the clubs. And  
he sent me to University for an MBA  
in Finance.

(pause)  
Your mother?

CROCKETT  
Died in childbirth, having me...

ISABELLA  
To mothers. And all that we owe  
them...

Isabella looks at Crockett and smiles and puts on her  
sunglasses.

CROCKETT  
You know how improbable this is...?

ISABELLA  
"Probable"...applies to an event  
that may be real. Doesn't apply  
here.

CROCKETT  
...'cause we have no future...are  
of today and not tomorrow.

ISABELLA  
(laughs)  
That's right.

CROCKETT  
...and therefore there is no  
consequence?

ISABELLA

Exactly.

Crockett's hand is around her waist and slips down her hip as he pulls her closer and takes off her glasses and she puts down her drink and kisses him at the bar and Crockett's eyes dwell on her and she looks back at him and, now, knowing what he's thinking...

CUT TO:

INT. THE STREAMLINE HOUSE IN VEDADO - LEADEN SKIES - LATE AFTERNOON

The water is like sheet metal as clouds allow only a sliver of light to illuminate the sea while rain greys-out most of it. Minute crimson is a freighter heading to the stone harbor. Fabric billows in the wind. PULL BACK into the room to Crockett and Isabella...

TWO NAKED BODIES

...one light skinned, the other brown, intertwine in the opiated moments after sensuality. The afternoon half-light drapes parts of their bodies, making a relief against which their eyes hold each other's...

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWER - CROCKETT - LATER

focused elsewhere. It's as if he's struggling to record the event of her in memory so she'll sustain there, because he compels himself to a different place, now. Then, the shower curtain parts. It startles him...

ISABELLA

enters. She touches his back. He turns to her with a smile.

CROCKETT

(soft)

Let's talk deliveries.

Isabella is not let down by the switch to commerce. She merely goes there, too. After all, this is their subject. Soft smiles.

CROCKETT (cont'd)

...and a different kind of deal.

ISABELLA

Like...?

CROCKETT

Like "three thousand a ki?" That's nice.

And I can supply the transportation into South Florida and the Gulf, more reliable and on-time than FedEx. But, three per ki was OK for openers.

ISABELLA

And why should continuing excellence cost more?

CROCKETT

Cost less. That's the point.

ISABELLA

Is it December?

CROCKETT

What do you mean?

ISABELLA

Did Christmas come early this year...?

CROCKETT

Better than that.

(beat)

We become partners. Only in this territory and only on loads we run. And you don't pay us three thousand a ki. You pay us zero. Why we get is thirty percent of the load. Product or cash. "And why," you're thinking, "would I be crazy enough to out in these gringos like that? Is he chipping? Crazy for my love? Too many mojitas?" And the answer is, "of course" but also "no. It is because Sonny can deliver what no one else can."

ISABELLA

Good samba dancing...?

CROCKETT

Zero risk.



ISABELLA

'Cause you don't lose loads?

CROCKETT

'Cause we guarantee every load.

(beat)

Anywhere, for any reason, it comes up short, we make good. Your operations will, from now on, run risk-free.

ISABELLA

And you're our thirty-percent partner?

Her knowing smile speaks of experience beyond her years.

ISABELLA (cont'd)

(deadly seriously)

What if I tell you that your ideas are too big for your skin?

(beat)

That merely to propose this is a dangerous thing?

CROCKETT

Then I would say to you, this has been fun...

There's a long pause. This is business. This is what is.

ISABELLA

The range should be between fifteen and seventeen-point-five percent of the P.O.E....to even consider it.

CROCKETT

I need thirty. Calculate in, also, the cash you don't have to front...

ISABELLA

Available cash is not an issue for us...

CROCKETT

Twenty-eight-point-five.

ISABELLA

What if I pushed to twenty-one...?

CROCKETT

I would say you're...  
(hesitates; holds up four  
fingers)  
...four percentage points away from  
a deal...

ISABELLA  
Maybe I'm only one.

And she slides into his arms. And smiles...

CROCKETT  
We'll do it at twenty-two...

Isabella laughs. She kisses him under the shower water. And it's tough to know who is pushing it further out onto the edge.

CROCKETT (cont'd)  
...and now what?

ISABELLA  
And now I make you breakfast  
again...

Her breathing is heavier as she buries her head in his neck.

CUT TO:

INT. BOAT ON STORMY SEAS - DAY

Crockett is alone. Black skies mottled with grey.

CROCKETT

Rain and wind rip across his face. He left Isabella in Havana.

SATELLITE PHONE

rings. Crockett picks it up. It's Tubbs...

TUBBS (V.O.)  
Where the hell are you, man?

CROCKETT  
(into phone)  
On my way back...

Crockett disconnects. He pushes it. It launches from one swell, airborne, and knifes into the next. It's violent.

Crockett's thoughts and expression are about Isabella. They are criminal conspirators, a woman cheating on her narcotrafficker "husband," an outlaw smuggler who's really an undercover cop...

OVER CROCKETT: GOVERNMENT CHANNEL - "BORN TO WIN"

rockets in and then throttles back.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDIAN RIVER SAFE HOUSE - TUBBS - DAY

sitting on the U-shaped jetty as we HEAR Crockett kill the engines, tying it off. Gina stands halfway up the small lawn to the early 60's ranch house under tropical palms. Tubbs' mood is dark. As Crockett approaches, he looks blankly at Tubbs, offering no explanation...

TUBBS

(mutters)

The meet with Castillo and the fed  
got set up. It's in 45 minutes...

Tubbs goes inside. Crockett follows. As he passes Gina...

GINA

What's up, Sonny...?

Crockett looks at her. He has no answer.

INT. HOUSE - CROCKETT

enters. While Tubbs is strapping up...

TUBBS

Where'd you go?

CROCKETT

Hit a couple of jazz clubs. Fell  
back to her place.

TUBBS

Where?

CROCKETT

Verdado.

TUBBS

Verdado where?

CROCKETT

It's in the suburbs outside Havana.

TUBBS

Havana, Cuba...?

CROCKETT

No. Havana, Louisiana.

(beat)

Don't we have a meet?

TUBBS

...where you're makin' a move on  
the wife of Archangel de Jesus  
Montoya?

CROCKETT

No.

TUBBS

You're not makin' a move on her...?

CROCKETT

We're makin' moves on each other.

TUBBS

Oh, that makes it okay, then.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGINE ROOM OF A TRAMP FREIGHTER SEIZED BY US CUSTOMS  
AND TIED-UP ON THE INDIAN RIVER - FBI RAC JAMES FUJIMA - DAY

We've entered a secret meeting mid-argument.

FUJIMA

Who said, "go exploring"? We want  
this staying on track.

CROCKETT

(to Fujima)

Who's the "we"? There's you and  
there's us. And all we got from  
you was bad intel. "Low-level  
producer." Yeah, right...

