

LA BRAVA

by

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BASED ON THE NOVEL

by

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START MAIN TITLES

EXT. SOUTH BEACH MIAMI - COLLINS AVENUE - THE DELAROBIA - NIGHT

The Hotel Delarobia is a three story example of the Miami art-deco style of the forties but, unlike the other re-furbished and glamorized buildings around it, is in a state of disrepair. It has a porch with worn wicker chairs spanning its front. A vintage yellow convertible sedan sits in the driveway at one side of the hotel. Several elderly ladies sit on the porch.

JOSEPH LABRAVA steps out of the hotel onto the porch, exchanges nods and waves with the ladies, goes to the yellow car, starts it and drives out into the heavy night-time Collins Avenue traffic.

SERIES OF SHOTS - LABRAVA DRIVING

As he makes a turn off Collins, he exchanges a nod with a hooker standing with a guy outside a nightclub.

He drives past a thirties style movie theater with a sign indicating that it specializes in films of past eras and returns the wave of a man, BARNEY, who is on a ladder, putting the letters of "The Outlaw" on the marquee.

As he drives by Joe's Stone Crab restaurant, he exchanges a wave with one of the car-parkers.

He drives over the Causeway Bridge and onto an elevated freeway.

INT. CAR (MOVING)

LaBrava sees a car ahead, parked on a siding, its lights off. He glances at it as he passes. In the car: a driver and three men in the back, all sitting very still. LaBrava takes an off-ramp.

The car bumps across a vacant lot. LaBrava turns his lights off. The car slides to a stop. LaBrava gets out, moves to the trunk and pops the lid. In the trunk: he opens a camera case, pulls out a camera, quickly and efficiently attaches a long lens, closes the trunk and positions himself against the roof of the car.

On the overpass above: two of the men, holding a third man between them, move to the edge of the overpass. LaBrava starts shooting - advancing the film as he changes his position.

The two men pitch the third man off the overpass.

THROUGH THE LENS: the man falling, grasping at air, his mouth open in a scream, the other two men watching. FREEZE the image.

MATCH CUT - A BLACK AND WHITE PRINT OF THE MAN FALLING

END MAIN TITLES

A VOICE

Is it staged? What - the picture?
You askin' me is it staged?

INT. EVELYN EMERSON PHOTO GALLERY (COCONUT GROVE) - NIGHT

REVEAL the photo framed on a wall and the speaker, MAURICE ZOLA, a feisty shrimp of a guy who's older than everybody. He's talking to a well-dressed couple, MR. and MRS. DEVEREAUX. LaBrava's photos are on one of the walls. The gallery windows look out onto the street. It's an opening night show of several photographers.

MRS. DEVEREAUX

Well - it looks so like one of those scenes from a thirties film - something out of Von Stroheim -

MRS. DEVEREAUX

- I would say Von Sternberg -

MR. DEVEREAUX

- so -- expressionistic -

ZOLA

Look - look - I don't know from expressionism or Vonfuckface or whatever - but this gunzel here wound up in the county morgue with a tag on his toe and these two goons are eating offa tin plates up at Tallahatchee. This one here I knew his Uncle real well - ran a horse book out of the Fontainebleu lobby forty, fifty years ago - and one day he was paying a visit to his ex-wife who was gainfully employed in a cat-house over in Orlando and he was so insulted when she asked him to pay for services which after all he was used to getting for free he set fire to her bed with her in it so she brained him with a flat iron, put a dent in his skull just about here where he used to let me stick my finger in right up to the second knuckle -

EVELYN EMERSON'S VOICE

Maurice - are you bothering Mr. and Mrs. Devereaux with one of your - ?

EVELYN EMERSON, the gallery owner, is fiftyish, good-looking.

ZOLA

Sweetheart - I was just answering a question these folks had about some a Joe's pictures which I don't think they fully comprehend -

EVELYN

Maurice -

ZOLA

OK OK - I'm just saying now's the time to buy - I'm telling you in five years they're worth two three times the price 'cause he's got it. He's got the eye.

EVELYN

Where is he?

ZOLA

LaBrava? He's outside.

They look through the window: LaBrava is outside, his back to the window. He wears a Hawaiian shirt with a lot of fruit on it.

EVELYN

Why don't you see if he'll come in and meet some people.

ZOLA

I don't know. He's shy, sweetheart. He's not too happy around people who wear - what are those things - like yacht shoes?

MR. DEVEREAUX

Actually, these are -

ZOLA

Well who gives a shit anyway. I'll go see what he says.

Zola moves to the door and out to the sidewalk.

MR. DEVEREAUX

My god, isn't he a character.

EVELYN

Maurice? Oh yes. When I first came down here - many many years ago - he kind of took me under his wing - taught me - well - a lot.

MRS. DEVEREAUX

Really, Evelyn? Like what?

EVELYN

Well - about photography for one thing. Remember the photo of that racehorse - what was his name - oh - Brave Warrior - lying on the track at Hialeah with a broken leg and his head is in the jockey's lap and the jockey's crying -

MR. DEVEREAUX

Oh god yes. Famous picture. I think it won a Pulitzer or something.

EVELYN

Maurice took that picture. He was a wonderful photographer.

MRS. DEVEREAUX

He doesn't take pictures any more?

EVELYN

Oh no. He's half blind. The story - as he tells it - is a jellyfish stung him in the eye when he was attempting to rescue one of the Mariel Boat people -

RICH WOMAN

Is that true?

EVELYN

Of course not. But it's great fun to listen to. I heard - please don't repeat this - that he was looking at a young lady - one of his tenants actually - he manages one of those old hotels in South Beach - and the girl squirted some ammonia in his eye.

MRS. DEVEREAUX

Good lord, how awful. Just for looking at her?

EVELYN

Through the keyhole.

MRS. DEVEREAUX

Oh. Oh! Well...

EXT. GALLERY - ON THE SIDEWALK.

ZOLA

You wanta go, we'll go.

LABRAVA

I'm OK.

LaBrava is looking at a girl who's looking in the gallery window. She's in her twenties, has a lot of two-toned hair and wears sexy punky clothes. Her name is FRANNY KAUFMAN. She turns to them.

FRANNIE

This stuff any good?

ZOLA

You could do worse.

She looks at LaBrava for a moment.

FRANNIE

Dope shirt, man.

LABRAVA

Thanks, man.

Frannie goes inside the gallery.

INT. GALLERY

MR. DEVEREAUX

And this LaBrava - he's what? -
like a protege of Mr. Zola?

EVELYN

He lives in Maurice's hotel. He's only been taking pictures for a few years but I think Maurice is right. He's good - LaBrava - but it's more than that - he has a special instinct - like this picture - he was just driving one night on the I-95 and he saw these men in a car and he had a sense that something was going to happen.

(confidentially)

Maurice says he was in the Secret Service.

MRS. DEVEREAUX

Oh my -

Evelyn's FEMALE ASSISTANT appears.

ASSISTANT

Excuse me. Evelyn - there's a phone
call for Mr. Zola. Some kind of
emergency.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

LaBrava drives, Zola beside him.

LABRAVA

So who is she?

ZOLA

Who is who?

LABRAVA

The lady we're gonna rescue.

ZOLA

Oh - Jennie? Friend of mine. You
gotta get over to the right - take
the Delray exit -

LABRAVA

I know how to get there.

ZOLA

Yeah well if you took the Causeway
like I said -

LABRAVA

Hey, it's your car - you want to
drive? Jennie what?

ZOLA

Breen.

LABRAVA

Jennie Breen? I never heard you
mention her.

ZOLA

Maybe I never did. She lives in
Boca now. Hey - what camera you got
with you?

LABRAVA

The Leica CL. Why?

ZOLA

Maybe take a picture of her. Shock treatment. Show Jeanie what a booze-face looks like.

LABRAVA

Thought you said her name was Jennie.

ZOLA

Oh yeah. Jennie - Jeanie. Whatever.
(pause)
Jeanie was her mamma's name.

EXT. CRISIS CENTER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A badly run-down one-story building with a sign on the front:

CRISIS CENTER
South County Mental Health
Emergency Screening Service

The door is opened by JILL WILKERSON, a long-legged brunette.

ZOLA

You Jill?

JILL

Mr. Zola? Come on in.

ZOLA

He's with me.

INT. CRISIS CENTER HALLWAY - NIGHT

LaBrava and Zola follow Jill down the hall.

ZOLA

What was the problem?

JILL

She came out of a bar in Palm Beach and was walking down the middle of the street with a drink in her hand and when the cops stopped her she threw it at them.

ZOLA

Not too bright.

They stop at a door and look in. In the dark room: the figure of JENNIE BREEN on a mattress on the floor, her arm across her face.

ZOLA
Can I check her out of here?

JILL
Come on down to the office.

ZOLA
Hey, Joe - get the camera, OK?

LaBrava goes back to the front door. Zola follows Jill.

INT. CRISIS CENTER OFFICE

Jill moves behind a desk, picks up a wide old-fashioned picture hat, dark glasses and a purse.

JILL
These are Miss Breen's.

EXT. CRISIS CENTER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

LaBrava gets a camera and flash attachment from the trunk. SCREECH of TIRES. He looks up to see a car carelessly parked. A man gets out, moves to the Crisis Center and start banging on the door. The man is RICHARD NOBLES. Over six feet tall, a couple hundred pounds, in his thirties, he wears jeans and a zippered athletic jacket. He's drunk. He turns as LaBrava approaches.

NOBLES
How you doing this evening?

LABRAVA
Not too bad. What about yourself?

NOBLES
Nice shirt. What'd you do - lose a bet?

LaBrava emits a polite laugh.

NOBLES
Gonna take some pitchers?

LABRAVA
I'm thinking about it.

NOBLES

Thinkin' about it, huh? Pitchers a what? The rats and cockroaches in this pathetic pisshole?

LABRAVA

I guess they don't have much money - county funded and all.

NOBLES

You guess that, do you? Hey - you want to take my pitcher?

LABRAVA

No thanks.

NOBLES

What paper you with?

LABRAVA

What makes you think I'm a news photographer?

NOBLES

Cause all you assholes look alike.

Jill opens the door. Nobles pushes past her.

INT. CRISIS CENTER

JILL

Hey - can I help you please -

LaBrava moves past them down the hall to the room where Zola is kneeling by the figure on the floor. LaBrava looks back.

NOBLES

You can help me please, Puss. I'm Richard Nobles with the police hereabouts. Friend of mine got brung in here this evening by the Boca police and they said it would be ok to release her to my custody.

JILL

Well, I don't have the authority to -

NOBLES

Here's all the authority we're gonna need -

Nobles opens his jacket, showing a gun stuck in his waistband, gets his wallet out of his jeans and opens to display a badge, As she reaches for it, he flips it closed and puts it back.

JILL
I don't think so.

NOBLES
You don't think what?

JILL
That's not PBSO or any badge I've seen before -

NOBLES
Look -

JILL
- and you can't bring a weapon in here because -

NOBLES
- because WHAT - one a your rummy junky friends gonna take it away from me?

ZOLA
Will you come on and take the shot?

LaBrava moves into the dark room. He adjusts the camera.

JILL'S VOICE
Mister - I don't think you're even a cop -

NOBLES' VOICE
HEY PUSS - WHERE YOU THINK THIS BADGE COME FROM - ?

JILL'S VOICE
MAYBE A CRACKERJACK BOX FROM WHAT I SAW -

LABRAVA
Move her arm off her face.

ZOLA
What are you set at?

LABRAVA
Sixtieth at eight. Get out of the way.

Zola moves. LaBrava shoots. The flash is very bright in the dark room. Jennie groans and stirs. Her eyes open slightly and she mumbles "what? - what's happening?" LaBrava shoots again. The bright dissolving image of her face - black hair, black eyes, white skin - stays for a moment on LaBrava's retina.

ZOLA

Set it lower and do another.

LABRAVA

We got it. Take her out to the car.
Something I want to do.

Zola starts to get her up off the mattress as LaBrava goes out.

ZOLA

Come on, sweetie. You can make it.

INT. CORRIDOR

LaBrava moves down the hall toward the office.

NOBLES' VOICE

Hey, look - this lady's a friend of mine - her and I were even having some drinks together earlier -

INT. OFFICE

Nobles stands across the desk from Jill. LaBrava enters.

JILL

(on phone)

Delray police? This is Jill Wilkerson at South County Emergency on fourth street - there's a gentleman here who's been asked to leave and refuses. Can you send somebody to escort him the fuck out of here and by the way he's armed. Thanks.

(hangs up, looks at him)

You got about two minutes to get out of here or you're gonna be in deep shit.

NOBLES

Yeah - well that's time enough for you to just show me where you got my friend -

He reaches out and grabs Jill's arm.

JILL

HEY -

She pulls away, reaches for the phone again and Nobles pulls it out of her hand and pushes her back against the wall.

LABRAVA

Let's take it easy, OK?

Nobles turns to LaBrava, the phone held like a weapon.

NOBLES

I'll put you through the wall, you little prick. Who the fuck you think you are?

LABRAVA

I'm the asshole photographer.

He sticks the camera into Nobles' face and fires the flash. Nobles gasps and clutches his eyes. LaBrava crouches and throws his shoulder into Nobles' ribcage. Nobles crashes against the wall and goes down. LaBrava straddles Nobles' legs, pulls the pistol out of his waistband, yanks back his head by the hair and pokes the barrel of the revolver into his mouth.

LABRAVA

Suck it. It'll calm you down.

EXT. CRISIS CENTER PARKING LOT

SOUND of a distant POLICE SIREN. Jill is at the Crisis Center door. Nobles, on the ground by his car, gasps for breath. LaBrava is a few feet away, camera in one hand, Nobles' revolver in the other. Zola peers out from his car. LaBrava flips the revolver open, scatters the shells and pitches the revolver at Nobles' feet. The side of Nobles' car has written across it: STAR SECURITY SERVICE PALM BEACH FLORIDA. LaBrava raises his camera and takes a picture of Nobles and his car. He looks back at Jill.

LABRAVA

You all right?

JILL

Yeah. Thanks. We're swell.

INT. YELLOW CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

LaBrava drives and glances at the rear-view mirror, trying to see the woman in the rear seat, her head against Zola's shoulder.

ZOLA

- ok now, you're ok now, sweetie -

JENNIE

- oh god - what's happening -

ZOLA

Uncle Maury's gonna take care a
you - need a new outlook is all -

EXT. DELAROBIA HOTEL - NIGHT

LaBrava sits on the porch. Zola comes out.

ZOLA

She's sleepin' like a baby. A big
drunk baby.

LABRAVA

So what was that all about?

ZOLA

Hard to tell.

LABRAVA

Try.

ZOLA

Said somethin' about some
disturbin' phone calls.

LABRAVA

That she got or she made?

ZOLA

Someone seems to be botherin' her.

LABRAVA

Well - that's not too surprising.
She's a beautiful woman.

ZOLA

You noticed that, did you?

LABRAVA

She reminds me of someone but I
can't quite remember who.

ZOLA

All beautiful women remind you of
someone. It's just wishful thinkin'.
Hey - where're the pictures?

LABRAVA

In the mix. Have 'em for you tomorrow.

ZOLA

OK. See you then.

He goes inside. LaBrava sits, thinking. Behind him, through the doors, Zola crosses the dark lobby and starts up the stairs.

INT. ZOLA'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Crammed with photos and memorabilia. Zola enters, moves to the bedroom door, opens it and looks in at Jennie, sleeping in his bed. He shuts the door, goes to his couch and lies down.

INT. DELAROBIA - LABRAVA'S DARKROOM

In the dim red light of the dark room, LaBrava lifts a print from a developer pan, pins it up, lights a cigarette and watches Jennie's face form on the black and white print.

EXT. DELAROBIA - NIGHT

DISSOLVE TO DAY and the porch of the hotel comes to life, the chairs now occupied by a chorus line of elderly women, chatting, reading, watching. LaBrava comes out, wearing a bathing suit and carrying a towel, exchanges pleasantries with the ladies and crosses the yard to the street.

EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - DAY

LaBrava passes a fashion shoot in progress: half a dozen models, posing around a modern formula one racing car.

A VOICE

HEY - LABRAVA!

A makeup girl, working on one of the models, PANDORA, is waving. It's Frannie Kaufman, wearing sunglasses, a baseball cap and a long-sleeved shirt. She moves toward him.

FRANNIE

Remember me?

LABRAVA

Sure I remember you.

FRANNIE

No - really?

LABRAVA

Eyes hazel. Hair half blonde, half not. Tattoo on your right ankle, wedding ring in your belly button -

FRANNIE

Jeez - you shouda been a cop.

LABRAVA

I'll tell you about that some time.

FRANNIE

Yeah? I'm free for dinner.

PANDORA

HEY FRANNIE - WHAT ABOUT FINISHING ME!

FRANNIE

BE RIGHT THERE, PANDORA!

(to LaBrava)

That's her name - can you believe it? God - I hate this fucking gig - sitting around all day trying to blend in the coke lines on these bimbos who pull down a thousand bucks an hour for looking supremely vacuous. You ever shoot fashion, LaBrava?

LABRAVA

No.

FRANNIE

You mind if I call you LaBrava - it's such a great name - LaBrava - what is it - like Italian?

LABRAVA

Very much like Italian.

FRANNIE

I'm Frannie Kaufman which is very much like Jewish. Listen - I thought your pictures were really outstanding.

LABRAVA

Thanks. How did you know they were my pictures?

FRANNIE

I asked the lady in the gallery. How come - if you don't mind my asking - all you shoot is black and white? Don't you like color or what?

LABRAVA

I like it OK - I just don't trust it.

FRANNIE

Jeez - lemme think about that. Whadda you live around here?

LABRAVA

Over on Collins. The Delarobbia.

FRANNIE

You live at the Delarobbia! God - I've always wanted to paint it.

LABRAVA

I think the owner likes it the way it is.

FRANNIE

No. I mean - paint it. On a canvas - you know - like art. Jeez - I can't believe you actually live there. I thought the Delarobbia was like a retirement home for women who'd been raped by Cossacks or something.

LABRAVA

They're about the only ones left in South Beach who haven't been chased out by so-called progress.

FRANNIE

I've been staying at a real hole over at Flamingo Park. No light, walls made of cardboard and cockroaches the size of shnauzers. They got any cockroaches at the Delarobbia?

LABRAVA

Just the odd stray. You think of them as Palmetto bugs - makes it a little bit easier.

FRANNIE

Anybody ever move out?

LABRAVA

I think there are a couple of empty apartments.

FRANNIE

Really? How come? Oh. You mean they died.

LABRAVA

Come on over some time. The manager's a friend of mine. The guy I was with last night. He's a little testy but he's got a soft spot for good looking girls.

FRANNIE

The little old guy? Isn't he like about a hundred and six?

LABRAVA

Life goes on.

PANDORA

HEY FRANNIE - YOU GONNA FINISH ME OR NOT?

FRANNIE

RELAX, PANDORA. YOU'LL MELT YOUR MASCARA! Je-sus. See you later, LaBrava.

EXT. WASHINGTON AVENUE - MOVIE THEATER - DAY

LaBrava walks into the lobby.

INT. THEATER LOBBY

Barney, the theater owner, points to the poster for "The Outlaw".

BARNEY

Jane Russell - there was some woman. Didja know Howard Hughes himself designed the brassiere she's wearing?

LABRAVA

I read that somewhere.

BARNEY

Some genius that guy - ran a movie studio, built airplanes and still had time to concern himself with the size and contour of his employees' tits.

LABRAVA

I never thought of it that way.

INT. BARNEY'S OFFICE

Crammed with posters, stills, cans of film, tape cassettes etc.

BARNEY

So what can I do for you, Joe?

LABRAVA

Jean Shaw.

BARNEY

Jean Shaw? What about her?

LABRAVA

Ever show any of her pictures?

BARNEY

You bet. "Nightfall", "The Cutoff".
"Smoke Rings" -

From a file he pulls two black and white publicity stills of JEAN SHAW, looking almost exactly as Jennie Breen must have looked twenty years ago. One shows her holding a gun, looking at a man's body on the floor; the other shows her in a white gown, one hand to her face, holding a cigarette, the smoke curling up.

BARNEY

Gotta love that face.

LABRAVA

I was about thirteen when I first saw her in a movie. The one where she shoots her husband -

BARNEY

"Dead Zone." She dies in the fire -

LABRAVA

- which she set to get rid of the evidence. Always the bad girl.

BARNEY

Yeah. Remember at the end of
"Cornered" - she's on the sidewalk
dying -

LABRAVA

- and the cop looks down at her and
says - "Some tough dame."

BARNEY

I love that.

LABRAVA

I was only a kid but I thought it
was the most beautiful face I ever
saw. Or probably ever would.

BARNEY

That was her last movie.

LABRAVA

Then what happened to her?

BARNEY

That's interesting, actually. She
came down here - to Miami - in the
fifties to make a picture called
"Sunburn" and got fired off it.

LABRAVA

How come?

BARNEY

She was married to a screenwriter
who got blacklisted - you know -
Commie scare stuff. It was too
messy for the studio so they dumped
her. Then she married someone
else - some rich guy - and just
disappeared.

LABRAVA

Was his name Breen? The rich guy.

BARNEY

I don't remember that.

INT. DELAROBIA - LABRAVA'S STUDIO - DAY

LaBrava comes out of the darkroom, carrying prints of Jennie.
Zola appears in the doorway. He's wearing a jacket.

LABRAVA

How's the patient?

ZOLA

Hungover and repentant. She's
comin' down. Gonna take her out for
an early dinner. Want to come
along?

LABRAVA

(he really does)

Why not. Sure.

He hands the photos to Zola and they move into the lobby.

INT. LOBBY

LaBrava locks the studio as Zola peers at the photos.

ZOLA

Jesus, Joe - these aren't gonna do
it. She looks too good.

LABRAVA

(staring past him)

Yeah. I know.

Zola looks at LaBrava, then turns to see what he's looking at.

Jennie descends the stairs, dressed as she was at the Crisis
Center, carrying her hat, scarf and purse. MOVE IN ON LABRAVA.

WHAT HE SEES:

In BLACK and WHITE: JEAN SHAW, evening gowned, carrying a small
purse, descends a staircase toward a tuxedoed man and reaches, as
she nears the bottom, into her purse and pulls out a pistol.

BACK TO SCENE

Jennie crosses the lobby to him.

JENNIE

I imagine you're Mr. LaBrava.

LABRAVA

Joe.

JENNIE

Well, hello, Joe. I'm Jennie.

He takes her hand and shakes it somewhat awkwardly.

ZOLA

You wanta get the car?

JENNIE

I believe in our first encounter I made a less than favorable impression.

LABRAVA

Don't worry about it.

JENNIE

I hope I can make it up to you.

ZOLA

Hey - I'm askin' about the car.

INT. THE YELLOW CAR (MOVING) - DAY

The sun is setting. LaBrava drives. Zola is on the outside, Jennie between them. The top is open. Jennie has her hat on and the scarf around her neck. The wind blows her hair.

LABRAVA

I can put the top up.

JENNIE

Oh no. This feels wonderful. My god, Maury - I can't believe you've still got this car.

ZOLA

Went out of warranty the week Eisenhower had his ass operated on. Ever tell you how I come by it? It was on account of Meyer Lansky.

JENNIE

The gangster.

ZOLA

Yeah, the gangster. One a his associates - guy named Rollo Beans - tips me to a twelve to one longshot at the dog races which of course was fixed. Put a grand on it and bought the car. I says to him: Rollo, how the hell you guys fix a greyhound to win? And he says: fuck the mutt, we fix the jockey.

(he laughs)

Hang a left. HANG A LEFT!

LaBrava steers a sharp left. Jennie leans into him. Her hand goes momentarily to his thigh to steady herself.

JENNIE

Sorry.

LABRAVA

That's OK.

INT/EXT RESTAURANT VERANDA - NIGHT

Overlooking the water. By candle light. They're finishing a seafood dinner. Jennie helps Zola crack a lobster claw.

ZOLA

You don't remember my introduc'in' you to Lansky?

JENNIE

No.

ZOLA

It was at the track one day. I introduce him and he says "what a pretty little girl" and he takes a twenty dollar bill out and puts it in her hand and says to her: "buy something nice for your mother".

Jennie's expression changes. She cracks the lobster claw.

JENNIE

I don't remember that.

ZOLA

He was a big fan of Jennie's momma.

There's an odd pause. She sits back.

JENNIE

(offhandedly)

My mother was in the movies.

LABRAVA

Is that so?

ZOLA

So what was that you thought you were doing?

JENNIE

Doing when?

ZOLA .

You getting busted or don't you remember that?

JENNIE

They wouldn't stop shining that damn light in my eyes.

ZOLA

Jennie - you threw your drink at them.

JENNIE

I was in a bad mood.

ZOLA

Good spanking is what you need.

JENNIE

Maybe you're right. It's been a long time since I've had a good spanking.

She smiles and reaches over and pats Zola's cheek. Zola shakes his head in irritation and stands up.

ZOLA

I want a cigar. You want one, Joe?

LABRAVA

No thanks.

ZOLA

What about you, smart ass?

JENNIE

Can you get me a pack of cigarettes?

LABRAVA

Have one of mine.

JENNIE

Oh - no thanks - not my brand. Pack of Salems please.

ZOLA

Still suckin' those mothballs.

He walks away. She watches him go.

JENNIE

Don't you love him? He's so
goddamned eccentric. All that money
and he lives like a janitor.

LABRAVA

I don't know. He said he was a
millionaire back in the fifties.
But he told me once -

(a Zola imitation)

"I spent most of it on booze, broads
and ponies. And the rest I wasted."

JENNIE

That's his act - the old codger,
hanging out with retired bookies,
yakking about the good old days.
But don't sell him short, Joe.
Maury's been buying real estate
since the thirties. Every time he
sold a picture, hit a number here,
did a deal there, he put it into
land. Do you have any idea how much
the Delarobbia is worth - sitting
in the middle of one of the biggest
real estate booms in history? I
guarantee you, five years from now
some successful fag designer will
tear it down and turn it into a
fancy restaurant-disco with more
neon than a Bangkok whorehouse.

LABRAVA

He'll never sell it.

JENNIE

What makes you think so?

LABRAVA

It keeps him going. And he feels
responsible for all the little old
ladies. And there are - the bones.

JENNIE

What - bones?

LABRAVA

Miccosuki Indian bones. Under the
building. Can't disturb the sacred
resting place. He must have told
you that story.

JENNIE

Oh. Yes. Actually he did once. I didn't take it seriously. Sacred resting place - good god!

She shakes her head and looks out at the water.

LABRAVA

Something I was wondering.

JENNIE

About what?

LABRAVA

About a guy named Richard Nobles. You know him?

JENNIE

Nobles?

LABRAVA

Big guy. Blonde hair. About six-two.

There's a pause.

JENNIE

Six three and a half, actually.

A pack of Salem's falls on the table as Zola reappears.

JENNIE

He's part of my building's security service.

ZOLA

Who we talking about?

LABRAVA

The guy at the Crisis Center. The one I had the disagreement with.

JENNIE

Really? Rick was there?

ZOLA

"Rick?" You call this bozo "Rick"?

LABRAVA

I had the impression from some things he said that you were with him earlier.

JENNIE

The reason I left the bar was to get away from him.

ZOLA

What - you're dating this rent-a-cop?

JENNIE

God no. I see him around the building. We talk a few times. The neighbors - the ladies - think he's kind of cute -

ZOLA

You think he's cute?

JENNIE

He's got a certain hick ain't I somethin' charm.

LABRAVA

Was he ever in your apartment?

JENNIE

In my apartment? Once or twice.

ZOLA

Christ's sake - what for?

JENNIE

He came up to check the security locks. I gave him a beer. We talked. That's all. That's all, Maury. Don't give me that look.

LABRAVA

Remember what you talked about?

JENNIE

Nothing special. His job. Where he came from, high school football hero stuff. Harmless - I think -

ZOLA

So what were you doin' with him in the bar?

JENNIE

I asked him to meet me. I wanted his advice about something.

ZOLA

What the hell kind of advice you want from him?

JENNIE

About the calls. I told you.
(to LaBrava)
There were these phone calls.

LABRAVA

The heavy breathing kind?

JENNIE

Yes. But different. A man's voice.
Sort of - oily. Suggestive.
"Hello, Jennie...we'll be seeing you soon...I hope you're ready for something big to happen..." That kind of thing.

LABRAVA

What'd Nobles say?

JENNIE

He didn't seem all that concerned. He was drunk. He said - something to the effect of - hey foxy lookin' woman like you gotta expect that kind of thing - I might be callin' you myself, puss - blah blah blah - and he was laughing - it was really irritating - and I left.

LABRAVA

Why do you think he followed you to the Center?

JENNIE

I don't know.

ZOLA

'Cause he's after something is why. Miami's always been full a these guys. Hangin' around single ladies - lookin' for a free ride - tellin' stories about how their sister needs a new kidney or some such -

LABRAVA

He ever ask you for anything?

JENNIE.

No. Anyway - if it's money he's after, there's no problem.

LABRAVA

Why's that?

She takes out a cigarette. LaBrava snaps his Zippo open.

JENNIE

Because I don't have any.

She leans to him and holds his wrist as he pops the flame.

WHAT HE SEES:

In BLACK and WHITE: Jean Shaw pushes her hair to one side, leans to light her cigarette from a lit candle that she holds, then drops the candle onto the floor and the floor bursts into flames.

BACK TO SCENE:

Jennie leans back, smiles and looks at them.

JENNIE

Besides - I have my - protectors.

EXT. CHEEKY'S NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Nobles sits in his car and glances over at the club under whose big CHEEKY'S neon sign is another that reads: BOY'S NIGHT.

INT. CHEEKY'S NIGHTCLUB

Male dancers perform for a male audience. A Cuban-American dancer, CUNDO RAY, a gold safety-pin in his ear, whirls down a metal pole. A BUSINESSMAN type at ringside, wearing a wedding ring, waves a twenty. Cundo dances to him. The man puts the bill in Cundo's shorts. Cundo grins at the man and dances away.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

LaBrava, Zola and Jennie wait for the DeSoto.

JENNIE

I've had such a good time I hate to go home.

LABRAVA

Stick around a while. Let me see if I can find out what's going on.

JENNIE

I really appreciate your concern
but - Maury, I don't like you
sleeping on your couch...

ZOLA

Hey, I like sleeping on couches.
Hell, I been married three times.

LABRAVA

Two ten's empty, isn't it?

ZOLA

Yeah. Move you right in.

JENNIE

I can't live in these clothes.

ZOLA

So we'll drive up now an' get what
you need. No big deal.

The car drives up. LaBrava opens the car door for Jennie.

ZOLA

Come on, sweetheart. It'll be like
the old days. Show you a real good
time. Right, Joe?

LABRAVA

Sure. Sure we will.

EXT. STRETCH OF BEACH - NIGHT

A car is parked on a deserted access road.

INT. CAR

The businessman is all over Cundo Ray. A flashlight beam falls on
them. The car door is yanked open. Nobles, in uniform, drags
Cundo out and throws him against the car.

CUNDO RAY

HEY WHAT YOU DOING, MAN -- ?

NOBLES

SHUT THE FUCK UP, SCUMBALL, AND
STAY STILL TILL I TELL YOU.

Will you kindly exit the vehicle, sir -

The businessman struggles out, trying to adjust his clothing.

BUSINESSMAN

Officer - can we talk about this?

NOBLES

Tell you, sir, makes me like to lose my temper seein' a man like yourself - probly married to some nice lady - have to go through the public humiliation because of a piece of spic garbage like -

CUNDO RAY

HEY DON' CALL ME SPIC -

Nobles brings the flashlight down on the roof of the car and Cundo shrieks and grasps his fingers.

NOBLES

- and have to pay some fine to the county for public indecency -

CUNDO RAY

Hey, Captain - look here - I pay you now -

Cundo takes some money from his pocket. Nobles snatches it.

NOBLES

WHAT? YOU THINK THIS IS ENOUGH FOR MY TROUBLE AND ALL THE COUNTY TIME AND PAPERWORK ENTAILED HEREIN? You see what I'm sayin', sir?

BUSINESSMAN

(pulls out a wad of bills)
Yes, Officer, I do. I wonder if this would cover any costs incurred by you - and the county - and -

NOBLES

Well, sir, I think this might probly cover it and I believe you've learned a good lesson here - so maybe you should move along home now and I'll just have a few words with your little pal here -

BUSINESSMAN

Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

The Businessman moves fast into the car, Nobles kicks the door shut after him and grabs Cundo and throws him to the ground.

INT. BUSINESSMAN'S CAR - (MOVING)

Driving away, he looks back to see Nobles kneel on Cundo's back and raise the flashlight over his head. He hears Cundo scream.

INT. ZOLA'S CAR - (MOVING)

Under a clear starry sky, Zola's car, its top down, speeds along. Jennie sits between LaBrava and Zola. The radio plays music. Zola sleeps. Jennie gently takes the cigar butt out of his mouth and throws it away. She leans back and looks up at the sky and suddenly puts her hand on LaBrava's hand on the steering wheel.

JENNIE

Oh! Did you see it?

LABRAVA

What?

JENNIE

A shooting star. It dropped right into the sea.

LABRAVA

Sign of good luck.

JENNIE

God - I hope so.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A crowded noisy all-night joint. Nobles and Cundo Ray sit in a booth. Cundo Ray, mouth full of food, is laughing hysterically.

CUNDO RAY

Oh man - I thought he gonna pee his pants. I thought his heart gonna attack him.

NOBLES

Hey - looked to me like you was havin' a pretty good time.

Cundo stops laughing and looks at Nobles.

CUNDO RAY

You joking me?

NOBLES

Yeah. I'm jokin' you.

CUNDO RAY

You come to the club Saturday see
me dance for the ladies - see 'em
wavin' all that money at me -
sayin' oh Cundo, you talk so cute -
you so pretty - oh Cundo, less go
out some night an' dance an' -

NOBLES

Hey - lighten up. You my pal. You
my partner, OK? Cundo Ray - my
little Coobano hot tamale.

CUNDO RAY

I'm an American.

NOBLES

What?

CUNDO RAY

You heard me.

NOBLES

Oh yeah. You're an American. What
the hell you think I am?

CUNDO RAY

You a fuckin' swamp creature.

NOBLES

What??

CUNDO RAY

A movie. Swamp creature. Saw it on
tv in Havana. Big green guy come
out of the swamp. Scare the shit
outta people.

(he grins at Nobles)

Jes like you.

EXT. JENNIE'S CONDOMINIUM - BOCA RATON - NIGHT

A modern high-rise on the water. Zola's car moves into the
underground garage.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE

As they move from Zola's car to the lobby entrance they pass a
several year old grey Mercedes. She looks at it.

ZOLA

You want to bring your car?

JENNIE

No. I can get it later.

LABRAVA

How'd you get to the bar last night?

JENNIE

I took a cab. Thank god, under the circumstances. I've been having engine trouble.

ZOLA

Told ya to buy American.

INT. LOBBY

Jennie stops at a row of tenant mailboxes. She opens her mailbox with a key, withdraws her mail and they moves to the elevators.

INT. JENNIE'S CONDO CORRIDOR

They move down the corridor to her apartment.

JENNIE

Forgive me if it's a bit of a mess.

She unlocks the door and opens it. The only light in the living room is from the picture windows. She steps in, flips a light switch, gasps and falls back against LaBrava.

INT. JENNIE'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

The apartment is a wreck, furniture scattered, drawers opened and their contents dumped on the floor. A small fish tank has been overturned and the tropical fish lie dead on the floor.

ZOLA

Christ almighty, sweetheart, you gotta fire the maid.

JENNIE

Bastards.

Jennie kneels down by the dead fish. LaBrava closes the front behind him. Jennie looks up at him and points. He turns. On the door is a piece of white paper with the words typed on it:

HOW MUCH IS YOUR LIFE WORTH?

LaBrava moves to a phone. He picks up the receiver.

JENNIE

Please don't call the police. Not yet. Please.

LaBrava looks at Zola who shrugs. Jennie goes to a closet, takes out a suitcase and moves to the bedroom. LaBrava moves to sliding doors to the terrace, opens them and steps out. Zola follows him.

ZOLA

She don't like cops.

LABRAVA

Any specific reason for such an unusual prejudice?

ZOLA

They gave her a hard time once. It's a personal thing.

INT. NOBLES' CAR - LITTLE HAVANA -NOBLES AND CUNDO RAY

Nobles counts the businessman's wad.

CUNDO RAY

So what we do now? We gonna do the thing with the lady?

NOBLES

Oh yeah. We're gonna do that. First we find out where she went to. Then we put the big plan in action.

CUNDO RAY

What we need a plan for? You got this woman has a big place, very expensive, a nice car - some jewelry maybe--

NOBLES

You spook - we ain't gonna rob her.

CUNDO RAY

No? What we gonna do?

Nobles stuffs hlf the money in Cundo Ray's pocket.

NOBLES

We gonna hang her up and flat skin her.

Nobles drives away. Cundo Ray watches, then walks to his hotel.

INT. ZOLA'S CAR - (MOVING)

The top is closed. Jennie sits alone in the back with her bags. Zola looks back at her reassuringly.

INT. DELAROBIA - LABRAVA'S STUDIO - NIGHT

LaBrava fixes Jennie's note to the wall, picks up a camera, adjusts a light and photographs the note.

INT. DELAROBIA - APARTMENT 310 - NIGHT

Jennie, smoking, unpacks her clothes. Zola watches from the door.

ZOLA

You smoke too much, you know that?

JENNIE

Don't lecture me, Maury. Please.

ZOLA

You shouldn't upset yourself about this situation. We'll deal with it. We been through other things.

JENNIE

That's true.

ZOLA

Don't I always take care a you?

JENNIE

Yes, you do.

ZOLA

You worried about money?

JENNIE

I'm always worried about money.

ZOLA

Don't be. I got enough for the both of us.

JENNIE

I've borrowed too much already.
I'll never be able to pay you back.

ZOLA

Hey - I ever ask you for it?

JENNIE

No. You never have. What do you do with it all, Maury? All your money.

ZOLA

Got it resting peacefully in tax-free bonds mostly. Listen - it's yours anyway - after I go.

JENNIE

What are you talking about?

ZOLA

I'm just sayin'.

She turns to him. Her eyes are filled with tears.

JENNIE

You can't go anywhere. I won't have it. You understand me?

ZOLA

OK. Whatever you say, sweetheart.

INT. LABRAVA'S DARKROOM/STUDIO

LaBrava is cutting a frame from the negative.

INT. ZOLA'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Zola, a glass of Scotch in his hand, stares at a framed faded photo on his bedroom wall.

The photo shows a beach in old Miami. Jean Shaw in a black one-piece bathing suit, sits on the sand, smiling at the camera, her hand on the leg of eleven year old Jennie. A man stands behind them, his hand on Jennie's shoulder, his face out of frame.

Zola grunts, slugs down the Scotch, moves away.

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO - NIGHT

LaBrava turns the overhead light off and a projector on. The note is projected, enlarged, on the wall, the letters white on black. LaBrava, smoking a cigarette, moves through the light beam, staring at the words, touching the letters on the wall.

EXT. COLLINS AVE - DAY

Frannie gets out of her battered van and moves to the porch where the old ladies are watching.

FRANNIE

Good morning, ladies. Anyone know where I can find Mr. LaBrava?

The ladies giggle, cluck, shrug and exchange glances.

FRANNIE

VU KEN ICH FIN'N LABRAVA??

OLD LADY

Ahh - LaBrava. He shoots.

FRANNIE

He what?

She points in the direction of the lobby.

OLD LADY

Shoots. Snick snick. Poof.

FRANNIE

Oh. Yeah. Snick snick. I got it. A SHAYN'M DANK, EYER.

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

He's taking pictures of a black man, a Nigerian named JOHNBULL OBASANJO, who sits in front of a plain white drop, dressed in a black suit, staring solemnly at the camera.

LABRAVA

You want to try one smiling?

JOHNBULL

For what reason should I smile?

LABRAVA

Make your wife happy when she gets the picture.

JOHNBULL

In Nigeria I am known as a serious man, Mr. LaBrava. My wife, seeing me smile, would imagine that I am enjoying myself in America. She would draw false conclusions.

LABRAVA

I get your point, Mr. Obasanjo. One more. Look right here.

He takes another picture.

FRANNIE'S VOICE

Hey, LaBrava.

He turns. Frannie is looking in the door.

FRANNIE

Pardon the intrusion - you said come by and I thought -

LABRAVA

That's OK. We're done. Frannie Kaufman - Johnbull Obasanjo - finest cabdriver in the Miami area.

JOHNBULL

The greater Miami area. How do you do, Miss Kaufman.

FRANNIE

How ya doin'?

LABRAVA

Listen - Mr. Obasanjo - do me a favor - you're a man who gets around -

LaBrava picks up a dozen copies of the picture he took of Nobles at the Crisis Center and hands them to Johnbull.

LABRAVA

You ever see this guy?

JOHNBULL

This man? No. Never.

LABRAVA

I'm lookin' for him. Can you spread these around and see if -

JOHNBULL

Say no more, Mr. LaBrava. It will be my pleasure.

Johnbull takes the photos and leaves.

LABRAVA

Let me turn this stuff off and we'll go find Maurice.

FRANNIE

Mind if I look around?

LABRAVA

Go ahead.

LaBrava starts taking down his equipment and turning lights off.

FRANNIE

Great set-up you got.

LABRAVA

Used to be the old man's.

FRANNIE

He was a photographer?

LABRAVA

One of the best.

FRANNIE

No kidding? Where'd you learn how to do this?

LABRAVA

Working for the government.

FRANNIE

Doin' what for the government?

LABRAVA

Taking pictures of bad guys.

FRANNIE

Whaddayou mean - like mug shots?

LABRAVA
More like surveillance.

FRANNIE
So you were a cop.

LABRAVA
FBI.

FRANNIE
No shit? What kind of bad guys are we talking about?

LaBrava takes some photos from a drawer shows them to her; long lens photos: a man giving another man a briefcase; several hoods following a Don-type; a man in a crowd, listening to a speech.

LABRAVA
Guys who ran drugs. Guys who made funny money. Guys who didn't like the president.

FRANNIE
I thought we were allowed not to like presidents. In fact I thought it was sort of a requirement.

LABRAVA
Yeah but you're not supposed to write letters to him that begin with stuff like "dear dick-head, I'm coming to Washington to see the cherry blossoms in bloom and while I'm there I think I'll blow your jew-loving brains out".

FRANNIE
Nice. Hey, LaBrava. Would you take some pictures of me some time?

LABRAVA
What kind?

FRANNIE
Oh - semi-nude.

LABRAVA
How semi?

FRANNIE
You know - tasteful but erotic.

LABRAVA

Clean but dirty.

FRANNIE

Yeah. Guy back in New York - I'd like him to see what he's missing.

Frannie picks up the photos of Jennie and looks at them.

FRANNIE

Who's this?

LABRAVA

A friend.

FRANNIE

She an actress?

LABRAVA

What makes you say that?

FRANNIE

Well - it looks kinda like a scene from one of those old movies. What's she doin'?

LABRAVA

Minding her own business.

He takes them from her, puts them down and they move to the door.

INT. LOBBY

FRANNIE

Sorry. Didn't mean to pry.

LABRAVA

Yeah, you did.

FRANNIE

Yeah, I did.

ZOLA

Hey, Joe - gonna go shopping - cookin' one a my fabulous special dinners tonight - gumbo a la Zola -

LABRAVA

Frannie Kaufman - Maurice Zola. She's lookin' for a place to live.

Franny flashes Zola her best smile

FRANNIE

Mr. Zola, it's a real pleasure.

ZOLA

Do I know you? You look like someone.

FRANNIE

I'm an old friend of LaBrava.

ZOLA

Oh yeah? How old?

LABRAVA

She's OK, Maury.

ZOLA

Two and a half on the front, four fifty a month, utilities extra, no pets, no drugs, no loud music cause the ladies need their beauty rest.

FRANNIE

Great. GREAT! You got a deal.

She grabs Zola and kisses his cheek.

ZOLA

HEY - WATCH IT! I got a bum ticker. Blood goes anywhere unusual, I could drop dead.

FRANNIE

Be back in an hour with all my worldly possessions.

She turns to go. Jennie appears in in the door, backlit.

JENNIE

Good morning, Joe.

LaBrava looks. Frannie looks, realizes who it is.

EXT. DELAROBIA

A black Trans-Am with smoked windows cruises down Collins.

INT. TRANS-AM - (MOVING)

Cundo Ray drives, Nobles in the passenger seat. Nobles is looking out the window as Frannie comes out of the Delarobbia and moves toward her van.

NOBLES

That's it - comin' up - slow down -

CUNDO RAY

Yeah.

NOBLES

Right there where the little girl
is comin' down -

CUNDO RAY

So why is the lady -

Jennie comes out on the porch.

NOBLES

Whoa! HOLD IT!

Cundo Ray jams the brakes and Nobles' forehead hits the dash.

NOBLES

FUCK...

(he rubs his forehead)

Close your window -

CUNDO RAY

What you talkin' 'bout, man?

NOBLES

You little fuck -- that's her --

CUNDO RAY

Who's her? The little girl?

NOBLES

THAT ONE. The one there by the
door.

CUNDO RAY

Thass her? Shit - she look pretty
good. I thought you said she some
kinda old lady -

NOBLES

Get going. MOVE IT. Don't let 'er
see us. GO GO GO...

Cundo Ray steps on the gas. Nobles' head snaps back.

EXT. PALM BEACH MINI-MALL - DAY

The yellow sedan is parked outside the office of STAR SECURITY.

INT. STAR SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

LaBrava stands by desk behind which sits a tough hungover old guy named JOE STELLA. Stella looks at LaBrava's photo of Nobles.

STELLA

Yeah, I know him. So what?

LABRAVA

Well, Mr. Stella, The situation is I got a client lives in one of those high-rises serviced by your outfit. Thinks this guy may be stalking her. Now I know you've got an excellent reputation and I'd hate to see one of your accounts -

STELLA

Oh god almighty - if you had to play nursemaid to some of these dipshits I gotta take on in this business. Cowboys, dropouts and assorted misfits who got a hardon for a gun and a badge. Look - I don't want any trouble -

LABRAVA

No no - I don't see any reason to involve you. I think it can be settled between the principles here. So if you can just give me a little information -

STELLA

Name is Richard Nobles. He's a real prize. Prize moron, that is.

LABRAVA

Where is he now?

STELLA

Fucked if I know. He quit. Turned in his car and his badge early this morning. Saved me the bother of firing his ass. Said he was movin' down to Miami. No forwardin' address. Said he had other prospects. Yeah, I'll bet.

LABRAVA

What about his gun?

STELLA

He owns it. Yeah yeah - I know.
He's licensed. Got a clean record.
Made sure a that. Matter of fact -
he come here with a recommendation
from the DEA up in Tallahasee.

LABRAVA

For doin' what, I wonder.

STELLA

I asked him once and he just says:
"wall - I done a favor or two for
my Uncle Sammy".

LABRAVA

Well - I appreciate your help. Oh -
say - he ever mention a woman? Like
a wife or girlfriend. Someone he
was seeing?

STELLA

No. He's like all those big blonde
morons. Thinks the women are lined
up takin' numbers to get a piece of
him. Wait a minute. Queenie.

LABRAVA

Queenie?

STELLA

Yeah. Said he was planning a nice
long trip with someone named
Queenie. Sounds like he's keepin'
company with a cocker spaniel,
don't it? Say - want a drink?

EXT. COLLINS AVE - DAY

Cundo Ray's Trans-Am cruises from the other direction. Zola is on
the Delarobbia porch, helping Frannie move her things inside.

INT. TRANS-AM - (MOVING)

CUNDO RAY

Who's the old guy?

NOBLES

I don't know. Think he's the one
picked her up the other night. GO
ON. GO ON. Wait a minute. HOLD IT!

Cundo Ray jams the brakes. The other side of Nobles' forehead hits the dash. He rubs his head and looks out.

NOBLES

GODDAM! Dumb spook -

CUNDO RAY

Whyanthchou hang on, man?

They look out the window. LaBrava is getting out of Zola's car.

NOBLES

That's the guy - the little weasel what jumped me -

CUNDO RAY

The newspaper guy? Shit - he don't look like much -

NOBLES

OK let's move it - GO!

Cundo Ray steps on the gas. Nobles' head snaps back.

INT. ZOLA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dinner is over. Jennie, wearing a robe and slippers, and LaBrava are at the table. Zola is on the couch, half asleep, a glass in his hand. They're all a bit drunk.

JENNIE

Queenie? No. If he'd mentioned her, I'm sure I would have remembered.

ZOLA

Used to be a stripper name of Queenie at the Nut Club over in Lauderdale. Queenie Frost. Took a nightly champagne bath on stage. Guys paid five bucks to drink it through a straw afterwards.

(he looks at them)

Forget it. Just a - historical - tid-bit.

He yawns and goes to sleep. Jennie moves to him, takes the wine glass from his hand and turns off the lamp by the couch. The room is much darker. She moves to LaBrava. They lower their voices.

JENNIE

Thank you, Joe.

LABRAVA

For what?

JENNIE

For making me feel safe.

LABRAVA

Oh. Well.

JENNIE

If I stay, will you show me your photographs?

LABRAVA

Sure.

JENNIE

Maury says you're awfully good.

LABRAVA

I'd like to take some pictures of you.

JENNIE

Why?

LABRAVA

To see what you look like.

JENNIE

This is what I look like. Isn't it enough?

She takes his hand and puts it on her face. They kiss. She moves away, picks up her cigarettes from the table, turns to him.

JENNIE

Do you smoke in bed, Joe?

ANGLE ON ZOLA

On the couch. He turns in his sleep. SOUND of DOOR CLOSING.

INT. DELAROBBI HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jennie leans against LaBrava as they move down the corridor, stop at the door to his apartment, and embrace.

INT. DELAROBBI - LABRAVA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

LaBrava and Jennie move together as in a dance across the livingroom and through the door to the bedroom.

INT. DELAROBIA - LABRAVA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Light and sound come from a window on Collins Avenue. LaBrava sits on his bed and watches Jennie across the room, leaning against the bureau, taking off her shoes. She turns toward him.

WHAT HE SEES:

In BLACK and WHITE: Jean Shaw moves toward him, wearing a white silk nightgown that whispers as she walks, DISSOLVING INTO COLOR as Jennie moves toward him, undoing the tie on her robe. She climbs on top of him. When she speaks, there's a slight echo as though two voices are speaking together.

JENNIE

Show me, Mr. LaBrava. Show me who you are.

SERIES OF SHOTS

LaBrava's face and a mixture of Jennie in color and Jean in black and white as they move together on the bed, making love.

EXT. CASA DEL SOL HOTEL - NIGHT

A slightly scary looking hotel in Little Havana.

INT. CASA DEL SOL APARTMENT

Cundo Ray watches a man named JAVIER tenderly lift a sleeping child from a crib and hand the child to its mother who carries it to the next room where two other kids and a grandmother are seated at a table eating and watching tv. Javier peels back the crib's mattress and uncovers a selection of handguns. Cundo Ray looks at the weapons, picks up a snub-nosed 38, clears it, cocks it, holds his arm out and pulls the trigger with a LOUD CLICK.

INT. LABRAVA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

His eyes open as though awakened by the CLICK of the 38. He looks at Jennie, in her robe, standing by the window, lighting a Salem with LaBrava's Zippo. She clicks the Zippo closed and puts the pack in the pocket of the robe. She turns, looks at him, moves to the bed and sits. She offers him the cigarette and he takes a drag, doesn't like it, reaches out to the night table and gets his own pack. She lights his cigarette for him. She looks at him and giggles.

LABRAVA

What?

JENNIE

I was just thinking about you and Maury. The odd couple.

LABRAVA

You think we're odd, do you?

JENNIE

The cop and the codger.

LABRAVA

Ex-cop. We have common interests. Making pictures. Faces. Crime.

JENNIE

Which interest brought you together?

LABRAVA

I was doing a job down here. Undercover. Middle of the night I'm over in Bal Harbor - lying down behind a tree - taking pictures of a bunch of bad guys - half Colombians - half Miami cops on their payroll. They're off-loading crates of Uzis from a yacht. All armed and edgy. Looking around. I click off a few shots and I hear this voice next to me saying: "you oughtta open her up all the way and shoot at a fifteenth." I look up and this elderly gent is standing there, watching, smoking a cigar -

JENNIE

Maury.

LABRAVA

I flash my badge and say get the fuck out of here and he says "OK, see ya'" and he strolls off like he's going back to the prom. Unbelievable. My heart was going so fast, I couldn't hold the camera steady. Rest of my pictures looked like the lens had cataracts.

(they laugh)

So a week later I'm having lunch in Wolfie's at the counter and guess who sits down next to me and says "Don't order the rice pudding 'less

LABRAVA (cont)

you want to hear your intestines shut down." We got to talking - well - he talked - I figured him for one of Miami's legion of displaced eccentrics. Then I saw his photographs.

JENNIE

They are special, aren't they.

LABRAVA

Yeah. A way of seeing. Only thing in my life, I think, that ever inspired me.

JENNIE

Is that why you quit?

LABRAVA

What? The Bureau? Who said I quit?

JENNIE

I just assumed - Joe - I'm sorry - you don't have to -

LABRAVA

What happened was one of the bad cops I'd got to know real well. I didn't see it coming - you know - how I'd feel when I had to sit in court and look at him when he got sent down. And at his wife who used to cook me dinner and try and fix me up with her girlfriends. And his kid who wrote me a letter saying: my daddy got beat up in jail so bad he lost his hearing. Thanks for betraying him.

JENNIE

My god. But he did bad things.

LABRAVA

Good guys do bad things.

JENNIE

Oh yes. That's true.

(she looks at her watch)

I'm going back to my room. In case Maury comes looking for me - I don't want -

LABRAVA

Yeah. I understand.

She kisses him, stands, goes to the door and turns back.

JENNIE

That was good, Joe. It's been a long time since something that good happened.

She exits. LaBrava looks at the door.

INT. DELAROBIA - FRANNIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Frannie stands in her new apartment, filled with light from the windows on Collins. She picks up some of her art gear.

INT. DELAROBIA ELEVATOR

Frannie, wearing cut-offs and a t-shirt and carrying a canvas, easel, paints and a folding chair, descends. The elevator stops at the second floor. Jennie opens the door. She's wearing a different picture hat and scarf. She hesitates.

FRANNIE

Come on in. Plenty of room.

JENNIE

Thank you.

She gets in. Frannie pushes the button. The elevator descends.

FRANNIE

I'm Frannie.

JENNIE

Hello, Frannie. I'm Jennie.

FRANNIE

I just moved in.

JENNIE

Oh yes?

FRANNIE

Yeah. You live here?

JENNIE

Temporarily.

FRANNIE

Friend of LaBrava's, right?

JENNIE

Joe? Yes. He's a recent acquaintance.

FRANNIE

Mind my asking something?

JENNIE

What?

FRANNIE

Is that natural?

Jennie looks at her, puzzled.

FRANNIE

Your hair I mean.

JENNIE

Oh. Yes. It is.

FRANNIE

Well, you're very lucky. It's a really knockout color.

JENNIE

Thank you.

The elevator stops and the door opens.

FRANNIE

You shouldn't ever screw around with it.

JENNIE

I hadn't planned to.

Jennie moves across the lobby and goes through to the porch. Frannie watches her, then moves to the door to LaBrava's studio.

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

LaBrava is on the phone.

LABRAVA

Lieutenant Torrez please...
Joe LaBrava...It's personal...

FRANNIE'S VOICE

Hey, LaBrava.

He turns, looks, sees Frannie in the doorway.

LABRAVA

You ever consider knocking?

FRANNIE

Sorry. I was badly brought up. Just wanted to say thanks. I love my place. I'm in three-oh-six. You oughtta see it.

LABRAVA

I've seen it.

FRANNIE

Yeah - but not with me in it. Where are you?

LABRAVA

Right underneath you.

FRANNIE

Oh. That could be interesting. Hey, you wanta go swimming later?

LABRAVA

Maybe.

FRANNIE

I usually go to the gay beach cause it's got better music. That bother you?

LABRAVA

Why should it bother me?

FRANNIE

Ahh, you know, some guys are sensitive about their gender environment.

LABRAVA

(into phone)

Hey, Buck, how's it goin'?

(to Frannie)

Goodbye, Frannie.

She waves and closes the door.

LABRAVA

(into phone)

I got a favor to ask.

EXT. COLLINS AVE.

Frannie has set up her easel across the street from the Delarobbia. She's starting a painting of the Delarobbia. She looks across and sees Jennie come down from the porch to the sidewalk and move off. She goes back to her painting.

EXT. STREET

Jennie walks, looking in store windows.

EXT. COLLINS AVE

Frannie works on her painting. Cundo Ray, carrying a plastic cup with a straw in it, appears behind her and peers over her shoulder with a phony look of artistic interest.

CUNDO RAY

Hey, you good, man.

She turns and looks at him briefly. He gives her a big smile.

CUNDO RAY

Look just like the hotel there.

FRANNIE

Well - yeah - it's supposed to.

CUNDO RAY

I like that, you know, when a picture look like the real thing.

FRANNIE

So - you basically prefer the representational to the non-objective.

He thinks about that for a moment.

CUNDO RAY

Fuckin' A, man. You make money painting or what?

FRANNIE

No. It's more like a hobby.

CUNDO RAY

Oh yeah? What you do then?

FRANNIE

I'm a makeup artist.

CUNDO RAY

Hey that's great, man. Like in the movies.

FRANNIE

Sort of.

CUNDO RAY

You ever do monsters?

FRANNIE

Not lately.

CUNDO RAY

You wanta go dancin' some time?

FRANNIE

What?

CUNDO RAY

Dancin'. Thass what I do.
Professional dancin'. I teach you
some nice moves, man.

FRANNIE

I can imagine.

CUNDO RAY

Hey - you live there? In the De-la-
whatever.

FRANNIE

Yeah.

CUNDO RAY

So you know the newspaper man?

FRANNIE

Who you talkin' about?

CUNDO RAY

The guy. The picture taker.

FRANNIE

The picture taker?

LaBrava comes out of the Delarobbia, carrying a camera and a Manila envelope. He moves off down the street. Frannie turns.

FRANNIE

Is that the person you're - ?

Cundo Ray has disappeared.

EXT. STREET

LaBrava walks, followed at a distance by Cundo Ray.

EXT. SOUTH BEACH POLICE HEADQUARTERS

A big man, POLICE LIEUTENANT BUCK TORREZ, half American Indian, walks to meet LaBrava who waits for him in a small park nearby.

LABRAVA

Hey, Buck - congratulations on the lieutenant thing.

TORREZ

Oh yeah. More money and an office with a door. I hear you got a show of some kind.

LABRAVA

Photographs. Over in Coconut.

TORREZ

Have to stop by and take a look.

They sit on a bench. Torrez looks over at a nearby bench where a trio of young punks with a boombox, blaring music, are sitting.

TORREZ

Say - you boys wanta move a ways off where we don't have to listen to that shit.

PUNK WITH BOOM BOX

It's a free country, man.

Torrez takes a couple of steps toward them.

TORREZ

Yeah, sort of. But you're in violation of local noise ordinance and I may have to confiscate your box and shove it way up your ass. Would you enjoy that?

The punks move away. Torrez sits on the bench.

TORREZ

That's the kind of stuff I miss. Jesus - we had some good times, didn't we?

LABRAVA

Not bad.

TORREZ

Life on the street. Nothin' like it. Anyways - I ran your guy's name through the CIC computer and it came through a blank. So I made a call - remember Billy Morra?

LABRAVA

Drug Enforcement. Used to work the harbors - lost a couple fingers to some dooper's pet crocodile.

TORREZ

That's the one. And he gives me a better story. Know where Ocala is?

LABRAVA

Big Scrub country. Up north.

TORREZ

Your guy was runnin' supplies up there - sugar and such - for some local moonshiners - and he gets caught and he cuts a deal.

LABRAVA

Goes into the snitch business.

TORREZ

He rolls over on a some boys who're dealin' marijuana off the shrimp boats. The DEA wires him up and sends him in and by the time he's through collecting evidence and testifying in court about a dozen of them get sent up, including one kid named Buster Combs who because he was already on parole pulls a thirty-five year sentence.

LABRAVA

Hard to think why they'd be dumb enough to trust a sneaky son-of-a-bitch like Nobles.

TORREZ

They trusted him 'cause he's family. Buster Combs is Nobles' cousin.

LABRAVA

So the DEA burned his record.

TORREZ

And gave him an official
recommendation for his good deeds
and a few goin' away presents -

LABRAVA

Like what?

TORREZ

Stuff they took off of drug busts.
A car, a boat - I'm not sure - and
some money - and said go somewhere
else and get a life. That's it.

LABRAVA

Family must have been somewhat put
out.

TORREZ

Oh yeah. Buster's daddy - tough old
geezer name of Miney Combs - shows
up at the courthouse lookin' for
Nobles and puts a hole in the
ceiling with his ought-five. Got a
two year suspended. It's a colorful
story, ain't it?

LABRAVA

Yeah. Thanks.

TORREZ

What's up with this guy or
shouldn't I ask?

LABRAVA

He's botherin' a friend of mine.

LaBrava takes out a photo of the note and shows it to Torrez.

TORREZ

Short and sweet - but nothin'
strictly illegal. What's he after?

LABRAVA

I don't know - but he's gonna make
a move of some kind. I can feel it.

TORREZ

I can ID the type if you want.

LABRAVA

It's a Remington Royal. Early fifties, probably.

TORREZ

How do you? - oh yeah - all those nut-case letters you guys used to have fun reading. Gotta get back.

They stand up. Torrez glances over LaBrava's shoulder.

TORREZ

Maybe it's nothin' but you got a tourist who's been eyeballin' ya.

LABRAVA

Over by the church? Cuban lookin' guy. Striped shirt, black pants. He's been on me for a bit.

TORREZ

Should I talk to him?

LABRAVA

I can handle it. Guy's an amateur. Every time I turn around, he's tiein' his shoes. It's pretty lame.

TORREZ

Listen - anything happens, you tell me, OK? Don't fuck around. You're still a civilian.

LABRAVA

I appreciate your comin' out.

TORREZ

Figured it'd be better out here. Nice day and all.

LABRAVA

They still unhappy about me in there?

TORREZ

Hey - cops are cops, you know. Protect their own. See ya, Joe.

EXT. LINCOLN MALL - SERIES OF SHOTS

LaBrava walks along the mall, crowded with people shopping and eating at the sidewalk cafes. Cundo Ray trails after him..

LaBrava looks in the window of a cafe and goes inside. Cundo Ray moves closer and sits at an outdoor table, watching the window through which he can see LaBrava talking to someone.

He takes his eyes off the window for a moment to watch some girls walk by. When he looks back, a WAITRESS is coming toward him with a large glass of cappucino. She puts it down in front of him.

CUNDO RAY

What's that, man?

WAITRESS

Cappucino Grande. Your friend ordered it for you.

CUNDO RAY

What friend? I don't got no friend.

LABRAVA'S VOICE

Hey - amigo - I'm your friend.

Cundo Ray turns. LaBrava is sitting at a table in back of him with a glass of beer. His camera is on the table.

LABRAVA

Thought you could use the caffeine.
Keep you alert.

CUNDO RAY

What you talkin' about, man?

LABRAVA

Well - if you're plannin' something,
you oughtta stay wide awake.

CUNDO RAY

What you think I'm plannin'?

LABRAVA

Oh, I don't know. Everyone's
planning something.

CUNDO RAY

What newspaper you work for, man?

LABRAVA

That's funny. Other night a guy
asked me the same question. Big
blonde stupid guy. Know who I mean?

CUNDO RAY

No. I don't know no guy like that.

LABRAVA

He wanted me to take his picture.
You sure you don't know him?

CUNDO RAY

Yeah.

LABRAVA

Like to take a picture of you.

CUNDO RAY

What for?

LABRAVA

Cause you're so fuckin' pretty.

In one fast move, LaBrava raises his camera off the table one-handed and snaps a picture of Cundo Ray and puts the camera back down. Cundo Ray jerks back, spills his cappuccino and stands up.

CUNDO RAY

You lookin' for trouble, man.

LABRAVA

Yeah. I guess so. And speakin' of trouble - you want to watch out for that guy - the big blonde stupid one who you don't know - 'cause most of his friends got good and screwed by him.

LaBrava starts shooting. Cundo Ray backs away, bumping into tables. LaBrava watches him go and sips his beer.

EXT. STREET

Jennie goes into a trendy clothing store. Reflected In the window is the black Trans-Am, its smoked windows closed, cruising by.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

LaBrava, bathingsuited, walks along the beach.

FRANNIE'S VOICE

HEY - LA BRAVA!

Frannie comes out of the water, wearing a hot bathing suit. She moves up the beach to her towel, book and thermos.

FRANNIE

What's your opinion?

LABRAVA

About what?

FRANNIE

About me, Am I in good enough shape for those pictures we're gonna take?

LABRAVA

I would say you're in perfectly adequate shape.

FRANNIE

Oh - wow - adequate - I think I'm gonna faint.

She opens her thermos and offers it to him.

FRANNIE

Cranberry juice. Good for your urethra, whatever the hell that is.

He takes it and drinks. They sit.

LABRAVA

What was the Cuban talking to you about?

FRANNIE

What Cuban?

LABRAVA

The one with the safety pin in his ear. When you were painting.

FRANNIE

Hey - I didn't know you saw me. He was just hitting on me a little. Said he was a professional dancer. Oh - and he asked me about you. He thinks you work for a newspaper.

LABRAVA

It's a popular misconception these days.

FRANNIE

Somethin' goin' on here I should know about?

LABRAVA

Tell me if he shows up again. And don't go dancing with him.

FRANNIE

Yes, sir.

(pause)

So tell me about her.

LABRAVA

About who?

FRANNIE

Jennie. The actress.

LABRAVA

Her mother was the actress. Jean Shaw.

FRANNIE

Jennie was, too. I was talkin' to her and I just flashed on it. She was in a tv movie about fifteen years ago. A real stinker. It was called "Day and Night" or "Night and Day" - I don't remember - she's married to this guy named Day and he works nights and her name is Knight and she works days - get it?

LABRABA

You sure?

FRANNIE

Absolutely. I remember 'cause I think it was the first time the New York Times critic actually used the word "sucked".

(pause)

Hey, LaBrava. You think I'm too young for you?

LABRAVA

What's that supposed to mean?

FRANNIE

I think you got a thing for older women. Like Jennie. Seasoned.

LABRAVA

Seasoned? You got a way with words.

FRANNIE

OK then - mature. How's that?

LABRAVA

What's your point?

FRANNIE

Just tryin' to get the facts straight. I mean - you are sleeping with her, aren't you?

LABRAVA

How's the water temperature today? Warm? Cool? What?

FRANNIE

That's what I thought. Oh, well.

She lies down on the sand. After a bit:

FRANNIE

She's interesting. I talked to her today. And she lied to me. About her hair. I mean - it looks great - but it's treated. This is my area of expertise, you know. And she's had other work done. Little nips and tucks. And those great cheekbones which I guarantee you came right out of her butt. That's why she wears those hats and scarves and stuff. You can't tell at night or in a dark room, of course, but I'm tellin' you - next time you go to bed with her, take a little flashlight and...

LaBrava stands up.

FRANNIE

Hey, I'm just kidding. Don't get mad.

LABRAVA

I'm not mad.

FRANNIE

Good. Hey, LaBrava - would it embarrass you if I took my top off.

INT. CLOTHING STORE

MOVE TOWARD the changing rooms. SOUND of a SCREAM. People turn as the changing room door opens and Jennie stumbles out, her purse, an envelope and a piece of paper clutched in her hands.

INT. DELAROBIA - ZOLA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jennie sits on the couch, a drink in her hand, Zola next to her. LaBrava and Torrez look down at the note which lies on the table.

TORREZ

(reading)

Your life is worth eight hundred thousand dollars...You have twenty-four hours to get the money. Only used money in twenties, fifties and hundreds. Put the money in a thirty gallon trash bag and tie it with black duct tape. You will be told what to do with it. You try any tricks and you will die and it won't be fun. This is not just a threat. I am watching you.

JENNIE

I was trying something on - a sweater - I looked down - it was under the door. Someone must have - god - the people in the store must have thought I was crazy. I ran all the way back here.

TORREZ

So let's assume that - what's his name? - Nobles - is involved -

JENNIE

Of course he is. "You will die and it won't be fun". I can hear him saying it. It's so - goddamned - corny.

TORREZ

You want to photograph this?

LABRAVA

I already did.

TORREZ

I'm gonna run it through the lab for prints and tomorrow I'm gonna send over a couple people. We'll put a phone in with a trap on it so we can ID any incoming calls.

He looks at the note.

TORREZ

Something I'm curious about.

LABRAVA

The number.

TORREZ

Yeah.

ZOLA

What number?

LABRAVA

Eight hundred thousand. Why not five hundred thousand or a million?

JENNIE

Because it's about what my condo is worth. He works there - he knows what they're selling for. Maury - can I have another - please -

She holds out her glass. Zola takes it and moves to the kitchen.

LABRAVA

But is he dumb enough to think you can just walk into a bank and say hey, here's my condo, give me eight hundred thou by tomorrow?

JENNIE

The condo's mortgaged. I couldn't raise more than a hundred thousand even if I had the time.

Zola comes out of the kitchen with Jennie's drink.

ZOLA

Don't worry about it.

TORREZ

What?

ZOLA

We can get it.

TORREZ

Whaddaya mean?

ZOLA

I got the money.

TORREZ

You got eight hundred thousand dollars?

ZOLA

I been savin' my Social Security.

TORREZ

Sorry. None of my business.

JENNIE

Oh Maury -

ZOLA

Hey - don't worry about it. Besides - we'll get it back. Am I right?

TORREZ

We gotta hope so. Listen - I'd like to set up a sort of command post here on the premedis.

ZOLA

No problem.

TORREZ

You got a basement where we could -

ZOLA

No. Basement wouldn't be convenient.

LABRAVA

Use my studio. I'll show you.

They move to the door.

JENNIE

Are you coming back, Joe?

LABRAVA

Sure.

INT. DELAROBIA STAIRCASE

LaBrava and Torrez move down to the lobby.

TORREZ

Your friend's a little sensitive about his basement. What's he got down there - Etruscan fuckin frescoes or somethin'?

LABRAVA

Story is there's a Miccosukee graveyard under the building - sacred resting place and so forth.

TORREZ

Bullshit. Half my family's Miccosukee. Believe me - none of them ever got planted in Miami.

LABRAVA

Well - it's an old building - basement's probably not quite up to safety codes -

LaBrava opens the door to his studio and they go in.

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

He turns on the lights. On the walls are the photos of Nobles, Cundo Ray, and Jennie; blow-ups of the two letters; pieces of paper with their names and the dates the photos were taken.

TORREZ

Christ almighty - what's this - the LaBrava crime lab?

EXT. CHEEKY'S - NIGHT

The sign reads: LADIES NIGHT. A black CABBIE lets off a trio of giggling secretaries who move to the entrance. Nobles steps out and holds the door open and gives them the eye as they go in, sees the cab, signals, walks to it and gets in.

NOBLES

How you doin' this evenin', partner? Think you can find the Paramount Hotel in South Beach?

The cabbie looks down at his trip sheet, moves it to one side, uncovering one of the Nobles' photos, checks Nobles' face in his rear-view mirror and moves the cab off.

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

TORREZ

I don't get it - these guys might as well have well put up a sign. Crooks R Us. They're too dumb to swing this deal.

LABRAVA

Unless there's someone else involved. Like the guy who made the phone calls.

TORREZ

Maybe we should think about letting her go with a bag full of cut-up paper.

LABRAVA

Sure - but if the guy happens to check it out he gets real peeved and -

TORREZ

Yeah yeah - I know. Given a choice between losin' the money and losin' the lady -

LABRAVA

Yeah.

EXT. SOUTH BEACH - OCEAN AVENUE - THE PARAMOUNT HOTEL

The Cabbie watches Nobles go into the lobby of the Paramount, move to the desk and pick up a key. He lifts his radio-phone.

EXT. DELAROBIA

As LaBrava and Torrez come out onto the porch. Frannie is coming down the street, carrying a plastic bag. She looks at an unmarked police car with a detective, DOYLE, standing by it.

TORREZ

Maybe I should go back and have a talk with Miss Breen. See if there's someone she forgot to tell us about.

LABRAVA

Let me give it a try. We're pretty close.

TORREZ

Oh yeah? How close would that be?

He starts down the steps as Frannie comes up.

FRANNIE

Hey, LaBrava - come on up. I got something to show you.

She moves past him into the lobby. Torrez gives LaBrava a look.

TORREZ

Have a nice night, Joe.

Torrez gets in the car and they drive away. Johnbull Obasanjo's taxi moves into the space. LaBrava looks at it and moves to it.

JOHNBULL

The man you are interested in is at the Paramount Hotel on Ocean.

LABRAVA

You know if he's staying there?

JOHNBULL

He has a key.

LABRAVA

Thanks, Mr Obasanjo.

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

LaBrava is on the phone.

LABRAVA

Information for Ocala. Have you got a number for a Miney Combs. C-O-M-B-S. Yeah.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

A scattering of shabby run-down houses near water. A dim porch light goes on and a rangy weatherbeaten geezer, MINEY COMBS, comes out, pulling his suspenders up over a work shirt. He carries a shot-gun. The screen door slaps shut behind him as he moves past a mailbox that has COMBS written on it, goes to a battered pick-up truck and gets in. He takes a plug of tobacco from his shirt pocket, bites off a chunk and starts the engine.

INT. FRANNIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Frannie is adjusting lights and pushing furniture around. Her paintings of houses and hotels lean against the walls. MUSIC plays on her stereo. LaBrava appears in the open doorway.

FRANNIE

I'm trying for a kind of informal
seductive effect. Whaddaya think?

LABRAVA

Maybe a lava lamp over in the
corner - hey -

He moves to look at her paintings.

FRANNIE

So? Honest opinion? I mean - I know
you don't trust color - but -

LABRAVA

They're good.

FRANNIE

Truly?

LABRAVA

Yeah. I mean it.

FRANNIE

You're not just sayin' that because
you're tryin' to worm your way into
my affections?

LABRAVA

Nope.

FRANNIE

Shit.

LABRAVA

This what you wanted to show me?

FRANNIE

No. Sit down. Not there. Sit on the
couch so you can see.

He sits. Frannie closes the door, turns off the music, moves to a portable tv set with a built-in VCR, takes a video tape from a plastic bag that has VIDEO SHACK written on it, takes the tape from its jacket and shoves it in the VCR. A studio logo appears on the tv screen accompanied by appropriate MUSIC.

FRANNIE

Can I offer you a beverage of your choice while you're enjoying our feature presentation.

LABRAVA

Anything but cranberry juice.

ON THE SCREEN: MOVIE TITLES (B&W), DISSOLVING INTO EACH OTHER:

A LESTER SCHUMAN PRESENTATION

STORM WARNING

STARRING

BARRY LOWE

RUTH ANDERSON

and introducing

JEAN SHAW

Frannie brings him a beer and sits cross-legged at his feet.

ON THE TV SCREEN (BLACK AND WHITE): lightning flashes as a car races along a rain-slick mountain road. A DETOUR barrier appears suddenly. The car veers and the driver leaps from the car just before it crashes through a guard rail and disappears with the passenger. The driver - Jean Shaw - crawls to the edge. The camera moves in on her face, rain-wet and bleeding slightly. She stares down at the burning debris. A flashback effect ripples across the screen and her closeup is replaced by a closeup of her face as she sings a ballad on the stage of an elegant supper club, dressed in a white gown, a diamond necklace at her throat.

FRANNIE

Killer looks, huh?

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Miney Combs truck stops at a highway entrance. He spits a jet of tobacco juice out the window and guns the truck onto the highway.

INT. FRANNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

LaBrava and Frannie are on the couch, watching the tv.

ON THE TV SCREEN: A hotel room at night, lit by a blinking neon sign outside the window. The camera moves from the window to a chair with a white fur coat on it. Jean Shaw's hand reaches into frame, pulls the coat away and the camera follows the coat as it's dragged across the floor to the door and pans up to Jean Shaw who lifts the coat and looks back across the room. A man is in a mussed-up bed, watching her. She lights a cigarette and says: "That was good, Frank. It's been a long time since something that good happened." She turns and goes out the door.

LaBrava laughs.

FRANNIE

What? What? Did I miss somethin'?

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Miney Comb's truck tools along on the freeway to Miami.

EXT. PARAMOUNT HOTEL - NIGHT

The action on Ocean Avenue is at its peak: natives, tourists and LOUD CUBAN MUSIC. MOVE toward a window in the hotel.

INT. PARAMOUNT HOTEL - NOBLES' ROOM

Nobles talks on the phone and looks out the window.

NOBLES

Yeah...yeah...hey, I know what to do. Been over this a hunert times - yeah, the Cuban don't know anythin' 'cept what I tell him... yeah...I'm gonna do that right now,

He hangs up, picks up his hat and a typewriter case and moves to the door. THROUGH THE WINDOW: Cundo Ray stands across Ocean Avenue near a white Volvo. After a few moments, Nobles comes out of the hotel and crosses the street and talks to Cundo Ray.

EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - NOBLES AND CUNDO RAY

Nobles opens the Volvo trunk. Cundo Ray holds the open typewriter case and looks at the typewriter.

NOBLES

You understan' what I'm sayin'?

CUNDO RAY

Yeah, man. I put it in the water.

NOBLES

You don't just put it in the water. You sink it good. I mean deep - forever. Like throw it off the Causeway Bridge.

CUNDO RAY

Seem a shame. Good machine. Get a few bucks for it.

Nobles takes it from Cundo Ray and puts the it in the trunk.

NOBLES

Lissen - goddammit - after tomorrow
you gonna have enough dinero to buy
your own typewriter company.

CUNDO RAY

Why I do that, man? I don' wanna
run no company.

NOBLES

That's just an example I'm givin'
you, for Chris' sake -

CUNDO RAY

If I buy somethin' - I buy a
nightclub -

NOBLES

Yeah yeah yeah - but the point is -

CUNDO RAY

- Cundo's - dinin' an' dancin' -

NOBLES

- OK - but listen -

CUNDO RAY

- starrin' Cundo Ray - thass Cundo
with a D. You get it? Like Liza -

Nobles grabs him by the throat.

NOBLES

LISTEN! Listen to me once, OK?

CUNDO RAY

OK.

NOBLES

You clear on what you do tomorrow?

CUNDO RAY

Yeah, man. We gone over it like
twenty hundred times.

NOBLES

But you don't hurt the lady.

CUNDO RAY

Naw. I don' hurt the lady.

NOBLES

An' after you go straight to the place in Lantana. You call me an' I come up an' we make the split.

CUNDO RAY

OK.

NOBLES

'Cause I'm trustin' you.

Nobles lets him go.

CUNDO RAY

I 'preciate that.

NOBLES

'Cause you my partner.

(he sees something)

Oh shit. Uncle Miney!

CUNDO RAY

Uncle what?

In front of the Paramount: Miney Combs gets out of his pickup and goes into the lobby.

NOBLES

My fuckin' Uncle. He could mess us up. You gotta find some way to make him believe I ain't here - get him to go look for me in Key West or somewhere -

CUNDO RAY

Oh sure. I can do that.

INT. EVELYN EMERSON PHOTO GALLERY OFFICE - NIGHT

LaBrava, at a glass-topped table, looks through a folder marked ZOLA. A photographer's loupe is on the table. Evelyn looks over his shoulder.

CLOSER on the photos; pictures from the forties and fifties; people on the beach, in restaurants, nightclubs etc. LaBrava stops at a photo: a film crew on a Miami street - crew members working, people watching from the sidewalk and, at the center of the shot, Jean Shaw, surrounded by wardrobe and makeup people.

LABRAVA

I didn't know Maury shot publicity stills.

EVELYN

He didn't. That was just a candid shot he took on the set of Jean Shaw's last film.

LABRAVA

"Sunburn".

EVELYN

Yes. Maurice was absolutely mad about her - he wasn't alone - men fell all over themselves - but my feeling was that she never let him lay a hand on her.

LABRAVA

Did you know her kid?

EVELYN

Oh yes. Not a happy girl. After her mother died she went off to Hollywood and tried to act. She wasn't very good and they let her know it. God they were mean to her.

She picks up the loupe and positions it on the movie shoot photo, to a section where the people on the sidewalk are standing.

EVELYN

There's Jennie.

THROUGH THE LOUPE

Among the spectators on the sidewalk: Jennie, age ten or eleven. A man in his thirties, wearing a flashy three piece suit and a fedora, stands next to her, holding her hand.

LABRAVA

Who's the guy in the hat?

EVELYN

That's Jerry Breen.

LABRAVA

Jennie's father.

EVELYN

Oh no. Jennie's father was Alan Romell, the writer. He wrote the script for "Sunburn". Jerry Breen was Jean Shaw's lover. A real charming con-man.

LABRAVA

Where's Romell while this is going on?

EVELYN

Alan had been a Communist or at least that's what some people said. And then the movie collapsed. He was drinking too much and he was in hock to the lawyers and he just couldn't hold out any longer.

LABRAVA

You mean he named names?

EVELYN

Lots of names. Associates. Friends. Some of them went to jail. Some of them went abroad. Alan went home and put a bullet in his head. Jennie was about ten.

LABRAVA

What about Breen?

EVELYN

After he married Jean, he borrowed a large sum of money from some gentlemen in Chicago, if you know what I mean, ostensibly to build a hotel in Miami. Then he just - disappeared.

LABRAVA

The Chicago boys must have spent some time looking for Breen.

EVELYN

I'm sure they did. Maybe they found him and chopped him up. Maybe he's still around. Nobody knows.

LABRAVA

Any other shots of Jean Shaw?

EVELYN

There's one. I think it's an amazing picture but Maurice would never let me show it.

From a drawer she takes a photo with a tissue cover, puts it in front of LaBrava and lifts the tissue.

THE PHOTO: Jean Shaw, in a bed in a dark room, emaciated, dying, her head against the pillow, her hair white, only the dark luminous eyes recognizable, staring helplessly at the lens.

LaBrava reacts as though he's been punched in the stomach.

EVELYN

Yes. I know.

INT. PARAMOUNT HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Miney Combs sits, waiting. Cundo Ray appears at his side.

CUNDO RAY

Man in there say you lookin' for
Richard Nobles.

MINEY COMBS

Who're you, sonny?

CUNDO RAY

Friend a his.

MINEY COMBS

He ain't got no friends.

CUNDO RAY

Thass right. He stole somethin'
from me an' I'm goin' to try an'
get it back. Maybe beat on him a
little bit.

Miney Combs looks at him, spits, nods.

INT. MINEY COMBS PICKUP - MOVING

Miney drives through a dark somewhat deserted area near a six or seven story hotel under construction.

MINEY COMBS

He live out here?

CUNDO RAY

He got a job here.

MINEY COMBS

What kinda job?

CUNDO RAY

He a night guard. Here is good.

The pickup stops. They get out.

EXT. STREET

Miney reaches under a tarp in the back of the pickup and gets his shot-gun and a coiled length of rope.

CUNDO RAY

Whatchou do with that?

MINEY COMBS

Gonna tie him up like a old hog.
Gonna stick him under the tarp here
an' take him on home an' put him in
the root cellar. Feed him scraps
and' let him out in about thirty-
five years. How's that sound?

CUNDO RAY

Real good.

INT. HOTEL UNDER CONSTRUCTION

Cundo Ray leads the way as they climb the stairs to the top.

INT. TOP FLOOR

Open to the sky. Lights of Miami in the distance. Miney, winded, carrying his rope and shot-gun, gets to the top. Cundo Ray moves to an open side and looks down. Miney moves to him.

MINEY COMBS

Where is he?

CUNDO RAY

He don't get here 'till later.
Maybe ten minutes. We see him
comin'. See there? Thass Miami. The
lights. Real pretty at night, yes?

Miney looks at him, beginning to wonder what's going on.

MINEY COMBS

What'd he steal?

CUNDO RAY

Whatchou mean?

MINEY COMBS

You said he stole somethin' from
you.

CUNDO RAY

Oh yeah. Thass right.

MINEY COMBS

What was it?

CUNDO RAY

Well -- whatchou think it was?

MINEY COMBS

What kinda shit you pullin', sonny?

Cundo Ray reaches back under his shirt. Miney spits a stream of tobacco at Cundo Ray, hitting him in the eye, and cocks the shotgun at his side with his thumb. Cundo Ray pulls his pistol from under his shirt and shoots Miney in the throat. Miney goes backward a step and falls over the edge. As he falls, the raised shot-gun fires. The buckshot ricochets off the steel girders.

INT. LABRAVA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The lights are off. LaBrava is on his bed, half-dressed, asleep. There's a SOUND at the door and a shadow moves across the room to the bed. LaBrava's eyes open and he turns quickly as Jennie's face appears and seizes her wrist. She gasps. She's in a robe.

LABRAVA

Sorry. Sorry.

JENNIE

I knocked.

LABRAVA

Didn't hear it. I was dreaming.

JENNIE

You said you were coming back. I missed you. Isn't that flattering, Joe?

(pause)

I don't want to be alone tonight.

LABRAVA

Where's Maury?

Her face crumbles. He's embarrassed.

LABRAVA

I didn't mean -

JENNIE

- well I think he's asleep. I'll just go and see -

LABRAVA

No. Don't go.

JENNIE

I'll just lie here quietly. I promise. I won't bother you.

She gets on to the bed next to him, facing away. After a while:

JENNIE

Were you ever married, Joe?

LABRAVA

Once. A long time ago.

JENNIE

What happened?

LABRAVA

I got over it.

JENNIE

That's very good. Sounds like a line from an old movie.

LABRAVA

It is. Movie called "Storm Warning". Ever see it? The actress in it was -

JENNIE

I know who the actress was.

(pause)

Her name in the movie was Angel. And there's that wonderful moment when the husband - I can't remember who the actor was - he's been betrayed over and over and he doesn't care, he loves her so much. He knows he'll never see her again and he says to her: "Angel - did you ever tell me the truth about anything?" And she thinks about it for a moment and she says: "You know, Charlie, I really can't remember." She was so good in that, wasn't she?

LABRAVA

What was she like, your mother?

JENNIE

Ask Maury - he knew her better than I did. I think he asked her to marry him several hundred times.

LABRAVA

Why'd she turn him down?

JENNIE

It was her one good deed. I think she actually liked him. And, of course, he wasn't really her type.

LABRAVA

What was her type?

JENNIE

Primarily - losers. And shits. But Maury was always there to pick up the pieces. He was with her when she died. Did he tell you that?

LABRAVA

He doesn't talk about her.

JENNIE

No. He wouldn't. Isn't it funny. Dear Maury - the family savior.

LABRAVA

What'd he save you from?

JENNIE

Oh - god - lots of things. From myself mostly. Once - this was also a long time ago - no - I don't think you want to hear this.

LABRAVA

Tell me. Make you feel better.

JENNIE

Spoken like a true cop.

LABRAVA

Maybe I'll ask Maury some day.

JENNIE

No. Don't do that. There was this man. Not a very nice man. But wildly attractive, as they used to say. Considerably older than I was.

LABRAVA

Yeah?

JENNIE

We were together. That's all.

LABRAVA

And what? Maury got you out of it.

JENNIE

Yes. Let's not talk.

LABRAVA

How old were you, Jennie?

She turns to him, opens her robe and puts his hands on her.

JENNIE

Let's do something else.

And they do.

INT. FIRST BANK OF COMMERCE - MIAMI - DAY

Zola, dressed up, crosses the ornate lobby, flanked by two detectives carrying bags of money. Customers turn and watch.

EXT. BANK

Zola and his retinue come out of the bank and move to a police car. Jennie sits in the back. Zola climbs in beside her.

INT. DELAROBIA LOBBY - DAY

Through the open doors of LaBrava's studio: detectives are putting a communication system together and pinning maps on the wall. LaBrava comes out of the studio. Doyle appears.

DOYLE

Torrez wants to show you something.
Said I should bring you over.

Jennie comes out of the elevator and watches them go.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Construction workers look down at the scene from above. LaBrava and Torrez look at the body of Miney Combs, flat on his back in a foot of cement that has hardened around him so that he looks like a bas-relief. There's a little hole in his throat and a trail of tobacco juice down his chin. A couple of workmen use a jackhammer on the cement to free the body. Doyle stands nearby.

TORREZ

Here's what I'm not gonna do. I'm not gonna ask how come he had a piece of paper with your name and number on it. 'Cause that puts you in a bad place, I think. What I'm gonna do is say to you as nice as I can cause we go back a long way - quit playin' Sam Spade or whatever and stay the fuck out of this or I'm gonna have to -

Torrez' cellphone RINGS. He glares at LaBrava and takes the phone from his pocket and opens it.

TORREZ

Torrez... Yeah...I'm comin'.
(he closes the phone)
Your girlfriend just got a letter.

EXT. DELAROBBIAS - DAY

Some of the Delarobbias ladies are huddled by the entrance, chattering and looking inside as Torrez, LaBrava and Doyle enter.

INT. DELAROBBIAS LOBBY

One of the Delarobbias ladies, MRS. SITCOWITZ, sits, surrounded by Detectives. She is semi-hysterical, babbling in Yiddish and Polish, as Frannie, kneeling by the chair, tries to translate.

FRANNIE

Can you just leave her be for a minute?

(to Mrs. Sitcowitz;
in Yiddish)

(It's all right, Mrs. Sitcowitz -
they're not blaming you -)

Hey LaBrava - tell these guys
to lay off, can you?

A Detective at the door to LaBrava's studio, signals Torrez.

DETECTIVE

The Major's on the phone.

Torrez goes into the studio. LaBrava moves to Frannie.

FRANNIE

She found a letter over on the desk and they're treatin' her like she spilled the plans for D-Day -

Zola comes out of LaBrava's studio.

ZOLA

Hey Joe - they jumped the gun on us.

LaBrava and Zola move into the studio.

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

A couple of detectives are placing a tiny wireless microphone in Jennie's clothing. A detective is drawing with a magic marker on one of the wall maps - a route that leads from Collins Avenue to the Freeway to a spot near Boca Raton. Two detectives are unloading the money from the bank bags into a black garbage bag. Torrez is on the phone. He's holding a sheet of paper. LaBrava moves to the map on the wall and looks at it while Torrez talks.

TORREZ

(into phone)

One of the tenants found it...
OK...it says: "Here we go. Put the bag next to you on the front seat of the yellow car" - that's the one belongs to Mr. Zola who owns the hotel - "and drive north on I-95. Get off on Atlantic and double back on the access road to the old power station. Go and wait near the public phone. Be there at exactly six P.M. Come alone and I mean it. If I see a cop you will be sorry. I am watching you"...Yeah - same type. Yes, sir, we're puttin' a mike on her and a locator in the car and a tap on the phone -- yes, sir -- when we go, we don't let her or the money out of our sight...

(to Doyle)

How many vehicles we got?

DOYLE

Twelve and two vans.

LABRAVA

How about Miss Breen's apartment?

TORREZ

And we're puttin' a guy in Miss Breen's building - hey, Joe - take a hike, OK?

INT. DELAROBIA HALLWAY

LaBrava comes up the stairs fast and goes to Zola's door.

INT. ZOLA'S APARTMENT - DAY

There's an umbrella stand in a corner containing odd umbrellas, canes, and a baseball bat. LaBrava takes the bat.

INT. DELAROBIA LOBBY - DAY

Zola comes out of LaBrava's studio as LaBrava, carrying the bat, crosses the lobby and goes outside. Zola watches him go.

EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - THE PARAMOUNT HOTEL - DAY

The sky is darkening. A light rain is falling.

INT. PARAMOUNT LOBBY

A CONCIERGE is on the phone.

INT. NOBLES' ROOM

Nobles is on the phone.

NOBLES

Whaddaya mean? No - there ain't no
Mr. Moron here. I'm tellin ya' --
What man?...Where is he?

EXT. PARAMOUNT HOTEL

Nobles comes out, zipping up his jacket. He looks around, sees LaBrava across Ocean Avenue standing on the beach near a clump of trees, crosses the street and onto the sand and moves toward LaBrava who waits for him. He stops. They look at each other.

NOBLES

Really lookin' for it, aren't you,
asshole?

LABRAVA

Call it off, Richie.

NOBLES

Call what off?

LABRAVA

I'm tryin' to do you a favor. They
got you made. And your Cuban pal
too.

NOBLES

Who's listenin' to this shit? You
wearin' a wire or somethin'?

LaBrava smiles and holds his arms out to the side. Nobles unzips
his jacket. His gun is in his waistband.

NOBLES

Turn around.

LaBrava turns. Nobles steps to him and runs his hands over him.

NOBLES

Right about here is where you
blind-sided me - remember that?

Nobles hits LaBrava hard in the kidneys. LaBrava staggers, takes
a couple of steps nearer the trees and falls to his knees. Nobles
moves to him and hits him in the back of his head. LaBrava
groans, reaches down into the sand and, as Nobles steps to him,
his fist raised, lifts the baseball bat from the sand and swings
it hard. The bat connects with Nobles' arm at the elbow and
Nobles shrieks. LaBrava kicks his leg out from under him and
Nobles falls, holding his arm. LaBrava gets up and stands over
Nobles, holding the bat. He reaches down and takes Nobles' gun
from his waistband and stands over him, a foot on his back.

LABRAVA

Don't move, Richie. Now I want your
full attention -

NOBLES

You broke my fuckin' arm -

LABRAVA

Pay attention -

NOBLES

I gotta go to the hospital -

LaBrava taps Nobles' arm with the bat. Nobles yells.

LABRAVA

You guys aren't smart enough for
this. Shaking down women is one
thing. Murder is something else.

NOBLES

What the fuck you talkin' about?

LABRAVA

Uncle Miney.

NOBLES

What about him?

LABRAVA

Miney's got a hole in him I think maybe you didn't put there. But it doesn't matter - cause when they get the Cuban he's gonna put it on you and you're gonna sit on that special high-chair they got in Florida for fuck-ups like you and get your hair all burnt off and your eyeballs melted -

NOBLES

Jesus - I didn't tell him to...

LABRAVA

Didn't tell who to do what?

NOBLES

I gotta see a doctor -

LABRAVA

Who else, Richie? Besides you and the Cuban? Who's the other guy?

NOBLES

You're crazy. I don't know what you're talkin' about?

LABRAVA

You're tryin' my patience, Richie. I don't wanta get spiteful. I hate myself when that happens -

He turns him over and raises the bat.

NOBLES

HEY YOU CAN'T DO THAT. I got some rights.

LABRAVA

Yeah but I got the gun.

NOBLES

And you ain't a Fed no more.

LABRAVA

What? What did you say? How'd you know that?

NOBLES

I heard it. Get offa me.

LABRAVA

Last chance, Richie. Last chance.

Nobles stares at him, scared. LaBrava shakes the bat but he can't do it. Nobles pushes himself back in the sand, gets himself to his feet and stumbles away across the beach as thunder rumbles. LaBrava, soaked, watches him go. He wipes his face, disappointed.

EXT. DELAROBIA - DAY

At the side of the hotel. Jennie stands by the yellow car. Torrez is talking to her. A couple of other detectives are putting finishing touches on Jennie's mike and on the electronic locator in the car. LaBrava and Zola are standing on the porch.

LABRAVA

You're pretty loose for someone who's puttin' eight hundred grand on the line.

ZOLA

It's only money, Joe. All I care about is Jennie comes out OK.

LABRAVA

We can call it off and figure another way.

ZOLA

You kidding? Look at her. Time of her life. Center of attention. Like on the first day of a movie when they turn the lights on and point the camera at her and --

He trails off. LaBrava looks at him.

ZOLA

I was thinkin' about someone else.

LaBrava looks from Zola to the car. Jennie looks over at him.

A PHOTOGRAPH

The black and white photo Zola took of Jean Shaw on the set. MOVE IN FAST on Jean Shaw's face.

INT. YELLOW CAR - (MOVING) - JENNIE'S FACE

The black trash bag is on the passenger seat next to her. She glances off to one side at an access road, running parallel to the freeway. A hatchback with a couple of detectives in it, dressed like surfers, moves fast, keeping up with her.

Jennie Looks in the rear-view mirror.

Behind her is a van. In it are a pair of detectives, dressed like tourists with luggage and a dog.

INT. DELAROBIA - LABRAVA'S STUDIO

The detectives are tracking the cars on the map. A detective is working a recorder. Torrez talks into a portable phone. Doyle is there. LaBrava and Zola watch.

TORREZ

OK...stay as far away as you can but
don't lose her...

EXT. STREET

Leads to the power station. The yellow car moves down the street and turns into the area outside the power station.

INT. YELLOW CAR

Jennie stops the car and looks out at the public phone booth. There's no one around. She looks at her watch.

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

JENNIE'S VOICE

Hello. I hope you can hear me.

Everyone reacts. A Detective turns on the tape recorder.

EXT. POWER STATION

Jennie gets out of the car and walks toward the phone booth.

JENNIE

It's almost six. I'm going to the
phone.

She gets to the phone booth. The door is open.

JENNIE

Listen. Something's very very -

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INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

JENNIE'S VOICE

It looks like the phone is broken.
Half the receiver is missing.

EXT. POWER STATION

Jennie is looking at the broken phone.

JENNIE

I don't see how it's possible for -

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

JENNIE'S VOICE

Wait a minute. There's - there's
something -

EXT. POWER STATION

Jennie looks around briefly. She takes a piece of folded paper
from inside her jacket.

JENNIE

There's a note - another note -
sticking out of the phonebook.

She unfolds the paper and reads.

JENNIE

It says - go to your apartment now.
Take the money with you and wait. I
am watching you.

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

LaBrava gets up and moves toward the speaker. Zola watches him.

JENNIE'S VOICE

Shall I leave the note? Yes. I'll
leave it where I found it and maybe
one of your people can pick it up.
All right? All right.

TORREZ

Smart. Smart girl.

EXT. POWER STATION

Jennie puts the note between the pages of the phone book.

JENNIE

All right then. I'm going to the apartment.

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

TORREZ

How long's it gonna take her?

DETECTIVE AT MAP

Fifteen - twenty minutes.

TORREZ

Charlie - tell Dale to give her ten minutes and pick up the note.

The Communications Detective, CHARLIE, lifts a phone.

INT. YELLOW CAR

Jennie drives away from the power station. She passes a parked car with a couple of detectives in it. They watch her go by.

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

ZOLA

What's the deal here?

TORREZ

Maybe they're not as dumb as we think they are.

LABRAVA

Maybe we're not as smart as we're supposed to be.

TORREZ

(to Doyle)

Come on. I'm gettin' cabin fever.

(to Charlie)

Patch it in to the car.

Torrez picks up a walkie and he and Doyle go to the door.

TORREZ

Stay put, Joe.

EXT. JENNIE'S CONDO BUILDING - BOCA RATON

The yellow car drives into the underground parking area.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING AREA

Jennie gets out, carrying the black trash bag.

JENNIE

I'm in the garage. I'm going inside. Listen -

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

JENNIE'S VOICE

- if your man is in here, could he signal me somehow? Just so I know...

COMMUNICATIONS DETECTIVE

You get that, Lieutenant?

INT. TORREZ' CAR (MOVING)

Doyle drives. Torrez is on the phone.

TORREZ

I got it. Tell Willie to give the lady a signal.

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

CHARLIE

Hey, number three - can you read me?

JENNIE'S VOICE

I'm inside now. I'm just -

INT. JENNIE'S CONDO BUILDING - LOBBY

JENNIE

- I'm just going to pick up my mail.

INT. TORREZ CAR (MOVING)

Torrez and Doyle exchange a look.

INT. JENNIE'S CONDO BUILDING - LOBBY

She opens her mailbox and takes out some mail. She closes the box, opens her purse and takes out a folded piece of paper and adds it to the mail she's carrying, then lets herself into the building proper and moves down the hall to the elevator. She presses the elevator button. She waits.

JENNIE

I'm waiting for the elevator.
There's no one around. It's a
little bit -

The elevator doors open. A man stands in the elevator.

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

JENNIE'S VOICE

OH MY GOD -

They all react.

JENNIE'S VOICE

It's all right.

INT. JENNIE'S CONDO BUILDING LOBBY

The man in the elevator, WILLIE, shows her a badge.

JENNIE

It's all right. It's a - a friend.

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

CHARLIE

Must be Willie.

INT. JENNIE'S CONDO BUILDING ELEVATOR

WILLIE

Sorry if I gave you a start there.

JENNY

It's all right. I'm glad you're
here.

TORREZ' VOICE

(from Willie's walkie)
Hey, Willie.

WILLIE

Yeah, boss.

TORREZ' VOICE

Check out the apartment.

WILLIE

It's clear. I checked it before.

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TORREZ' VOICE

Do it again.

INT. JENNIE'S CONDO BUILDING HALLWAY

Jennie and Willie move down the hallway. They reach her door. Jennie opens it and steps aside and Willie goes in.

INT. JENNIE'S APARTMENT

Still a mess, as before. Willie moves through the living room and bedroom, looking behind doors. He moves back to the living room.

WILLIE

OK, Miss Breen.

Jennie comes inside. Willie closes the door.

WILLIE

(into walkie)

We're clear.

TORREZ' VOICE

Stay with her, Willie.

WILLIE

(into walkie)

OK, boss.

Jennie puts the trash bag in a chair and her mail on a table. She gets a cigarette. Her hands are shaking. Willie moves to her and lights it for her. She gives him a nervous smile.

WILLY

You're doin' great.

JENNY

Am I? Well -- thank you. You're very sweet.

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

ZOLA

You're very sweet?" Christ - what'd he do, bring her a corsage?

INT. JENNIE'S APARTMENT

JENNIE

I'm going to wash my face.

96

Willie smiles and nods. Jennie looks at the black bag.

JENNIE

You'll keep an eye on that -
(she laughs)
well - of course you will -

She goes into the bedroom. Willie stares at the bag.

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

TORREZ' VOICE

Charlie - how many of our vehicles
in the Boca area?

CHARLIE

(into walkie)
Three - maybe four.

TORREZ' VOICE

Tell 'em to hold on until the guy
calls.

CHARLIE

OK, Lieutenant.

INT. JENNIE'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

Willie looks out the terrace windows. SOUND of WATER RUNNING from
the bedroom. It stops. Jennie appears in the doorway.

JENNIE

What was that?

WILLIE

What was what?

JENNIE

I heard -- I think it was the
service door in the hall -

Willie unsnaps the holster at his belt, moves to the front door.

WILLIE

Lock it behind me.

He goes out. Jennie locks the door behind him.

INT. HALLWAY

Willie moves down the long hallway toward the service door.

INT. JENNIE'S APARTMENT

Jennie moves quickly to a bookshelf, pulls some books aside, revealing a pistol. She picks it up, crosses to the trash bag, unwinds the wire from the top of the bag and opens it. She looks at the money for a moment then buries the pistol in it and rewinds the wire. She picks up the bag, carries it through the bedroom to the bathroom, opens a laundry hamper, lifts a couple of rumpled sheets and towels from the top of the hamper, revealing an identical black trash bag underneath, bound with red wire, pulls it out, puts the first bag in its place, puts the sheets and towels on top, carries the second bag back into the living room and places it on the chair as there's a KNOCK.

WILLIE'S VOICE

Miss Breen?

She moves to the door, unlocks it and lets Willie in.

WILLIE

Nothing. Maybe one of the tenants slammed a door.

JENNIE

I'm sorry.

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

ZOLA

What's happenin' now?

CHARLIE

We're waiting for the guy to call.

LABRAVA

He isn't going to call.

CHARLIE

Yeah? What's he gonna do - send a strip-o-gram?

LABRAVA

Guy isn't gonna call.

INT. JENNIE'S APARTMENT

Jennie is by the table. She looks at her mail.

JENNIE

Oh my god -

98

Willie moves to her side.

INT. TORREZ' CAR

WILLIE'S VOICE

Lieutenant - We got a note. It was
with Miss Breen's mail.

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

LaBrava gives Charlie a look.

TORREZ' VOICE

Read it, Willie.

WILLIE'S VOICE

Says she's supposed to leave right
now - take her own car - go up to
Lauderdale then take the ninety-
five to Sunrise then to North-East
twenty-fourth street to the
Galleria Mall and go left on ninth
street to the end...you get that?

TORREZ VOICE

Hell no - bring it down. We'll take
it with us.

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

LABRAVA

She's gonna need it herself.

JENNIE'S VOICE

I think I'll have to take the
letter with me so I can follow the
directions -

TORREZ VOICE

Make us a copy, Willie. You can
read it to us while we're movin'.
The note say anything else?

LABRAVA

I am watching you.

WILLIE'S VOICE

It says "I am watching you."

CHARLIE

Fuck you, LaBrava.

99

INT. JENNIE'S HALLWAY

Jennie and Willie wait for the elevator. Willie is hurriedly making a copy of the note. The elevator doors open.

WILLIE

(into walkie)

She's on her way down.

JENNIE

Aren't you going with me? Please!
That garage is so -

TORREZ' VOICE

OK. GO WITH HER, WILLIE. JESUS!

They enter the elevator. The doors close. At the other end of the hall the stairwell door opens and Nobles comes through. His arm is in a sling. He carries a large white laundry bag. He wears a white baseball cap and a white service jacket that has DELMAR LAUNDRY scripted on it. He moves to Jennie's apartment door, opens it with a key and goes in.

INT. JENNIE'S APARTMENT

Nobles moves to the bathroom, opens the hamper, pulls the sheets and towels off, takes out the trash bag, empties sheets and towels from his laundry bag into the hamper, stuffs the trash bag into the laundry bag and carries it out.

INT. JENNIE'S BUILDING UNDERGROUND PARKING AREA

Jennie comes out, carrying the trash bag. Willie watches as she goes to her Mercedes, gets in and puts the bag on the passenger seat, rolls down the window and gives Willie a brave smile.

JENNIE

I just want to say - I think you
people are doing a wonderful job.

Willie gives her a thumbs up as she pulls the car out.

WILLIE

She's comin' out. It's a grey
Mercedes sedan, license TY4307.
Tell you something -

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

WILLIE'S VOICE

- that's some brave little lady.

100

ZOLA

The putz thinks they're engaged.

EXT. JENNIE'S CONDO BUILDING

The ocean side. Nobles, carrying the laundry bag, comes out of the building and moves away.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY - SERIES OF SHOTS:

The sun is setting as Jennie's Mercedes, Torrez' car and a detective's van move down the freeway.

INT. JENNIE'S CAR

JENNIE

I hope I'm not going too fast. I'm trying to get there before it gets too dark. Wouldn't it be ironic if I got arrested?

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

CHARLIE

Oh yeah - that would be ironic.

EXT. STREETS - SERIES OF SHOTS

The Mercedes moves through dark suburban streets. The detective's cars try to follow. RADIO CHATTER can be HEARD.

INT. JENNIE'S CAR

She looks in her rear-view mirrors and suddenly makes a turn.

INT. TORREZ' CAR

TORREZ

Whoa! Where the hell'd she go?

JENNIE'S VOICE

I'm sorry. I got a bit confused. I'm off twenty-fourth - I must have passed ninth -

TORREZ

She went down twenty-second. She'll have to do a U.

DOYLE

She can't. It's a one-way.

101

TORREZ

Shit.

(into phone)

Bennie - see if you can find her.

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

The detectives are scrambling at the map and the phones to figure out where everybody is.

CHARLIE

Christ - I think they lost her.

LaBrava smiles. Zola looks at him.

LABRAVA

(quietly)

Or she lost them.

SERIES OF SHOTS

The detective cars and the van change direction and speed up. The van and one of the detective cars come out of two perpendicular streets and almost collide. There's some yelling out the windows

INT. JENNIE'S CAR

She's moving down a deserted street on one side of a three or four story parking structure.

JENNIE

I think I'm on the east side of the mall. There's one of those parking structures on my left and if I drive through it I can come out on the other -

She turns and enters the parking structure.

INT. TORREZ CAR

TORREZ

Please don't go in the fucking -

JENNIE'S VOICE

Oh wait - there's someone waving at me - is this one of our's - ?

TORREZ

NO NO NO -

INT. JENNIE'S CAR

JENNIE

He's right up ahead and he -

She drives slowly down the lane. Suddenly a figure steps out of the shadows. She stops the car and looks through the closed window as the figure approaches.

INT. TORREZ' CAR (MOVING)

TORREZ

Talk to us...

JENNIE'S VOICE

He has something in his hand -

INT. JENNIE'S CAR

Cundo Ray, wearing a navy cap pulled low on his face moves to the passenger side of the car and raises his arm. He holds a brick.

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

Over the speaker: the SOUND of GLASS BREAKING and a YELL.

TORREZ VOICE

EVERYBODY GO. MAKE SOME NOISE...

INT. PARKING LOT

The car window is smashed. Jennie is turned away, her arm covering her face. She turns back and looks at Cundo Ray who is struggling to get the trash bag through the broken window. She reaches over and pushes it through. Cundo Ray pauses. They stare at each other for a moment. SIRENS SOUND in the distance.

CUNDO RAY

Thanks. lady.

Cundo Ray turns and, carrying the bag, runs off into the shadows. Jennie watches him disappear. She looks at her watch.

ANOTHER PART OF THE PARKING STRUCTURE

Cundo Ray comes through a door and runs to the white Volvo.

INT/EXT JENNIE'S CAR

She pulls the visor down, looks in the mirror, musses her hair.

103

JENNIE

CAN'T YOU HURRY? HE'S GOT THE
MONEY! HE'S GETTING AWAY!

SIRENS SOUND LOUD. Jennie slaps herself hard in the face, bringing tears to her eyes. She puts the visor up, opens her door and gets out as the Detective cars and the van speed into view. Torrez runs toward her and catches her as she almost falls.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Cundo Ray drives. He says: "thank you, lady" and laughs. He sings: "thank you, lady" in English and Spanish.

EXT. SOUTH BEACH MIAMI POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Police technicians are examining Jennie's car.

INT. POLICE STATION - SMALL ROOM

Torrez and Doyle show mug-shots to Jennie.

EXT. COLLINS AVE. - NIGHT

LaBrava and Zola sit at an outdoor bar across the street from t. Delarobbia. Zola is drunk.

ZOLA

Is she somethin' or is she
somethin'? Kept her head. Didn't
panic. She's one in a million.

LABRAVA

One in eight hundred thousand.

ZOLA

Once when she was a kid the cops
take her away an' talk to her on
an' off for like three days an' she
doesn't give 'em nothin'. Zero.
Hah!

LABRAVA

And what exactly was it she could
have told them?

ZOLA

Hey -

Across the street, Torrez' car pulls up. Jennie gets out looks
across the street at LaBrava and Zola. Torrez turns to see them.

Zola gets up somewhat unsteadily, leaves the bar and weaves his way somewhat across the street. He passes Torrez who comes to Joe and sits at the table. A waitress appears. Torrez points at LaBrava's drink. She goes.

TORREZ

Showed her pictures. She couldn't make any of 'em.

LABRAVA

Including the Cuban?

TORREZ

She said that definitely wasn't the one. Said her guy had a moustache. She was sure a that.

TORREZ

Think we'll go up tomorrow and take a look at her apartment.

LABRAVA

With or without a warrant?

TORREZ

You don't think she'll give us her permission?

LABRAVA

I don't know.

TORREZ

Here's my problem. You've got this plan. Get the lady so riled up, she doesn't know what she's doin'. Makin' calls, bustin' up her place, sendin' notes, gettin' her to switch cars - it's complicated but it kinda makes sense.

LABRAVA

Yeah?

The waitress brings Torrez his drink and leaves.

TORREZ

So she's carryin' a bag full of money - nervous - lookin' over her shoulder. You got to get her one last message. So where do you put it? In her fuckin' mailbox?

LABRAVA

It's different.

TORREZ

Joe - the whole deal comes apart if the lady doesn't check her mail.

LABRAVA

But she does.

TORREZ

Yeah. She does.

LABRAVA

You makin' her a suspect?

TORREZ

I didn't say that.

Torrez slugs down his drink and stands.

TORREZ

Then again, I didn't not say it.
Thanks for the drink.

EXT. DELAROBIA PORCH

Frannie is on the porch as LaBrava appears.

FRANNIE

Interesting day, huh?

LABRAVA

Don't think it's over yet.

FRANNIE

I've been trying to figure something out about that note Mrs. Sitcowitz found.

LABRAVA

Like how it got there.

FRANNIE

I was across the street all morning working on my picture. Looking over here all the time, you know? And nobody came in. I mean - no strangers. Except some cops. Whaddaya make of that, G-man?

LABRAVA

Just keep it to yourself for now,
OK?

INT. DELAROBIA HALLWAY - NIGHT

LaBrava knocks quietly at the door to Jennie's apartment.

JENNIE'S VOICE

Come in, Joe.

INT. JENNIE'S APARTMENT

LaBrava enters. The lights are off. Her radio plays music. Jennie sits, wearing a robe, slightly open, smoking. LaBrava shuts the door, goes to the radio and turns it off. She closes her robe.

JENNIE

I get the impression this is not a
romantic visit. Should I turn some
lights on. Should I -

LABRAVA

Be quiet a minute.

JENNIE

Oooo! Get the thumbscrews.

LABRAVA

They're going to search your place
tomorrow.

JENNIE

I wonder what they'll look for.

LABRAVA

Something someone forgot.

JENNIE

I can't imagine what that would be.

LABRAVA

They'll keep digging. They'll find
Nobles. And the Cuban. They'll
crack easy. I'm telling you. Jennie
- I could help you get out of this.

JENNIE

You have helped me, Joe. And I
believe I've showed you my
appreciation. Haven't I?

107

He turns and moves to the door.

JENNIE

Joe? Are you sure you don't want to
stay a while?

He goes out.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Run-down cabins in the sticks. Cundo Ray, holding a key, walks to a cabin. The white Volvo is outside. He opens the door.

INT. MOTEL CABIN

Cundo Ray sits on the bed and dials a phone number.

CUNDO RAY

Hey, Paramount, lemme speak to Room
232...Nobles...Nobles...whatchou
mean?...no, man, can't be...so
where is he then?...What?...Hey,
you lyin' to me, bitch -

He's cut off. He looks at the phone, hangs up, sits thinking.

EXT. CABIN

Cundo Ray opens the Volvo trunk. The black trash bag is next to the typewriter case. He takes a mean-looking knife from his boot and makes a slit in the bag. He reaches in and withdraws a handful of pieces of cut-up newspaper. He reaches in and pulls out another handful of newspaper. He rips the bag open and starts screaming in Spanish and scattering the newspaper pieces.

CUNDO RAY

(in Spanish and English)

OH YOU DEAD -- YOU ONE FUCKIN' DEAD
SWAMP CREATURE -- THANK YOU LADY --
THANK YOU, DEAD LADY --

The MOTEL MANAGER comes out of his cabin.

MOTEL MANAGER

HEY WHAT YOU DOIN' THERE, BOY -
WHAT YOU THINK THIS IS -

Cundo Ray wheels on him and pulls his pistol from his belt, still cursing in Spanish and the man backs off fast. Cundo Ray throws the garbage bag out onto the ground. He starts to slam the lid closed, notices the typewriter case and lifts it out.

108

INT. DELAROBIA LOBBY - DAY

Torrez is talking to Jennie. He turns as LaBrava comes out.

TORREZ

Miss Breen's been kind enough to let us have a look around her condo.

JENNIE

I think that's an excellent idea, don't you, Joe? And I thought I'd bring Maury's car back.

TORREZ

Still checking it for prints.

They move out to the porch.

EXT. DELAROBIA

As they come out. Frannie sits on the railing, working on a portrait of Mrs. Sitcowitz who sits, posing. Zola is sweeping the porch, breathing heavily. Torrez and Jennie start down the steps.

JENNIE

What's the matter, Maury?

ZOLA

Class A hangover is all. I'll be OK. Maybe I'll take a lie down.

He goes into the hotel. Jennie moves down to Torrez' car.

TORREZ

I was just tellin' the lady. We got a report our friend Nobles spent a couple hours yesterday afternoon at the Boca emergency clinic. His arm was busted in two places. Any idea how that happened?

LABRAVA

Sports accident probably.

Torrez and Jennie get into his car and it takes off.

INT. ZOLA'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

Zola, wearing an old worn bathrobe, sits down heavily on his couch. The PHONE RINGS. He picks it up.

109

ZOLA

Yeah?

CUNDO RAY'S VOICE

Where's the lady?

ZOLA

What lady we talkin' about?

CUNDO RAY'S VOICE

The lady with the Mercedes car.

ZOLA

She ain't here. What you want with her?

CUNDO RAY'S VOICE

You give her a message, OK?

INT. DELAROBBIAS LOBBY

Zola, breathing heavily, gets to the bottom of the steps, puts a hand on the railing to steady himself, then collapses.

EXT. STREET

Not far from the Delarobbias. LaBrava walks toward the beach.

FRANNIE'S VOICE

HEY - LABRAVA!

INT. DELAROBBIAS LOBBY - DAY

LaBrava looks at Zola, sprawled in a chair. The old ladies stand off a way. Frannie gives Zola a glass of water.

ZOLA

Don't want a doctor. They stick things in ya. Just had a little palpitation is all.

LABRAVA

Jesus, Maury, act your age.

ZOLA

If I acted my age, I'd be dead. Hey, girls - leave us be for a minute.

The ladies go back outside. Zola holds out the glass to Frannie.

110

ZOLA

Put a little Scotch in this, OK,
sweetheart? Find it in my kitchen.

Frannie takes the glass and goes upstairs. Zola watches her go.

ZOLA

The Cuban called. Said he's got a
typewriter for sale

LABRAVA

Oh shit.

ZOLA

She's in way over her head, see?

LABRAVA

Maury - leave it alone. You can't
keep bailing her out of every -

ZOLA

Gonna show you somethin'. Gimme a
hand.

LaBrava helps Zola stand. They move across the lobby to a door in
a dark corner. Zola takes a key from his pants pocket.

INT. BASEMENT

Zola snaps on a light. LaBrava follows him down some steps and
past an ancient boiler and heating pipes to a section of racks
piled with tenants' luggage. LaBrava helps Zola pull a worn
leatner suitcase from a top rack. Zola sits on a box and opens
the suitcase. It's crammed with women's clothes, old magazines,
books, an old address book with JS embossed on the cover.

ZOLA

They were livin' here - see? - when
Jeanie died. I kept some things.

Zola finds an envelope in the suitcase and hands it to LaBrava
He opens it and pulls out a script, yellow and stiff with age. He
looks at it. The title page says:

SuNBuRN

by

ALAN ROMELL

The type is the same as the letters. LaBrava looks at Zola.

111

ZOLA

Oh sure. I got the picture right away. I wanted to see where it was goin'. Joe - I said I'd take care a her. I told her momma that.

LaBrava looks at his friend and shakes his head. There's a pause.

ZOLA

There was this guy I knew a while back -

LABRAVA

Not now, Maury - it's too -

ZOLA

- this guy I'm talkin' about - he never wore a suit cost less than a grand - monograms on his undies-

LABRAVA

Maury -

ZOLA

Wait. This guy - this snappy dresser - he's a shyster, a con-artist, see - married to a woman who was - memorable -

LABRAVA

Does the memorable woman have a daughter?

ZOLA

Yeah - good kid - you woulda liked her. Trouble was the snappy dresser didn't have control of hisself - couldn't - you see what I'm sayin'? An' the girl - she knows it's not - proper - but she's just a kid - you with me so far?

LABRAVA

I'm with you.

ZOLA

So this - snappy dressin' degenerate piece a shit - he's on the lam with a bag full a money - an' one night he comes to where the momma an' the kid are stayin' -

112

LABRAVA

- an old hotel maybe -

ZOLA

Wasn't old then. Brand new,
Beautiful. You couldn't imagine.
Anyway - this guy wants to take the
kid away with him but there's a
kind of disagreement -

LABRAVA

- with a family friend -

LABRAVA

- he's draggin' the kid by the
arm - but -

LABRAVA

- something stops him -

ZOLA

Baseball bat. Blood an' brains all
over his thousand dollar suit. See?

LABRAVA

Where's the snappy dresser today?

ZOLA

You're standin' on him.
(Joe looks at the floor)
Took me all night.

LABRAVA

What happened to the bag of money?
Down there, too?

ZOLA

Are you nuts? I doubled it in two
years. Real estate investments. A
little gambling.

LABRAVA

Jesus Christ, Maury.

ZOLA

But here's the kicker, Joe. The
little girl sees it happen. All of
it. An' she never says a word. Not
to her momma. Not to the cops. Not
to anyone. Is that class or what?

113

FRANNIE'S VOICE

Hey - Mr. Zola. You down there?
Everything OK?

Frannie stands in the doorway at the top of the stairs.

LABRAVA

Frannie - can I borrow your van?

FRANNIE

Sure. I'll get the keys.

She goes. LaBrava turns to Zola.

LABRAVA

Did the Cuban leave a number?

ZOLA

Said he'd call back. But - hey -
that ID thing the cops put on the
phone is still there.

LaBrava hands the script to Zola.

LABRAVA

Put it away.

INT. ZOLA'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

LaBrava moves to Zola's phone and punches a button on the Caller-ID. A number comes up. LaBrava dials.

INT. CHEEKY'S BACKSTAGE HALLWAY

One of the dancers answers the wall phone. Past the curtain at the end of the hall, part of the stage and club can be seen.

DANCER

Hello?

INTERCUT CHEEKY'S AND ZOLA'S BEDROOM

LABRAVA

Want to talk to the Cuban guy with
the safety pin in his ear.

DANCER

Who you mean - Cundo Ray?

LABRAVA

Yeah. That's the guy. Cundo Ray.

114

DANCER

He's on stage.

LABRAVA

Tell him he won the lottery.

DANCER

Oh my god - OH MY GOD - HEY CUNDO -

He moves to the curtain and gestures wildly at Cundo Ray who comes off and moves to the phone.

CUNDO RAY

Yeah?

LABRAVA

I'm interested in buying a typewriter.

CUNDO RAY

What makes you think I got one for sale?

LABRAVA

I'll even throw in some photos of you, pretty boy.

CUNDO RAY

Shit, picture-taker - I knew you was in on this.

LABRAVA

How much you want?

CUNDO RAY

I want all of it.

LABRAVA

Maybe we can make a deal.

CUNDO RAY

What kind?

LABRAVA

Lemme talk to the lady. I'll get back to you.

CUNDO RAY

Talk to the lady but do it fast.

115

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

LaBrava opens a drawer. Inside is Nobles' gun. LaBrava checks to see if it's loaded. He puts a jacket over his arm and the gun and turns. Frannie is in the doorway, holding the keys to her van. She's seen the gun. He slings a camera over his shoulder.

FRANNIE

Jeez, Joe - don't break my heart
before you get a chance to break my
heart.

He touches her face, takes the keys and goes.

INT. DELAROBIA LOBBY

Zola stands in the door to the the basement. Frannie goes to him and starts to help him into the elevator.

EXT. FREEWAY

LaBrava drives fast.

INT. JENNIE'S CONDO GARAGE

Jennie gets into Zola's car, starts it and pulls out. Doyle and Torrez watch her go.

EXT. JENNIE'S CONDO BUILDING

Zola's car pulls out onto the street and moves away.

INT. FRANNIE'S VAN

Parked nearby. He watches Zola's car go by and follows.

EXT. FREEWAY

LaBrava follows Jennie, keeping a car or two between them. Suddenly she moves over and takes an exit. LaBrava follows.

INT. DELAROBIA - ZOLA'S LIVING ROOM

Zola lies on his couch. Frannie shuts some curtains.

ZOLA

He can take care a himself.

FRANNIE

Oh sure. I'm not worried. Why don't
you try and get some sleep.

116

ZOLA

If I do you won't call a doctor or
try to give me an enema.

FRANNIE

I swear.

EXT. ROAD

A non-urban woodsy area. No cars. LaBrava stays a distance behind the yellow car. It rounds a turn. He speeds up and rounds the turn. The yellow car has disappeared. He speeds up, passing several dirt cross roads and comes to a dead end at a waterway. He turns the car and starts back.

EXT. DIRT ROAD

An uninhabited area near the water. The sun is setting. Zola's car moves down the road and stops. Jennie gets out, moves to the trunk, opens it and takes out a suitcase. She walks toward the water. There's a houseboat tied up. Nobles stands on the deck.

NOBLES

Hey, Puss.

JENNIE

Hello, Richard.

NOBLES

Thought we were gonna wait a couple
more days.

JENNIE

I just couldn't wait to see you,
Richard. What happened? Did you
fall down the stairs?

NOBLES

That little shit picture taker
jumped me when I wasn't lookin'.

JENNIE

Well - I would think that you'd be
used to that by now.

She moves by him and goes inside. He follows.

INT. HOUSEBOAT

She puts the suitcase on a table and looks around.

JENNIE

Well. Isn't this pleasant.

NOBLES

Yeah. The DEA give it to me.
Furniture an' all. Belonged to one
a those Columbian drug guys.

JENNIE

Yes. I recognized the decor. Early
cartel, isn't it?

EXT. ROAD

The van moves down a road which ends at the crest of a hill.
LaBrava stops, gets out and looks. Below is a small cove where
the houseboat is tied up. Painted on the side of the houseboat
is: QUEENIE. LaBrava starts down the hill on foot.

INT. HOUSEBOAT

Jennie sits. Nobles pulls open a bulkhead duct and wrestles the
black garbage bag out, puts it on the floor and unwraps the wire.
reaches in and pulls out the pistol.

NOBLES

Hey, Puss - what'd you put this in
here for?

JENNIE

I thought they might search my
apartment. I didn't want them to
find it. Don't you think that was
wise?

He puts it down on the table. She picks it up.

NOBLES

Oh yeah. I was surprised is all.
You never told me you had a weapon.

JENNIE

It's a family heirloom. It belonged
to my father.

NOBLES

Pretty li'l thing. What'd he shoot
with it?

JENNIE

Communists.

He puts it on the table. She picks it up.

NOBLES

God damn! Have to tell me about that sometime. Hey watch it - thing's loaded, you know.

JENNIE

My goodness! Is it really?

She puts it down. He starts taking out stacks of bills and putting them on the table between them.

NOBLES

I started to count it a couple times but I kinda lost track -

JENNIE

Of course. You must run out of fingers awfully fast with only one good hand.

NOBLES

You got a wicked tongue, Puss.

JENNIE

So I've been told.

NOBLES

You mad at me or somethin'?

JENNIE

I'm disappointed in you, Richard.

NOBLES

What the hell for?

JENNIE

Why did you follow me to the Crisis Center the other night?

NOBLES

I saw them cops take you away an' I got worried -

JENNIE

I told you to stay in the bar. That was the plan. Remember the plan, Richard? I would get arrested and my friend would come and rescue me and take care of me and -

119

NOBLES

So fuckin' what? It worked, di'n't it? Jesus - I gotta laugh when I think a that li'l Cuban booger lookin' at all that cut up paper.

JENNIE

The trouble is - I think Mr. LaBrava has most of it figured out. And thanks to him, your photo is in every police station in the state.

NOBLES

Hey - I got a alibi. I wasn't nowhere around. Let 'em bring me in. Lean on me a little. I could handle that.

JENNIE

Could you really, Richard? Even if they offered you a deal?

NOBLES

What kind a deal you mean?

JENNIE

The kind you made up in Ocala.

NOBLES

Who tole' you bout that? Oh yeah. Goddam. I'm gonna come back some day an' take that li'l fucker apart. That's a promise.

JENNIE

I tremble for him.

NOBLES

Want to make the split now?

JENNIE

Yes. I have to get back.

NOBLES

Well - I was thinkin' we could maybe spend a little time together. Missed you, puss. Wouldn't mind gettin' the pressure relieved if you know what I mean.

120

JENNIE

I don't think that's a good idea.

She starts to stand. He pushes her back on the sofa.

NOBLES

Used to think it was. Used to like it, if I recall, rollin' around in that big fancy bed a yours.

She looks at him for a moment, then smiles. She lights a Salem.

JENNIE

What about a drink first.

NOBLES

Get us in the mood? That's my girl. I even got somethin' for us to celebrate with.

He goes to the kitchen area and opens a small refrigerator.

NOBLES

I never asked - whatcha gonna do with the money?

JENNIE

I'm going to buy a house on a quiet little island somewhere and live on seafood and beachboys.

He laughs. She puts out her half-smoked cigarette in the ashtray. He enters with a bottle of champagne.

NOBLES

You are some kind of original person, you know that? Need you to help me open this -

Jennie raises the pistol and fires. The bullet shatters the champagne bottle, goes through Nobles' chest and sends him back against the wall and he sinks to the floor, his legs sprawled, his back against a closet door, holding the neck of the shattered Champagne bottle, looking at the blood coming out of his shirt. She gets up and moves to him. He looks up at her.

NOBLES

Hey - what'd - you - do - Puss?

JENNIE

I just killed you, Richard.

121

She shoots again.

EXT. ROAD

LaBrava, near the bottom of the hill, reacts to the shot.

INT. HOUSEBOAT

Jennie looks at Nobles' body, moves to the couch, puts the pistol on the table and starts to stack the bills in the suitcase. There's a FLASH and she looks to see LaBrava in the door, camera in one hand, the automatic in his belt.

JENNIE

Well, hello, Joe.

She sits down and glances at the pistol on the table.

LABRAVA

Don't even think about it.

JENNIE

All right.

He comes into the room. He looks at Nobles, then at her.

LABRAVA

The Cuban called. He told Maury he had a typewriter you might be interested in buying.

JENNIE

Oh.

LABRAVA

You gave it to that moron, didn't you? What? Told him to bury it and he gave it to the Cuban -

JENNIE

Something like that, I guess.

LABRAVA

Maury woulda given you the money if you'd asked.

JENNIE

Of course he would.

LABRAVA

So what's the point?

122

JENNIE

There is no point, Joe. Maybe I was just - bored.

LABRAVA

Bored enough to steal money from a guy who'd give you his life if you asked nice? Try another.

JENNIE

I was an actress for a while. Did you know that? Of course you did. You know everything. It was basically ten years of screwing second rate directors for third-rate parts. Funny - I thought I was pretty good. They did a remake of one of my mother's films. "Betrayal." Remember that one? They said they were looking for a "young Jean Shaw type" and I overheard my agent - my own agent - on the phone saying: "I know - she's got her mother's eyes and her mother's tits - too bad she doesn't have any of her talent." I threw an ashtray through his window and left town. They say you have to be patient. Wait for the right part to come along. So I waited. For fifteen years. And finally it came along. Pretty good story, don't you think?

LABRAVA

Yeah. Almost as good as the one Maury told me about some things that happened a long time ago. When the Delarobbia was young.

JENNIE

I wonder why he did that.

LABRAVA

Because he figured I could clean up this mess.

JENNIE

Would you do that for me, Joe?

LABRAVA

No. I'd do it for Maury.

123

JENNIE

Of course.

LABRAVA

He collapsed.

JENNIE

What?

LABRAVA

I think it's his heart. He's breathin' like an old dog. Why don't you go take care of him.

She gets up and moves toward the door. She looks at the money.

JENNIE

I had a sort of - fantasy - that I would buy this pretty white house on an island somewhere. Miles away from all the noise - the crap - the winners and the losers. And Maury would come and visit and he'd like it so much he'd stay and we'd live there forever. Do you believe me?

LABRAVA

I'll work on it.

She leaves. LaBrava listens for her car to start. He looks around for a phone, sees it, moves to it.

INT. CHEEKY'S

Cundo Ray in street clothes is at the wall phone, talking.

INTERCUT CHEEKY'S BACKSTAGE AND INT. HOUSEBOAT

CUNDO RAY

Yeah - I'm writin' it down... houseboat? What's that? Oh yeah...

LABRAVA

Listen, I'm still in Miami. It'll take me about an hour to get there.

CUNDO RAY

I be there - hour an' a half. Hey, picture-man - this some kinda trick you an' the lady go to jail.

124

LABRAVA

Oh sure. Wouldn't want that to happen.

He hangs up. Cundo Ray hangs up and looks at his watch.

EXT. CHEEKY'S

Cundo Ray moves quickly to the white Volvo.

INT. YELLOW SEDAN (MOVING)

It's getting dark outside. Jennie is driving fast.

INT. HOUSEBOAT

LaBrava takes out a handkerchief, picks up Jennie's pistol, clears it, puts the unfired shells in his pocket and slides the pistol under a chair. He takes his jacket off.

EXT. FREEWAY

The Volvo and the sedan pass each other from opposite directions.

EXT. ROAD TO THE HOUSEBOAT

The Volvo, its engine and lights off, coasts to a stop. Cundo Ray gets out and shuts the door quietly. He looks around, sees no cars, looks at his watch, moves cautiously down the road to the edge of the water. He picks up a small rock and throws it. It bounces off the houseboat wall. He moves to the bridge.

LABRAVA

Sitting under a tree across the road from the houseboat, Nobles' automatic in his lap, he watches Cundo Ray go into the houseboat. LaBrava gets up, moves quickly down the road to Cundo Ray's car.

INT. HOUSEBOAT

There's no body or stacks of bills. Cundo Ray sees shards of the broken bottle on the floor and some bills sticking from under the closet door. He pulls his gun yanks the door open. Nobles' bloody body and the trash bag fall out on top of him. He shrieks and falls to the floor. The gun slides across the floor. He struggles from under the body and starts to crawl toward the pistol but LaBrava's foot is on it and he has Nobles' gun in his hand.

LABRAVA

Back up. Sit down. Next to your pal.

125

Cundo Ray backs up and sits. LaBrava picks up Cundo Ray's gun, puts it in his pocket and sits in a chair.

CUNDO RAY

Oh, man, I got his blood on me.

LABRAVA

Yeah. Looks real suspicious.

CUNDO RAY

So what about our deal?

LABRAVA

I don't know.

CUNDO RAY

Who did the swamp creature? You do that?

LABRAVA

No. Someone else.

CUNDO RAY

You want to go fifty-fifty?

LABRAVA

I don't think so.

CUNDO RAY

You don't want to make no deal, right?

LABRAVA

Yeah. Afraid so.

CUNDO RAY

You forget the typewriter?

LABRAVA

You mean the one in your trunk - in the spare tire well? I got it.

CUNDO RAY

Oh, man. This ain't fair. Tell you what. I take fifty thousand an' you don't never see me again.

LABRAVA

Maybe what I'll do is tie you up, leave you here and let the cops figure it out.

126

LaBrava puts his gun down in his lap and gets out a cigarette. Cundo Ray's eyes dart around. He sees Jennie's pistol

CUNDO RAY

What you want, man? I din't do nothin' to you.

LABRAVA

You killed that nice old man. I feel bad about that.

CUNDO RAY

Wasn't nice. He was fuckin' evil.

LABRAVA

I hear his dog liked him.

CUNDO RAY

Thass funny. Hey, you funny!

Cundo scrambles for Jennie's pistol, grabs it, aims and and fires. It CLICKS harmlessly several times.

LABRAVA

Tsk, tsk, tsk. Now you got your prints all over that gun.

Cundo Ray throws the gun at LaBrava. LaBrava ducks. Cundo Ray pulls his knife from his boot and leaps at LaBrava who reaches down, raises Nobles' gun and fires. The bullet goes through Cundo Ray's head and he goes down. LaBrava picks up the knife, looks at Cundo Ray, then moves to the phone and dials a number.

LABRAVA

Can you get a message to Lieutenant Torrez? My name? Look - I'm just a concerned citizen...

INT. DELAROBIA - ZOLA'S APARTMENT

The radio plays. Frannie sits, reading. Zola's eyes open.

ZOLA

Hey, sweetheart.

Jennie enters, moves to the sofa and sits by Zola.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - SERIES OF SHOTS

LaBrava wipes down Nobles' automatic and puts it in his hand. He pushes Jennie's gun with his foot close to Cundo Ray's body.

127

INT/EXT. HOUSEBOAT - SERIES OF SHOTS

LaBrava stands on the bank and throws Cundo Ray's knife and his pistol as far as he can into the water.

LaBrava carries Jennie's suitcase and his camera to the edge of the hill where he's placed the typewriter. He thinks for a moment, puts everything down and runs back into the houseboat.

LaBrava picks up the ashtray with Jennie's Salem in it. SOUND of a distant SIREN. He dumps the ashtray contents into his pocket.

EXT. THE HILL

LaBrava, carrying the typewriter, suitcase and camera, gets to the top. Below, several cars, sirens blaring, drive into view.

EXT. DELAROBIA - NIGHT

The van is parked in the driveway.

INT. LABRAVA'S STUDIO

LaBrava locks the typewriter and his camera into a cabinet.

INT. ZOLA'S LIVING ROOM

LaBrava, Zola and Jennie. LaBrava has a drink.

ZOLA

So Torrez says it looks like they had an argument over the split - the Cuban shoots the cowboy - the cowboy puts one in the Cuban.

JENNIE

And Joe - the money's all there.

LABRAVA

Isn't that remarkable.

ZOLA

Torrez asked where you were. I told him you were out on a shoot.

LABRAVA

That's right. That's where I was. You look a lot better, Maury.

ZOLA

Should we tell him?

128

JENNIE

Why not?

ZOLA

We been discussin' the pros an' cons of livin' alone an' we both decided there weren't too many pros. People need to take care of each other, am I right?

LABRAVA

No question about it.

ZOLA

We're talkin' marriage. Look at him. Did I tell ya he'd be amazed? I do the cookin', she does the heavy liftin'. Whaddaya think?

LABRAVA

I think it's a match made in heaven.

JENNIE

Maury wants you to be his best man.

LABRAVA

I'd be honored.

ZOLA

Ever tell you about this prison wedding I made some pictures of in forty-three, I think. Death row. Day before the electrocution. An' the bride wants a photo of the groom wavin' to her from the chair. Tell ya' - it choked me right up - so I ask the warden...

LaBrava closes the door.

INT. FRANNIE'S APARTMENT

Frannie, in a robe, answers her door. LaBrava holds out her keys.

FRANNIE

Jesus. I was worried. Come in here.

She puts the keys down and moves back to the bedroom. He follows.

129

LABRAVA

What were you worried about?

FRANNIE

I was worried I'd never see you again or you'd come back all full of holes.

LABRAVA

No. It's all over. I'm holeless.

She moves to him and starts unbuttoning his shirt.

LABRAVA

What are you doing?

FRANNIE

Taking this off so I can see for myself. Oh - nice. Listen, LaBrava, you know that guy I was tellin' you about?

LABRAVA

The one back in New York.

FRANNIE

Yeah. I made him up.

LABRAVA

So there's no reason to take those pictures.

FRANNIE

Sure there is. Look.

She drops her robe and sits on the bed.

FRANNIE

Makes you want to get your camera, doesn't it?

LABRAVA

After a while.

And he moves in on her.

EXT. DELAROBBIAS - DAY

The Delarobbias ladies are all dressed up, standing, chattering, waiting on the porch as Zola, dressed to the nines, accompanied by Jennie, come out on the porch, arm in arm, and stop.

130

LaBrava stands below, by Zola's car, his camera in hand. Frannie stands with him. Frannie runs up to the porch and touches up Jennie's hair, then runs back. LaBrava raises his camera.

THE END

SERIES OF LABRAVA PHOTOS OF ZOLA'S WEDDING UNDER END CREDITS.

