

MIAMI VICE

"Blowback"

teleplay by

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MIAMI VICE:

BLOWBACK

6/29/18

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

**EXT. COLLINS AVENUE - MIAMI - NIGHT**

The South Beach scene is hopping with skimpy club dresses and skinny jeans.

Lots of drunk and shocked faces loiter on a street corner, eyeballing a bad auto accident.

A body on the crosswalk, covered in a white sheet. Dade County's finest keep a growing crowd at bay.

RENALDO DIAZ, JUNIOR (19), Cuban, silk shirt, leather pants, gets loaded in the rear of a squad car.

A VAN WITH NO WINDOWS

- parked in a dirt lot across the way.

**INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT**

AGENT PARK and AGENT BOSCO (40s), sleeves rolled up, sweaty armpits, hold a very special interest in Diaz's smashed up 2018 WHITE IROC CAMARO.

Both men angry. An unexpected turn.

A quiet exchange between the two.

CUT TO:

**INT. DADE COUNTY LOCK UP - DAY**

EDDIE CURRAN (20s), hungover, shirt unbuttoned, chest exposed, rests his back against the brick.

The cell doors opening throw SHADOWED STRIPES across his face causing his eyes to crack open.

A CORRECTIONS OFFICER steps back, aims down the hall, motions to Eddie to get going.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DADE COUNTY JAIL - DAY**

Eddie steps out, into the bright morning light, eyes slam shut as he desperately blocks the sun.

Park and Bosco stand waiting on a front sidewalk. Block Eddie from passing.

Some badges get flashed. Eddie confused.

CUT TO:

**INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

A real dump with dirty front windows and peeling wallpaper but wall to wall electronics of the finest grade.

On a shabby chic table, Eddie has several opened up documents marked DMV with driver license photographs of various men and women of all age.

All owners and operators of 2018 IROC Z28 CAMAROS.

Eddie holds a smart phone over one of the owner's addresses and SNAPS a still pic.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HIGH RISE - DAY**

A familiar WHITE IROC Z28 comes cruising out of a basement garage and up a sloping ramp.

As it approaches a corner stop sign, the owner's posh and high dollar condo stands proudly over the street.

Watching from a nearby restaraunt parking lot and SNAPPING STILLLS from his car is Eddie.

Eddie lowers the camera, a growing smile.

CUT TO:

**EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY**

The white Iroc parks in an empty spot near the front door. A well put together WOMAN in high heels pops out.

Eddie cruises into a spot across from her, watches as the woman makes her way to the door.

Eddie steps out, walks to the Iroc and immediately inspects the front right side bumper.

ON THE BUMPER

is something off about the paint job. Eddie snaps a few more stills and races back.

CUT TO:

**INT. SHEREE'S CAR - NIGHT**

SHEREE HARRIS (20s), hot wing server's outfit, breasts all over the place, looks put out with boyfriend Eddie who rides shotgun.

SHEREE

That's twice this week, Eddie. I don't know why this couldn't wait until Monday when we're both off. Just saying. It's not like you're doing anything until then.

EDDIE

Because, sugar pie, it's my car and I need my ride. I don't need a reason.

SHEREE

Yeah. It's not you that had to leave work early for the second time this week either. I don't know why your shithead friends couldn't just get you. And what kind of garage stays open until Ten PM? Tell me that.

EDDIE

Go on. Ask me.

SHEREE

What?

EDDIE

If I'm boosting cars again. Just ask. I know you're thinking it.

SHEREE

I'm gonna pretend I didn't hear that. Not even joking.

EDDIE  
Hey. Cheer up. At least you're  
not at work.

CUT TO:

**EXT. WHEEL AND DEAL AUTO SHOP - NIGHT**

Eddie gets out, walks around, kisses Sheree on the cheek.

EDDIE  
See you when you get off.

SHEREE  
Maybe. I can't promise you I'll be  
awake.

EDDIE  
Oh, baby. You really know how to  
get my motor cranking.

Sheree rolls her eyes and quickly leaves. Eddie turns to the shop, greeted by his buddy JOHNNY STRITCH (20s), grease monkey mechanic in some torn jeans.

Johnny hands him a set of keys, motions to a loaner sitting by itself in the lot. A BLACK CHALLENGER with white racing stripes and fat tires.

Eddie smiles and accepts. A quiet and mysterious exchange between the two.

Another mechanic named LEVI (20s), skinny, white trash, goatee, wipes grease from his hands, watches.

CUT TO:

**EXT. TIKI WEST MOTEL - NIGHT**

The VAN WITH NO WINDOWS is parked before a first level motel room marked 101.

The BLACK CHALLENGER creeps up behind it.

Levi behind the wheel and Eddie riding shotgun. They both stare at the van and then each other.

CUT TO:

**INT. ROOM 101 - NIGHT**

Eddie stands before Park and Bosco. He hands them a stack of developed eight by ten photographs of various WHITE IROC Z28S from all over Miami. All with different owners.

Park flips through them. Stops on a CLOSE UP of the front right bumper.

He and Bosco stare back at Eddie. And then each other. An assured nod from both.

Bosco opens a briefcase and snags up a manila envelope wrapped in a rubber band. Eddie's payment.

Eddie smiles, takes the envelope, puts in his bag, comes out of the bag branding a DESERT EAGLE.

ON THE GUN

as TWO SHOTS exit the barrel. One for each agent.

CUT TO:

**EXT. TIKI WEST MOTEL - NIGHT**

Eddie rushes out as the BLACK CHALLENGER sits waiting with the engine running. He jumps in.

And off they go, back on the main drag.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FAST FOOD JOINT - NIGHT**

The Black Challenger stops near the front door. Levi steps out, walks inside as Eddie walks around to the driver's side, jumps in and takes off like a bat out of hell.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT - STREET - NIGHT**

In the passenger seat now sits a bag of burgers and fries. The drive thru receipt reads 8:46 PM.

The actual digital clock in the car reads 9:59 PM.

Eddie cracks his window, dumps most of his large soda onto the pavement.

The Black Challenger is well over the speed limit as it approaches a yellow light.

**INT. BLACK CHALLENGER - NIGHT**

Eddie smiles as he spots the yellow light turn RED and doesn't hesitate stomping the gas.

**EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT - STREET - NIGHT**

The Black Challenger whizzes right past a cop on the grass just hidden behind a tall palm tree.

Headlights on. Cherries blazing. Off he goes.

The police car tail gates the Black Challenger as it eventually pulls to the side.

A UNIFORM COP

- steps out, walks casually toward the Challenger with his FLASHLIGHT ON and pointed down at -

Eddie behind the wheel. All smiles.

EDDIE  
There a problem, Officer?

CUT TO BLACK

**END OF TEASER**

ROLL CREDITS AND MUSIC: MIAMI VICE

**ACT ONE - "BLOWBACK"**

**INT. OCB SQUAD ROOM - MORNING**

The once torn up loft is getting a facelift. Some DELIVERY MEN IN OVERALLS install new windows and paint over the chipped brick walls.

A CABLE INSTALLER on a tall ladder uses a POWER DRILL to mount the second of two FLATSCREENS on the overhead wall.

Bedford shows him where he wants it.

BEDFORD  
Yes. Right there. Perfect.

MUNZ'S DESK

As Munz is in the middle of a phone call. One finger in his ear as he struggles to listen.

MUNZ

No, I don't have those files. I don't have any files.

(listens)

No, I don't need to look because there's nothing to look for.

(listens)

When I say I don't have the files, I mean I have no files. As in I don't even have a file cabinet.

(listens)

Yeah, well, I'll have to get back to you on that.

Out of patience, Munz hangs it up. In walks another DELIVERY MAN with a black file cabinet on a dollie. He rolls it against the wall next to the water cooler.

Cappeli walks in, morning coffee in hand. Pats Munz on the head like a dog as she walks to her desk.

CAPPELI

This place is almost inhabitable again.

She eyeballs some bagels and cream cheese dead center of the conference table.

Munz rubs his tired eyes, throws an annoyed glance in Bedford's direction.

MUNZ

(to Bedford)

Why am I getting phone calls from the DA's office about immunity deals?

BEDFORD

Because, Detective Munz. Unless I'm looking to score a quick bag or get my toes curled by a fifty dollar whore...your CI's are of no longer use to us.

Munz and Cappeli confused.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

You hit a dead end, you don't circle back and travel the same road. You find an alternate route.



CAPPELI

Such as?

BEDFORD

For the last two weeks, myself, along with several members of the District Attorney's Office have been trolling the swamps at county lock up looking for that one hidden treasure.

MUNZ

Treasure?

BEDFORD

That one career changing lead that went, shall we say, previously unprocured by our men and women in uniform.

MUNZ

Sounds like fish in a barrel, doesn't it?

BEDFORD

I suppose it may seem that way to a crew of overly comfortable and somewhat undriven vice cops.

MUNZ

(smartass)

I resemble that remark.

Cappeli grins. Bedford unamused.

BEDFORD

You know, after reviewing all of your arrest records, I've found one very disturbing trend.

CAPPELI

Just one?

Munz giggles and tries to reach the water cooler without standing up.

Bedford stunned by his laziness.

BEDFORD

(watching Munz)

Actually, no. But we'll start with this one.

(at Cappeli)

I'm talking about repeat offenders.

(MORE)

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

In some cases, you're arresting the same perp eight, nine, sometimes ten times over. A never ending cycle of catch and release.

MUNZ

Yeah, that's why they call it vice. Bad habits are hard to break.

BEDFORD

Yes. Especially when there are zero consequences.

CAPPELI

Come on, Bedford. These aren't exactly capital felonies were dealing with here.

Cappeli builds herself a bagel.

BEDFORD

No?

Bedford reaches for the center conference table, grabs a manila file marked CAPPELI. Opens it up.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

Conchata Mulvendes. Age nineteen. Streetwalker. Last year, you caught her trying to score ecstasy from a street dealer vice had wired up. She was carrying around her pimp boyfriend's Colt Diamondback in her handbag.

CAPPELI

Yeah. This was around the time The Hileagh Strangler was moving in on South Beach. If I remember correctly, every working girl on the street was carrying.

BEDFORD

Meanwhile one of her boyfriend's associates rolled on him in a separate case. Turns out the pimp used this same Colt revolver to jack his competition's product not even a week earlier.

Cappeli huffs in defeat, tosses her coffee in a trash bin.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

Oh yeah. I forget to mention the dealer you had wired was the same kid the pimp ripped off?

Cappeli and Munz share a quizzical yet intrigued glance.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

What I'm saying is this, Cappeli. It's obvious to me that your hooker had more on her mind that night than just staying alive.

MUNZ

A bit of a reach.

BEDFORD

Could be. But it doesn't change the fact that Cappeli should've run that gun through the system.

(to Cappeli)

Imagine how many arrests could've been made if you bothered to follow through.

Cappeli and Munz bored by this and Bedford sees it. He sighs out loud.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

We might as well get this straight right now. So there's no further confusion. Incompetence is never an excuse I'm willing to accept. Not ever. Understood?

A blank stare from Munz and Cappeli.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

Wonderful. Starting today, victimless crimes will no longer take priority. What will take priority and who will take priority are those things and those people who hold something of value to us. And we will be extremely grateful for these things.

CAPPELI

In other words, after last month's fireworks display downtown, the Feds are looking to get guns off the street.

BEDFORD

Precisely.

MUNZ

Now wait a minute. We're supposed to just take the word of every slimeball behind bars with a half baked story about guns?

BEDFORD

Of course not. Like anything, we will consider the source and operate accordingly. But you will already know the source. Inside and out.

MUNZ

And when does this little operation begin?

BEDFORD

Yesterday.

Bedford looks around the half empty room. Lots of desks and chairs without cops.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

Where the hell is everybody?

CUT TO:

**EXT. MARLIN BAY MARINA - DAY**

Hayes parks his ice blue 1986 PORSCHE 930 RUF BTR TURBO in a small lot near the entrance. A sign reading MARLIN BAY MARINA stretches over the front gate.

He steps out, coffee and donuts in hand. Perfectly slick in some comfortable slacks and silk shirt.

CUT TO:

**EXT. JJ'S BOAT HOUSE - DAY**

Hayes walks past a floating fish and chips shack named "Bubba Rays - You Peel And Eat Em" and finds a box like houseboat of sorts with plastic deck furniture.

A parrot's cage barely contains a fat macaw.

Hayes smiles, boards the boat and gives a knock. No answer.

HAYES

Yo, Baumbach! Rise and shine!

He helps himself inside.

**INT. JJ'S BOAT HOUSE - DAY**

JJ is a hungover lump on top of his unmade mattress. Boxer shorts and tank.

Hayes takes in the scenery. All football memorabilia and beach bum decor.

HAYES

You missed roll call, ace.

JJ sits up, reaches for his lucky strikes, pops one in.

JJ

Bedford put my name on the chalkboard?

HAYES

Son, you got so many checkmarks, Bedford had to flip sides.

He laughs.

JJ

Wanna toss me some pants?

Hayes looks around the room. Jeans and khakis thrown every which way. Pick a pair, any pair.

HAYES

Any particular kind?

JJ

Use your imagination.

Hayes is grossed out as he thumbs some khakis from a bar stool.

HAYES

Come on, man. It's a big day today. We're going fishing.

JJ sniffs his pants before jerking them over his boxers.

HAYES (CONT'D)

You're seriously not changing your underwear?

JJ digs his lighter out of his used pants, sparks one up.

JJ  
Fishing huh? For what?

HAYES  
Something big. Something you can  
be proud to mount on your wall  
here.

JJ  
Are you gonna give me a hint or do  
I have to guess?

HAYES  
Here's one hint. Cuban mobster?  
Use to run numbers in Miami until  
he got himself involved in the gun  
trade down in The Glades? You  
personally orchestrated a federal  
raid on his secret, undercover  
gator farm that no longer exists?

JJ still embarrassed.

JJ  
Go out on a limb. Diaz?

HAYES  
El Chango. Exactimundo. Now let's  
go. We wait any longer, Diaz might  
die of heart disease.

JJ tumbles out of bed, grabs his aching head.

HAYES (CONT'D)  
Speaking of heart disease, I got  
your favorite donuts.

Hayes hands him the grease stained bag. He peers inside like  
a little fat kid.

JJ  
Yummy.

CUT TO:

**INT. HAYES PORSCHE - DAY**

Hayes behind the wheel while JJ stuffs his face with his  
third or fourth glazed donut.

HAYES

Better not spill that crap.

JJ hangs his hands out the window, shakes the gooey sugar from his fingertips.

HAYES (CONT'D)

Say. It's been three weeks. When are you gonna see about getting some wheels?

JJ

What do I need a car for? I have you. My own, personal chauffeur. I get free coffee and donuts. I get to actually taste my breakfast while taking in the cool, morning breeze. It's terrific.

HAYES

And why stop a good thing?

JJ smiles, stares out his window just as they pass by the TIKI WEST MOTEL now swarmed with SQUAD CARS, a CORONER'S WAGON and a CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATION VAN.

JJ

Hey. Slow it down. We got something.

HAYES

Come on, man. We got bigger fish. Chango's big fat head hanging on your wall. Sexy.

JJ

Leave no stone unturned.

HAYES

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Hayes slips into a turning lane. JJ sticks a POLICE LIGHT on the dash to forewarn the other cops.

CUT TO:

**INT. ROOM 101 - DAY**

Park and Bosco lay dead on the carpet. One in between a bed and the wall and one blocking the bathroom door.

DETECTIVE WILSON MACRAE (50s), African American, short sleeves and tie, takes point.

Macrae stares down at both bodies. Both men in long sleeve shirts, dress slacks, sleeves rolled up.

A PHOTOGRAPHER snaps some stills.

Macrae heads for the door.

CUT TO:

**EXT. TIKI WEST MOTEL - ROOM 101 - DAY**

The sliding door of the van with no windows sits open. JJ inside, searches the empty space.

Hayes catches eyes with Macrae, none too thrilled at the sight of two cops trampling his crime scene.

MACRAE

Detective Macrae, homicide.  
Welcome to my crime scene.

HAYES

Lionel Hayes. Vice.

The two shake hands.

MACRAE

Vice, huh? You sure made it here fast.

HAYES

No disrespect. We were just passing through. In fact, we were just leaving.

JJ ducks his head out.

JJ

Looks like your shooter made off with whatever was in the van.

Hayes sighs. They're not going anywhere.

JJ motions to the busted out passenger window. Some remnants of shattered glass on the asphalt below.

JJ (CONT'D)

Breaks out the window, helps himself inside and exits through the rear door.



MACRAE

Very good, JJ. Now we'll just have to run his prints against yours.

JJ holds out his hands.

JJ

Didn't touch anything. I swear.

MACRAE

You get lost on the way to vice, Baumbach?

JJ

Wilson Macrae. Meet Lionel Hayes. Our local federal liason with OCB.

HAYES

We just met.

MACRAE

Yeah. Good to meet you. Now you boys can be on your way.

JJ

Come on, Wilson. This is our turf as much as homicide's. Something goes down at the Tiki, Vice gets notified. You know the drill.

MACRAE

Yeah, except these boys just so happened to rent one of the only rooms not rigged up with surveillance cameras.

HAYES

What is this place?

JJ

This place, Hayes, is known to vice division as a hot bed of activity. Pun intended. It's where certain young ladies of the evening lay a temporary head.

HAYES

And these guys knew exactly which rooms to avoid.

(to both)

Now what does that tell you?

JJ  
From the looks of this van, I'd say they were badges.

MACRAE  
Now hold on a second. You deducted all of that over which room they rented?

JJ  
No, actually, I deducted that from the fact your shooter made off with the license tag.

Hayes squints, backs up a bit, stares at the rear of the van with no visible tag. A couple of screws on the asphalt.

HAYES  
He's right. Could've been a government tag. God only knows what our shooter took from inside the cab.

MACRAE  
Our shooter?

Hayes lets it go and checks with JJ.

JJ  
We know one thing about what was in the van.

MACRAE  
Oh yeah? What's that?

JJ  
It was worth killing over.

CUT TO:

**INT. DADE COUNTY LOCK UP - VISITATION ROOM - DAY**

A mild mannered woman in an orange jumpsuit LISA BOTT (30s), ponytail, kind eyes, paces the floor just as -

A metal door BUZZES and SLIDES OPEN. Cappeli steps inside with Lisa's file as the door shuts behind her.

CAPPELI  
Lisa Bott?

LISA  
Yes?

Cappeli approaches, extends her hand. Lisa reluctantly accepts.

LISA (CONT'D)  
What's this about?

CAPPELI  
Have a seat.

Lisa plops herself down at a bolted to the floor bench and round table. Cappeli sits across from her, opens up her arrest report which makes Lisa nervous.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)  
Lisa, I'm here because of your brother. And what happened to him the other night. I'm sure you've already been notified?

LISA  
Yeah. I heard. How's he doing?

CAPPELI  
Still in ICU. No changes. Not yet. The doctors say he was beaten within an inch of his life. This same doctor also said it wasn't the first time Andrew came into the ER with similar injuries.

LISA  
How do you mean?

CAPPELI  
Lisa, I believe whoever did this to Andrew has done it before. On many different occasions.

Lisa looks down and away. Cappeli tries to keep eye contact with her but she's clearly hiding something.

LISA  
So do they know who did it?

CAPPELI  
No. They don't. That's why I'm here. I was hoping you could help us out on that one.

LISA  
How should I know?

CAPPELI

I'll tell you what I know. For a girl with a degree in pharmaceutical science, a nice cushy job and a steady income, I'm finding it hard to believe you would risk all that by getting caught up in illegal drug trades to backdoor clinics.

LISA

Pretty stupid, huh?

CAPPELI

Yeah, but I'm not buying it.

Lisa looks up. Guilt written all over her.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)

Your brother was a pretty impressive guy in his youth. Class Validictorian. Johns Hopkins Medical School. Good looks. He had it all.

Lisa huffs in boredom.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)

I bet it was hard growing up with such an accomplished younger brother.

LISA

Yeah. A little. So what?

Cappeli reads her eyes.

CAPPELI

Your brother is also a known gambler. He let his student loan debt get the best of him. Owed bookmakers all over town and it was no secret. I think instead of telling your parents and going to them for help, you tried to handle it yourself.

LISA

Now why would I do a thing like that?

CAPPELI

Because. For the first time in your life, you had the upper hand.  
(MORE)

CAPPELI (CONT'D)  
 And you were gonna hang this little  
 secret over your brother's head as  
 long as you could.

Lisa shoots her a dirty stare.

LISA  
 Do I know you?

CAPPELI  
 I know you, Lisa. I've been there.  
 I know what it's like having a  
 successful sibling. Now come clean  
 with me. Who did this to Andrew?

Lisa fidgets with her nails. Still hiding something.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)  
 I know you know who did it. You've  
 been paying off loan sharks all  
 over Miami for the better half of  
 last year. And you're afraid if  
 your parents find out you know  
 something, they're gonna blame you.

LISA  
 And if I help you trap this  
 asshole, will I get out of here?

CAPPELI  
 What do you think?

IN A CORNER AREA

Munz rests his leg on a bench and leans over EZRA WALLACE  
 (50s), black, church deacon, gray hair and beard.

MUNZ  
 Taking cash from the church  
 offering plate is about as low down  
 and disgraceful as it gets. But  
 giving that money to the  
 underprivileged kids of your  
 community is pretty admirable.

Ezra looks tired by his stint in county. He just doesn't  
 belong in that jumpsuit.

MUNZ (CONT'D)  
 I'm honestly surprised Pastor  
 Dennings pushed criminal charges  
 considering all that good press.

EZRA

Though shall not steal. The rules are the rules, Detective. I broke one of the big ones. There are no exceptions. Even between friends. That was the deal Albert and I made a long time ago.

MUNZ

Not only did he turn you in, you and him were pretty close growing up. I guess I'm having a hard time with that. I'm having a real hard time understanding why you would cover for a person like that.

EZRA

Covering?

MUNZ

Come on, Ezra. We know you know what's really going on in that church. You were the fall guy. Someone had to go down for it and it was you.

EZRA

I don't know what you're talking about.

MUNZ

I think you do. Your friend Pastor Dennings has been buying weapons. Not just a few. But a lot. All over the community. And he's been buying them with offering money taken from Sunday morning collection.

Ezra looks up at him, busted.

MUNZ (CONT'D)

He's got young men. Boys. Bringing guns by the truckload to your church in exchange for money and that honestly scares the hell out of me.

EZRA

These are desperate times, Detective. Maybe you haven't been watching the news. Our children are killing each other.

MUNZ

I've been watching. Maybe you haven't. Crime in your district is up, Mister Wallace. Ever since Dennings has been using the neighborhood kids to broker gun deals.

EZRA

You have no proof of this.

MUNZ

No, but you do, don't you?

Ezra ignores him.

MUNZ (CONT'D)

You were gonna blow the whistle on the whole operation and you got framed. The sacrificial lamb, so to speak.

EZRA

Watch your mouth.

MUNZ

You want out of here or not?

Ezra slowly comes around - nods in agreement.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY**

Eddie Curran is back in his usual seat on the bench as the cell doors open.

In walk JJ and Hayes.

EDDIE

Well if it isn't Crockett and Tubbs.

Hayes throws a thick rap sheet on Eddie's lap. He picks it up, takes a look.

HAYES

Pretty impressive sheet, Eddie. You just finish a six month stay at County then celebrate by driving drunk in a stolen car.

JJ  
Does it hurt beeing so dumb?

EDDIE  
Who's asking?

HAYES  
Hayes and Baumbach. And you were about to tell us where you found the Challenger.

EDDIE  
Is that what I was driving? Can't really remember. I was pretty wasted.

JJ  
That's funny. Because it kind of looks like the same car your boy Stritch boosted from a gas station two weeks ago.

EDDIE  
Oh, shit. Really?

JJ and Hayes share a smile.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
See, I was just waiting on my car to get fixed. He tosses me the keys and says come back in an hour. How was I supposed to know?

JJ  
But I guess downing that half a bottle of Grey Goose before hand wasn't such a great idea, huh?

HAYES  
Guess not.

JJ  
You lucked out, Curran. Your crazy story actually checked out. The DUI still stands, of course, but you managed to escape a second pinch for grand theft auto.

HAYES  
But if I were you, I wouldn't start celebrating just yet.

Eddie loses his smug grin.



HAYES (CONT'D)

Just being in the same room with your friend Johnny Stritch is enough to put you away for another three. No questions asked.

EDDIE

What do you guys want?

JJ takes a seat on a bench. Still tired and hungover.

JJ

Relax, Curran. We dont want you or Johnny Stritch. We do, however, want your buddy's chief competition. A mister Renaldo Diaz, Senior. Otherwise known as El Chango. Maybe you heard of him.

EDDIE

Cuban mobster. A cross between Speedy Gonzalez and Jackie Gleason?

JJ

That's right.

EDDIE

Never heard of him.

JJ and Hayes share a look. JJ stands.

JJ

That's too bad. I thought you were smarter than that. I guess a small timer with no connections like you won't be of any use to us. Sorry we bothered you.

He pats Hayes on the shoulder as they both head out.

EDDIE

Wait a second!

They stop, smile at each other, dip back in.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

What about Diaz? What's he have to do with Johnny?

JJ

Well, as it turns out, our friend El Chango has once again changed residences.

(MORE)

JJ (CONT'D)

They say he's headed back to Miami since his son got busted for manslaughter.

HAYES

In the meantime, he's dropped some of his guns and coke money into chop shop operations. And even tried recruiting some of Stritch's own employees from what we hear.

EDDIE

You heard that, did you?

JJ

That's right.

Eddie sighs, caves in.

EDDIE

Okay, fellas. What do you want me to do?

CUT TO:

**EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - DAY**

A crew of local NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS, black, late teens, early twenties, walk around a chain link fence and onto the court. One of them carries a large gym bag.

From the other end of the court walks ANTON RICHARDSON (20s), tall, all muscle, basketball pants.

**INT. MUNZ'S CAR - DAY**

From a curb across the street, Munz watches Anton shake the hands of his contacts.

Munz SNAPS SOME STILLs of the meet and greet.

After a few seconds, they all head off the court together.

Munz watches closely as they head up a sidewalk toward a TALL WHITE CHURCH about a quarter mile out.

He cranks the engine. About to follow.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MORNING GLORY BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY**

Munz already parked in the rear lot of the church, along with half a dozen or so other vehicles.

Anton and his local contacts walk around a corner wall grabbing Munz attention.

They head toward a steep staircase on the side of the church that lead to a basement of sorts.

**INT. MUNZ'S CAR - DAY**

Munz SNAPS SOME STILLS of the last man down the steps who is carrying THE GYM BAG.

Munz grows anxious, keeps one eye on the basement stairs and one on a nearby hallway. Some church faculty and staff enter and exit a rear door.

He throws on a ballcap, cowers in his seat as to go unnoticed by the sudden crowd. Growing restless, Munz pops in a stick of gum and huffs in outright boredom.

After a few moments, the local neighborhood crew come back up the staircase. This time without the gym bag.

MUNZ

You forgot your bag, boys.

He watches as the crew disappears behind a corner wall.

Munz opens his door, about to step out until -

A PATROL CAR

cruises the back lot, grabs his attention. He shuts his door and watches as it stops near the basement.

Anton arrives at the top of the steps. He is met halfway by OFFICER KOVICH (30s), thin mustache, thick hair, shifty as hell cop with unkind eyes.

Behind the wheel is his partner OFFICER DAWES (50s), black, veteran cop. Dawes keeps his eyes peeled as Kovich and Anton exchange information.

MUNZ (CONT'D)

What's going on here, boys.

Kovich shakes Anton's hand and jumps in. As the patrol car pulls away -

Munz SNAPS A FEW SHOTS of the tag.

MUNZ (CONT'D)

Gotcha.

LATER THAT NIGHT

All is peaceful and quiet as the last of the church staff walk to their cars. Munz now gone.

BEHIND SOME SHRUBBERY

Munz's car sits parked at a curb. He fights to keep his eyes open as the last cars leave for the night.

He peeks in between the shrubs. The lot is empty.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MORNING GLORY BAPTIST CHURCH - NIGHT**

Munz keeps his eyes peeled as he quietly rushes down the basement steps.

AT THE BOTTOM

He uses a lock pick kit to jimmy open the door. He looks to the top of the steps. A SHADOW OF SOMEONE on the wall of the church as Munz dips inside.

**INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Munz uses a FLASHLIGHT to inspect the room. An old preschool classroom with the alphabet running across the rim of an old blackboard.

An old OVERHEAD PROJECTOR covered in dust sits in the corner near a teacher's desk.

A giant old style TOY CHEST on the floor is PADLOCKED. Munz attempts to tear it off but with no luck.

He checks some shuttered closets to find several old board games and lego sets for the kids. Suddenly, the sound of A DOORKNOB RATTLING startles him.

Munz jumps in the closet, closes the shutters behind him.

FROM IN THE CLOSET

Munz watches as the person outside LOCKS UP for the night and heads back up the steps.

A sigh of relief.

He steps out, checks the door. No one there.

He walks to the corner closet and inspects the contents. Bags of toys and other games. He turns -

Spots the OVERHEAD PROJECTOR in the opposite corner as if it were staring back at him.

CUT TO:

**EXT. WHEEL AND DEAL AUTO SHOP - DAY**

A 2018 CORVETTE STINGRAY CONVERTIBLE races up the street and dips down a slope into the auto garage's lot.

It passes the front row of open garages as MECHANICS work on legit repair jobs. Johnny Stritch spots the Corvette making its way toward the back.

OUT BACK

The Corvette approaches the rear of the garage where another SLIDING DOOR is closed.

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEEL AND DEAL AUTO SHOP - REAR GARAGE - DAY**

Eddie uses a pulley chain to open the large garage door as the Corvette cruises in.

Within seconds, it's lifted high into the air as Johnny's other crew of not so legit MECHANICS get to work on the wheels with pit stop drills.

**INT. WHEEL AND DEAL AUTO SHOP - FRONT DESK - DAY**

Hayes rings a bell near the register. He stares through the glass and into the main garage.

Johnny in the middle of talking with DIEGO (30s), Cuban, flash suit, overdressed.

**INT. WHEEL AND DEAL AUTO SHOP - MAIN GARAGE - DAY**

Johnny oversees a repair job as Diego gets uncomfortably close to his face.

DIEGO

You missed your deadline. Mister Diaz will be extremely disappointed you've not taken his instructions seriously.

JOHNNY

And you haven't offered me the first dime. You're asking me to lay off all ten of my guys and shut down operation without any incentives.

Diego laughs.

DIEGO

Incentives?

JOHNNY

That's right. I could've dropped a dime to the cops a dozen times over. Let them know El Chango is back in business. But I didn't. And I've never missed a payment.

DIEGO

Sounds to me like some kind of re negotiation going on here.

JOHNNY

Look. I'm not gonna tell you again. I'm done talking to you little foot soldier, wise guy wannabes. I want a sit down with the fat man. Me and him.

Diego fights the urge to kill him.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Now do you habla? Or I have to write this out in Spanish?

Diego walks to a work tray, grabs a brand new alternator and holds it in the air.

**INT. WHEEL AND DEAL AUTO SHOP - FRONT DESK - DAY**

Levi flushes a nearby toilet and steps out, wipes his hands on his jeans.

Hayes is grossed out, looks away.

LEVI  
I help you with something?

CRASH!

The alternator flies through a SHATTERED WINDOW and lands on a desk near the register.

Levi and Hayes watch as Diego shoves Johnny aside and makes his way to the lot.

Hayes motions to his blue Porsche outside.

HAYES  
Having some car trouble. Just passing by and thought you guys could take a quick look.

Levi stares over his shoulder, out at the Porsche parked near the front door.

RIVERA (30s), Cuban, gym clothes, flash jewelry, walks around the Porsche practically drooling.

Diego joins him.

LEVI  
You ain't take it to no dealership?

HAYES  
Nah. If I did that, my ex wife's new boy toy might recognize me. From what I hear, you boys are the ones for the job.

Levi watches him, unsure. A growing smile.

LEVI  
I see. Wait here a second.

Levi dips out, into the main garage area.

Hayes watches as he whispers in Johnny's ear. Johnny stares through the busted out window and back at Hayes.

HAYES  
Come on, Johnny. Time is money.

Johnny steps inside, gives Hayes a good once over.

HAYES (CONT'D)  
Is there a problem?

JOHNNY  
You know we don't work on Porsches here. Right?

HAYES  
I heard you were the boys to see.  
I guess I heard wrong.

Hayes heads to the door. Johnny stares out at Rivera and Diego checking out his ride.

JOHNNY  
Wait a second.

Hayes stops.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
What's the problem?

HAYES  
Other than losing it to my ex in the divorce? No problem.

JOHNNY  
It's not a good time. Maybe come back in an hour or two. We can see about taking care of your problem.

Hayes nods in agreement, throws on his shades.

HAYES  
Rock and roll.

He heads out the door. Is greeted by Diego.

CUT TO:

**EXT. WHEEL AND DEAL AUTO SHOP - DAY**

Hayes is blocked from his car by Diego. Rivera now behind the wheel and revving the engine.

DIEGO  
Nice coche. How much you want for it?

HAYES  
It's not really for sale, fellas.



DIEGO

Come on. Everything's for sale.  
And you ain't bringing this puppy  
to no shithole like this unless you  
want it gone. Am I right?

Hayes smiles back at Diego. Rivera shuts down the engine,  
steps out, rests his hands on the roof.

Hayes stares through the front window at Johnny who watches  
the negotiation.

Diego and Rivera stand together. Await his answer.

RIVERA

Don't worry about him, Amigo. He  
ain't gonna get you no deal like  
us.

DIEGO

So what's it gonna be?

Hayes watches them, plays unsure.

HAYES

Who's asking?

CUT TO:

**EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY**

A TAXI CAB cruises a one way street and passes several single  
wide trailers and mobile homes.

The place isn't a total slum with palm trees and beautiful  
rock gardens.

The taxi stops in front of a run down single.

DESIREE (19), a young hottie with a bare midrif and some  
daisy dukes steps out.

**INT. TAXI CAB - DAY**

An Armenian driver named SERGEY (40s), Miami Dolphins cap, a  
sweaty mess, stares back at JJ.

SERGEY

Great. I suppose you'll be awhile,  
Baumbach?

JJ  
Kill the attitude, Sergey. Or I'll  
get me an Uber.

JJ stuffs a wad of cash in his hand.

JJ (CONT'D)  
Five minutes. You move from this  
spot, I'm calling your probation  
officer.

He steps out.

CUT TO:

**INT. DESIREE'S MOBILE HOME - DAY**

Desiree cracks a beer, sets it on a table and shoves it at JJ  
who barely grabs it in time.

JJ  
Gee. You really know how to  
entertain, Desiree.

Desiree grabs herself one.

JJ spots several half empty bottles of booze on a broken down  
old coffee table. Cigarette butts overflow an ash tray.

JJ (CONT'D)  
From the looks of things you stayed  
home last night. Back problems?

DESIREE  
I know why you're here and I don't  
know anything.

JJ  
It's a funny thing. Room 101 was  
the only room on that whole floor  
not rigged with cameras. Only two  
people outside of the police force  
knew that. Your boss and you.

Desiree leans against the fridge and chugs her beer -  
strangely quiet and passive.

JJ (CONT'D)  
Now, I don't see the old man  
setting up a hit in one of his own  
rooms.

(MORE)

JJ (CONT'D)

Knowing the place could be crawling with undercover cops at any given moment. That would be severely stupid.

DESIREE

And you think I'm so stupid that I would?

JJ

There's stupid and then desperate. I've seen some pretty smart folks do some pretty desperate things in my time. Especially when money's involved.

JJ gives this dump of a trailer a good once over. He grimaces with utter disgust.

JJ (CONT'D)

But I can see how a girl wouldn't wanna tear herself away from nice digs like this.

DESIREE

You got something on me? If not, there's the door.

JJ

Come on, girl. You're not playing nice. One of your johns paid you for those room keys. All you gotta do is tell me who. It's not like you knew he was gonna blow them away.

Desiree opens the door. She's had enough. JJ chugs his beer, heads for the door.

JJ (CONT'D)

See you around, D.

JJ dips out. Desiree slams the door shut.

CUT TO:

**INT. OCB SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT**

The two flatscreens on the wall now feature carefully orchestrated slideshows put together by Bedford.

On one screen, the blown up face of OFFICER CALVIN DAWES in his police uniform. The image changes to an old newspaper clipping: PASTOR'S SON ARRESTED.

BEDFORD

Calvin Dawes. A thirty five year veteran of the Dade County Sheriff's Department and a twenty year member of the Morning Glory Church.

Munz surprised by this piece of news. Bedford notices.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

Father of five. Four of them boys. Teenagers. All the same age as Chris Dennings when he was killed two years ago.

Bedford clicks next on the remote as a new clip appears: PASTOR'S SON KILLED.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

Not just killed. But shot by a white cop. Leaving quite the load on Officer Dawes shoulders. With Pastor Dennings, his congregation, his sons and most importantly himself.

Munz, Cappeli, Hayes, JJ all exchange looks.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

As far as I'm concerned, our Officer Dawes has officially graduated to the one most likely to have orchestrated the operation.

(to Munz)

Bobby. You wanna fill in the blanks for your team.

MUNZ

Their operating out of the church basement. Looks like an old preschool classroom. Guns are locked away in an old toy chest where no one would even think to look. They've also got an overhead projector rigged with a camera, recording every trade.

HAYES

Cameras?

MUNZ

That means, if Bedford's right, our Officer Dawes and partner could be using it as some sort of blackmail scheme to get more guns off the street.

CAPPELI

So far I don't see a down side.

HAYES

Nah. A couple of rogue cops running illegal gun trades. What could possibly go wrong?

BEDFORD

We don't know what they're doing yet, so let's not jump to conclusions.

(to Munz)

Stay on Kovich and Dawes and keep IAD posted on their movements.

Munz nods.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

Cappeli. What's the word on your nurse?

CAPPELI

Pharmacy Tech. Not great but we're getting there. Says she never delivered the cash to any of these collectors herself but was with her brother when he made payments. She insisted on it.

BEDFORD

Terrific. You get her with a sketch artist?

CAPPELI

Already done. As we speak, I've got her comparing mugs with every two bit loan shark and bone breaker we got in the system.

Cappeli nods to the second flatscreen featuring the sinister face of MOOKIE TOWNSEND (20s), corn rows, violent thug, career criminal.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)

Am I to guess that we're hoping it's Mookie Townsend?

BEDFORD

As you may've heard, Townsend was just acquitted on technicality. Some rookie asshole forgot to Mirandize him and tossed him a real good beating.

ON THE SECOND FLATSCREEN

the clip of Townsend changes to a collage of dead bodies on the asphalt. All from different angles, close ups and all beaten to death.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

As you can see, given his chosen profession, he's gotten away with some pretty heinous crimes.

JJ

His victims aren't talking. And anyone on the street caught snitching him out gets themselves dead.

BEDFORD

That's right. Only this time, the victim isn't leaving the hospital.

(to Cappeli)

The DA thinks this is our closest shot at nailing this prick so make sure to emphasize the importance of his conviction to Miss Bott.

Hayes smirks at the thought. He turns to Cappeli. Neither one of them believing Bedford's candor.

CAPPELI

(smug)

Oh, yes, sir.

BEDFORD

Okay, Hayes and Baumbach. Where are we with this chop shop thing?

HAYES

Oh, real good. I got Diaz's boys just itching to get my business. Got a name and an address. All that's left are some hot cars.

BEDFORD

I'll get with impound and set it up.

(MORE)

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

(to JJ)  
How's the kid doing?

JJ

Oh, Curran was spot on with Diaz's boys. Friday between Two and Three PM. Like clockwork. Just like he promised.

BEDFORD

Good. Keep making him work for it.  
(to all)  
Dismissed.

Cappeli rushes out, hopping mad. She almost runs over JJ in the process.

JJ

What's her problem?

Hayes checks with Bedford who is already nose deep in paperwork and done with the team.

HAYES

Nothing. Squash it, man.

CUT TO:

**EXT. WHEEL AND DEAL AUTO SHOP - OUT BACK - NIGHT**

Eddie sips a bottle of beer and rests on a stack of old tires as Johnny locks up for the night.

EDDIE

These cops are serious. Diaz blew Baumbach's cover last month and almost had him killed. He ain't gonna stop until he's locked up. Neither of them.

Johnny grabs himself a beer from what's left of a six pack on Eddie's hood.

JOHNNY

So what do you suggest we do, man? Run? I got a family, bro.

EDDIE

We got thirty kis. According to those Feds, it's pure Colombian shit. We could easily get forty a ki. I say we just take it and split.

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

They wanna burn this place down,  
let them. Hell, I'll toss the  
match myself.

Johnny grows irritated, jumps in his face.

JOHNNY

Stop! Stop and think about it,  
man! Who are you gonna broker a  
coke deal with?! A load this size!  
It could be Chango's shit! Ever  
think of that?!

EDDIE

I told you it's not. I know for  
sure it's not.

JOHNNY

Oh, you know that for sure?!

EDDIE

These Feds aren't gonna steal  
Diaz's load then try to frame his  
kid with it. It doesn't make  
sense. If you're that worried,  
we'll leave the state. They'll  
never track us down.

Johnny now a train wreck, walks in circles, chugs at his beer  
as Eddie follows him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Come on, bro. Staying here is  
goofy. You know it is. No way  
Chango Diaz wants to cut a deal  
with small timers like us. He  
might cut off our balls just for  
inconveniencing him.

JOHNNY

I gotta talk with my wife about all  
this.

EDDIE

Of course.

JOHNNY

Alright. You win. I'll tell the  
fat man we're closed for business.

CUT TO:



**INT. METRO DADE POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT**

Lisa sits at a high tech computer set up. On one side of the screen is A POLICE SKETCH of a black man with corn rows. On the other side, a digital mug book searches the database for a possible match.

Hundreds of images scroll at lightning fast speed as Lisa grows bored by it all.

Cappeli steps in with two large coffees and plops herself down in a swivel chair.

CAPPELI  
Nothing yet?

LISA  
No bites. Just how accurate are these things?

CAPPELI  
Around fifty fifty.

LISA  
That's not so great.

CAPPELI  
It's just a faster, more effective way of thumbing through mugbooks. But you have to understand, the likelihood of getting a perfect match based on a rough sketch is still pretty slim. But, then again, eliminating suspects is half the process.

LISA  
God. If that were true, I'd be sitting here until next month, Detective. There's gotta be an easier way.

Cappeli thinks it all over.

CAPPELI  
Come on.

As she snags her coat from a chair. Lisa caught off guard.

LISA  
What? Where are we going?

CUT TO:

**INT. TIKI WEST MOTEL - FRONT LOBBY - NIGHT**

Hayes and JJ step in. Macrae at the front register with the motel's owner and operator LUTHER STEGMAN (40s), Hawaiian shirt, hairy, shady as hell.

JJ

Macrae. Couldn't get through this one without me I see.

MACRAE

Our Mister Stegman here was about to tell me why he neglected to inform homicide there was a security camera hidden under the sign out front.

JJ checks with Luther who looks away in shame.

MACRAE (CONT'D)

This particular camera just happens to be aimed toward the street. All but handing us our shooter's car and license tag.

Macrae shoots Luther an ugly stare.

MACRAE (CONT'D)

But Mister Stegman's refusing to cooperate. Claiming he's immune from prosecution based on his status as a confidential informant.

JJ leans on the counter, gets close to Luther's face.

JJ

Luther. That wasn't very nice bringing my name into this. After all I've done for you.

HAYES

Sounds like the act of a desperate man to me.

JJ

Pretty smart adding the extra camera. Have to admit. Now you can see when the cop's are coming. Give your girls fair warning.

All eyes on Luther as he eventually breaks. He motions to a back room as Macrae and JJ follow.

CUT TO:

**INT. TIKI WEST MOTEL - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT**

JJ, Macrae and Hayes watch a complicated maze of various security cameras all on one flatscreen.

MACRAE

Now pull up the front end camera.

Luther ZOOMS IN on the front sign's camera footage aiming down at the adjacent street.

MACRAE (CONT'D)

I want everything between Eight and Nine PM.

HAYES

(to Macrae)

You gonna run tags on every car coming and going?

(to JJ)

How busy are these girls?

JJ

Relax.

JJ taps the keyboard as the footage fast forwards a good twenty minutes. A car leaves the lot.

MACRAE

Freeze!

JJ hits pause.

LUTHER

That's me. Going to get something to eat.

JJ rolls his eyes, unpauses the footage, fast forwards some more until a BLACK CHALLENGER leaves the lot.

MACRAE

Whoa! Back up!

JJ rewinds a bit. Plays again. Hayes leans in close.

The BLACK CHALLENGER with WHITE STRIPES darts out of the lot and over a steep ditch as SPARKS FLY.

HAYES

Are you kidding me?

JJ

That Challenger look familiar to you, Hayes?

HAYES

It can't be.

JJ catches Luther watching him.

JJ

One way to find out.

JJ pulls a smart phone from his pants, scrolls through the contacts.

HAYES

What're you doing?

JJ

Swiped Desiree's phone today.  
Luther here's number one girl.  
Thought she might tell us who she  
gave the room keys to.

Hands the phone to Hayes.

JJ (CONT'D)

Recognize that number?

Hayes check it out, stares back at Luther who is guilty as hell and back to JJ.

HAYES

Eddie Curran.

MACRAE

Who's Eddie Curran?

JJ

They call him The Repo Man. Big  
time car thief. He's working with  
us on this chop shop deal.

MACRAE

Not anymore.

HAYES

How's that?

MACRAE

Pulled some latents from the motel  
room. Ran them through the federal  
database. You guys were right.  
They were Feds. FBI.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PUBLIC PARK - LITTLE HAITI - NIGHT**

MOOKIE TOWNSEND sits at a bench playing checkers with an older NEIGHBORHOOD LOCAL.

A small crowd formed around them.

Some KIDS toss a frisbee while some bigger TEENS play a game of sandlot football.

ACROSS THE STREET

is Cappeli's car. Lisa rides shotgun.

**INT. CAPPELI'S CAR - NIGHT**

CAPPELI

I need you to tell me if you recognize anyone in that park.

Lisa takes a moment. Lots of similar faces, crazy hairstyles and loud clothes.

LISA

Is this supposed to be a joke or something?

CAPPELI

On the bench. Playing checkers. Take another look.

Lisa stares back at the two men on the bench. One of them is Mookie and she's oblivious.

LISA

No. It's dark out here.

CAPPELI

His name's Mookie Townsend. They call him the Haitian John Gotti. He's been linked in connection with dozens of assaults. Racketeering. Murder. Never convicted.

LISA

I don't understand. Why is he not in prison?

Cappeli and Lisa both watch Mookie.

CAPPELI

Dumb luck. That and he's real careful.

(MORE)

CAPPELI (CONT'D)

They say he never uses the same weapon twice. It's his trademark. Ball bat. Straight pipe. Brass knuckles. Those were just some of the highlights. And he never leaves his prints at the scene.

Cappeli turns to Lisa.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)

I also hear he's one of Jimmy Falco's chief enforcers. That name ringing any bells?

LISA

I heard Andrew talk about a Jimmy once. About a debt he owed.

Lisa rubs her sore temples, tired by it all.

LISA (CONT'D)

God, there were so many. It's hard to keep track with who owed who and for how much.

Lisa watches Mookie closely.

LISA (CONT'D)

Is he the man who hurt Andrew?

Cappeli can't bring herself to answer.

CAPPELI

Word is out that Townsend's been laying low since a local prostitute was found strangled. A girl who was on his payroll.

LISA

So? What does that mean?

CAPPELI

It means he's been cribbing with an associate of his here in Little Haiti. Out of the spotlight.

LISA

So how did you find him?

CAPPELI

Because. The police have been watching him. For weeks. Since your brother's beating made front page news.

LISA

If they know it's him, why won't they arrest him?

CAPPELI

Because. He's just one on a list of suspects. There's no physical evidence tying Townsend to your brother. We were hoping you could tell us if he had a marker out with Jimmy Falco.

LISA

I told you, days ago, I don't know any names. Just amounts. Drew told me how much and I gave him the cash. That was it.

Cappeli huffs out loud. Not the answer she wanted. She takes another long look at Mookie.

CAPPELI

Are you sure that...

(hesitates)

You never saw your brother hand any cash to Mookie Townsend?

Lisa is hesitant as she watches Cappeli.

LISA

Are you asking me or telling me?

Cappeli just stares at Lisa in silence. Awaiting her final decision.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOME OF JOSEPH JEAN LOUIS - LATE NIGHT**

Mookie now at a simple card table playing poker and downing some Jamaican beer with friend JOSEPH JEAN LOUIS - Mookie's safekeeper.

MOOKIE

Cheating bastard. Three hands in a row.

His PHONE BUZZES. He answers:

MOOKIE (CONT'D)

Yes, mon. Who dis?

ANTON (O.S.)  
How you gonna know the cops coming  
with your blinds closed?

Mookie checks the front windows. Every blind in the house is shut. Not a peep of outside light.

MOOKIE  
Who da hell is dis?

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. MORNING GLORY BAPTIST CHURCH - NIGHT**

Anton stands in a dark room. He moves into the light as we now see he's in a chapel of sorts.

Two rows of pews and THE CROSS OF JESUS hangs on a back wall and over the proceedings.

ANTON  
Tell you what, Mookie. Why don't  
you walk to the window and find  
out.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. HOME OF JOSEPH JEAN LOUIS - LATE NIGHT**

Mookie races to the front blinds, peeks outside.

No one in the immediate vicinity. He checks down the street and spots a POLICE TACTICAL TEAM prepping a raid.

MOOKIE  
No!

ANTON (O.S.)  
You know what that means. Someone  
sold you out.

In a red hot rage, Mookie turns to Jean Louis who is shocked by his hateful stare.

JEAN LOUIS  
What, mon?

MOOKIE  
You!

Mookie pulls a hand cannon from his back pants and fires a giant hole in Jean Louis's chest.



POW! His chair tumbles to the floor.

The DOOR BURSTS OPEN as wood splinters fly everywhere and Mookie chases out a back door.

JJ is the first inside, followed by Cappeli.

Jean Louis dead on the floor and no Mookie.

JJ  
(into his collar)  
He's heading your way!

CUT TO:

**EXT. HOME OF JOSEPH JEAN LOUIS - LATE NIGHT**

Mookie goes full track star toward his neighbor's fence. Hayes turns a corner, draws down on him.

Mookie unloads in his direction as -

Hayes cowers on the ground behind the wall.

JJ rushes out the back door, Mookie in his sights.

JJ  
Hey!

Mookie spins around.

POW-POW-POW!

And down he goes.

Cappeli races out the rear door to find Mookie full of holes and dead on the grass.

A trace of regret in her eyes.

JJ (CONT'D)  
You did good, Christi. Real good.

Hayes pops his head out from behind the corner. Stares down at the dead lump in the grass.

CUT TO:

**INT. DESIREE'S MOBILE HOME - LATE NIGHT**

JJ kicks in the door. Hayes follows. No sign of Desiree on the couch.

Hayes checks the bathroom.

HAYES  
All clear.

JJ  
Why'd she do it?

HAYES  
Maybe they're in love.

Hayes rejoins him in the living area.

JJ  
His girlfriend's a Hooters  
waitress. I kind of doubt he's  
downgrading.

HAYES  
Maybe she's a royal pain in the  
ass.

JJ checks Desiree's cabinets and cupboards. And then under  
the sink. He pulls out a bag and unzips.

Yanks out a kilo of coke.

JJ  
Or maybe he gave her a kilo of  
cocaine. Just a guess.

HAYES  
Cocaine. A couple of dead Feds.  
What the hell's this kid into?

JJ  
Could be Eddie and Mister Diaz have  
crossed paths before. Like maybe  
he used to boost cars for him.

HAYES  
If he stole from Chango Diaz and  
Diaz knows where he works, what's  
he still doing breathing?

JJ  
Your'e right. It's too thin. I  
have an idea. Let's go pick up  
Curran and ask him.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MORNING GLORY BAPTIST CHURCH - LATE NIGHT**

Munz hides in the shrubbery and watches A BLACK LEXUS arrive in the parking lot. An unusual amount of cars at this time of night.

He checks his watch: 1:24 AM

MUNZ

What the hell's going on in there?

Out of the Lexus steps POLICE COMMISSIONER MCFARLANE in a very expensive top coat and slick suit.

MUNZ (CONT'D)

You gotta be kidding me.

Munz ZOOMS IN on McFarlane and snaps half a dozen or so stills as he heads for the door.

CUT TO:

**INT. MORNING GLORY BAPTIST CHURCH - CHAPEL - LATE NIGHT**

Anton stands at the pulpit. PASTOR DENNINGS (50s), humble suit and tie, sad eyes, sits in the front row. His bible opened, studying, praying.

Officers Kovich and Dawes also stand waiting. They all turn and stare back at -

MCFARLANE

standing in the doorway.

CUT TO:

**INT. MORNING GLORY BAPTIST CHURCH - BASEMENT - LATE NIGHT**

McFarlane follows Pastor Dennings and Officer Dawes down a flight of stairs. Kovich and Anton bring up the rear.

This is a different basement than before. Somewhere deep in the heart of the church.

Pastor Dennings yanks on a dangling chain. The entire room LIGHTS UP from the hanging bulb.

McFarlane stands in awe of literally HUNDREDS OF POLICE MUG SHOTS taped to the old brick walls.

Anton stands on the stairs, keeps an eye on the door.

Officer Dawes reaches into a file cabinet marked K-Z and pulls out a thick rap sheet.

MOOKIE TOWNSEND'S FACE at the top. He thumbs through the file and paperclipped to it is an extensive BALLISTICS REPORT.

McFarlane, Pastor Dennings, Anton and Kovich all watch as Dawes puts a lighter to the files.

McFarlane a bit guilt ridden as he watches Dawes dump the FLAMING PAGES into an oil drum.

Kovich walks to a MUG SHOT of Mookie Townsend taped to the wall and crosses over his face with a red marker.

CUT TO BLACK.

TO BE CONTINUED