FUJIMA

What are you talking about?

CROCKETT

Montoya. We went to meet the

village priest. It turns into Alice in the fucking Vatican and here's the Pope...of the North Valle Colombia dope trade.

TUBBS

His operations are kingpin size and first-class. His security is ex-Eastern bloc, ex-SAS and Israelis. Their comms are satellite uplink with mainframe encryption, significant Sig Int and in their zones of activity, they have signal-jamming capability...

Fujima is surprised...

CROCKETT

Yeah. CIA-level stuff...

TUBBS

And what does that level of spending on first-class, private-sector infrastructure signify to you?

CROCKETT

Mega-tonnage and mega-cash flow...

FUJIMA

Out of...?

CROCKETT

Haiti and Puerto Rico. Money through Dubai and Geneva maybe.

TUBBS

Their loads are poly-drug. "E" from Holland, methamphetamine precursors from Jordan, Afghan "H." Mid-ocean transshipments. His real business is: he's a network.

CROCKETT

And we can illuminate part of it from the inside out.

TUBBS

So we want to change-up the mission statement.

FUJIMA

(no)

Identify and indict the white supremacist group of importers. End of story. Everything else I'm hearing is speculation masquerading as intel...

Crockett flips him a set of keys.

FUJIMA (cont'd)

What's this?

CROCKETT

Keys to the boat. Go do this motherfucker yourself.

Fujima looks at Castillo...who is this insubordinate prick?

FUJIMA

Who are you talking to?

TUBBS

He's talking to you, bro.

(beat)

What he means to say is he is reluctant to abandon the penetration of a major narcotrafficking organization...

CROCKETT

(re: Fujima)

Hey, fuck him.

TUBBS

Chill out Sonny.

CROCKETT

We're the ones doing the death-defying shit? And he wants us to give that up? For what? A chump-change bust so he can get his picture in *The Miami Herald* to impress the slug farm in DC...

FUJIMA

(to Castillo)

Control your men.

CROCKETT

I'm my own man. And anytime you

want to see how much man I am?

CASTILLO

(low)

That's. It.

Everybody shuts up.

CASTILLO (cont'd)

(to Tubbs)

Where are you on this?

We know Tubbs has doubts about Crockett's motives and methods, nevertheless...

TUBBS

With Sonny. 110%.

CASTILLO

Then that's it.

(to Fujima)

Change the mission statement.  
Crockett stays in. He keeps  
working up the ladder. The  
local importers get a pass for the  
time being.

FUJIMA

I don't know.

CASTILLO

Yes you do...

FUJIMA

I got to talk to my ADO...

CASTILLO

No, you don't, Jim.

(beat)

'Cause if I close this down, you  
got nothing to make a phone call  
about. And my guys don't have a  
week for a Feeb bureaucratic  
process. Every hour longer they're  
in there, they risk exposure. So,  
right here, right now, they're back  
in or I pull them out and close you  
down. What's it going to be?

Fujima nods acquiescence.

FUJIMA

Okay.

He leaves. When he's out of earshot...

CASTILLO

(to Crockett)

You fuckin' better be right...!

CUT TO:

EXT. FREIGHTER ON THE INDIAN RIVER - CROCKETT + TUBBS - NIGHT

step across to a second ship among the dozens tied-up along the river. Its crimson paint is peeling and it's been stripped of everything salvageable. They're alone.

TUBBS

(low)

What is going on...?!

CROCKETT

As in...?

TUBBS

There is "undercover." And there is "Which way is up?"

CROCKETT

You think I am in so deep I forgot?

TUBBS

I am asking. You to me.

CROCKETT

Do you believe...I have forgotten I am a cop?

TUBBS

I would never doubt you.

This is the answer Crockett needed to hear.

TUBBS (cont'd)

And do you doubt I will slot anyone complicit in the death of Maria, Alonzo and those children? Anyone...whoever they are...

CROCKETT

No, I do not.



And we know that might mean Isabella.

EXT. MONTOYA COMPOUND, GUAJIRA PENINSULA, COLOMBIA - ISABELLA  
- NIGHT

We are on a peninsula with palm trees. A bluff dotted with a small forest of satellite dishes. A ribbon of white-sand and beyond that is silver light off the water. It is rural and futuristic at the same time.

ISABELLA (O.S.)  
...90- and 120-day futures with  
shorted Canadian and US dollars...

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM SUITE - ARCHANGEL DE JESUS MONTOYA-  
LONDONO

in pajama top and boxer shorts, smoking a cigar. In a sweatsuit is Isabella, delivering a financial report. It's from memory. Nothing is written down, in the tradition of the elite section of Swiss private banking in which clerks commit portfolios to memory. There are no documents.

ISABELLA  
...and we're looking at Nigerian  
crude...

MONTOYA  
Precursor shipments from Ras Tanura  
and Ju'aymah?

ISABELLA  
Transshipped to a Malaysian  
container ship.

MONTOYA  
Not French registry?

ISABELLA  
They've been targeted. And  
Pakistani registry is too  
vulnerable to search and seizure  
right now.

MONTOYA  
José doesn't like the deal in South  
Florida...

Montoya's referring to Crockett. Alarm bells go off.

ISABELLA

(cuts in)

Burnett?

(shrugs)

They want 22% of the value on loads they run into South Florida. It's the Juarez cartel model. They guarantee the loads. The upside is our risk goes to zero. That frees-up capital.

MONTOYA

But what does your intuition tell you...?

Is he suspicious? Does he suspect Isabella and Crockett are lovers?

ISABELLA

My "intuition"...? My intuition made him breakfast the other morning in Havana.

Her lieson with Crockett is the last thing we expected to hear from Isabella.

MONTOYA

And...?

ISABELLA

They're serious. They're cautious. They'll forgo a deal over a technicality of how a delivery's handled...they'd walk away, rather than compromise operational security...that's good.

Montoya's thoughtful.

ISABELLA (cont'd)

But they have to be watched closely...

MONTOYA

Why?

ISABELLA

A good deal, like this with us, for Burnett will be good only

temporarily. He'll get restless because he believes nothing is forever. Life is dust, make it while you can. He's ambitious.

Montoya appreciates her thoughtfulness.

ISABELLA (cont'd)

So I predict a few good runs. Then there'll be a renegotiation.

MONTOYA

That's my girl...

Montoya uses Isabella and her sexual allure to gather insight into the people he does business with. That's part of their deal.

MONTOYA (cont'd)

On the next load, José wants to front them silver. But they them in lead...

(beat)

He thinks they are wrong. What do you think?

ISABELLA

(revealing nothing)

I think José suspects anybody he doesn't intimidate. And people, who are good at what they do? They have egos, too...

MONTOYA

(careful)

What would you do...?

