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MIAMI VICE

"BY HOOKER BY CROOK"

Story by

Dick Wolf

Teleplay by

John Schulian

Prod. #62026

MIAMI VICE
BY HOOKER BY CROOK

SCRIPT REVISION HISTORY

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DATE

2/03/87

COLOR

PINK

WRITER (S)

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#62026

1/29/87

MIAMI VICE

BY HOOKER BY CROOK

CAST

CROCKETT
TUBBS
CASTILLO
SWITEK
GINA
TRUDY
IZZY

CHRISTINE VON MARBURG
LEE
MARLEY
ALI
KINGMAN DRAPER
NABU

SYMINGTON
PHONE SEX GIRL #1
PHONE SEX GIRL #2
KENNETH TOGARU
BETSY CARTER
MILTON NORMAN (FORMERLY
LES MICHAEL)

SUSU

SECRETARY

NEWSCASTER
NARVEL HICKEY

INTERIORS

HOTEL HALLWAY
SUITE
OCB
COMPUTER ROOM
SIDE ROOM

TESTAROSSA
ALI'S APT.

IZZY'S PHOTO STUDIO

RESTAURANT
CHRISTINE'S CONDO
HALLWAY
BEDROOM
BALCONY
CUBAN COFFEE SHOP
BUG VAN

OFFICE BUILD.
LOBBY
CAPRICE'S OFC.
HALLWAY
CVM ENTERPRISES
TOGARU'S HOME

SETS

EXTERIORS

"NEVER SAY NEVER" YACHT

TUBBS' CADILLAC
CHRISTINE'S MERCEDES
TESTAROSSA (X)
IZZY'S PHOTO STUDIO
SYMINGTON'S HIGHRISE (X)
SYM.HALLWAY (X)
ST. VITUS
TESTAROSSA
BUG VAN

CHRISTINE'S CONDO
BALCONY
ALI'S APT. BLDG.
OFFICE BLDG.
TOGARU'S HOME

VEHICLES
TESTAROSSA

N.D. SEDANS
BUG VAN
CABS
ST. VITUS
SQUAD CARS
MERCEDES
LIMO

SETS (CONT'D)

INTERIORS: (CONT'D)

METRO-DADE INTERROGATION RM.

VEHICLES (CONT'D)

MERCEDES 300SE

"NEVER SAY NEVER" YACHT

MIAMI VICE
BY HOOKER BY CROOK

TEASER

FADE IN

1 EXT. "NEVER SAY NEVER" YACHT - NIGHT

1 (X)

Gracing the deck of this floating Xanadu are the prize orchids of Miami society. They have come to sip champagne, rub the appropriate elbows, and let one another know that they thought nothing of paying \$1,000 each to aid the city's hungry and homeless. With that in mind, we may wonder why Crockett is part of this charitable throng, but no such question will ever cross our minds about the woman he's chatting up. Her name is Christine von Marburg, and at 32, she looks lovely, thinks precisely and radiates class.

CHRISTINE
(over a glass of
champagne)
More sociologists should come to
these charity bashes.

CROCKETT
Reverse slumming?

CHRISTINE
For the sake of enlightenment.
(studying the
crowd)
I mean, isn't this tribal?
Everybody trying not to step on the
wrong toes in a mating dance for the
overprivileged.

CROCKETT
You just here to watch?

CHRISTINE
And make a few business contacts,
too...but really I am a bit of a
voyeur...What about you, Mr.
Burnett? Any confessions to make?

2 ANGLE TUBBS

2

leaning against the ship's railing watching the world go by, but actually focused on Charles Symington, a respectable banker who's been doing business with some highly suspect pharmaceutical merchants.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED

2

Symington is exceedingly easy to keep track of because of the girl with him, an exquisite 20 year-old model named Ali.

CROCKETT (V.O.)

My partner and I are just here to size up the situation...and if something happens to come our way...

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

Does that something have to do strictly with business?

3 RESUME CROCKETT AND CHRISTINE

3

CROCKETT

(smiling)

Absolutely not.

(beat)

In fact...

Before he can put on a serious full-court press, Tubbs is tugging at his elbow.

TUBBS

The gentleman we wanted to see is heading back to his apartment.

CROCKETT

(his first frown
of the night)

Won't wait, huh?

Tubbs shakes his head.

CROCKETT (cont'd)

Uh, Christine von Marburg, this is Ricardo Cooper, who promises to improve his timing.

Tubbs gives her an elegant little bow as Ali guides the easily-led Symington past the three of them.

TUBBS

(to Christine)

I'm sorry, but money don't get made lyin' in the shade.

CROCKETT

(to Christine,
jerking his head
toward Tubbs)

My conscience.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED

3

Tubbs is already on the move.

CROCKETT (cont'd)
I'm sorry. I guess this really is
urgent.

(as he begins to
follow Tubbs)
I'll call you sometime.

CHRISTINE
I'm not listed.

CROCKETT
(farther away)
Don't worry about it.

Off Christine's curious smile --

CUT TO

4 OMITTED

4

4A EXT. SYMINGTON'S HIGHRISE - NIGHT

(X)
4A (X)

A limo pulls up with the sort of ease and grace that the building itself exudes. When a doorman materializes to open a rear door, out glide Symington and Ali. As they hurry inside, pulled along by the magnets of lust, Tubbs deposits his Cadillac just up from the building, and he and Crockett begin what looks like it will be a long night's wait. The lovers don't even notice.

CUT TO

5
thru
5A OMITTED5
thru
5A
(X)
5A1 (X)

5A1 INT. SYMINGTON'S HIGH RISE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Symington is trying to open the door to his suite while Ali, champagne bottle in hand, waltzes down the hallway high as a kite. She's taking off her clothes as she goes -- a shoe here, a wrap there.

SYMINGTON
(whispering
loudly)
Ali! Not out here! Come on!

Finally, he gets the door open as we --

CUT TO

5B OMITTED

5B

5C INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

(X)
5C

Ali sees Symington disappear and wonders if the champagne is playing tricks on her eyesight. Then a massive thug named Marley lurches out the door and spots her. Ali realizes instantly that he's no apparition, turns and springs for the elevator. Marley gives chase.

MARLEY

Hey, come here, sweet biscuits!

Ali, wide-eyed with fear, jumps in the elevator and the door closes just before Marley can grab her. He makes a pouty face, then shrugs and trudges back to Symington's suite.

CUT TO

(OMITTED 5D)

5D EXT. HOTEL BALCONY - NIGHT

5D

Marley's partner, the gigantic Lee, has terrorized Symington so badly that he's almost sober by the time Marley returns.

SYMINGTON

I don't understand...I just wish
you'd tell me what this is about...

MARLEY.

(to Lee)

Got away.

LEE

(shrugging)

Well, this is the guy we come for,
ain't it?

He grabs Symington under the armpit and lifts him off the ground. Marley grabs a leg.

CONTINUED

5D CONTINUED

5D

SYMINGTON
(hysterical)
Put me down, you apes.

Lee and Marley look at each other, shrug, then nod.

LEE
Okay.

He and Marley pitch Symington over the railing and out
into space.

CUT TO

6 EXT. TUBBS CADILLAC - NIGHT

6

There's a scream. And then we see a man plummeting from Symington's apartment building, the wind stuffing his scream back down his throat as he does a full gainer with a twist from ten stories up.

CROCKETT

(X)

Good distance, lousy form.

(X)

He lands with a splat a half-dozen paces from the car. Crockett and Tubbs jump out of it as if their bikini briefs had been hot-wired.

TUBBS

Symington?

CROCKETT

It ain't the bluebird of happiness.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

7 INT. OCB - DAY 7

Crockett and Tubbs are trying to sort out the pieces of the puzzle with Castillo and Switek.

SWITEK

He had an MBA from Harvard.

(X)

CROCKETT

It would have done him more good if he'd used it for a parachute.

(X)

TUBBS

He musta had some very unhappy customers.

SWITEK

I always thought guys in his line of work got revenge by cheating at golf.

CROCKETT

Whoever gave him the flying lesson wasn't a country clubber.

(beat)

I'm guessing he was laundering money for some new player and got sticky fingers.

(X)

(X)

(X)

CASTILLO

The girl...

CROCKETT

Gonzo...didn't even come down to check the poor goof's pulse...

CASTILLO

You don't have any other suspects.

TUBBS

Only way she coulda killed him was in bed.

Castillo shoots him a look.

CROCKETT

Tubbs and me'll talk to the society broad who threw the party. Maybe she'll know about the girl.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED

7

CASTILLO
Somebody better.

Off his all-business stare --

CUT TO

8 INT. ALI'S APARTMENT - DAY

8

The basic beauty we saw at the party remains, but the fine touches that highlighted it are gone. Now Ali is frantic with fear as she wordlessly hustles around her art deco one-bedroom, throwing clothes in an overnight bag and praying there won't be a knock on the door. Lying on her bed is a copy of the morning paper with a front-page headline blaring, "Financial Whiz Dies in 10-Story Plunge." Ali zips her bag and takes one last look around the room. A teddy bear and a book on how to beat the stock market stare back at her. She grabs them, tucks them under her arm and, with bag in hand, hurries out the door -- gone for who knows where.

CUT TO

9
thru
11

OMITTED

9
thru
11
(X)

11A INT. TOGARU'S HOME - DAY

11A

Lee and Marley are looking far less menacing than they did while proving that Symington couldn't fly.

The reason they're on the defensive is Kenneth Togaru, a cerebral Japanese businessman with a yen to score quickly in the Miami drug trade. While a treacherous-looking houseboy named Nabu serves him sushi --

TOGARU
(incredulous)
You let her get away?

MARLEY
She runs kinda fast...

(X)

TOGARU
Now his death looks like what it was -- a murder. And Ali's still wandering around out there with a tale to tell...

(X)

LEE
So? I thought you hired her...

(X)

TOGARU
(exploding)
Idiots! Both of you! Are you so used to jail that you think of it as some sort of vacation?
(a beat as calm returns)
If the police get her, she's going to identify you... and if the police arrest you...

LEE
We ain't that way, Mr. Togaru.

CONTINUED

11A CONTINUED

11A

TOGARU
Why not spare us all the anxiety of
waiting to find out?
(beat; coldly)
Kill her.

CUT TO

12 OMITTED

12

12A EXT. "NEVER SAY NEVER" YACHT - ESTABLISHING - DAY

(X)
12A (X)

CUT TO

13 OMITTED

13

13A EXT. "NEVER SAY NEVER" YACHT - DAY

(X)
13A (X)

Fluttering nervously in front of Crockett and Tubbs is
Betsy Carter, the 30ish wife of financier Grayson Carter
and the embodiment of female preppiehood.

BETSY
Honestly, I couldn't have been more
surprised. Murder? Not
Charles...not in our circle of
friends. We're the type of people
who get robbed --
(affecting a
thuggish growl)
Gimme your money, sign over your
municipal bonds...
(voice back to
normal)
But murder...murder is just
so...lower class...
(a beat as she
sees her
visitor's eyes
rolling back in
their heads)
Forgive me, I'm such a princess.

CROCKETT
If you'll just answer a couple more
questions, we'll let you mourn
privately.

CONTINUED

13A CONTINUED

13A

BETSY
(reaching out to
squeeze his hand)
You're very kind.

CROCKETT
The girl who was with Mr. Symington
-- do you know her name?

BETSY
Sure...Ali -- ravishing, but
definitely not a murderess.

TUBBS
We're not accusing her of anything.
We just want to talk to her.

CROCKETT
Maybe you have a phone number, an
address...even a last name.

BETSY
No...I'm afraid not...

TUBBS
She ever say where she works?

BETSY
(decisively)
She's a model -- that much I can
tell you. In fact, she was very
excited about some pictures she'd
just had taken for her portfolio.
Kind of racey from the way they
sounded, but girls who look the way
she does...

CROCKETT
Any idea what modeling agency she's
with?

BETSY
(embarrassed)
No...no, but I do have the
photographer's name...
(rummaging through
her purse)
His card's in here somewhere...I
thought he might take a picture of
me, actually...something I could
give my husband for a gift...you do
understand, don't you?
(MORE)

CONTINUED

13A CONTINUED (2)

13A

BETSY (Cont'd)
(pulling out the
card)

Here it is...Mr. DeLa Moreno...a
strange name, isn't it? It sounds
Hispanic, but apparently the man
insists he's French.

As Crockett and Tubbs trade here-we-go-again looks --

CUT TO

14 EXT. IZZY'S PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

14

The studio and the neighborhood surrounding it are as
questionable as Mr. DeLa Moreno's ancestry. When Crockett
and Tubbs pull up in the Testarossa, their eyes immediately
lock on --

15 A SIGN IN A CURTAINED-SHROUDED WINDOW - CU

15

It's been hand-lettered to say: BOUDIOR PHOTOGRAPHY --
Intimate Moments Captured Tastily by I. DeLa Moreno of
Paris, Rome, New York, Miami and San Juan.

(X)

CROCKETT (V.O.)
(after a weary
groan)

The only way he could get to Paris
is if he was extradited.

(X)

(X)

16 RESUME CROCKETT AND TUBBS

16

as they climb out of the car, walk to the studio's door and
find that it's locked. Their only option is to ring a bell
that rattles cheaply.

TUBBS
Reminds me of my first massage-
parlor bust.

CROCKETT
You look on his resume, Izzy was
probably running the joint.

No sooner is out favorite snitch's name mentioned then the
peephole in the door pops open -- and we know that the
bespectacled eye peering through it belongs to Izzy
himself.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED

16

IZZY
(from the other
side of the door)
Go away, huh? I don't take pictures
for post-office walls.

CROCKETT
C'mon, c'mon, open up...

IZZY
You got no right, you know that?
You are defecating the First
Amendment.

CROCKETT
Open up or I'm gonna drag you
through that peephole.

IZZY
Okay, okay -- trample all over my
invisible rights.

A succession of bolts and latches are opened, and as Izzy
swings the portals wide --

CUT TO

17 INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

17

There's a great flurry of activity behind Izzy, who is
wearing a beret, an artist's smock and apparently nothing
beneath it.

When Crockett and Tubbs walk in, a very blonde, very buxom
and very bare nymphet rises from her reclining position on
a sofa, grabs a few pieces of clothing to hold in front of
her and bolts for a back room, screaming at Izzy all the
way.

IZZY
(anguished)
Dorinda! Baby!
(to Crockett and
Tubbs)
I should have you two arrested for
disturbing my peace!

CROCKETT
What are you doing with these woman,
Iz? Taking it out in trade?

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED

17

IZZY

(proudly drawing
himself together)

Have some respect, Crockett. A true
artist does whatever's necessary to
attain attitudinal pomposity. For
myself, that includes the arousal of
certain photogenic voluptuaries.

CROCKETT

Enough mysto-babble, you Hispanic
Hugh Hefner.

TUBBS

Ever photograph a model named Ali?
Brunette...lotsa hair, lotsa
inseam...

IZZY

My lips are seals. I'm like a
lawyer...a priest...When I'm
immoralizing these woman, it's like
I took sacred vowels.

CROCKETT

(smiling sweetly)

Just like a monk - only difference
is, the monastery you're going back
to doesn't believe in poverty or
chastity.

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

IZZY

(pretending not to
hear him)

But, you know, cops and priests,
they have a simulated effect on me.
I see them and I want to make
confession.

CROCKETT

You're getting warm.

Izzy rushes to a desk and burrows into a mountain of
pictures, papers, and discarded film boxes.

IZZY

I'm sizzling, mon ami.
(pulling out a
handful of
8x10's)

You want Ali, you got her.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED (2)

17

TUBBS
(taking the photos
so he and
Crockett can
admire them)
Great posture.

CROCKETT
She got a last name or did that come
off with her clothes?

IZZY
Ali Ferrand...1207 Portofino
6A...Now leave so I can try to
recover my artistic velcro, all
right?

CROCKETT
Don't put your thumb in front of the
lense, pal.

As he and Tubbs exit, Izzy scurries toward Dorinda's hiding
place.

IZZY
Baby? You can come out now. I
think I convinced the gentleman to
put you in Playboy.

CUT TO

18 INT. ALI'S APARTMENT - DAY

18

Crockett and Tubbs are staring at nothing but nothing.

CROCKETT
(holding up Ali's
newspaper)
At least we know she could pass a
current events test.

TUBBS
How far you think that scared her?
Across town? Out of town?

CROCKETT
I hope scared is all she is.

Off his concern --

CUT TO

19 EXT. ST. VITUS - SUNSET

19

Crockett has telephone in hand as he lounges on the deck.
His mood seems vastly improved.

CROCKETT

Yeah, I am persistent...Sorry, how I
got your number's a trade secret...
Tell you what, we can talk about it
over dinner. You know Emilio's?

(laughing)

What does "too well" mean?

CUT TO

20 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

20

There's still some wine to sip -- and a lot for Crockett
and Christine to find out about each other.

CHRISTINE

The reason I said "too well" was
because this is where I broke up
with my last -- what? -- significant
other?

CROCKETT

How long was he significant?

CHRISTINE

About a year...but I should have
moved out after a week...

CROCKETT

Why's that?

CHRISTINE

(gently)

Uh-uh...My turn to ask questions.

(off Crockett's

amused look)

What do you do that gives you access
to unlisted phone numbers? Mine,
for instance.

CROCKETT

Little of this, little of that...

CHRISTINE

Jewel thief? Traveling evangelist?
Gigolo?

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED

20

CROCKETT
(enjoying the
game)
None of the above.
(beat)
What's your line?

CHRISTINE
I have a company called CVM
Enterprises...It's existence makes
me an entrepreneur.

CROCKETT
Meaning?

CHRISTINE
I do a little of this...

CROCKETT
(laughing)
And a little of that.
(tossing his
napkin on the
table)
Why don't we leave before someone
puts us on a lie detector?

Off the warm glow between them --

CUT TO

21 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CHRISTINE'S CONDO - NIGHT

21

Christine has her key in the door as she turns to face
Crockett.

CHRISTINE
It was a lovely evening, Sonny.
Thank you.

CROCKETT
(surprised)
I guess this means it's over.

(X)

CHRISTINE
(softly)
For now.

(X)

CROCKETT
Can I try again tomorrow night?

CHRISTINE
I'd be disappointed if you didn't.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

21

She gives him an angel-soft kiss on the lips, then turns and hurries through her door. As Crockett, looking both bewitched and bothered, slowly walks away --

CUT TO

22 INT. CHRISTINE'S CONDO - NIGHT

22

She closes the door and flips on the light in the entryway. She's obviously as smitten as Crockett. Trancelike, she makes her way to the living room, turns on another light and sits down in an easy chair to think about the new man in her life. She kicks off her shoes and gazes out her window at the city's twinkling lights. Her mind is a million miles away when --

FEMALE VOICE

(haltingly)

Christine?

Christine, startled, turns to see --

23 ALI

23

standing in the bedroom doorway, looking like she's about to come unglued.

CHRISTINE

Ali? What are you doing here?

ALI

You always said you'd help...

Christine gets up and walks toward her.

ALI

Chuckie...they killed him...that poor, dumb...

CHRISTINE

(taken aback)

What?

(X)

(X)

ALI

I ran away...

(X)

CHRISTINE

It's all right, it's all right.

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

23

CONTINUED

23

ALI
(fighting back
tears)

I'm so scared.

(X)

At last the tears come pouring out, great gushers of them.
As she helplessly falls into Christine's comforting embrace
--

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

24 INT. CUBAN COFFEE SHOP - DAY

24

Crockett's confiding in Tubbs.

CROCKETT

Some day she's gonna have to find
out that I'm not Burnett.

TUBBS

It matter that much?

CROCKETT

I hope not.

(beat)

Every time the light hits her in a
different way, I see something new
about her. She's read Shakespeare
and she likes post-Impressionist art
or whatever the hell it is. But
last night we're at dinner and she
asks me what I think about Buddy
Holly.

TUBBS

(raising a brow)

As a singer or a totem figure?

CROCKETT

Suck eggs, pal.

TUBBS

(turning serious)

Look, Sonny, you don't even know
what she does for a living.

CROCKETT

Makes mucho dinero, I can tell you
that.

TUBBS

Fine...Wonderful...But what's Ms.
Got Bucks gonna say when you tell
her you're a cop? She gonna care
that her investments make more in a
quarter than you do in a year?

A beat --

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED

24

CROCKETT

No...I don't think she'll mind a
damn bit.

Off his earnest expression --

CUT TO

25 INT. OCB - DAY

25

Crockett and Tubbs are painting a bleak picture for
Castillo, Gina and Switek.

CROCKETT

So far we've got zip.

(X)

CASTILLO

Gina, Trudy -- dig up everything you
can on....

TUBBS

Ali Ferrand...F-E-R-R-A-N-D...She's
a model.

GINA

Is that Ali as in Muhammad Ali?

TUBBS

What else?

TRUDY

I like her already.

CASTILLO

(to Crockett)

Nobody had seen Symington with her
before...She may be a working girl.

(X)

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

25

As Castillo gathers his papers and walks back into his office --

CUT TO

26 OMITTED

26

26A EXT. IZZY'S PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

26A (X)

The front door opens and up the stairs comes Izzy, struggling mightily to keep his beret in place while wrestling with an armload of camera equipment. When he finally gets the door closed and locked, Lee and Marley waylay him.

LEE

(grabbing one of
Izzy's arms)

You can't leave. We just got here.

As Lee walks Izzy backward toward the door and Izzy does a juggling act with his gear --

IZZY

Hey! Hey!

(off their scowls)

Gentlemen, please...careful with the merchandise...

LEE

Shut up and get back inside,
pipsqueak.

IZZY

(sensing their
seriousness)

Have it your way. Just let me
levitate my procurements, huh?

CUT TO

27 INT. IZZY'S PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

27

Izzy is trying to reason with two unexpected guests, Lee and Marley.

IZZY

(to Lee)

Understand my situated, man. I'm a
boudoir photographer. Boudoir
that's like a bedroom with
Turbochargers.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED

27

IZZY (Cont'd)

I took the imperative and invested
in the long, lacey curtains and beds
with tents over 'em, that's within
your peripheral eyelines. (MORE)

(X)

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED

27

IZZY (Cont'd)
(as his guests
survey the
premises)

But the most important thing in a
boudoir is, of course, the booty --
a woman...A woman who wants to take
her clothes off, you know?...A woman
who wants an artist to rapture the
moment...

LEE

Ali Ferrand.

IZZY

Sorry, that ain't the woman.

28 ANGLE MARLEY

28

unscrewing the lense from one of Izzy's cameras and
flipping it in the air as if it were a baseball.

IZZY (V.O.)

You wanna put that down?

(beat)

Please?

MARLEY

Sure.

And he hurls the lense to the floor, shattering it.

29 RESUME IZZY

29

who's in shock.

IZZY

I thought we were gonna have a
meaningful diabolical.

He starts toward Marley only to be grabbed from behind by
Lee, who lifts him off the ground --

IZZY

(over his shoulder
to Lee)

Hey, hey...I ain't no reluctant
witness, okay?

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED

29

MARLEY
(tossing a camera
up and down)
Easy for you to say.

LEE
(sweetly)
Ali Ferrand.

IZZY
Yeah, sure...I got her address in my
desk...You want me to, I could drive
you over to her place...

29A EXT. TESTAROSSA - DAY (STOCK)

29A (X)

The phone is ringing.

CROCKETT (V.O.)
Yeah?
(face hardening)
Right away.
(hanging up,
glancing at
Tubbs)
Guess who had company?

CUT TO

30
thru OMITTED
31

30
thru
31
(X)
32

32 INT. IZZY'S PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

Izzy looks like he wishes he hadn't called the cops.

IZZY
(pacing)
What reward I get for telling you
that Godzilla and Rodan came in and
immortalized me?

CROCKETT
Ever see 'em before?

IZZY
(pride hurt)
How may times I gotta tell you? I
photograph beautiful women, not
meatballs.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED

32

CROCKETT
Then how'd they know about you?

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED (2)

32

Izzy starts to say something, but Crockett grabs him by the smock.

CROCKETT

The truth.

IZZY

(pulling away;
straightening
smock)

She's a hooker.

CROCKETT

(irritated)

Why didn't you say that in the first place?

IZZY

(innocently)

You didn't ask.

CROCKETT

Picky-picky, Iz...How about I play games with your parole officer? Then you'll get to go play hide the soap!

IZZY

Oh, man...A small oversight and you'd defoliate my freedom?

CROCKETT

You got it...

(off Izzy's
pained
expression)

Does Ali freelance?

IZZY

An escort service...Caprice...

(puffing up with
pride)

A lot of the girls come to me for their pictures.

CROCKETT

From now on, you're sending copies to Vice, pal.

IZZY

(trying to regain
favor)

Maybe I could have the girls deliver 'em.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED (3)

32

But Crockett isn't listening. He's spotted a phone, and as he picks it up and dials it --

IZZY

I ain't joking, Crockett...You won't even have to tip 'em...Listen to me, man. They'll tip you...

CROCKETT

(into phone)
Stanley?

CUT TO

33
thru
34

OMITTED

33
thru
34
(X)
34A

34A INT. BUG VAN - DAY - INTERCUT

Switek looks inconvenienced by the phone call that is keeping him from his new hobby, magic.

SWITEK

Caught me in the middle of a trick.

CROCKETT

Make it disappear, Houdini. You gotta have Gina and Trudy check out the Caprice Escort Service...

SWITEK

(distracted;
still focused on
trick)

Uh-huh...

CROCKETT

And you...Keep a eye on Ali Ferrand's apartment...She's tall, brunette, looks like she could turn your bread to toast...

SWITEK

She ain't never coming back.

CROCKETT

Don't start thinking now, Stanley. I want you there to greet her instead of some damn gorillas...

SWITEK

All right...

Off his displeasure --

CUT TO

35
thru
35A

OMITTED

35
thru
35A
(X)
35B (X)

35B INT. CHRISTINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Christine is searching for the nicest way possible to tell Ali that this isn't a halfway house.

CHRISTINE

(hesitantly)

Look...I'm not trying to throw you out in the street...

ALI

Don't worry, I'll leave.

CHRISTINE

(sitting beside
her on the sofa)

It's just that I need some...I don't know...some privacy...

ALI

(smiling, nodding)

I was afraid you were going to walk in with him last night. I didn't know which bedroom to hide in.

CHRISTINE

(laughing)

Sorry...

ALI

Is it serious?

CHRISTINE

I think so...

(more certain)

Yeah...yeah, it is...

ALI

Maybe you can keep me up to date...if you accept collect calls...

(off Christine's
look)

I think I'd be better off getting out of town.

CHRISTINE

You're sure?

ALI

Yeah...

CONTINUED

35B CONTINUED

35B

CHRISTINE

Well, you can always come back here.

ALI

If I do, I'll give you plenty of
warning.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED (2) 35
Off their laughter --

CUT TO

36 EXT. BUG VAN - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING) 36
Switek is staked out just up the street from Ali's apartment building.

CUT TO

37 OMITTED 37

37A INT. BUG VAN - NIGHT 37A
Switek is perfecting another magic trick when he looks up and sees --

37B A CAB (SWITEK'S P.O.V.) 37B
stopping in front of the apartment. From it steps a leggy blonde, definitely the type who looks to be an attention-getter. But it can't be Ali.

37B1 RESUME SWITEK 37B1 (X)
Who shrugs and goes back to his magic trick. (X)

CUT TO

37C OMITTED 37C

37D INT. ALI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 37D (X)
She steps inside and there, framed against the window, is the humongous figure of Lee, with his arms folded across his chest.

LEE

I feel like a father whose daughter
just came home from a big date.

CONTINUED

37D CONTINUED

37D

As Ali gasps, the light comes on and the door swings closed behind her, pushed by the ominous Marley. Ali turns as --

MARLEY

Yeah, right...

CUT TO

38
thru OMITTED
3938
thru
39

40 EXT. BALCONY OF CHRISTINE'S CONDO - NIGHT

40

Crockett and Christine are engaged in verbal foreplay.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

I was telling a friend about you today...

CROCKETT (V.O.)

Did you describe the noise my head made when I ran into the Berlin wall?

CHRISTINE

(puzzled)

The Berlin Wall?

CROCKETT

(smiling
crookedly)

Yeah, your front door.

CHRISTINE

Was I that hard on you?

CROCKETT

Just painfully refreshing.

CHRISTINE

Oh-oh, someone's not happy.

CROCKETT

I'm happy...I could just be happier...

CHRISTINE

How can I help?

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED

40

CROCKETT
(off Crockett's
shrug)
You don't have something specific
in mind?

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

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED (2)

40

CROCKETT

If pressed, I could probably come
up with something.

(X)

(X)

(X)

A lusty smile passes between them. Then they drift toward
the bedroom as we --

(X)

(X)

CUT TO

41
thru
45

OMITTED

41
thru
45

45A INT. ALI'S APARTMENT

45A

A large hand removes Ali's blonde wig.

CUT TO

46 INT. CHRISTINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

46

Crockett and Christine are dissheveled, but still clothed.
She looks like she's trying to solve that problem by
straddling him and unbuttoning his shirt.

CUT TO

47 INT. ALI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

47

Ali has been gagged and her hands are tied behind her.
She's being held on the bed by Marley as Lee methodically
pulls on a pair of surgical gloves. Her wide eyes are a
silent scream.

CUT TO

48 INT. CHRISTINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

48

Crockett and Christine are under the sheets -- designer
sheets, to be exact -- and they are joyously flailing away.

CUT TO

49 INT. ALI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

49

Ali is flailing away, too -- kicking, struggling, making
terrible choking sounds under her gag.

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED

49

But Lee simply chokes her a little harder.

CUT TO

50 INT. CHRISTINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

50

The exhausted lovers lie side by side, limp with contentment.

CUT TO

51 INT. ALI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

51

Ali is finished fighting forever. As Lee dumps her limp body on the floor --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

52 OMITTED

52

52A EXT. ALI'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

52A

Two squad cars and an assortment of unmarked cars, their lights flickering eerily, are parked at odd angles. Two men from the coroner's office are loading a body, undoubtedly Ali's, into the back of their wagon as Castillo hones in on Switek.

CASTILLO
(staring a hole in
Switek)
An explanation, detective.

SWITEK
If I'd been closer, maybe I woulda
recognized her...But you don't do a
stakeout on someone's front porch,
do you?

Crockett and Tubbs come up to Castillo. Crockett takes his elbow and leads him off as Switek drifts away.

CROCKETT
Marty, come on...He didn't know
she'd wear a wig...

TUBBS
It was a guess she'd come back at
all.

CASTILLO
(to Crockett)
The killers didn't wear wigs, but
they got past him, too.

CROCKETT
Security's a rumor in this place.
You could sneak in a 727, and there
are a million places you could do
it.

As they continue to walk and talk, Trudy comes up to them.

CONTINUED

52A CONTINUED

52A

TRUDY

I talked to the neighbors. A couple girls about Ali's age said she wasn't tricking out of her apartment...They looked like they knew what they were talking about.

(X)

CROCKETT

Me and Tubbs'll pay Caprice a visit. They'll know where she played...

(X)

(X)

Off Castillo's somber mien --

(X)

CUT TO

53 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

53

Crockett and Tubbs are walking through the front doors of this glass-and-steel showplace.

CUT TO

54 INT. OFFICE BUILDING'S LOBBY - DAY

54

Crockett's studying the office directory while Tubbs is sizing the place up.

TUBBS

(approvingly)

Nice digs.

(X)

55 OFFICE DIRECTORY - CU

55

Two names jump out at us are: CAPRICE 316
CVM ENTERPRISES 927

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED

55

CROCKETT (V.O.)
(distractedly)
Hey, Christine's office is here...

56 RESUME CROCKETT AND TUBBS

56

as they move toward the elevators.

TUBBS
She know who her neighbors are?

(X)
(X)

CUT TO

57 OMITTED

57

57A INT. CAPRICE'S OFFICE - DAY

57A

What we see first is fingernails being buffed. Then we see the nail-buffer's mouth and hear --

PHONE SEX GIRL #1
Is your doggy collar on
tight?...Don't lie to me. Mistress
Monique punishes liars...Very well
then, put your face in that bowl of
kibble. Do you hear me? Right now!

Moving right along, we see another mouth at work, this one
belonging to --

PHONE SEX GIRL #2
Sure I love talking hot and
nasty...Just give me your credit-
card number first, dear...

As the camera pulls back, we see there are two more phone
sex girls in the room, doing whatever members of the
species do during their down time. At the head of the
class is a salty office manager named Susu, and she's
working the phone, too.

CONTINUED

57A CONTINUED

57A

SUSU

If you want an escort, let me have your name and phone number and I'll call you right back...Fauntleroy? Is that your first name or your last, hon?...No, no, I need your name...

She looks up as Crockett and Tubbs stroll in.

SUSU

Look, someone just walked in. Call back when you want to tell me the truth, or when Fauntleroy gets its own listing, okay?
(hanging up)
Sorry fellas, no walk-ins...strictly outcall...

Crockett pulls his badge, and with a big smile --

CROCKETT

(sweetly)

How 'bout making an exception?

Susu looks at him and smiles back, a sarcastic lilt in her voice. Both sides know exactly what this is about.

SUSU

For the police? Anything being a completely legitimate small business we just love cooperating with the man.

CROCKETT

Well, I hope this doesn't spoil the honeymoon but we're here about a murder...one of your girls got herself killed last night...Ali Ferrand...

SUSU

(softly; shaking
her head; upset)

She was always screwing something up...

TUBBS

How 'bout a list of her somethings on her dance card in the last week or so?

SUSU

Sorry...

CONTINUED

57A CONTINUED (2)

57A

CROCKETT

Better watch out...we don't want to
go from the honeymoon to divorce
court...

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

CONTINUED

57A CONTINUED (3)

57A

SUSU

Give me a break -- It's in the
computer somewhere.

CROCKETT

I hope you're computer friendly.

SUSU

(shaking her head)

I'm just friendly.

CROCKETT

Can your boss do any better?

SUSU

I can't say.

CROCKETT

Who is your boss?

SUSU

I can't say that, either.

CROCKETT

(angry)

Then do him a favor, honey. Tell
him he comes through with what we
need or I'm going to pretend he's a
garbage dump and I'm a grizzly
bear.

As soon as Crockett and Tubbs thunder out the door, Susu
grabs the phone and starts dialing.

CUT TO

58 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CAPRICE'S OFFICE - DAY

58

Crockett's standing there steaming as Tubbs closes the door
behind them.

TUBBS

Where next?

CROCKETT

(anger
diminishing)

No way to go but up.

CUT TO

(X)

59 INT. CVM ENTERPRISES - DAY

59

A secretary in a surprisingly large, obviously thriving office looks up to see Crockett and Tubbs coming through double glass doors that those of us who are able to read backwards can see say, "CVM ENTERPRISES." Crockett strides to the secretary's desk, obviously pumped up by the thought of seeing his latest heart of hearts.

CROCKETT
Christine Von Marburg in?

SECRETARY
Do you have an appointment?

CROCKETT
Just tell her Sonny's here.

Before the secretary can get her back up, Crockett sees Christine hurrying out of one of a series of executive offices. She looks far worse than he felt just moments ago -- pale, shaken, maybe even teary-eyed. That makes Crockett's unexpected presence all the more disconcerting.

CHRISTINE
Sonny?

CROCKETT
(to the secretary)
That was quick.
(taking a closer
look at
Christine)
Are you all right?

CHRISTINE
(self-conscious)
Sure...sure...just some upsetting
news...about some land we wanted to
buy...to, you know, build condos...
(shrugging,
smiling weakly)
Looks like the competition outbid
us...

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED

59

Crockett looks at her oddly, but --

TUBBS

What kinda fools would sell to your competition? Don't they know you're Businesswoman of the Year?

CROCKETT

(surprised,
delighted)

What?

TUBBS

Read the morning paper, man.

CHRISTINE

The Chamber of Commerce is easily swayed.

TUBBS

Congratulations anyway.

Off Christine's grateful look --

CROCKETT

(taking her hand,
leading her
away)

Let me make up for my ignorance.
I'll take you to dinner.

CHRISTINE

It's not a good night...I've got a lot to do...

CROCKETT

(teasing)

This a brushoff?

CHRISTINE

Nothing like that.

CROCKETT

Good. Then I'll be by about 8 with a pizza and a bottle of champagne.

CHRISTINE

Just make sure the pizza doesn't have anchovies.

Off her loving resignation --

CUT TO

60 INT. CHRISTINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

60

The pizza is memory. Apparently the first wave of passion has passed, too. Now Christine is drawing figure 8s with her finger on Crockett's bare back as the two of them lie in bed.

CHRISTINE

All I know about you is that you drive a Testarossa and live on a boat. I don't even know where your office is.

(X)

CROCKETT

(drowsy)

Me and Cooper move too fast to have one.

CHRISTINE

What if I want to send you something for your birthday?

CROCKETT

You don't know when my birthday is.

CHRISTINE

See? Another secret you're keeping.

CROCKETT

July 29th...satisfied?

CHRISTINE

At last the shroud of mystery begins to lift.

CROCKETT

Yeah, but now you gotta tell me a secret about you.

CHRISTINE

What are you interested in?

(off Crockett's
mischievous look)

No, no...Wait a minute...I've got it
-- I'm a TV star.

CROCKETT

(rolling over;
surprised)

What?

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED

60

CHRISTINE
Tomorrow on "Miami at
Midday"...You've got to promise to
watch...

CROCKETT
I promise -- if you'll remember the
little people you knew on the way
up.

Christine puts a finger on his lips.

CHRISTINE
There, there. As soon as it's over,
I'll come right back to you.

CROCKETT
You better.

CHRISTINE
If I don't, I'm crazy...

As she plants a long, deep kiss on him --

CUT TO

61
thru
67

OMITTED

61
thru
67

67A INT. TOGARU'S HOME - DAY

67A

With the press of a button, a high-tech TV set rises from
its cabinet into full view. On it we see -- the logo for
a local talk show.

We pull back from the TV revealing Togaru watching in
solitude. In the background, we hear --

(X)

TV ANNOUNCER
It's time to join "Miami at Midday"
with our good friend, Milton
Norman...

CONTINUED

67A CONTINUED

67A

We hear what must be the show's theme song as we --

67B RESUME TV

67B

And there's Milton Norman himself, with a head full of gray curls and a smile that would turn an ax murderer into a friend for life. He's standing in a marina, against a typically impressive backdrop.

NORMAN (ON TV)

If this doesn't take your breath away, you better go live in Cleveland for awhile...Greetings, everyone. We're coming to you today from the Sand Dollar Marina, and I think we've got a vry special show...Special, of course, is an adjective frequently applied to the woman on my right.

The TV camera pulls back to reveal Christine, who has moved next to Milton Norman. She's a picture of poise, confidence and nobless oblige.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

This is Christine Von Marburg, chairman of her own corporation, CVM Enterprises, and one of the Miami Chamber of Commerce's three Businesswomen of the Year. She's lovely, obviously, and as we'll find out, also very intriguing.

CHRISTINE

Thank you, Milton.

NORMAN

Let's go sit on the deck of...what do they call this thing anyway?

(X)

(motioning toward
the nearest
yacht)

The Good Ship Lollipop?

CUT TO

67C INT. A SIDE ROOM IN OCB - DAY

67C

We pull back from a modest portable TV to find Crockett, Tubbs, Switek, and Gina watching intently as Milton Norman guides Christine to a deck chair.

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

67C CONTINUED

67C

TRUDY
(hurrying in)
Sonny, I've got some...

CROCKETT
Ssshhh-ssshh, not now, all right?

TRUDY
Sonny...

CROCKETT
Come on, Trudy! I promised
Christine I'd watch this. Now just
hang on, will ya?

67D RESUME - TV

67D

Milton Norman is back at it with Christine as they settle
into their chairs.

NORMAN
Comfortable?

CHRISTINE
It's too nice a day not to be.

NORMAN
I'd venture to say you've always
been comfortable, haven't you?
(off Christine's
agreeable smile)
Your late father, Klaus Von Marburg,
was one of the heirs to Germany's
Von Marburg Munitions fortune. Your
mother, the former Elizabeth
Babbitt, has a pedigree that can be
traced all the way back to the
Pilgrims.

(X)

(X)

INTERCUT

67D1 INT. OCB - DAY

67D1 (X)

Crockett's a shade intimidated. He knew Christine was out
of the top drawer, but this is ridiculous.

67D2 RESUME - TV

67D2 (X)

NORMAN

After one of the decade's most
lavish debutant parties, you went to
Brown and graduated with honors in
history. That's why I was utterly
flabbergasted at what our
researchers discovered during a
month-long examination of your
background.

(off Christine's
curious
expression)

A goodly portion of your high, six-
figure annual income is derived from
flatbackers.

(X)

CHRISTINE

(startled)

What are you talking about?

NORMAN

Well, the phone company may call it
the Caprice Escort Service, which
certainly sounds respectable...but
you're running a string of whores,
Ms. Von Marburg...you're a madam...

(X)

(X)

Off her bewilderment, we --

67E RESUME - A SIDE ROOM IN OCB - DAY

67E

As Crockett stares in disbelief at the proceedings on TV
and --

TRUDY

That's what I was trying to tell
you.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

68 OMITTED

68

68A INT. OCB - DAY

68A

The TV is off now, and Crockett is just sitting there with a strange smile on his face. Tubbs and Gina have joined Trudy in watching him. Everyone's uncomfortable. Trudy clears her throat, holds up the files.

(X)

TRUDY

(almost
apologetic)

It was just luck that I even found out. I ran all Florida corporations - nothing. Then I ran all U.S. corporations. Zero. Finally, I tried foreign corporations with U.S. subsidiaries doing business in Florida...Caprice is owned by a holding company in the Dutch Antilles...and the holding company is a subsidiary of a Delaware corporation...and its principal stockholder is...

CROCKETT

Christine Von Marburg...

Under which Castillo enters. He hasn't seen the TV.

CASTILLO

I just got a call from downtown....
(checking note in
hand)

Pick up a Madam by the name of
Christine Von Marburg.

Castillo turns and goes back into his office. Gina and Trudy head out, embarrassed for Crockett, who, after a beat, exhales and looks at Tubbs.

CROCKETT

(shaking his head)

First a junkie, now a hooker. Maybe I've stayed in the business too long. I'm falling for the players.
(beat)

Do me a favor, pull the phone records on Christine and Symington.

CONTINUED

68A

CONTINUED

68A

Off Crockett's pain.

DISSOLVE TO

68B INT. COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

68B

Crockett is peering intently over the shoulder of Narvel Hickey, an emaciated, bespectacled computer jock who must be the world's least likely cop. Both of them are entranced by the information lighting up the screen before them.

HICKEY

What a tangled web these criminal virtuosos weave...not exactly pimps cutting hookers in half on vacant lots.

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

CROCKETT

No, the guy we're after has more moves...Strangles 'em, drops 'em off buildings...

Under which Tubbs enters, engrossed in the printout he has in his hand. While Hickey keeps pecking away at his computer, Crockett looks up and --

TUBBS

(softly)

Christine made forty-two calls in three months.

CROCKETT

(almost afraid to ask)

Symington?

TUBBS

(nodding)

Eight calls in the two weeks before he did the big bellyflop...guy named Kenneth Togaru.

CONTINUED

68B CONTINUED

68B

CROCKETT
Never heard of him...

(X)

HICKEY
(interrupting)
You have now...

(X)

(X)

As Crockett and Tubbs lean in to stare at the computer screen --

HICKEY
See, eight holding companies later,
there he is -- chairman and CEO of
the Brigham Group.
(off Crockett's
and Tubbs looks)
Got some interesting associates,
too...Charles Symington...He was
chief financial officer. And there
she is...

Crockett pulls away. He's already seen her name. As he
heads out...

(X)

(X)

HICKEY
(continuing)
Christine Von Marburg...

Tubbs follows him, leaving Hickey somewhat baffled.

(X)

TUBBS
You all right?

CROCKETT
Guess the fun just ended.

CUT TO

69
thru
70

OMITTED

69
thru
70

70A

INT. METRO-DADE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

70A

Christine watches numbly as her silver-thatched attorney, Kingman Draper, explains his version of the facts of life to Gina and Trudy.

DRAPER
(supremely
patient)

You've had your fun and you've gotten the \$500 for your fine. A misdemeanor doesn't entitle you to any more than that, ladies...It's time for you to bid Ms. Von Marburg farewell...

CONTINUED

70A CONTINUED

70A

Under which Crockett enters wearing a cheerless expression and his badge out for all the world to see. For a moment, Christine wonders if Robin Hood has come to rescue her. Then her gaze settles on Crockett's badge and she is swept she is swept by anger and disbelief and the pain of betrayal.

CROCKETT
(nodding toward
Christine
I need a few minutes to talk to the
lady.

DRAPER
Christine?

CHRISTINE
(nodding)
It's all right.

DRAPER
I'll be just outside if you need
me.

(X)

He takes his briefcase and leaves, followed by Gina and Trudy, both of whom cast sympathetic glances at Crockett. But Crockett doesn't notice. All he can see is Christine standing on the other side of the room, staring at him accusingly. After a long, uneasy beat --

CHRISTINE
A set-up?

CROCKETT
I never had a clue.

CONTINUED

70A CONTINUED (2)

70A

CHRISTINE

(unapologetic)

I tricked you and you tricked me,
no pun intended.

CROCKETT

(trying to smile)

Pretty clever, aren't we?

(beat)

But I've got my reasons...What are
yours?

CHRISTINE

At first it was excitement, a
private joke on my oh-so-
respectable family...Then it became
a job. The money was just too good
to believe...But Sonny?

(off his look)

I never did any hooking.

CROCKETT

(uncomfortable,
but somehow
relieved)

It's your life.

CHRISTINE

It's the truth...I just wanted you
to know.

CROCKETT

If that's the mood you're in, tell
me about Symington.

CHRISTINE

I just arranged a date for him.

CROCKETT

And made sure Togaru knew all about
it.

(off Christine's
nervous nod)

How'd Symington wind up in the
soup?

CONTINUED

70A CONTINUED (3)

70A

(X)

CHRISTINE

He was laundering money, but not
enough of it was coming out in the
wash.

CROCKETT

Embezzling?

(off Christine's
nod)

And your girl...Ali...was she in on
it?

CHRISTINE

(shaking her
head)

An innocent bystander.

CROCKETT

What about Togaru?

CHRISTINE

He's a client who became a friend,
Sonny. A very good friend...my
mentor in the corporate world...I
owed him.

CROCKETT

Enough to take a murder rap for him?

A beat as Christine considers the possibility.

CHRISTINE

Business is business. I don't want
to go to jail.

CROCKETT

Then set up a meet for Burnett and
his friend, a Bahamian backer named
Cooper. Tell Togaru you want to
deal with them so you'll have the
cash to get out of town.

CHRISTINE

Good idea...

CROCKETT

Getting out of town?

(off her nod)

Can't do it if you're an accessory
to murder one.

CHRISTINE

But this'll clear me, right?

CONTINUED

70A CONTINUED (4)

70A

CROCKETT

Let's make sure. We'll give you a wire...It can go in your purse.

CHRISTINE

You don't trust me?

CROCKETT

I don't trust him...the D.A.'ll go to town on you unless we can really nail Togaru.

CHRISTINE

(agitated;
conflicted)

You don't know what you're asking...He's in love with me. It could get rough.

CONTINUED

70A CONTINUED (5)

70A

CROCKETT
(hard, but with
emotion)
Like you say, business is business.

CUT TO

70B OMITTED

70B

70B INT. BUG VAN - DAY

70B

Crockett and Switek are in place. They exchange an anxiously intense look as they prepare to hear Christine do business with Togaru.

CUT TO

70C INT. TOGARU'S HOME - DAY

70C

Togaru is playing the wise man for Christine as Lee and Marley look on.

(X)
(X)

TOGARU
The storm will pass.

CHRISTINE
Not this time, Kenneth. I've got to get out of here...go somewhere it's not so hot...

TOGARU
I didn't realize you were financially equipped to leave on such short notice.

CHRISTINE
Maybe...
(off Togaru's
look)
I've found someone to take Symington's place.

CONTINUED

70C CONTINUED

70C

TOGARU

Who?

CHRISTINE

A friend of mine...His name's
Burnett...

TOGARU

Friend?

CHRISTINE

Acquaintance...He has a banker, Mr.
Cooper -- Burnett says he's a genius
at laundering money.

TOGARU

I've had enough of bankers.

CHRISTINE

Kenneth...Please...If I can get you
together with them, they'll give me
a piece of their action...I'll have
the money to leave Miami...

TOGARU

You need cash?

CHRISTINE

Will you do it for me?

He's clearly enjoying her pleading.

TOGARU

Oh, you need me...

CHRISTINE

(hesitant)

Yes...You know I do.

TOGARU

Perhaps we can work something out.

CHRISTINE

Uh-uh. No. Not that.

(X)

(X)

TOGARU

That's the only thing you have that
I want.

(X)

(X)

(X)

And he takes her hand and guides her out of the room,
presumably to bed (she leaves her purse behind) as we --

DISSOLVE TO

70D INT. BUG VAN - DAY

70D

A wave of hurt washes over Crockett's face as, through the headset he's wearing, he hears Christine's high heels echoing down the hallway, the sound growing fainter and fainter, his vision of Christine and Togaru coupling growing more and more vivid. Switek, sitting at Crockett's side, has no idea what's happening. But Crockett says nothing as his eyes fill with pain and we --

CUT TO

70E METRO-DADE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

70E

Crockett is laying out the last of his game plan for the OCB-ers, a handful of uniforms, and an obviously withdrawn Christine.

CROCKETT

So it's real simple, sports fans:
When Christine walks out, you come
in -- the party's starting.

(X)

CASTILLO

Any questions?

(X)

No one has any. He marches out and everyone follows except for Crockett, who's busy gathering his papers, and Christine, who wants desperately to say something to him. But what? When he feels her gaze upon him, he looks up and their eyes meet. The hurt that both of them feel is almost palpable as we --

(X)

71
thru
78

OMITTED

71
thru
78

CUT TO

78A INT. TOGARU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

78A

Time to deal. All the players are in place as Nabu serves drinks and Lee and Marley skulk in the background.

CROCKETT

It's obvious you're hurting for a financial washeteria.

TOGARU

(cagey)

Hurting?

CROCKETT

You got it...Your banker proves he can't bounce like a rubber ball...

(nodding at

Christine)

Then Ms. Von Marburg's escort service gets its pants pulled down on TV...

TOGARU

And now you're here as a goodwill gesture?

TUBBS

(Bahamian accent)

Not goodwill...good business...

TOGARU

(distracted)

I'm listening.

He's got his hand on Christine's knee as --

TUBBS

We can provide what you're lacking...legitimate businesses for your -- how shall I say it? -- less than legitimate funds.

Nabu glides out of the room.

TOGARU

Is that the picture Ms. Von Marburg has painted?

CROCKETT

You can call your funds cotton candy for all we care...

TUBBS

(interrupting)

We'll just keep them from getting sticky...for, say, 15 percent...

CONTINUED

78A CONTINUED

78A

TOGARU
(raising a brow)
Your rates are steep...

(X)

CROCKETT
(big smile)
Who said crime doesn't pay?

(X)

TOGARU
Since you seem to be in a
philosophical mood, I'd like to give
you my thought for the day...

(X)

CONTINUED

78A CONTINUED

78A

Togaru rises from his chair and moves behind Christine, placing a hand on her neck and stroking it gently.

TOGARU

A lie is an ugly thing.

Then he spins on his heel and marches down the hallway behind him. For an instant, surprise paralyzes everyone.

Then Crockett lunges across the desk and pulls Christine out of harm's way.

CROCKETT

Get down!

(X)

Before he can say anything else, the door's kicked open and Nabu appears with a Mac10 on full auto.

(X)

78B CROCKETT

78B

pulls off four quick ones as

78C LEE AND MARLEY

78C

crash in through the French doors. Marley's got a shotgun. Lee's toting an Uzi.

78D CHRISTINE

78D

is petrified, but for some reason she's digging through her purse.

78E MARLEY

78E

turns his Ithaca on Christine, but

78F TUBBS

78F

puts two quick shots into him.

78F MARLEY

78F1

is more annoyed than damaged. He turns to see who's bothering him and Tubbs takes him out.

78G OMITTED

78G

78H CROCKETT

(X)
78H

paces across the room. Nabu turns the Mac10 on him just as he's next to the wall of aquariums.

They explode and Crockett's drenched by the cascading water as he puts three into Nabu.

TUBBS
Sonny! Behind you...

78I CROCKETT

78I

dives and rolls, taking out Lee.

78J TOGARU

78J

reappears, .38 in hand and unleashes two shots at Crockett.

78K CHRISTINE

78K

has finally found what she wanted in her purse -- a .22 automatic. She turns it on

78K TOGARU

78K1

and pumps three shots into him, putting him out of her life forever.

78L CROCKETT AND TUBBS

78L

watch, stunned, as

78M CHRISTINE

78M

holds the smoking gun, not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

CUT TO

79 EXT. ST. VITUS - DAY

79

Crockett's sitting on deck as he nurses a beer and stares into space.

CONTINUED

79 CONTINUED

79

When he hears a car pull up, he turns and sees Christine stepping out of a cab. While the cab waits, she walks onto the St. Vitus.

CHRISTINE

I just stopped to say goodbye.

CROCKETT)

(wants to say
more)

You've been taking some heat.

(X)

Christine tries to slough it off, but what's happened has clearly wounded her. She forces a smile, but there are tears in her head.

CHRISTINE

I still can't really believe it...
the paper that's crucifying me...
The publisher was one of my biggest
customers. So was the little worm
who does the editorials on Channel
8.

(shaking her
head)

Bastards...all of them.

CROCKETT

(serious)

Me, too?

They hold eye contact, both wanting to touch, both knowing it's hopeless. Her voice drops to a whisper, a sad smile softening the words.

CHRISTINE

You may be the biggest one of all.

A beat. Crockett looks across the harbor.

(X)

CHRISTINE

(to his back)

So anyway...thanks...you know, for
getting those charges dropped.

CROCKETT

(turning to her)

You held up your end.

Christine reaches a hand out, then pulls it back.

CONTINUED

79 CONTINUED (2)

79

CHRISTINE
(a near whisper)
...Bye, Sonny...

She reaches up and gives him the same sweet, soft kiss she did when she left him standing at her door. Then she turns and hurries back to her cab as Crockett watches, wondering if she'll ever step into his life again.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR