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MIAMI VICE

"FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS"

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TITLE: "THE GANG'S ALL HERE" changed to "FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS"

ON THESE YELLOW PAGES, PLEASE NOTE THE FOLLOWING NAME
CHANGES:

WALD	has been changed to	WALDMAN
ALBERRO	"	ALBIERRO
LOPRESTI	"	LAFRANO
BERKEY	"	BARKLEY
BRADENTON	"	STUART

Prod. #62013

MIAMI VICE
THE GANG'S ALL HERE

SCRIPT REVISION HISTORY

(* INDICATES ORIGINAL DRAFT)

<u>DATE</u>	<u>COLOR</u>	<u>WRITER(S)</u>	<u>PAGES</u>
9/16/86	WHITE	Dennis Cooper Michael Duggan Kerry McCluggage W. K. Scott Meyer Dick Wolf	Set & Cast 1-53
9/22/86	PINK	"	Set & Cast 1-51
9/24/86	BLUE	"	Set & Cast 1-49
9/25/86	YELLOW	Michael Duggan	Set & Cast 1-49

MIAMI VICEFORGIVE US OUR DEBTSCAST

SONNY CROCKETT
RICARDO TUBBS
CASTILLO
SWITEK
ZITO
TRUDY
GINA

GUS ALBIERRO (SEE X PG)
FRANK HACKMAN
THOMAS WALDMAN (SEE X PG)
DONNA
FELICIA

LAFRANO (SEE X PG)
MODERATOR
DAVIS
CARMEN
CLAYBORN
PARNELL
BARKLEY (SEE X PG)
GUARD (X)
GOVERNOR
(X)
SECRETARY
MINISTER

SETSINTERIORS:

CUBAN COFFEE SHOP
CHURCH
CONFSSIONAL
OCB
CONFERENCE
CASTILLO'S OFFICE
WALD'S OFFICE
OUTER OFFICE
OFFICE BUILDING
FERRARI
PRISON
CHECKPOINT
VISITING AREA
CONFERENCE BOOTH
DEATH CELL
N.D. SURVEILLANCE VAN
ALBERRO'S HOUSE
LIVING ROOM
N.D. SEDAN
HOTEL LOBBY
BANQUET ROOM
OFFICE
ALBERRO'S GARAGE
OFFICE
GINA'S CAR
ST. VITUS
FLORIDA ROOM

EXTERIORS:

CHURCH
GARDEN
PARKING LOT
ROAD
FLORIDA CORRECTIONAL
PROCESSING CENTER
OFFICE BUILDING
PARKING LOT
STAIRWELL
ALBERRO'S GARAGE
ALBERRO'S HOUSE
FRONT DOOR
VENUS CLAM TRAP
BERKEY'S HOUSE
FRONT DOOR
HOTEL LOBBY/DRIVE
INLAND WATERWAYS
MARINA
FERRARI
N.D. SEDAN

CONTINUED

VEHICLES

FERRARI
N.D. SURVEILLANCE VAN
GINA'S CAR
STATION WAGON
BEIGE CHEVY
N.D. SEDAN
LIMO
SCARAB
CABS
MERCEDES CONVERTIBLE

MIAMI VICE

FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS

TEASER

FADE IN

1 INT. ST. VITUS - DAY

1

Crockett pulls a t-shirt over his head, his attention on a t.v. panel discussion. Waldman, the Miami State Attorney now running for State Attorney General, is talking.

WALDMAN

Jane, in every opinion poll taken in the last five years, the citizens of Florida have overwhelmingly supported the death penalty...

Donna, a luscious twenty-four year old, comes out of the head wearing one of Crockett's shirts, looks to see what he's so absorbed in.

WALDMAN

...A sentence of death is a significant deterrent to premeditated murder...and as State Attorney General, I'll make every effort to see this penalty enforced whenever circumstances warrant.

The moderator (Jane), looks camera right where sits Walter Davis -- retired, redneck police chief resembling Wilford Brimley in stature and demeanor, and Tom Clayborn - a classic ACLU liberal type in muted pinstripes.

MODERATOR

Candidates, any comments?

DAVIS

Hell, that's not enough. You want real deterrent value you need public executions - broadcast live so's all the criminal scum can watch.

DONNA

Are these guys serious?

CROCKETT

Sure they're serious...they're trying to get elected.

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED

1

The moderator turns to Clayborn.

MODERATOR

Mr. Clayborn, your thoughts?

CLAYBORN

It was one thing to go down to the courthouse in Tombstone and watch a public hanging as a matter of personal choice. To broadcast the death of a human being into every home in this state where young children might see it, is an obscenity.

Donna comes up behind Crockett and puts her arms around him.

DONNA

Do we have to watch any more of this?

MODERATOR

Thank you, gentlemen. We now go to Raiford Prison.

Donna moves to turn off the t.v.

MODERATOR

And the cell of convicted murderer Frank Hackman...

Crockett grabs her hand.

CROCKETT

Wait a second...

MODERATOR

...who is scheduled to be executed this Friday.
Good morning, Mr. Hackman.

Frank Hackman, a 50 year-old hard guy with a cross around his neck and a bible in his hand, nods at the camera.

HACKMAN

Good morning, Jane.

DONNA

(annoyed)

Sonny...

CROCKETT

(totally
concentrated on
Hackman)

Sssh...

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED (2)

1

MODERATOR

You've heard our panel. Care to
give us your thoughts?

(X)
(X)

Hackman touches the small receiver tucked in his ear and
nods.

HACKMAN

Even though Mr. Waldman and Mr. Davis
were part of the system that put me
here - I agree with them.

MODERATOR

(surprised)

Are you saying that you'd be willing
to have your own execution telecast?

Hackman listens carefully, then nods..

HACKMAN

Death is God's will -- and only
God's will. So even though I did
not commit the crime I have been
convicted of, I want my death to
count for something. Broadcasting
my execution, might help people to
see that any killing, even in the
name of justice, is wrong.

Crockett's face has been darkening during Hackman's speech.

MODERATOR

Do you...

Crockett viciously jabs the t.v. off.

DONNA

What's wrong?

CROCKETT

Nothing 20,000 volts won't cure...

CUT TO

2 INT. CUBAN COFFEE SHOP - DAY

2

Crockett's sitting in a booth with Tubbs, a plate of eggs
untouched in front of him.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED

2

TUBBS

You going to eat those?

Crockett shakes his head, Tubbs switches plates.

CROCKETT

You should have seen him, Rico --
lying through his teeth...hiding
behind a cross...

TUBBS

Hey, hey -- cool out amigo. It
ain't our problem.

CASTILLO'S VOICE

It is now...

Crockett and Tubbs look up, Castillo addresses Crockett.

CASTILLO

A Father LaFrano called from St.
Paul's church. He has new
information on the Hackman case, and
he wants to speak to you.

CROCKETT

(reaching in
pocket for cash)

Tell him to find his own miracle.

CASTILLO

I'm not asking for a volunteer.

CUT TO

3
thru
4A

OMITTED

3
thru
4A

4B EXT. CHURCH GARDEN

4B

Castillo and Crockett stand in a small shaded garden area
with a troubled thirty-year old priest who becomes
increasingly aware of Crockett's tense hostility.

CONTINUED

4B CONTINUED

4B

LAFRANO

A parishioner has confessed to being
in Daytona with Frank Hackman the
night the detective was murdered...

(beat)

I'm afraid an innocent man is going
to be executed on Friday.

CROCKETT

(snort of
derision)

That's it?

(to Castillo;
sarcastic)

Let's go right to the Parole Board.

CASTILLO

(shoots Crockett a
silencing look)

Can you identify the parishoner?

LAFRANO

I cannot violate the sanctity of the
confessional. He has released me to
say only that much...

CROCKETT

Why's he coming forward now?

LAFRANO

He's very sick, possibly dying...He
read about Hackman's date coming
up...

CROCKETT

This gets better and better.

CASTILLO

(curt)

Crockett.

CROCKETT

C'mon Marty...he's being played.
Hackman blew a cop away in front of
his wife and kids. He deserves what
he's going to get.

(to LaFrano)

Why doesn't this guy come directly
to the police, anyway?

CONTINUED

4B CONTINUED (2)

4B

LAFRANO

He's afraid his family will be in
danger if he's identified.

CROCKETT

I should have guessed.

CASTILLO

(dismissive, to
Crockett)

My office, one hour.

Crockett's already on his way out. Castillo returns to
Father LaFrano.

CASTILLO

Thank you, Father.

LAFRANO

I apologize if I caused any stress,
but my parishioner insisted that I
speak directly to Detective
Crockett.

(beat)

May I ask why?

CASTILLO

Crockett put Hackman on death row.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

5
thru
12

FADE IN
OMITTED

5
thru
12

12A EXT. MIAMI - ESTABLISHING - DAY

12A

The Testarossa amidst light expressway traffic, overwhich
--

CROCKETT (V.O.)
Security armored car job in '79...

CUT TO

12B INT. TESTAROSSA - DAY

12B

Crockett driving. Tubbs in the passenger bucket.

CROCKETT
Word was Hackman's crew took it
down. Two million in treasury
certificates.

A low whistle from Tubbs.

TUBBS
How much was recovered?

CROCKETT
(shakes head)
Not a dime...very fast, very clean.
Old school pros.

TUBBS
So how'd you get Hackman?

CROCKETT
A cop named Frankel went under as a
fence. He had a deal with Hackman
for the whole load until his cover
blew.

(beat)
Hackman blew him away with a 12-
gauge in front of the guy's kids...

A beat as Tubbs digests this.

CONTINUED

12B CONTINUED

12B

TUBBS

Tight case?

CROCKETT

(shakes head)

We were lucky to get a conviction.
Had a mountain of circumstantial to
tie Hackman to it, but a lotta
holes...

TUBBS

You think he did it?

A beat as Crockett quietly considers.

CROCKETT

Wasn't a doubt in my mind
yesterday...

Off Crockett, contemplative --

CUT TO

12C INT. THOMAS WALDMAN'S CAMPAIGN OFFICE - DAY

12C

Close on a television set where patriotic images of flag,
family, and Thomas Waldman play under an announcer's
practiced pitch: "Thomas Waldman for State Attorney
General...because you deserve to be safe." The screen goes
black as we pull back to reveal Waldman, seated, dictating
to a female campaign aide.

WALDMAN

We need at least 20 gross rating
points with the :30's over the next
two weeks. Mix the :10's into the
Sunday/Monday rotation of the final
week.

The aide grabs the video tape and hurries out, scribbling
notations on her pad. A secretary catches the door before
it closes, sticks her head in with --

SECRETARY

Mr. Waldman, a couple of detectives
to see you...

Waldman glances up from his notes with a perfunctory --

CONTINUED

12C CONTINUED

12C

WALDMAN

Send 'em in...

The secretary pushes the door all the way open as Crockett and Tubbs move in under --

CROCKETT

Morning, Tom.

WALDMAN

Sonny Crockett...

Waldman moves around his desk, the two shake hands as --

CROCKETT

My partner, Ricardo Tubbs.

Another handshake. Waldman looks to Crockett with --

WALDMAN

And to what do I owe this pleasure?

CROCKETT

The soon to be late Frank Hackman.

WALDMAN

Ah, yes...

Waldman moves back behind his desk, sits, gestures for Crockett and Tubbs to do the same under --

WALDMAN

(wry)

Our old friend's become quite a hot topic these days.

(a hand up)

No pun...

Polite smiles all around.

CROCKETT

We got a tip this morning that says he's innocent.

WALDMAN

(amused)

C'mon, Sonny...if we had a dime for every last minute fabrication...

CONTINUED

12C CONTINUED (2)

12C

CROCKETT

(over)

I know, I know...

The above, signifying his own reservations, as --

TUBBS

Our Lieutenant thinks there might be something to this one.

WALDMAN

(disgusted)

Hackman's a maggot. He's been one step ahead of the chair his entire life...

CROCKETT

Look, I'm not going to defend the guy...that's not the issue. He was convicted on a specific murder...

WALDMAN

(over)

And he's guilty...We had enough evidence to drown a fish...

CROCKETT

All of which was circumstantial.

WALDMAN

(ticking them off
on his fingers)Shoe prints outside the apartment,
fiber matches, a box of double ought
magnums in his car...

(X)

CROCKETT

(interrupting)

Tom...

WALDMAN (CONT'D)

Clothes matching the neighbor's
description...and need I remind you
that his buddy, Albierro, testified
to Hackman's intent?

CROCKETT

Look, I arrested him, but it was
three hours later, and at least
three blocks away. This got dumped
on me...I gotta do it right.

(X)

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

12C CONTINUED (3)

12C

WALDMAN

You telling me I have to convince
you that Hackman deserves to die?

(X)

CROCKETT

(purposefully)

I'm just trying to maintain some
objectivity...I would think you'd do
the same.