ISABELLA

(equally careful)

I like the diminished risk. It frees up capital reserves. I like working with self-interested businessmen who are competent. You can predict their behavior....

Montoya looks at her very carefully. She stares right back at him.

ISABELLA (cont'd)

On the other hand...if what you wish, mi corazon, is la

plumba...the lead? Then let's do that. Accept their deal. After the load is received...we will close their eyes forever...

She looks at Montoya squarely. It hangs in the air. In his strange process of decision-making, Montoya reaches a conclusion...

MONTOYA

Let's try a few runs with these partners, I think. I will tell José...

If Isabella is pleased, she doesn't show it. Montoya continues to stare at her unwavering expression, frozen in stone. He smiles, then, and starts to take off her clothes.

He reaches for her hand and brings her to him. She kisses him and he puts aside his cigar, pulls her face into his neck, and she runs her hands down him...

CUT TO:

EXT. BARRANQUILLA, COLOMBIA AIRPORT - A G3 - NIGHT

lands. The door opens. Isabella emerges. CLOSER...she searches, looking for someone as she descends the ramp. Then...

CROCKETT

emerges from behind an SUV. He came to meet her plane.

ISABELLA'S

expression changes, but she masks it.

Businesslike, she walks across the tarmac. There are two Suburbans. One for her; one full of security. Crockett and her meet. No show of affection. Her Secretary, carrying her briefcase, accompanies her towards the second Suburban.

INT. SECOND SUBURBAN - DOOR - NIGHT

opens. Crockett and Isabella climb in. The rear is customized cream leather, luxurious with three telephones and a divider. As Isabella climbs in, followed by Crockett, she takes the briefcase from the Secretary and indicates he ride in the front vehicle. Doors close. Windows go up. Air conditioning comes on. She raises the divider, blocking the

driver and locks the doors. They are sealed in the back. Alone. And she assaults Crockett with a passion that's desperate...as if making love to him puts her world back in balance. Their clothes come off, Crockett pauses...

CROCKETT

Hola, chica.

ISABELLA

Hola, viejo.

He touches the side of her face.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Don't stop, bad man...

As they continue, we...

CUT TO:

INT. BARRANQUILLA NIGHTCLUB - TUBBS + GINA - NIGHT

at the bar. It's jammed. "Cochi Loco" Yero and his permanent bodyguard, El Tiburon, pass, smile. Tubbs introduces Yero to Gina, as his wife.

Yero shakes Gina's hand. He indicates to the bartender that Tubbs and Gina are to pay for nothing...and he moves towards an office. Cobalt blue light illuminates his face, and his fierce yellow eyes are not filled with hospitality.

CUT TO:

EXT. FALS DE IGUAZU AIRPORT (THREE BORDERS AREA) - MONTOYA - NIGHT

deplaning his G-4 crosses to his armored Suburban.

INT. SUBURBAN - MONTOYA

climbs into the back. It's also a traveling communications center, satellite uplink, encryption, the works...

MONTOYA

(to an Assistant)

Do you have him?

Assistant nods. Montoya takes the heavy handset...

MONTOYA (cont'd)

José, about the Americans...

INTERCUT  
WITH:

INT. BARRANQUILLA CLUB, OFFICE - JOSÉ YERO

JOSÉ YERO  
(in Spanish)  
They are "wrong." I do not trust  
them.

MONTOYA (V.O.)  
(in Spanish)  
Why?

JOSÉ YERO  
(in Spanish)  
Too good at what they do, I don't  
know. Something I don't like.  
They are wrong...

Montoya thinks.

MONTOYA (V.O.)  
(in Spanish)  
Isabella likes them. We made their  
deal.

Montoya hangs up. José Yero looks at the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB - CROCKETT + ISABELLA - NIGHT

enter. They join Tubbs and Gina.

GINA

sees Crockett's carriage with this woman. It's different.  
Intuitively, she exchanges a look with Tubbs. Crockett makes  
introductions. Then, they move away to dance to a fast samba  
in perfect synchronicity. And, they're also SEEN by...

JOSÉ YERO

He watches them, too. His yellow eyes are lit by strobes.  
His eyes locked onto Isabella...dancing with Crockett, their  
bodies close...

And in the way he looks at them, hurt, like a betrayed lover,  
which he isn't and never could have been...we know now, the

core of his antagonism.

CUT TO:

INT. HONDURAN FREIGHTER, DINING AREA - TUBBS - DAY

It's a 30 year old, well-maintained carribean freighter with a steel table and u-shaped bench. In the dark interior, narrow spots reveal the group hovering over a ruggedized Workpad with navigational software.

JOSÉ YERO

Transshipment point is here at  
17:00 hours on the 23rd.

TUBBS

Uh-uh. No predetermined places and times to meet. Give me their heading and radio codes and I will talk to them directly with the longs and lats and time which will be a last minute deal...

JOSÉ YERO

You give yours to me. We position all the assets hauling our loads...

CROCKETT

Now how we do it, blood. It risks signal interception and other bad things like people who don't need to know where we're at knowing.

Tubbs hands José Yero's assistant, El Tiburon, a pager.

TUBBS

At ten to three on the 27th, I will satellite page him with a website and encryption code. He will have ten minutes to log on and receive his new heading. Ten minutes and thirty seconds, website disappears and he can drive his fucking boat up to Iceland...

José Yero doesn't like it.

JOSÉ YERO

Malaysian registry. Small  
containership.

(to El Tiburon)

Give them their codes and heading.

Everything Yero tells them feels to him like exposure.

CROCKETT

Packaging?

JOSÉ YERO

Fifty-gallon drums. Thirty-two. A hundred kilos in each. You transship that to the Malaysian boat.

TUBBS

Importation value? At twenty-two thousand a ki...

JOSÉ YERO

You work that out with La Senora.

(beat)

You will get sixteen fuel bladders of crystal meth precursors from the Malaysian ship. For collection in North Miami. You warehouse it. Release it when we say.

(beat)

I'm sure you have friends with fast boats...

CROCKETT

If you see a few new faces, don't get jumpy...

TUBBS

And José, my ace, lots of transshipment. Lots of action. Skies are crowded. And the JIT has assets on land, air, and sea.

(beat)

So any intel you got that can come our way and contribute to the good and welfare...?

José Yero's on the spot.

JOSÉ YERO

Sure. Check your e-mail.

Yero gets up and leaves the confined dining room. He exits onto the walkway outside the bridge. His path takes him past...



EXT. HONDURAN FREIGHTER - TRUDY

with Switek and Zito. Trudy's in a tank top. José looks at Trudy appreciatively...

TRUDY

returns the look with a stare that says, "Don't fuck with me". José raises his eyebrow and after noting the two handguns holstered in the waistband of her hip huggers...

CUT TO:

INT. LONG CARGO SHED - JOSÉ YERO + EL TIBURON

walk. Cochi Loco's security leads and tails behind as...

JOSÉ YERO

(to El Tiburon)

You know what Escobar used to do?

EL TIBURON

What?

JOSÉ YERO

(goes on)

In the '80's, air routes came into favor. It required many pilots. The best were American. Former crop-dusters. They didn't fly by the book. Tell one: "Put that 747 down on this fifteen-hundred-foot runway." Somehow, he'd do it. Great pilots. But Pablo had a rule. After they flew six loads...this good pilot who facilitates so much good business... he would come back to Medellín or Barranquilla to pick up the next load?

(beat)

And no one would ever see him again. He'd disappear.

(imitates Pablo)

"You a good pilot?

Make a lot of money for Pablo?

Thank you very much." And then Pablo would kill his ass. After six loads.

(pause)

And who was Pablo Escobar? A provincial who got busted-out by the white collars from Cali. When the gringos got him, he was nobody. We're three times better than Pablo Escobar.

(beat)

The means we kill these sonsabitches three times sooner.

(beat)

And do you know why Pablo Escobar did that?

EL TIBURON

Why?

JOSÉ YERO

He didn't like pilots.

EXT. BARRANQUILLA HARBOR, CARGO SHED - JOSÉ YERO + EL TIBURON

enter from the cargo shed onto a roadway just as...

YERO POV: GINA

passes by, driven by Switek. They're en route to pick up Tubbs.

JOSÉ YERO (CONT'D)

And put eyes on her. Put eyes on her twenty-four hours a day...

CUT TO:

EXT. BARRANQUILLA BEACH - CROCKETT + ISABELLA, TUBBS + GINA - NIGHT

Isabella hands out banana leaves wrapped and tied around cooked rice and barbecued pork. Gina and Tubbs walk away down the beach towards phosphorescent waves.

ISABELLA

I forgot the napkins.

CROCKETT

And the chopsticks and fortune cookies?

ISABELLA

What's the best fortune you ever got?

CROCKETT

They're all the same. "Financial security is around the corner."  
"Your friends love you."

ISABELLA

In Kowloon, once, I got one that said, "Live now because life is dust."

Crockett and Isabella wander down the beach, hard from the ebb tide.

CROCKETT

Do you have assets somewhere else?  
Bank accounts?

ISABELLA

Why?

CROCKETT

...to fall back on. You know, a fail-safe. Insurance.

ISABELLA

Do I need it?

CROCKETT

(shrugs)  
Everybody needs it. Ask Prudential. Or Allstate.

ISABELLA

(laughs)  
'Cause whatever can go wrong, will...?

The Perseids make the night sky over the water look like the Fourth of July.

CROCKETT

Something like that. The odds catch up with you. The odds are like gravity. You can't negotiate with them.  
(then)  
So...at some point, you should cash out, take your money and run...

ISABELLA

(smiles)

Really?

CROCKETT

Sure. As far away and as fast as you can.

ISABELLA

When?

CROCKETT

Whenever. Maybe later, maybe sooner.

What is Sonny Crockett trying to say to her?

ISABELLA

Would you find me...?

CROCKETT

Of course.

ISABELLA

Where would I go?

CROCKETT

Zanzibar. The Comoros Islands. Somewhere in the Indian Ocean. There's twelve-hundred islands there...

ISABELLA

(smiles)

Is this the protective male talk?

CROCKETT

(deadly serious)

This is the talk of a man...if he were your husband...he would never put you at risk. He would never put you within a thousand miles of anything that could hurt you.

ISABELLA

And if I were in the Comoros, in the Indian Ocean, where would you be...?

CROCKETT

A few more moments, still in this business. Then I'd find you.

ISABELLA

Would you? Because if you couldn't, I would be very lonely... I would have left the only world I know and have known since I was seventeen.

(smiles, touches Crockett)

But none of this will happen. So it doesn't matter. Because we are on the Guajira Peninsula. And all you see around you...look around... is Archangel de Jesus Montoya-Londono. He is my man. And you are a smuggler moving a load...

Her eyes say that she listened to his warnings and will disregard them. Life is dust. Meaning is in the moment, and that's right now.

The intensity is because it's impossible. Because it's impossible, they've been free to imagine. And that's made the heat of it stronger...

CROCKETT

...in the morning.

ISABELLA

I'll be on board by noon.

Crockett didn't expect that.

ISABELLA (cont'd)

What did you think? This deal with you is my deal. I am responsible.

She vouched for him. She has to stand behind it. He puts his arm around her waist.

CUT TO:

INT. HONDURAN FREIGHTER, BRIDGE - TRUDY + CROCKETT - DAWN

The Freighter is anchored a half mile offshore.

Magenta breaks the horizon. Trudy looks at Crockett, looks away...

CROCKETT

Go ahead.

TRUDY  
Too fast. Too many moving parts.

CROCKETT  
Switek?

Zito joins them.

SWITEK  
Same. But it's your call, boss.

Tubbs joins them.

CROCKETT  
What's your take?

TUBBS  
What's the point? It's going down.

CROCKETT  
Call the US Coast Guard: "Come and  
arrest our ass."

(beat)  
And Switek resumes romancing Miss  
Ukraine...

Crockett looks at Trudy. There's a connection between  
Crockett and Trudy. It's filial. Crockett has a special  
regard for her judgment.

TRUDY  
If we were for real, and knew our  
shit, we'd fade this one...

CROCKETT  
Then you should.

TRUDY  
(no)  
If you're down, we're down for the  
play.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAFE HOUSE ON THE INDIAN RIVER - GINA - NIGHT

drives up. Parks. She approaches along the sidewalk, down  
the walkway under the banana trees and birds of paradise.

Motion sensors trigger exterior lights. Gina cocks her ear,

waiting to hear... Then, offscreen, Tommy the dog barks. Reassured, her left hand on her .380, she reaches for her keys, opens the door...

INT. SAFE HOUSE - GHETTO BLASTER

A finger pushed the stop button. The dog stops barking.

OVERHEAD: ENTRY WAY - GINA

enters.

FROM BEHIND HER - WE MOVE CLOSER AS...

a leather sap arcs through the air and descends onto her left shoulder, paralyzing her arm. Other arms grab her, push her head down. The same sap backhands with massive force across the back of her neck...

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLE-WIDE TRAILER - ECU: GINA - NIGHT

slowly comes to consciousness. She looks around, disoriented. Her eyes roll back in her head and she slips into dreamland for a moment. She rouses and opens her eyes again, blinks, disoriented...

WIDE PAST GINA TO WHICH SHE SEES: AN EMACIATED WOMAN IN A PLAID HOUSEDRESS

stares at her from the back corner of the double-wide trailer. With her is an overweight autistic Boy of about 11. He plays in the corner and watches a small TV with a coat hanger for an antenna. The Old Woman pays Gina no attention. On her face is zero affect. There are other sounds in the room.

WIDER: GINA

and we see she is tied to a chair that is bolted to the floor. Her clothes are disheveled and ripped. She tries to focus. Then somebody's thick arms are fitting something around her neck. A blindfold goes over her eyes. Around her neck is a C-4 "necklace" like the one we saw on Stevens' wife in the beginning of the film. The arms and back belong to the deep-chested Aryan Brother we saw from the Stevens' house and Coleman's double-wide. MOVE IN ON GINA. He reaches below the frame and does something. Gina writhes away from him in the chair. He laughs. He backs away from her to camera...and holds something in his hand.

A CAMERA

He takes a digital picture.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOMESTEAD FLORIDA TRACT HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

A tall wall of planting hides the \$150,000 house from the road. Neighbors are double-wide trailers. The house has some sophisticated radio antennas as well as a twelve-foot satellite dish. On the driveway are two Escalades and a Bentley. Out the back, off the dock is a two-million dollar sports/fishing boat. Someone's entering numbers on a cell phone.

INT. HOMESTEAD FLORIDA TRACT HOUSE - COLEMAN

waits. The guy working the cell phone is the buzz-cut Aryan Brother we saw in the Stevens kitchen in the opening. Coleman's shirt open in the Barcalounger watching ESPN. His watch is loaded with ice, and a four-carat diamond in his ear. He is all white bling. Coleman's tattooed up. Not with "cool" Celtic symbols...his tats are neo-Nazi, white supremacist, hard-core prison stuff.

CELL PHONE

in the hands of the deep-chested Aryan Brother. Three girls in cutoffs and halters are making sandwiches and laughing in the b.g.. Then:

ARYAN BROTHER

El Tiburon.

Coleman takes the satellite phone, attached to a laptop. He enters a number. A frequency-response graphic displays in the computer. His conversation with El Tiburon is encrypted so the voices are distorted...

COLEMAN

So...?

EL TIBURON

(in Spanish)

Meth precursors and the Dutch party favors are en route.

COLEMAN

(perfect Spanish)



All I want to know is the where and the when. Spare me mini moves, progress reports and bullshit.

EL TIBURON  
(in Spanish)

Okay. You got the "item"?

COLEMAN  
I got the item.

EL TIBURON  
(in Spanish)  
And our friend don't like the rest of the people bringin' the merch to you.

COLEMAN  
(in Spanish)  
How many?

EL TIBURON  
(in Spanish)  
Two main players plus three.

COLEMAN  
(in Spanish)  
My end?

EL TIBURON  
(in Spanish)  
25% discount on the load.

COLEMAN  
(in Spanish)  
Make it 40%.

EL TIBURON  
(in Spanish)  
Make it 35.

COLEMAN  
Deal.

Coleman hangs up.

INT. HONDURAN FREIGHTER - FUNKY BRIDGE

In calm seas they're tied up to a Malaysian small container ship. On it, Yemenese with AK-47s maintain a watchful eye. From Crockett's POV as...

OTHER ANGLES: SWITEK, TRUDY, ZITO

with an assortment of CAR-15s, Galils and two RPGs mount a similar guard.

EXT. MALAYSIAN CONTAINER SHIP - FUEL BLADDERS

swung by the Honduran freighter's crane cross 10' of open water onto freighter's deck to join 18 others already there. It's the last of the transfer.

EXT. MALAYSIAN CONTAINER SHIP - CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN  
(loud hailer)  
Me-a salama. Ila l-liqa.

EXT. HONDURAN FREIGHTER - TUBBS

TUBBS  
Yeah. Whatever...  
(waves)

EXT. OCEAN - THE TWO FREIGHTERS

separate.

INT. HONDURAN FREIGHTER, BRIDGE - CROCKETT

watches crew stow the cargo. Then, his satellite phone blinks red light. Crockett boots up the computer to encryption. Picks up the phone.

CROCKETT  
Yeah?

JOSÉ YERO (O.S.)  
(phone filter)  
Hey, Captain Kirk. I think maybe I have second thoughts.

Tubbs enters.

CROCKETT  
(into phone)  
You got something to say, José,  
let's hear it.

JOSÉ YERO  
I confess I have succumbed to my

weaknesses. An inability to see another's point of view.

(beat)

I've discussed it with professionals. Even with one of your friends. She's here now...

Crockett puts him on speaker.

JOSÉ YERO (cont'd)

(beat)

So I want you to deliver my product, how I want my product delivered.

Isabella walks in. Crockett gestures for her to be quiet.

CROCKETT

What friend?

JOSÉ YERO

Mrs. Rico. But don't worry. She is safe. To insure that, I am keeping her close to me. It's always good to keep people your friends care about close to you.

Tubbs reaches for the phone. Trudy intercepts him.

Crockett turns it away and goes off the speaker...

JOSÉ YERO (cont'd)

So, I will tell you when you're 10 minutes out where to drop the load into the hands of my people. You have 35 minutes to enter Government Channel. Head up the River... We will watch you. Then I will call you.

(beat)

And you can reach out for La Senora in Barranquilla or wherever 'cause I don't give a shit...

José Yero does NOT know Isabella's on board.

CROCKETT

Proof of life. How do I know Mrs. Rico's alive?

JOSÉ YERO

'Cause she will tell you.

He hangs up.

ISABELLA  
That sonofabitch!

TUBBS  
(turns on Isabella)  
You set this up!

ISABELLA  
(sarcastic)  
Of course! That is why I placed  
myself here, with you, knowing Yero  
would pull this crap.

CROCKETT  
Yero doesn't know she's here!

Crockett looks at Isabella, who's distracted in calculating  
what's really happening.

SWITEK  
(entering)  
Cigarette and the two Starkeys are  
coming in.  
(senses)  
What...?

TRUDY  
They grabbed Gina...

Isabella punches numbers into a satellite phone. No results.

ISABELLA  
It's all bullshit. Jesus is out of  
communication in Fals de Iguazu.  
José knows that... Whatever he's  
going to do, he has to do it fast  
because he's acting on his own.  
And he will need a story.

TUBBS  
Meaning...?

ISABELLA  
They will kill you. And then they  
will kill your wife, too.

CROCKETT

Yero, by himself?

ISABELLA

Maybe. Maybe with the crazy whites.

Zito enters, makes the situation...

ZITO

We're half loaded...

TRUDY

Gina. Like Alonzo's wife... Cochi Loco's got her.

CROCKETT

Dump the rest. Let's get the boats up that river.

Crockett picks up the phone and dials. His eyes contact with Tubbs has Tubbs take Isabella out of the Captain's Bridge. She pulls her arm away. As they head down from the bridge...we see...

EXT. HONDURAN FREIGHTER - DOPE-ON-A-ROPE

lines run from the freighter to two go-fast boats. The fuel bladders with crampons slide down the rope into the smaller "cigarette" boats..."dope-on-a-rope."

WIDER: ONE STARKEY

loaded, takes off into the night, no lights. A second one pulls away as the third boat's being loaded; Switek and Zito climb into a cigarette. Meanwhile...

INT. HONDURAN FREIGHTER, BRIDGE - CROCKETT

on the satellite phone. He waits.

CASTILLO (O.S.)

(filter)

Yeah?

CROCKETT

José Yero changed-up the drop plan on us. He's grabbed Gina.

CASTILLO

Where's the new drop point...?

CROCKETT

They'll have surveillance on us.  
We'll know only at the last  
moment...

CASTILLO

What do you think?

CROCKETT

It's a rip and a hit.

CASTILLO

(to someone else)

Get me Air Support...

(to Crockett)

We'll be airborne and assault the  
ambush...

CROCKETT

You can't.

TUBBS

They'll kill Gina.

CASTILLO

They may have already, so we  
protect the living. Proof she's  
alive?

CROCKETT

Supposedly it's coming.

INT. SCARAB - SWITEK, ZITO + TRUDY

rip from one swell to another, airborne, in between their  
load. Trudy's on the comms. Switek drives with night-vision  
gear.

INT. STRYKER - CROCKETT, TUBBS + ISABELLA

Crockett drives. Tubbs is on the throttles. Isabella's  
between them. Then, Tubbs is sent a page. Reads the number.  
Picks up the satellite phone. Crockett takes control of the  
throttles, too.

TUBBS

(into phone)

Hello...?

And Tubbs hears..."And weather on the southeast throughout  
today and looking into the weekend is broken clouds, humidity

78%, small chance of rain. And coming up in four minutes at 5:45 is Lou Dobbs with Friday's market previews..."

LOU DOBBS (O.S.)

Welcome, folks. Today's Friday,  
the three-hundredth-and-fourteenth  
day of the year...

TUBBS

They're proving it's right now.  
And that she's alive right now...

GINA (O.S.)

...nice friends you got. Trailer  
trash with a bad smell...

INT. DOUBLE-WIDE TRAILER - GINA - NIGHT

The phone is ripped away from her. It's disconnected.

CUT TO:

INT. STRYKER - TUBBS

He puts it together...

TUBBS

Smell. Bad smell. Trailer...

(he gets it)

She's allergic to diethylene...she  
in a meth lab?

Crockett takes the phone, dials Castillo.

CROCKETT

Just came in. She's still alive.

CASTILLO

Safe house is empty...

(beat)

Air Support's set to jump when we  
know your drop point. Gina?

TUBBS

(takes phone)

She's sending a message. Meth Lab.  
Trailer park. Anything with  
interesting antenna arrays...?

CASTILLO

There's three between Miami

International and the glades. I'm gonna try for her, but this is triage. Protect the maximum number of lives. You need to know that...

Crockett knows the Sophie's choice Castillo may have to make. And it may cost Gina. Crockett glances at Tubbs. Crockett pushes the throttles forward...

EXT. GOVERNMENT CHANNEL - TWO BOATS: THE SCARAB + THE STRYKER

jam over the swells into Government Channel, NOT SLOWING this time, even though the limit is 15 knots. Barely missing sport fishing boats, slower recreational craft.

CUT TO:

EXT. AERIAL - PAST HELICOPTER CO-PILOT

over his FLIR monitor scanning trailer parks. Nothing. Then he notes a double-wide with two satellite dishes.

CASTILLO (V.O.)  
(to Tubbs)  
Three possibles...

CUT TO:

INT. STRYKER - TUBBS

on with Castillo.

CASTILLO (V.O.)  
...eliminated one. SWAT's on the next two...

TUBBS  
Trudy and I are goin' for Gina...

INT. SCARAB - SWITEK

slams the Scarab sideways, spewing a huge wake, driving it through a circle to slough off speed as he pulls into a dock. Crockett's Stryker does the same. Tubbs transfers into this boat with Trudy and Zito. Switek gets into the Stryker with Crockett and Isabella. As they speed up Government Channel.

CUT TO:

INT. STRYKER - CROCKETT



ISABELLA  
If they attack you...

CROCKETT  
(finishes)  
...it's gonna be an L-shaped  
ambush. They're not gonna open up  
until they got the party favors,  
'cause all they'd get is a lot of  
police scrambling to a gunfight.  
They will wait till they got the  
goods before they do the deed.

CUT TO:

**SCENES IN WHICH:**

**(A) TRUDY + TUBBS DISCOVER + ASSAULT THE PERIMETER SECURITY OF THE TRAILER IN WHICH GINA IS HOSTAGE.**

**(B) CROCKETT, SWITEK, ZITO + ISABELLA AND THE THIRD BOAT MAKE THE DELIVERY. DURING IT ISABELLA, FURIOUS THAT THIS TRAITOROUS SONOFABITCH, COCHI LOCO, IS MAKING HIS OWN MOVE, RAGES INTO THE MIDDLE GROUND, CALLING DOWN JOSÉ YERO. BLOCKED BY AN ARYAN BROTHER, SHE PUSHES, HE SLAPS HER, SHE SHOOTS HIM IN THE LEG. ALL SIDES DRAW DOWN IMPENDING CHAOS. CROCKETT + COLEMAN COOL IT. COLEMAN WANTS HIS LOAD. THE LURE OF EASY MONEY HAS A VERY STRONG APPEAL.**

**AND ISABELLA IS STILL COMPLETELY UNAWARE CROCKETT + TUBBS ARE ANYTHING OTHER THAN PLAYERS.**

**(C) TUBBS + TRUDY INSERT A FIBER-OPTIC SURVEILLANCE TAP.**

EXT. TRAILER PARK, DOUBLE-WIDE TRAILER - TRUDY - NIGHT

CASTILLO (O.S.)  
(radio filter)  
Do you have her?!

Trudy DOESN'T answer. She's totally focused on a clamshell video screen connected to a fiber optic... FOLLOW THE FIBER OPTIC...as a SWAT technician feeds it into...

CUT TO:

INT. METH LAB, DOUBLE-WIDE TRAILER - CU: THE FLOOR - NIGHT

Where it meets the wall, a tiny hole has been drilled and we see the 4mm diameter lens connected to the flexible fiber optic poke through. The camera's on the floor where it meets the wall.

EXT. TRAILER PARK, DOUBLE-WIDE TRAILER - OVER TRUDY

And Trudy and we SEE in fish-eye a long-haired Nazi Low-Rider and the bulked-out Brother with the Hefty garbage-bag apron. Deeper in the trailer, her clothes torn, blindfolded, is Gina with the C-4 necklace. Beyond her, the woman in the house dress and her large, retarded son.

TRUDY  
(into radio, to Castillo)  
Have eyes on her. She's alive.  
Moving in...

INT. METH LAB, DOUBLE-WIDE TRAILER - LONG-HAIRED NLR GUY

reacts to knock on the door.

TUBBS (O.S.)  
Asian Star...

ARYAN BROTHER  
You order Chinese?

LONG-HAIRED NLR GUY  
(laughs)  
No, but I'm starving...

Laughs, reaches for the door...

ARYAN BROTHER  
Don't...

Too late. Door's opened.

EXT. DOUBLE-WIDE TRAILER - TUBBS,

holding the bag of Chinese for the Long-Haired NLR. He reaches and...

TUBBS

rips Long-Hair through the door, down the stairs, where two SWAT slam him into the ground. He struggles. A baton slams twice across the back of his neck. He's out. Handcuffed, and Tubbs and Trudy are in the interior...

INT. METH LAB, DOUBLE-WIDE TRAILER

TUBBS

HOLD IT!!

Bulked-out Aryan has a handgun in one hand, detonator in the other. Eyes wide. Standoff. The Old Woman in house dress is SCREAMING... Her retarded Son sees Tubbs/Gina as a threat to his mother...grabs butcher knife...rushes forward during...

TRUDY

PUT DOWN THE DETONATOR!

FROZEN. Aryan doesn't move. The FARQ-like necklace of C-4 around Gina's neck.

GINA

struggles against plastic ties, to hear, to see, as...

OBESE SON

shouts, surges past bulky Aryan, heading for Tubbs...

TUBBS

prepares for the autistic son, not seeing behind him...

ARYAN BROTHER #3

rising from a bare mattress with an aluminum baseball bat, coming up behind Tubbs.

WIDE - TUBBS

slips the Autistic Son, rotating his right arm around the kid's right arm, getting slashed on the back of his forearm, but grabbing the Son's wrist as the momentum propels him past Tubbs, who torques the wrist back. Screaming, Son's ruined wrist, Tubbs took the knife, and as the Aryan Brother swings the bat...

LOW ANGLE: TUBBS

ducks the bat. It dents the faux-wood paneling. Tubbs slams the knife twice into the man's slide, doubling him up, leaving the AB Brother to crawl, bleeding, with a 10-inch butcher knife through his kidney into his right lung... AND Tubbs' gun in his left hand has never moved off-target of the Aryan brother with the detonator in his hand the whole time until

right now: he snaps a ROUND into the wounded Aryan Brother's head. And, that fast, Tubbs' gun is back on target.

AND THE FIERCE EYES OF BULKED-OUT BROTHER

A nihilistic smile dawns there.

ARYAN BROTHER

Shoot me, she dies. Hey, fuck it, man. We can all go.

TRUDY

(cool)

That's not what will happen.

(that stops him)

What will happen is...

(as she's aiming her Car-15 and slowly taking up the slack on the trigger...)

...what will happen is, I will put a round precisely through the medula at the base of your brain, at an entry-point mid-distance between your upper lip and the bottom of your nose, and you will be dead from the neck down. Your finger won't be able to twitch. Do you believe that?

ARYAN BROTHER

Fuck...

BLAM. That's all he gets out. Trudy does exactly that. Aryan Brother falls like a felled tree. Tubbs retrieves the detonator. Trudy unties Gina. Carefully, Tubbs pulls the sensitive remote detonator from his hands.

TUBBS

puts his coat over Gina. As she half leaves, turns to the fallen AB...

GINA

Motherfucker!

She kicks him in the head. Tubbs grabs her to pull her off.

TUBBS

He's dead!

TRUDY  
(on radio, to Castillo)  
...got Gina. She's okay.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDIAN RIVER - CASTILLO - NIGHT

hears.

CASTILLO  
(into loud hailer)  
Go!

EXT. RUSTED FREIGHTER - AB SNIPER #2

with a .50 caliber Burrows is hit about 15 times from MPD SWAT firing from across the bridge on a down angle towards him. MPD helicopters suddenly LIGHT up the sky.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN - YERO

observing from a block south on the bridge sees the police assault, raises night-vision binoculars.

YERO'S POV: HE SEES CROCKETT + ISABELLA

behind structures on the jetty. Crockett fires with the MPD SWAT.

INT. SUBURBAN - YERO

pushes "send" on his satellite phone...

CUT TO:

INT. GUAJIRA PENINSULA COMPOUND, COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - ENCRYPTION

The technicians are eating in the next room. We hear the recording...

YERO  
(in Spanish)  
Isabella. The gringos are police.  
She's their informant...!

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN - YERO

YERO

Go!

EXT. STREET + BRIDGE - YERO'S SUBURBAN

pulls out, racing to get away from the firefight. But BRIGHT LIGHT freezes it...heavy rounds slam into the engine, crack the block, stream sprays, it seizes up. Suburban crashes into a car at the curb. Yero bails out.

EXT. SKY - HELICOPTER - TUBBS

half out of his seat, a Galil in full auto on his shoulder, hovering above Yero and the Suburban.

PA

(loud hailer)

Freeze! You're under arrest. Down on your knees. Put your hands on your head...

CLOSE: YERO

does none of that. Enraged, he pulls up a 9mm H+K SMG to fire up at the helicopter

ON TUBBS

aiming down at CAM. The assault rifle unloads in three-shot bursts.

OVER TUBBS DOWN TO YERO IN THE BRIGHT LIGHT

The pavement, the car and Yero are cratered by the 7.62mm rounds. Yero goes down. Dead.

EXT. STREET - WIDE: HELICOPTER

lands. Tubbs bails, grabbing his duffle bag and the rifle and turns down the street towards the firefight and Crockett...

CUT TO:

EXT. JETTY - CROCKETT

holding Isabella down, FIRES past a Toyota. It's turned into a sieve. He tells Isabella to stay behind the engine block. Then he ASSAULTS the ambush.

SWITEK

is shot in the calf, spins, goes down, gets up, limps to cover, keeps firing.

EXT. SCRAP FREIGHTER - COLEMAN

...taking and returning FIRE from Crockett and Zito and from his left flank from the SWAT team on the bridge...knows every moment more he's here, more MPD assets are coming in. He wants to finish it faster.

LOW + WIDE: COLEMAN

bails off the freighter onto the dock. DARK-HAIRED ARYAN BROTHER with a full auto AK is with him. They move from cover to cover, their heavy Kevlar body armor absorbing rounds. And they attack Crockett and Zito, who are outgunned.

CROCKETT + ZITO

run for cover, fire three-shot bursts, run and cover. But...

ISABELLA

runs from cover into the clear with her handgun firing at the crazy whites, furious at the betrayal by Yero. She's shouting in Spanish. It's insane.

CROCKETT

sees Isabella, moves.

COLEMAN

sees Isabella, swings his assault rifle onto her as...

CROCKETT

Isabella!!

CROCKETT RUNS

and sees Coleman because he's turned he's exposed his legs and Crockett slows and blows Coleman's legs out from under him. Coleman's on the ground, scrambling for his rifle to kill Isabella. Dark-Haired NLR is pulling the trigger on Crockett when BOOM...

TUBBS

fires the M40 grenade launcher loaded with shot. Dark-Haired NLR is nearly cut in half.

CROCKETT + ZITO

FIRE at the prone Coleman. Coleman's dead.

WIDER: THE FREIGHTERS - THE FIREFIGHT

continues as other NLR battle Miami SWAT. Meanwhile...

CROCKETT

goes to Isabella, pulls her into the shadows away from dockside, keeping her low, seemingly away from the police. OK, how will they get out of here?

OVER CROCKETT + ISABELLA: TUBBS

approaches from the left. Tubbs and Crockett's eyes connect.

CLOSER: TUBBS

sees his partner with this woman. The frozen moment. Isabella doesn't understand the changed expression on Tubbs' face. We do.

CROCKETT EYE TO EYE WITH HIS PARTNER

50 yards away. All meaning is transmitted. And Tubbs nods...and the nod means: "get her out of here..."

As Tubbs speaks into his radio, his right arm belted where it was slashed, heading towards the diminished firefight, now under MPD control, as...

CROCKETT RACES ISABELLA AWAY

through the weeds and scrap, away from the firefight, away from the freighters, AWAY FROM THE POLICE. Beyond them, we hear the gunfight diminishing.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CROCKETT + ISABELLA

enter from the rubble-filled industrial lot. Cars have stopped, their occupants seeking cover behind them. Crockett hesitates not at all. He grabs a late '80's Mercedes left with its door open. Its owner, a middle-aged man at the curb, starts to object. Crockett raises his gun. Owner



demurs. Crockett steals away in it down the street into the night, its lights off.

CUT TO:

INT. MERCEDES - CROCKETT + ISABELLA

breathing. She's hyperventilating. He steadies her. Then, Crockett sees something and she does, too.

CROCKETT'S POV: A ROADBLOCK

appears around the corner. Rearview mirror: flashing lights on his tail. Nowhere to go. Crockett stops.

ISABELLA

thinks this is it. She's dead. SWAT, shotguns and assault rifles, approach.

INT. MERCEDES - CROCKETT

CROCKETT

Touch the windshield with your hands. Let 'em see your hands are empty. Steady.

SWAT SERGEANT

(approaching)

Don't move! Don't move! Keep your hands where I can see them...

They do. Then the SWAT Sergeant stops...

SWAT SERGEANT (cont'd)

...Sonny?

CROCKETT

Yeah. Hey, Robert.

The police relax, turn away.

SWAT SERGEANT

Are you okay?!

CROCKETT

Yeah. Going to Miami General. Check out Gina. Everybody's okay. Everybody's fine...

Crockett nods and drives through the roadblock. He drives

away into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. MERCEDES - CROCKETT

does not look at Isabella. He shoots up the on-ramp onto I-95. His eyes at the moment are world-weary and street-wise. It's all out. All is in the open. Finally, he looks over his right shoulder at her.

ISABELLA

stares at him. Incredulous. For the first time she realizes he's the police and has been undercover. And now she hits him...

EXT. HIGHWAY - MERCEDES

swerves across three lanes, up on two wheels, almost rolls, cuts off a semi, which barely recovers, and spins out onto the shoulder, off the shoulder, down into the gravel. It comes to a stop and...

INT. MERCEDES - ISABELLA

tries to bring her .380 around. Crockett overpowers her. Takes the gun. She slams him in the face with a closed fist. He grabs her wrists, spins her around, pushes her at the door, handcuffs her behind her back.

EXT. HIGHWAY

He floors the Mercedes. It spins through 270 degrees, scattering gravel and dust, and pulls back onto the freeway, driving out of the city, away from Miami, out, into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. MERCEDES - LATER

She won't look at him. She won't reply. She's frozen, immobile, withdrawn deep, darkly into herself.

CROCKETT

Isabella...?

No reply. Isabella wonders where he's taking her, what will happen to her, but she won't ask.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWO-LANE BLACKTOP THROUGH CYPRESS - NIGHT

Nothing. The cypress are silhouettes against a lighter mauve sky. Engine sound. Then, the Mercedes enters and speeds down the empty two-lane blacktop. And at the end, the trees open up and there's the open ocean and, beyond that, the Florida Keys. We see a house.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE IN THE CYPRESS - WIDE: NIGHT

Door opens. Crockett leads Isabella in. He uncuffs her. She rips away from his hand holding her arm. She walks to the other end of the large room with the picture windows overlooking the water and the jetty and a boat tied up there. Low furniture. Sparse, it was built in the '60's. She walks to a restroom, slams the door. Offscreen, a faucet runs.

Suddenly, the door opens. She comes out, glaring, shouting.

ISABELLA

What are you going to do with me?  
Are you taking me to jail? You  
think I will turn into your  
informant, is that it?

CROCKETT

No.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTOYA COMPOUND, GUAJIRA PENINSULA - COLOMBIAN MILITARY  
+ DEA TYPES - DAY

in stencilled body armor storm in through doors and windows.  
It is a police action, an assault.

REVERSE: EMPTINESS

It's as if no one had ever lived there. A few papers flutter in the breeze from the light wind entering through the open doorways. White papers against white marble against white walls. A profound statement of nobody is home. Wherever Montoya is, he is not here.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE IN THE CYPRESS - CROCKETT - LATE AFTERNOON

staring out the window at the narrow jetty. Isabella sits, distantly, alone at the end.

CLOSER: ISABELLA

Crockett joins her. She's withdrawn into herself.

CROCKETT  
No part of it wasn't real.

ISABELLA  
I know.  
(quietly)  
And now?

CROCKETT  
It still is. I'm so in this, I don't know which way is up... All I know is I won't let anything bad happen to you.  
(beat)  
Just like I said.  
(beat)  
And I know we can't ever see each other again. And we never will.

Isabella sits there for a moment. She glances at him, looks away. Then...

ISABELLA  
You said time is luck...

Meaning, who can tell? There may be a time for them somewhere else.

CROCKETT  
Luck ran out.  
(beat)  
This was too good to last.

He touches her hand. And she leans all her weight against his arm.

CUT TO:

INT. CYPRESS HOUSE, BEDROOM - CROCKETT - LATER

asleep. The moonlight is silver tinged with green. Someone else had been in the bed with him, but he is there alone, now. Crockett wakes up. He looks around. She was there and

now she's gone.

He gets out of the bed and looks out to the ocean and the jetty. The boat's gone. She's gone. Sonny Crockett looks out the window.

THE END