A beat. A slight standoff before Waldman gives ground,
leans back with --

WALDMAN

Well if you came here for my
blessing, you're not gonna get it.
My platform is pro-capital
punishment. The last thing I need is
an overturn on the biggest
conviction of my career.

TUBBS

That's one hell of an attitude
you've got, Counselor.

WALDMAN

(unapologetic)

I like to think of it as belief in
the system, Detective.

Off which --

CUT TO

12D INT. OCB - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

12D

As Trudy enters, hands a note to Castillo, and sits joining
the rest of the assembled group under --

CROCKETT

Waldman's not gonna be any help.
The subject wasn't even open for
discussion.

TUBBS

Guy doesn't want to confuse his
constituency.

CONTINUED

12D CONTINUED

12D

CROCKETT

Anymore out of LaFrano?

Castillo shakes his head.

CASTILLO

We'll set up concentrated
surveillance on the church.
Photo/fax anyone entering or leaving
to Washington. We're looking for
any connection to Hackman or his
crew.

SWITEK

Excuse me, but isn't the gentleman
going to be crispy day after
tomorrow?

CASTILLO

Nine A.M.

GINA

Doesn't give us a lot of time.

TRUDY

Is this guy a regular parishioner?

(X)

CASTILLO

Let's hope so.

(X)

Zito's eyebrows arch in summation of the odds as --

ZITO

Okay...

CASTILLO

That's all.

The group rises, starts to exit. Castillo remains, waits
for Crockett to cross behind him before --

CASTILLO

Crockett.

He holds up the slip of paper Trudy handed him earlier.
Crockett takes it as Tubbs hangs at the door.

CONTINUED

12D CONTINUED (2)

12D

CROCKETT

(upon reading)

You've got to be kidding. What the hell does he want? We've got nothing to say to each other.

CASTILLO

See him.

CROCKETT

Marty...

CASTILLO

He may have a lead on the tip.

An exasperated beat until Crockett blows out of the room passing Tubbs as we --

CUT TO

13 EXT. FERRARI - DAY

13

rocketing up the Interstate.

14 INT. FERRARI - DAY

14

Tubbs casts a weary look at Crockett -- a picture of resolve behind the wheel.

DISSOLVE TO

15 OMITTED

15

A SERIES OF SHOTS: MUSIC UP (SONG)

16 EXT. CHURCH - DAY - THE SURVEILLANCE VAN

16

Zito at the wheel, pulls up across the street. Switek climbs out, moves across the street toward the church.

17 EXT. CHURCH - DAY - GINA'S CAR

17

Pulls into the church parking lot.

- 18 EXT. ROAD - DAY - THE FERRARI 18
pulls past a sign reading: FLORIDA DEPARTMENT OF
CORRECTIONS.
- 19 INT. CHURCH - DAY - AN ELDERLY WOMAN 19
dabbing holy water on herself as she enters.
- 20 INT. PRISON CHECKPOINT - DAY - CROCKETT AND TUBBS 20
presenting their IDs to the Guard.
- 21 INT. CHURCH - DAY - A WORSHIPPER 21
lighting a candle, kneeling before the altar.
- 22 INT. PRISON - DAY - CROCKETT AND TUBBS 22
relinquish their weapons to a guard behind a glass panel.
- 23 INT. CHURCH - DAY - SWITEK 23
slowly makes his way up the side aisle, he slides into an
empty pew.
- 24 OMITTED 24
- 25 INT. CHURCH - DAY - THE CONFESSIONAL 25
as a parishioner steps in, and the red light above the
booth glows, pull back to --
- 26 SWITEK 26
across the church, now discreetly kneeling. He wearily
checks his watch, adjusts his earplug.

CUT TO

27 EXT. CHURCH - PARKING LOT - DAY - GINA

27

wiping the sweat from her brow as she pauses beside yet another car and recites the license plate into her collar mike --

GINA
(to mic)
O-W-W-2-8-6.

CUT TO

28 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

28

Zito's at a computer console, punching in the license numbers. Trudy's at the window with a telephoto equipped polaroid, firing pictures.

ZITO
O-W-W-2-8-6.

He waits for the computer to respond as Trudy inserts a couple of Polaroids into the FAX machine.

ZITO
(to mic)
Car's registered to Pepe Ferrer -- a dentist. No criminal record.

29
thru 30 OMITTED

29
thru 30

31 EXT. CHURCH - DAY - TELEPHOTO MATTE

31

A middle-aged Man uses a cane to climb the last step into church.

32 RESUME TRUDY

32

clicking off three quick shots. Zito leans over, reads a printout --

ZITO
(to Trudy)
No sheets on the last two...

CUT TO

33 INT. CHURCH - DAY - SWITEK 33
watching as the Man lines up for confession.

CUT TO

34 INT. VAN - DAY - TRUDY 34
feeds three photos into the Fax machine as Zito tears off
a teletype transmission.

ZITO
(reading)
Barretto, Alejandro...Attorney --
three traffic warrants, arrested in
'84 -- DUI, driver's license
suspended '85...nada...
(beat, another
print out)
Krickl, David Michael...indicted '82
-- income tax evasion, no wants, no
warrants...nothin'.

CUT TO

34A INT. PRISON - DAY - CROCKETT AND TUBBS 34A
are checked into a private glass partitioned conference
booth.

34B INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - ZITO AND TRUDY 34B

ZITO
Whoa, here's a possible. Albierro,
Gus...
(the machine
continues to
print)
Guy's got one hell of a sheet...

CUT TO

35 INT. PRISON CONFERENCE BOOTH - DAY - CROCKETT AND TUBBS 35
the latter noting his partner's intensity as Frank Hackman,
a powerful man with calm features and peaceful eyes that
suggest an inner sanctity, takes a seat across the glass.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED

35

A gold cross dangles from his neck as he leans to speak into the grille.

HACKMAN

Good to see you.

CROCKETT

Save it, Hackman.

HACKMAN

No need for hard feelings, Crockett.
I've made my peace, I know why I'm here.

CROCKETT

Why'd you ask to see me?

HACKMAN

(wry smile)

A man's right? Face his accusers?
Not many people have the luxury of
knowing the exact hour of their
death.

CROCKETT

I'm losing interest.

HACKMAN

You didn't put me here. I want you
to know that. There will be a time
when you'll ask for forgiveness...
to make your peace with God. I want
you to remember, I don't hold you
accountable...

CROCKETT

I'll keep that in mind.

A beat.

HACKMAN

There's been a lot of wrongdoing in
my life, most of which you have no
knowledge of, but this...and I got
no reason to lie now...I didn't kill
Frankel.

A long beat as Hackman and Crockett lock eyes.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED (2)

35

HACKMAN

It's kind of ironic don't you think?
That I go out for one I didn't do?

CROCKETT

There's a tip circulating that you
were out of town.

HACKMAN

(slight smile)
Little late...

CROCKETT

You still maintain you were in
Daytona?

HACKMAN

(reflective)
Doesn't matter...none of it does...

A door opens behind him. A guard steps in -- his presence
signifying an end to the time allotted.

HACKMAN

When your days are down to single
digits, your mind becomes amazingly
clear...you begin to understand the
balance.

(beat)

I'm going to a better place, Sonny.

(X)

Hackman slowly stands, his eyes displaying a deeper
sadness now.

HACKMAN

Thanks for comin' up...

He presses his palm against the glass. Crockett does not
respond. A beat before Hackman turns and moves toward the
door. Crockett stares at Hackman's back, his expression
troubled as we...

36
thru
48

OMITTED

36
thru
48

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

49 INT. OCB - DAY

49

As Trudy hands out copies of Albierro's FBI file to
Crockett, Tubbs, Castillo, Switek, Zito and Gina under --

TRUDY

Gus Albierro, age 57. Divorced from
Felicia Diaz, in '78, now remarried.
Two children. Owns and operates an
auto repair shop in North Miami.

(beat)

FBI links Albierro to as many as 14
possible jobs with Hackman. Armed
robbery, extortion...

Off Crockett, who appears removed, contemplative as he
fingers a book of matches --

DISSOLVE TO

50 EXT. TESTAROSSA - DAY

50

Weaves through light traffic.

TRUDY (V.O.)

...laundering, interstate
trafficking, the list goes on...a
lot of arrests, few convictions...

(X)

51 INT. TESTAROSSA - DAY

51

Crockett drives. Tubbs is flipping through the OCB report
on Albierro. Tries to lighten the mood with --

TUBBS

These guys read like Chicago
businessmen...twenty year career,
then move to Florida for
retirement...

CROCKETT

Yeah, the American Dream...

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED 51

Tubbs smiles as --

52 EXT. TESTAROSSA - DAY 52

Pulls to a stop in front of a small auto repair shop.
Crockett and Tubbs exit the car.

CUT TO

53 INT. GARAGE - DAY - GUS ALBIERRO 53

late 50's, sickly, restocking various auto parts with some
effort under the whine of an occasional pneumatic drill.
Crockett and Tubbs look on --

ALBIERRO

I walked away from that part of my
life. Haven't talked to Hackman in
years.

TUBBS

Must be tough, seeing him on the
news every night.

ALBIERRO

(shrugs)

You get to my age, you know lots of
people who die.

CROCKETT

How many of 'em get framed?

Albierro stops working, straightens up, faces Crockett. A
beat before --

CROCKETT

Hackman kill Frankel, Gus?

A beat. He returns to his work with --

ALBIERRO

What makes you think he didn't?

CROCKETT

I've got no reason to think that.
You testified that he did the
murder.

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED

53

ALBIERRO

I testified to his intent...

CROCKETT

You were the nail, my friend. We didn't have enough to send him up without your testimony -- you know that.

ALBIERRO

(rueful)

Yeah...

Albierro looks away, moves toward a small adjoining office. Crockett and Tubbs follow.

53A INT. OFFICE - DAY

53A

As Albierro sits behind a small metal desk. He seems preoccupied, burdened.

TUBBS

You got something on your chest?

CROCKETT

(pressing)

The man's gonna watch his last sunset, Gus. Did he kill him?

(X)

Albierro quietly shakes his head, momentarily lost in the recollection.

ALBIERRO

He was with me in Daytona.

CROCKETT

(incredulous)

You perjured yourself?

TUBBS

Why?

A slight ironic smile as Albierro recalls --

ALBIERRO

He was wakin' up with my wife -- I wanted to kill him myself.

TUBBS

Then who did kill Frankel?

CONTINUED

53A CONTINUED

53A

A sullen smile. He shakes his head --

ALBIERRO

I've got a new wife, family -- I'd be dead in a matter of hours if I told you that.

TUBBS

So why this change of heart?

ALBIERRO

I got two months to go...pancreatic cancer...kinda know what it looks like from where Hackman sits.

CUT TO

54 INT. WALDMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

54

Crockett and Tubbs stand in front of Thomas Waldman, who on the cut, leans back, places his feet on the desk with --

WALDMAN

I don't care if Albierro's ready to recant. It's not enough. Not even for a sway in momentum, much less a re-opening of the case.

TUBBS

How 'bout a stay, until we can unravel this thing?

A beat of amused condescension as Waldman shakes his head under --

WALDMAN

At this stage only the Governor can grant stays or pardons. And that's not going to happen just because some thug comes up with an eleventh hour alibi.

TUBBS

The man's got cancer. He wants to right himself before he dies.

CROCKETT

(over)
He's willing to testify.

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED

54

WALDMAN

You'd probably do the same for one
of your buddies heading to the
chair.

A beat. Waldman's attempt to lighten the tone having
failed --

CROCKETT

I'm not sitting on this Waldman --

Crockett and Waldman exchange glares.

CROCKETT

What would it take to re-open?

WALDMAN

(losing patience)
It's not gonna happen...

CROCKETT

(hard)
What would it take?

WALDMAN

(looks away;
exasperated)
Two corroborating witnesses...

TUBBS

You got it.

Crockett and Tubbs turn to leave as --

WALDMAN

Guys -- you pry this thing open, we
won't have enough weight to re-
convict. That maggot'll walk....And
it'll be on your heads.

CROCKETT

That'll be our problem, won't it?

CUT TO

55 OMITTED

55

55A INT. ALBIERRO'S GARAGE - DAY

55A

Albierro's under the hood of a car, his work scrutinized by a wide-eyed six-year old who's propped up on the nearby workbench, mimicking his father's motions with a toy tool set. An older sibling's hyperactively bouncing around the interior of the car as Crockett and Tubbs stand nearby. Crockett cautiously talks around the issue for the kids' benefit.

CROCKETT

Gus, we need someone else to corroborate your testimony. Someone who was with you in Daytona...

ALBIERRO

(to the kid in the-car)

Okay, sport...time to help your mom...c'mon, take your brother... (calls O.S.)

Honey...

Carmen Albierro pokes her head in from the adjoining office. An attractive thirty-five year-old Cuban-American.

CARMEN

C'mon gang. Let's go upstairs. Dinner's almost ready.

The kids run to their mother. A beat as the men watch. Carmen nervously glances in their direction before heading upstairs.

ALBIERRO

(quietly)

It's dangerous dragging people out of the past. Nobody wants to remember.

TUBBS

You said you wanted to save Hackman.

ALBIERRO

I do. But I got a family to think about. If my name is in front of all this ghost hunting...

He trails off. A beat.

CONTINUED

55A CONTINUED

55A

CROCKETT

(not
unsympathetic)

We'll do it quietly. As far as the
press is concerned, we dug it up and
forced you to testify.

(beat)

But we've got to move -- Hackman's
scheduled to die in forty eight
hours.

Albierro quietly nods. A breath before --

ALBIERRO

Tommy Barkley. He was with Hackman
and me.

CROCKETT

Why didn't he testify then?

ALBIERRO

Never showed for the trial.
Disappeared. I haven't heard a
thing since '80.

Off Albierro's ruminative stare.

CUT TO

56 INT. CASTILLO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

56

As Trudy enters, holding a computer printout, she addresses
Crockett, Tubbs and Castillo.

TRUDY

Dead end. Barkley was killed three
years ago in a prison riot in
Pensacola.

CROCKETT

Damn.

CASTILLO

Albierro didn't mention this?

TUBBS

He said he hadn't heard from Barkley
in six years.

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED

56

CROCKETT
(frustrated)
That's it. We got nothin'.

TRUDY
There's got to be somebody else...

TUBBS
(shaking his head)
Albierro was pretty specific; said
it was just the three of them...

CROCKETT
(ruminative)
They're gonna kill a guy I sent up
for something I'm not sure he's
done...

CUT TO

57 INT. ALBIERRO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

57

As a glass is hurled and shatters against a wall the
intended target, Gus Albierro, hands out in supplication,
faces a furious Carmen as she flings a postcard/photo (the (X)
subject of which is not discernable) onto the desk. (X)

CARMEN
(screaming)
It's your past, you refuse to let it
die.

He moves with her back onto the shop floor maintaining a
distance.

ALBIERRO
(calmy)
I haven't heard from her in years...

His tone is neither accusatory, nor plaintive.

CARMEN
Then why is she sending you a
picture?!

ALBIERRO
I have no idea.

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED

57

CARMEN

(explosive)

You promised. You swore when we got married you were out, no more contact.

ALBIERRO

Carmen...Please believe me. I'll always do right by you and the children. You're all I care about...

(X)
(X)
(X)

CARMEN

That's not good enough...not this time.

A long beat. They hold their ground.

ALBIERRO

(gesturing for her to approach)

Carmen...please...

CARMEN

No Gus. I'm going to my mother's. I'm taking the kids. I want a decision by tomorrow...

ALBIERRO

(hands up)

Fine.

CUT TO

58 EXT. ALBIERRO'S GARAGE - NIGHT

58

As a door slams, and Carmen hurries toward her parked station wagon. Camera notes a parked N.D. sedan across the street.

CUT TO

59 INT. N.D. SEDAN - DRIVER'S P.O.V.:

59

Carmen quickly enters the car and drives off. A beat. The street is quiet. The garage is quiet, before --

CUT TO

60 EXT. N.D. SEDAN - LOW ANGLE - NIGHT

60

As a pair of well-heeled woman's feet descend. The car door shuts, and we tilt as the woman crosses the street, approaching the garage.

CUT TO

61 OMITTED

61

61A INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

61A

Albierro's on a crawler under a car as the woman's feet enter frame.

61B ALBIERRO'S P.O.V.

61B

The woman's feet approach the car, stop as --

61C ALBIERRO

61C

rolls out from under the car -- his face suddenly ashen with fear. A slow transition to resignation as --

61D ALBIERRO'S P.O.V.

61D

A female hand threads a silencer onto a .380.

61E RESUME - ALBIERRO

61E

As he settles into a kneeling position, he makes the sign of the cross over which --

WOMAN'S VOICE

Thanks, Gus...

62 ALBIERRO'S P.O.V. - REVERSE ANGLE

62

A leveled, silenced .380 spits out three slugs. We hear the body slump. The woman turns, exits frame as we --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

63 EXT. ALBIERRO'S GARAGE - DAY - MORNING

63

Crockett and Tubbs pull up, exit the Testarossa, and make their way through a small crowd of looky-loos gathered behind police boundary markers. A uniform checks I.D.'s as our two duck under the line.

Parnell, a small, wiry Homicide detective is accompanying the coroner attendants as they wheel out a bagged body.

PARNELL
(to coroner's
attendants)
Hold up.
(to Crockett and
Tubbs)
You from Vice?

TUBBS
Yeah.

Parnell removes his glasses and begins to polish them with his handkerchief.

PARNELL
You eat yet?

TUBBS
No.

PARNELL
Good. Hate to see you waste
breakfast.
(Parnell unzips
the body bag)
Albierro?

Crockett and Tubbs nod their heads yes.

PARNELL
C'mon, the rest of him's over here.

(X)

CUT TO

64 OMITTED

64

64A INT. GARAGE - DAY

64A

Crockett, Tubbs and Parnell. At their feet, the familiar taped outline of Albierro's body. A small table against the back, once white, it's now oversprayed with red. Parnell is still polishing his wire-rimmed glasses.

PARNELL

Three shots to the forehead. Slug lines suggest Albierro was on his knees. Whatever he was thinking about is splattered against the back wall.

CROCKETT

Any eyewitnesses?

PARNELL

(shakes head)

Reads like a contract job.

TUBBS

You interview the block?

PARNELL

Already done. Store owner, next door, said Albierro and his wife had a real roof-raiser around closing time. She stormed off to see Mom just before the hit. We confirmed the alibi.

CROCKETT

Anything else of interest?

Crockett has moved over to the workbench. He carefully uses a pencil to sift through the trash that has been spread out for evaluation. Parnell returns his now immaculately clean glasses to the bridge of his nose.

PARNELL

Not much...usual business records, a lot of past due bills...

Crockett's attention is now drawn toward a crumpled photograph.

PARNELL (CONT'D)

Recognize her?

CONTINUED

64A CONTINUED

64A

CROCKETT

No...

PARNELL

Wife's in the office...might have an
idea.

CUT TO

65
thru
65A

OMITTED

65
thru
65A

65B INT OFFICE - DAY

65B

Carmen Albierro sits glassy-eyed behind the desk in the
small office. A police matron stands at the door.

CROCKETT

Mrs. Albierro, could we speak to
you?

She tearfully nods as the police matron closes the door
behind Crockett and Tubbs.

TIME CUT TO

66 INSERT - POSTCARD/PHOTO

66

Now flattened and protected by a plastic evidence bag,
Felicia Albierro stands in front of a shop window that
features a hand-painted sign that says "Sarge Sez: Best
Baked Clams Bucks Can Buy" -- the post card/photo is signed
"Forgive and Forget? Love, Felicia." Camera pulls to
resume Carmen under --

MRS. ALBIERRO

She was a bad person -- dragging him
down in her filth. Gus had put all
that behind him, but she wouldn't
let go.

TUBBS

Albierro was going to see her?

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED

66

MRS. ALBIERRO
(emotional)
Not and stay with me. We had a good
life going here, a real good life --
I didn't want it ruined...Now, I
guess, it doesn't matter...

Crockett and Tubbs share a look of concern. There's not
much else to say.

MRS. ALBIERRO
(regaining some
composure)
Look, I don't know who killed Gus.
I just need to be with my children.

She drops the postcard/photo on the desk and we --

MATCH CUT TO

67
thru OMITTED
68

67
thru
68

68A INT. CUBAN COFFEE SHOP - DAY

68A

Where Switek drops Albierro's homicide file onto the table.
Crockett, Tubbs and Castillo are present.

SWITEK
Lab couldn't find any third-party
prints. Ballistics confirms three
.380 caliber slugs, point blank. A
9.9 on lethality, low sixes on
neatness.

CROCKETT
Whoever whacked Frankel musta got
wind of Albierro's recant...

TUBBS
Somebody really wants to see Hackman
smoke.

CROCKETT
Albierro's statement will stand as a
deposition, but we still need
corroboration.

CONTINUED

68A CONTINUED

68A

SWITEK
(checking his
watch)
Twenty hours left.

CASTILLO
What about the postcard?

TUBBS
Felicia -- Albierro's first old
lady. They broke up when she got
horizontal with Hackman.

(X)

CASTILLO
There a return address?

TUBBS
(shakes his head)
Just a postmark. Stuart, F-L-A.

SWITEK
My old stompin' grounds -- took my
training out there with local P.D..
Then word got out and I was called
up to the big leagues.

CROCKETT
Know any seafood joints out that
way?

SWITEK
Are you kidding? Stan 'the shark'
Switek?

Switek casually studies the photo/postcard.

SWITEK
Looks like Venus Clam Trap -- out on
Highway 17 near the army base.
Biggest clams in the State...

Crockett and Tubbs are moving out the door.

CROCKETT
We'll stop at Waldman's -- try to
buy some time.

CUT TO

69
thru
71

OMITTED

69
thru
71

71A INT. OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR - DAY

71A

Waldman, just exiting his campaign office, checks his watch as Crockett and Tubbs round the corner, stopping him with

--

CROCKETT

We need a stay, Waldman.

Waldman continues by them. Crockett and Tubbs follow.

WALDMAN

You got someone to corroborate Albierro's story?

TUBBS

Albierro was hit last night...Someone didn't want him to talk.

71B EXT. STAIRWELL

71B

The trio continues down toward the parking lot.

WALDMAN

You happen to know who that someone is? Because if you don't I've got nothing to go...

CROCKETT

(interrupts)

C'mon, Waldman. We're this close to proving Hackman's innocent. Someone's throwing roadblocks our way and we need more time.

WALDMAN

Close? You're not even in the parking lot. You've got one guy who cooks up an entertaining confession, you've got no physical evidence and no one to back him up. So Albierro gets hit -- Miami is the murder capital of the world. One more argument for the death penalty as a deterrent.

CONTINUED

71B CONTINUED

71B

CROCKETT

Spare me the campaign rhetoric, alright? You just want to turtle the whole issue until after the election.

WALDMAN

(hard)

And what do you want? Cut loose a cold blooded killer? The guy's wrong -- Everybody knows that. The system worked. Why can't you let this go?

CROCKETT

Because I'm the cop that put him there.

A beat.

WALDMAN

And I'm the lawyer. My conscience is clear.

CROCKETT

No, you're a politician, a conscience is optional.

CUT TO

71C EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

71C

Crockett and Tubbs move toward the Testarossa.

TUBBS

Guy reeks of thirty-weight.

CROCKETT

You think we're barking up the wrong tree?

TUBBS

I don't know -- something's not right.

CROCKETT

This was a helluva lot easier the first time around.

CONTINUED

71C CONTINUED

71C

TUBBS

You've gone the distance, Sonny.
That's all anyone can ask.

As Crockett quietly ponders this last --

CUT TO

71D EXT. THE VENUS CLAM TRAP - STUART - DAY

71D 71D

A roadside watering hole that looks like it's most regular clientele would be overweight truckers and bored highway patrolmen killing time between speeding tickets. The hand-painted signs in the window all begin with SARGE SEZ; a concession to the loyal clientele of the nearby army base. The white Testarossa enters glides to a stop in front. Before Crockett and Tubbs can exit the car, Felicia comes out the glass door in front and picks up a wooden sandwich board featuring today's specials.

TUBBS

Looks like it's time to change the
grease. That our girl?

The OPEN sign in the window flips to CLOSED.

CROCKETT

Yeah, we'll catch her in the parking
lot.

Felicia exits once again, this time accompanied by an older man in his late 40's, who proceeds to lock the front door.

TUBBS

Who's her partner?

CROCKETT

(stunned)
Tommy Barkley.

TUBBS

The guy who died at Pensacola?

CROCKETT

The very same.

TUBBS

Man's lookin' pretty good for a
corpse.

CONTINUED

71D CONTINUED

71D

Tubbs moves to exit the car. Crockett grabs his arm.

CROCKETT

-- I don't wanna talk to a ghost
'til I know what's it's goin' to
say...

As Crockett fires up the Testarossa...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

72	FADE IN	72
thru	OMITTED	thru
92		92
93	INT. OCB CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY	93

Crockett, Tubbs, Switek and Zito, as Crockett paces the room under --

CROCKETT

(frustrated)

The guy supposedly caps a twenty year career of major league theft by blocking bullets in a prison riot, only to turn up three years later frying clams out in Stuart...

The door opens, Castillo enters.

CASTILLO

Barkley's in the witness protection program.

SWITEK

Give me a break.

TUBBS

The prison death was fictionalized?

ZITO

He's gotta be worth his weight in gold to the Feds...

CASTILLO

(nodding)

FBI's most prized canary. He's helped bring down an entire network of fences, money launderers...

CROCKETT

Fine. Still doesn't answer why he's letting his buddy go to the chair.

TUBBS

Maybe Hackman figures into the Fed's deal.

CONTINUED

93 CONTINUED

93

CROCKETT

Doesn't follow. Barkley's got
enough names and dates without
feeding them Hackman.

TUBBS

We got fourteen hours to find out.

CROCKETT

(to Castillo)

Can you pull enough strings to get
us Barkley's address?

Off Castillo's nod.

CUT TO

94 INT. FLORIDA STATE PRISON - DEATH ROW CELL - DAY

94

As the door to Hackman's cell is opened. A guard enters.

GUARD

You ready for your supper, Frank?

A quiet nod from Hackman.

GUARD

Anything I can do for you?

A beat.

HACKMAN

(quietly; dry
throated)

No. Thanks, Eddie.

The guard nods, turns to leave.

HACKMAN

Wilson...

The guard turns back. Hackman slips off his Rolex, holds
it out.

HACKMAN

I want you to have this.

GUARD

I couldn't...

CONTINUED

94 CONTINUED

94

HACKMAN

Please...

(beat)

You made a difference here...I don't
have anyone else...

Hackman's still holding the watch out. The guard's
hesitant.

HACKMAN

Take it...

The guard nods, steps forward, and as Hackman drops the
watch into his hand --

CUT TO

95 EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

95

Crockett and Tubbs are in the Scarab checking an assortment
of weapons, the tension palpable.

TUBBS

I thought we were just going to talk
to the guy.

CROCKETT

(slamming a clip
into his .45)
I'm willing to talk.

TUBBS

Sonny...

CROCKETT

(cold)
The guy knows the truth, Rico.
(beat; hitting the
ignition)
He's going to tell me what it is.

CUT TO

96 INT. DEATH ROW CELL - NIGHT - MUSIC UP (SONG)

96

Close on Hackman transfixed under the hum of the prison
barber's electric shears. As swaths of hair are shaved
away and fall to the floor --

DISSOLVE TO

97 MONTAGE - MUSIC UP - NIGHT (SONG)

97

The Scarab heading North through the inland waterway. The engines throb, turning the wake into a phosphorescent foam in the moonlight.

DISSOLVE TO

98 EXT. INLAND WATERWAY - DAWN

98

Crockett throttles the powerboat back as they round a curve. The bow settles and the wake disappears as the engines relax to a low growl. Crockett points to an Art Deco house with a large backyard. Tubbs nods. Crockett eases up the dock and Tubbs hops out with his shotgun. Crockett follows, waving Tubbs to the far side of the lawn. They approach the house on parallel routes from opposite sides of the open expanse of green.

98A ON TUBBS

98A

panning down to his feet as they move carefully across the lawn and approach the side of the house. Camera holds position and as Tubbs' legs clear the frame, we see the blinking red light of an electronic sensor planted inconspicuously in a flower bed.

99 CROCKETT

99

has moved to the sliding glass doors of the Florida room or lanai, and is using a pick to open it. Tubbs watches from twenty feet away, his eyes flicking from spot to spot nervously. Crockett looks over at him and nods, then carefully slides the door open. As Crockett cautiously enters, a wicker rocking chair swivels around revealing Thomas Barkley and the biggest handgun this side of Eastwood leveled at Sonny's midsection.

BARKLEY

It's rude to drop in unannounced.

Tubbs spins into frame and brings his sawed-off shotgun to bear with a vicious pump.

TUBBS

Here's our invite.

Now we hear the mechanical, metal on metal sound of another shell being chambered into a shotgun. Tubbs looks up and sees Felicia standing on the overlooking balcony, with a 12-gauge Ithaca pump pointed at his head.

CONTINUED

99 CONTINUED

99

BARKLEY

Guess you forgot to RSVP. Way I
figure it, anything goes wrong,
Felicia's the only one walking away
from this party.

FELICIA

Who are they?

CONTINUED

99 CONTINUED (2)

99

BARKLEY

My guess is cops or amateurs...no (X)
self respecting thief would be this (X)
stupid. (X)

Crockett reaches into his pocket, flashes his shield.

CROCKETT

Miami Vice.

BARKLEY

Tell you what, Gentlemen...We'll
skip the lesson in manners and move
right to a short course in blanket
immunity.

CUT TO

99A INT. DEATH ROW CELL - DAWN

99A

The camera slowly pans across prison bars and an apparently
empty cell, until finding Hackman -- huddled in the corner,
shivering, a blanket wrapped around his bare shoulders. He
looks different than when we've seen him before -- the (X)
beatific calm replaced by genuine fear. Hackman looks up
as his cell door opens to admit a minister carrying a
bible. (X)

HACKMAN

(emotional)

I...I can't...Please... (X)

MINISTER

Join me in prayer...

Hackman can't get the words out as the minister starts the
23rd Psalm..., but haltingly joins in as the minister
continues.

MINISTER

(continuous,
hushed tones)

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not
want. He maketh me to lie down in
green pastures; He leadeth me beside
the still waters. He restoreth my
soul. He leadeth me in the paths of
rightousness, for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the
valley of the shadow of death. I
will fear no evil...

CONTINUED

99A CONTINUED

99A

Off Hackman's eyes darting as he struggles with the
proximity of death --

(X)

CUT TO

99B INT. FLORIDA ROOM - DAY

99B

The guns have come down. Felicia glides into the room in a
nightgown, silk robe and pink mules. She looks incredibly
sexy.

CONTINUED

99B CONTINUED

99B

Tubbs follows her with his eyes. Barkley notices; smiles pruriently as she holds a file out for Crockett.

BARKLEY

It's a top dollar blanket -- total immunity. The law can't touch Thomas Barkley.

CROCKETT

Hackman's the guy on the hotseat. Albierro told us he's innocent.

FELICIA

Albierro's an old fool.

TUBBS

Way I hear it you were the one foolin' around.

FELICIA

Get the hell out of here.

CROCKETT

Okay.

(to Barkley)

Let's take a walk.

CUT TO

99C EXT. BARKLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

99C

Crockett and Barkley come out onto the patio, wraithlike in the morning mist. They move past a swimming pool out toward the dock.

BARKLEY

Forget it...

(looking at

Crockett; smirks

I'm a pre-Miranda kind of guy.

Back then there was a definite

possiblity that the cops could make

you talk, but not now.

(X)

Crockett nods as he walks with Barkley around the corner of the house.

CONTINUED

99C CONTINUED

99C

CROCKETT

I know what you mean -- we're all
just a bunch of pussycats.

He turns Barkley towards him and hits him with a full right upper cut to the solar plexus (or maybe a little below). Barkley's eyes pop out of his head. He crumples to his knees, then doubles over, moaning. Crockett grabs his hair and pulls his head up, dragging him to his feet out onto the dock under --

CROCKETT

That's why I'm not gonna waste any
of the short amount of time Hackman
has left violating your civil
rights.

He slams Barkley down onto the deck, grabs him by the back of his hair and dunks his head underwater. Barkley pops up breathless, but relatively unfazed --

BARKLEY

Cut the crap, Pal. You and I both
know you're not gonna kill me --
you're a cop through and through.

CROCKETT

Maybe so, but a couple of dimes to
Chicago'll get a whole string of
trigger happy hitters down this way.
Don't forget, you're a popular guy.

(X)

BARKLEY

(afraid for the
first time)
What do you want?

CROCKETT

Who killed Frankel?

BARKLEY

A button man from Buffalo. De
Santis. Word was out Frankel was a
cop. A lot of people wanted to see
him hit.

(X)

(X)

(X)

CROCKETT

Hackman was in Daytona?

BARKLEY

Yeah. With me and Albierro.

(X)

CROCKETT

Why did you lie at the trial?

CONTINUED

99C CONTINUED (2)

99C

BARKLEY
(isn't it obvious)
Felicia.

CROCKETT
Nobody's that good.

CONTINUED

99C CONTINUED (3)

99C

BARKLEY
She is...

CUT TO

100
thru
104

OMITTED

100
thru
104

104A EXT. WATERWAY - MORNING

104A (X)

Crockett and Tubbs approach a waterfront banquet facility
in the Scarab.

CUT TO

104B EXT. DOCK - MORNING

104B (X)

Crockett and Tubbs exit the boat and sprint towards the
outdoor terrace. Two State Troopers flanking the dock move
to block their path.

(X)

CROCKETT
(flashing I.D.)
Miami Vice.

And they push through the doors into --

104C EXT. TERRACE ROOM - MORNING

104C (X)

A political fund raising breakfast for twenty of the city's
top business and civic leaders gathered for an hour's worth
of political back slapping.

CONTINUED

104C CONTINUED

104C

The Governor mans the podium as camera notes Waldman, seated at a front table --

GOVERNOR
Unfortunately my wife's used the
same line on me...

The room's laughter dies as quickly as it started as heads turn with the unannounced arrival of Crockett and Tubbs, who quickly move toward the podium. An infuriated Waldman stands to intercept them.

WALDMAN
Take it through channels, Crockett.

Crockett's reached the podium. He places his hand over the mic while addressing the governor.

CROCKETT
Miami Vice, Governor. We have
depositions that exonerate Frank
Hackman...

He hands the depositions to the Governor for his perusal, and glances to Waldman, who's struggling to maintain his composure.

WALDMAN
(to Governor)
Sir, if I could recommend that this
be handled...

GOVERNOR
(looks up with)
Tom, this man has little over an
hour left...and you're worried about
procedures?

Waldman averts his eyes. Knows he lost.

GOVERNOR
(to an Aide)
Let's get to a phone...

As Crockett and Tubbs watch him exit --

DISSOLVE TO

104D INT. WALDMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

104D (X)

As Crockett enters, Waldman, his back to the door, stands at the window reading today's newspaper. Crockett raps lightly on the door frame.

CONTINUED

104D CONTINUED

104D

(X)

WALDMAN

(bitter)

Come to see the crumbling dream,
Sonny?

(beat, holds up
paper; reads)

'Waldman does one-eighty on
platform, down twenty points as
Hackman's pardoned.' Least I made
the front page.

CROCKETT

I'm sorry, Tom.

WALDMAN

That's big of you...

CROCKETT

I'm not apologizing for doing my
job...or what I thought was
right...

(X)

(X)

WALDMAN

(angry)

You really think I care about your
motivations? Your 'holier than
thou' attitude cut the legs right
out of my career.

(X)

CROCKETT

It's not as important as a man's
life.

WALDMAN

Hackman's a slug. My life for the
life of a slug?

CROCKETT

That's not a call you get to make,
Waldman.

DISSOLVE TO

105 EXT. FLORIDA CORRECTIONAL PROCESSING CENTER - DAY

105

Crockett and Tubbs lean against the Testarossa.

TUBBS

You feel good?

CONTINUED

105 CONTINUED

105

Crockett considers the question, then nods, his expression softening into a smile.

CROCKETT
Yeah...Yeah, I do.

A beat. He looks at Tubbs, his expression turning serious.

CROCKETT
Twelve years, Rico...First time I've ever gotten anybody out of the slam.

TUBBS
(dry)
Let's not make it a habit.

CROCKETT
(thoughtful)
I sure as hell hope there aren't any more like Hackman still inside.

TUBBS
Hey, we just catch 'em, we don't cook 'em...
(gallows humor)
That's Waldman's job...
(nodding toward gate)
Hackman...

They straighten up as the front door of the center opens and Hackman walks out, the gold cross at his throat glinting in the sunlight. Out in the world, his prison pallor is starkly apparent. He squints, a hand coming up to shade his eyes, then smiles when he sees Crockett.

HACKMAN
Didn't expect to see you here.

The two men walk toward each other, Hackman's smile becoming broader and more amused.

HACKMAN
Thanks, Crockett.

CROCKETT
Just doing my job.

HACKMAN
Like I knew you would.

They turn as a car pulls into the parking area. Barkley's behind the wheel of a Mercedes 280SE convertible, his eye still purplish from Crockett's beating.

CONTINUED

105 CONTINUED (2)

105

Felicia's beside him. They both wave at Hackman, every bit as amused as he is. A horrible wave of awareness washes over Crockett and Tubbs. Crockett looks at Hackman.

CROCKETT

Albierro?

HACKMAN

(nodding at
Barkley)

We all grew up together--Gus was dying...wanted his family to be cared for. I bought his confession...

Felicia pushes open the passenger door. Hackman smiles.

CROCKETT

(stunned
disbelief)

You killed Frankel...

Hackman nods smiling almost to the point of laughter.

HACKMAN

Yeah...

He grabs the gold chain around his neck, yanks the cross off and presses it into the hand of one stunned Crockett.

HACKMAN

I won't be needing this
anymore...Maybe you can use it...

He claps Crockett on the shoulder, turns, walks to the vintage convertible, climbs in, kisses Felicia and leans back as Barkley waves to Crockett and Tubbs and starts down the drive. Crockett's jaw tightens, his expression saying that this is a beginning, not an end, as we...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR