

MIAMI VICE

Pilot:
"A New Darkness"

by

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TEASER**EXT. SWAMP - DAY**

A densely populated grove of bald cypress dots the calm but marshy swamp water.

A tiny egret prances along the skim in pursuit of a fish it can't catch as more birds perch in the branches overhead.

Above them, a slightly overcast sky with the slow and deep rumble of THUNDER in the near distance.

AN ALUMINUM SWAMP BOAT

carries a tank topped LATINO DRIVER with gang color headband. Sitting calmly up front with a dead serious look about him is a chiseled Jamaican with blonde dreadlocks and a deeply vacant stare.

This is SHAWN "AKEEM" NAVARO (30s), strange green eyes, light skinned, strikingly handsome but a true aura of darkness about him.

EXT. BOAT DOCK AND BAR - DAY

Cuban rap music is coming from inside a broken down old bait and tackle shack now serving as an arena for bare knuckle brawlers and drunken game hunters.

There is no front door or side wall to this structure. Just a wide open space as we peer inside and watch a couple of shirtless bruisers duke it out.

The swamp boat drifts along the side of the dock as the driver wraps a frayed rope around a steel cleat.

A BLINGED OUT HAND

reaches out to Akeem who accepts and is helped from the boat by CHANGO (40s), a three hundred pound beast with big ears and a vintage Marino jersey.

CHANGO

Welcome to the jungle, Mi Amigo.

INT. BOAT DOCK AND BAR - DAY

ONE OF CHANGO'S PALS takes up a collection of cash from the rough and rowdy crowd of rednecks and gator rustlers.

A couple of BRAWLERS take off their shirts and walk circles around each other.

Still on the dock, Akeem and Chango peer inside.

CHANGO

As you can see, my problem isn't getting the help. It's keeping them out.

Chango motions inside. Akeem watches the two brawlers trade punches as BLOOD SPEWS from noses and spit hits the stained wooden floors.

CHANGO (CONT'D)

With my doors open twenty four seven, and more product coming in that I can handle, the competition can get pretty fierce. So I let them decide who walks out of here with their pockets full.

AKEEM

And make yourself a few extra bucks on the side.

Chango pats Akeem on the shoulder.

CHANGO

Pretty smart, Amigo. Come on. Let's go.

Chango heads around the back of the dock as Akeem follows.

EXT. BOAT DOCK AND BAR - OUT BACK - DAY

Out back is an underwater gated fence that forms a sort of makeshift alligator holding tank. And this tank is filled to the brim with gators.

Chango opens an ice chest rested against the shack and pulls out two cold beers. He hands one to Akeem who quickly pops off his cap and chugs.

He throws in a full bucket of chum to his gators as he and Akeem watch them fight for their dinner.

CHANGO

Last month, I get approached by an agent with the Wildlife Commission. Tells me for the right price, I can keep the right people off my back. Game farm applications. Limited entry permits. Hunting and fishing licenses. We're talking unlimited access. Anyone that wants to do business with me gets automatic federal protection.

Akeem isn't impressed and shoots Chango a stern look.

CHANGO (CONT'D)

I know, I know. What does any of this have to do with me. Turns out it was all too good to be true. My guy on the inside says some puto gator farmer's been doing some sniffing around. Asking a lot of questions about me.

Chango picks up a manila file from off a wooden bench and hands it to Akeem who opens and takes a look.

It's the image, arrest record and jacket of one DETECTIVE JASON "JJ" BAUMBACH (40s), shaved blonde hair, chiseled, still in his dress blues.

CHANGO (CONT'D)

Dude's a cop. Works out of vice. Miami PD. But you already know that. He killed your brother last year in that rooftop shootout.

Akeem stares at the picture with intense hatred.

CHANGO (CONT'D)

He drew so much heat from you and your crew he went into hiding. Went on loan to The Feds for some serious deep cover work. Well I've found him, Mi Amigo. The way I see it, we have ourselves a mutual problem.

Akeem slowly looks up at Chango. His eyes red hot with rage and ready to explode.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLIGATOR FARM - DAY

The filthy rear door of a jacked up pick up with giant super swamper mudding tires swings open and reveals a dozen or so live gators tied at their hands and feet.

A dirty REDNECK in a ball cap flipped backwards smiles and snaps at his gum, proud of his catch. He turns to

JASON "JJ" BAUMBACH, now heavier with long hair and a thick beard. He removes his shades to get a better look at the stocked truck's product.

Inside are several metal coolers.

REDNECK

So, check this out, brother man. I know you been down and out lately but I got what you need right here. One stop shopping, baby. We're talking four dozen dino eggs just ready to hatch.

JJ pops open one of the coolers and sees a whole nest of giant white eggs rested in some wet grass.

REDNECK (CONT'D)

At thirty an egg, we're at roughly fifteen hundred. Now, that's half of what I can get for these things with the Cuban down the road. He's asking a hundred a head for the gators, today I'm taking fifty. So what's up? You like my pups or what?

JJ

Sounds to me like you just ran out of drinking money, friend.

REDNECK

Yeah, something like that. Family's gotta eat. You know how it is.

JJ

Yeah. I know how it is.

REDNECK

But I'll tell you what. If I throw in a couple dozen steaks and some jerky, I'll give you everything I got for Twenty Five Hundred.

(MORE)

REDNECK (CONT'D)

It's a steal. You'll be stealing from me.

JJ

Sorry, pal. I don't deal in stolen product.

JJ walks back to his broken down gator farm as the disappointed redneck chases after him.

REDNECK

That's not what I heard.

JJ

Well you heard wrong.

REDNECK

Yeah. If you were in the phone book, I would've heard of you.

JJ pulls out a pouch of gator jerky from his outdoorsman shirt and takes a big pinch.

JJ

Look. Why don't you go see your Cuban friend down the road. If he's so great, why bother with me?

REDNECK

Come on, man. Don't act like these cops ain't robbing you blind too. I heard stories.

JJ

You did, did you?

REDNECK

That's right. I know you're not exactly taking in the weekly gees no more. I'm in the same boat, man. If I even touch that fat bastard's swamp, these cops are jacking half my profit. Come on. Let's do this. Make me a deal.

JJ stares over the redneck's shoulder and back at the pick up truck. He slowly comes around.

JJ

I'll give you fifteen hundred. Final offer. And let's not pretend you actually rustled those puppies yourself so stop jerking me off.

The redneck laughs and slaps an unamused JJ on the shoulder.

REDNECK
Yo, whatever, bro. Fifteen. Good deal. I'll take it. Today's a good day after all.

From around both sides of the gator farm's shabby novelty shop rush two man teams of FEDERAL AGENTS in FISH AND WILDLIFE SERVICES UNIFORMS.

AGENT #1
Federal agents! Hands in the air!

The redneck stares back at JJ - completely distraught and the life sucked from his body.

JJ pulls a thick wad from his pouch, offers some to the redneck.

JJ
Jerky?

CUT TO BLACK

ROLL MUSIC AND CREDITS: MIAMI VICE

ACT ONE

INT. ALLIGATOR FARM - NOVELTY SHOP - DAY

The redneck sits in a cheap fold out chair and sips at a hot coffee as he's now surrounded by ARMED MEN and WOMEN in FISH AND WILDLIFE SERVICES UNIFORMS.

One agent gawks aimlessly out a window, watches the pouring rain. He wears a Kevlar vest marked POLICE: GAME WARDEN on the front and rear.

Another agent pulls a soda out of a glass door cooler and hovers over the redneck. This is FBI AGENT TERRY ALDRICH (40s), thin gray hair, weather beaten.

ALDRICH
It's been almost thirty minutes and I'm still asking the same questions. I'm starting to get impatient.

REDNECK
Look. I told you I ain't allowed out there no more.
(MORE)

REDNECK (CONT'D)

This El Chango knows I got a record. He don't trust no one he hasn't hand picked himself. He's real careful like that.

JJ sips a coffee and watches passively from a stool behind the phony front register.

ALDRICH

I don't think you understand. It's not him you need to be worried about here. Racketeering. Hunting without a license. Conspiracy to deal in stolen property. All very serious charges on their own. Even if they weren't violations of your probation, which they are. Hell, just the weapons charge alone is enough to put you away for another five.

The redneck sighs and slumps forward. Aldrich leans in and gets right in his face.

REDNECK

Dude. I don't know their names, bro. How many times I gotta tell you the same story? Officer jerk off face. That's what I call them. Who the hell can tell the difference? You cops all look alike.

Aldrich stands upright, smiles smugly at the redneck and nods back at him.

EXT. ALLIGATOR FARM - DAY

JJ follows Aldrich out the front door as the other agents load the redneck in an unmarked patrol jeep.

The metal coolers and the other contents of the pick up are laid out on the dirt road as the Game Warden and partner give them a good inspection.

Another pair of wildlife officers use long metal pipes equipped with collars to load a lively gator into a holding trailer.

ALDRICH

You did good work here today. If we make some actual arrests off this idiot I'll be sure to put in a good word with your Lieutenant.

JJ

So that's it? Wham bam thank you mam and I'm out?

ALDRICH

What did you expect, Detective? This is a federal investigation. One we let you in on I might add. Besides. I didn't think cops got off on busting other cops.

JJ

It's not those cops I'm interested in.

ALDRICH

I get it. You want Diaz. Well get in line. They're looking at him for at least half a dozen cold bodies. No one's looking to blow a murder conviction over some illegal alligator trades.

JJ

All of this to bust some swamp divers with their palms out? Why don't you tell me what's really going on.

ALDRICH

Look, this isn't just about a few bad cops. It goes farther than that. A lot farther. Believe me.

JJ perks up, intrigued by this new development.

ALDRICH (CONT'D)

I could tell you more but, as of now, it's classified. Until I get clearance or hear you're with us for the duration, that information stays with me. Now go get some rest. You look like shit.

Aldrich humps it back to a GAME WARDEN jeep as JJ huffs with defeat and tosses his half smoked butt to the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DUSK

The sun is starting to dim out as an orange glow casts down over the peaceful lake water. A large three story home with an aging boat dock presides over it all.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - DUSK

JJ enters the third story and onto a screened in porch that overlooks the lake behind the house. He tosses his keys on an old coffee table and takes in the scenery.

JJ
What the hell am I doing here?

JJ snags a pair of binoculars off a kitchen counter top and takes a closer look.

JJ'S POV:

He spots a GATOR drifting slowly across the marshy water. The sound of a BOAT ENGINING startles him as he turns the binoculars toward a dock.

A skinny JAMAICAN (one of Akeem's crew) pulls away from the dock in an old two seater.

JJ (CONT'D)
What the hell...?

The Jamaican holds some sort of electrical device in his hand and extends a long wire antennae.

BACK TO SCENE

JJ lowers the binoculars.

JJ (CONT'D)
Shit.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DUSK

The Jamaican punches a bright red trigger on the detonator and quietly watches the home.

THIRD FLOOR DECK

JJ rushes out a side door and leaps into the water below.

SPLASH!

While JJ is still under --

The home EXPLODES as pieces of WOODEN PLANK and SHATTERED GLASS blanket the smooth lake waters.

The Jamaican ducks down, hands over his head.

What's left of the home all but collapses onto the beach near the dock which remains unscathed.

UNDER THE PIER

JJ comes up for air and observes a TWELVE GAUGE wrapped in plastic carefully taped to the undercarriage.

THE BOAT

Swings around and heads straight for JJ as The Jamaican now has him in his sights. A playfully cocky smile.

UNDER THE PIER

JJ tears the shotgun free of the wooden planks and swims toward a metal ladder.

THE BOAT

makes a sharp turn, barely misses colliding with the edge of the dock just as -

JJ STEPS UP THE LADDER and rushes toward the end of the dock tearing plastic from his twelve gauge.

He TAKES AIM.

The Jamaican spots the shotgun and loses his cocky grin. He tries to speed away but not quite fast enough.

JJ UNLOADS ON HIM as The Jamaican is hit in the back with TWO BLASTS and collapses into the lake.

The boat continues on and drifts off into the sunset.

JJ

What the hell am I doing here?!

The Jamaican resurfaces, belly up, and bobs on the water like a piece of cork.

INT. SHOPPING CENTER - NIGHT

This posh two-story complex is ripe with activity as SHOPPERS head up and down escalators carrying bags of their recent purchases.

The food court is about as packed as it can get without breaking fire safety codes.

Sitting at a table with his back turned to TWO PRE TEENS playing the hand slap game and looking very irritated is CHARLIE GLASCO (30s), burly weight lifter, thick beard, surveillance expert.

SUPER: DOLPHIN MALL, MIAMI

GLASCO

Oh, yeah. No problem catching purse snatchers in here.

MUNZ (V.O.)

What do I gotta do to get you to stop complaining? Send you a milkshake and a cookie?

GLASCO

I want bourbon chicken.

Watching Glasco from a second story railing is BOBBY MUNZ (30s), tall, wiry, goatee, jet black hair. Glasco's best friend and partner.

MUNZ

Don't let them get you with that free sample. It smells better than it tastes.

LIVIA (V.O.)

You guys wanna shut up and at least pretend your paying attention?

MUNZ

Sorry, Liv. But this guy needs to start eating dinner before he comes to work.

Walking past Munz and mixing in with the crowd is vice decoy officer OLIVIA "LIVIA" MORGAN (30s), light skinned, African American.

She looks across the way, over the mid section of the mall and catches eyes with CHRISTI CAPPELI (30s), Italian American, dark hair, rockin bod.

Cappeli gives her a quick wink as she passes.

Livia spots a suspicious MAN leaning against the wall by a hot pretzel shop. He sports a ball cap and shades and is holding a smart phone to his mouth.

LIVIA
White male, ball cap and glasses.
By the pretzel stand.

CAPPELI (V.O.)
Something tells me he didn't just
have his pupils dilated.

Cappeli stops near an escalator, leans on the second story railing, eyes on the suspect just as -

LIVIA

passes him and acts oblivious.

The suspect gives her backside a big eyeful as -

CAPPELI

slowly walks back toward them.

CAPPELI
Munz. You got eyes on our guy?

MUNZ

spots him from across the way and heads toward the pretzel stand.

MUNZ
I'm on him. So what's the play here, gang? Are we sticking to the plan or throwing it out the window as usual?

LIVIA

nears the end of this wing of the mall and comes upon a long corridor marked EXIT.

CAPPELI
JJ's not here, Bobby. It's going down just like we planned. Just keep your eyes on Livia. Don't lose her.

MUNZ (V.O.)
Got it.

Livia reaches the long hallway but stops - pretends to use the phone, glances back at the suspect.

The suspect stops a second, walks to the railing and stares down at the crowd of shoppers below.

LIVIA
He's stalling. You still got him?

Livia spots Munz heading her direction from the other side of the second story fence.

MUNZ (V.O.)
I see him, Liv. I see both of you.

LIVIA
How about you, Glasco? You on your way to the garage or what?

INT. SHOPPING CENTER - FIRST FLOOR - DAY

Glasco moves through the awful crowd coming at him from every direction, heads for an elevator near a double door exit.

GLASCO
About a minute out, Liv.

INT. SHOPPING CENTER - SECOND STORY - DAY

Livia still by the hallway with the phone to her ear and walking in circles. She sneaks another peek at the suspect as he pretends not to stare back at her.

LIVIA
Hurry it up there, bourbon chicken. This guy's not gonna wait around forever.

CAPPELI (V.O.)
Stay cool, Liv. I got your back.

Livia spots Cappeli in line at the pretzel shop.

GLASCO (V.O.)
I'm getting off the elevator and in position. Ready when you are.

LIVIA
Okay, boys and girls. Here we go. Pretend you've done this before.

Livia pockets her phone, heads down the long corridor toward an exit marked PARKING GARAGE.

Cappeli and Munz watch as the suspect heads after her.

IN THE CORRIDOR

Livia walks swiftly toward the far off double doors that lead into the garage. She drops her bags and purse to the floor and pulls out her smart phone.

The suspect smiles and runs full speed toward her - snags up the bags and purse and darts toward the double doors.

Livia smiles.

LIVIA (CONT'D)
Coming your way, Glasco.

EXT. GARAGE ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The suspect bursts through the doors and is quickly met with a FORTY FIVE to his nose. Glasco shoots him a shit eating grin as wide as his brawny shoulders.

GLASCO
Going somewhere?

The suspect wastes no time in running toward a down ramp as fast as he can jet.

Glasco rolls his eyes and lowers his gun.

GLASCO (CONT'D)
Shit!

He takes off after him.

Livia swings open the doors and finds Glasco running down the ramp and out of sight.

LIVIA
Hey! Charlie!

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Glasco bolts down a sloping ramp and onto the level below the roof. The lot is jam packed with cars and the suspect is nowhere to be found.

He stops -- takes a second. With his gun gripped in both hands, he stoops down, checks under the rows of parked cars for bodies.

An elevator door DINGS.

Glasco glances left and into a corner where the doors of an elevator slowly close.

GLASCO

Hey!

Glasco rushes to the elevator but is too late. He mashes the button over and over. But with no luck. He makes for the nearby stairs and chases down the steps.

INT. STAIRWELL

Glasco goes full track star down the two flights of stairs and then out a metal door marked LEVEL 1.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LEVEL ONE - NIGHT

Glasco rushes out of the stairwell and onto the first level of the garage only to be caught off guard by -

THREE JAMAICANS

branding MACHINE GUNS and aiming his direction. They all laugh and smile back at him.

The three guns unload a BARRAGE OF BULLETS that send Glasco flying THROUGH THE STAIRWELL DOOR.

A VAN WITH NO WINDOWS rushes to the scene and a side door swings open. Two of the gunmen jump in as the third runs to Glasco's body.

He unfolds a photograph from his coat pocket and drops it on Glasco's chest. It's the same black and white police jacket and arrest record of JJ Baumbach given to Akeem.

The third gunman jumps back in the van. Before they can close the door, they are out the front gates and back on the main drag.

CUT TO:

INT. MIAMI POLICE DEPARTMENT - VICE DIVISION - MORNING

JJ at his desk and head buried in his hands as he rubs at some seriously tired eyes. Some aspirins and a bottle of pepto rest near his gun holster.

Cappeli at her modest desk in the corner. Staring at nothing and arms folded.

CAPPELI

I miss him already.

Munz sitting morosely on the edge of his desk, hands rested on top of his head, gazing at the floor.

Presiding over them all is LIEUTENANT KURT JANCOWICZ (50s), pockmarked face, bad hair. His cheap suit draped over a cheap polo shirt.

JANCOWICZ

Memorial service is Friday. St. Dominic Church. Ten AM. All officers not on duty are to attend.

MUNZ

That was fast.

JANCOWICZ

Charlie's ex wife took care of it. Funeral too. All of it.

MUNZ

Ex wife?

JANCOWICZ

Finally decided to come out of the woodwork after being MIA with another man for four years. Nice huh?

Munz looks caught off guard. Surprised.

MUNZ

How about that. All these years and I never even knew he had an ex wife.

JJ

Yeah, well some of us never knew him at all, Bobby.

MUNZ

He always liked you, JJ. I know he gave you a lot of shit. But that was just his way of showing you he had your back. Believe me. I was his best friend and if he gave anyone shit it was me.

Cappeli's eyes well with tears.

CAPPELI

He told me about her once.

They all turn to her.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)

About him. The other guy. Didn't like to talk about it much. One night, after a few drinks, he broke down and told me all about it. He must've really trusted me to let his guard down like that. To be that vulnerable.

Munz cracks a grin.

MUNZ

You and Charlie?

Cappeli totally put off by Munz.

MUNZ (CONT'D)

I can't believe he bags Cappeli and doesn't tell me.

CAPPELI

You know, I am still sitting here. Maybe wait to act like a pig after I leave the room next time.

MUNZ

Sorry. All these revelations hitting me all at once. First the ex wife and then...

JJ

Yeah, yeah. We get it, Munz. Now lay off.

CAPPELI

What I wanna know is...why Charlie?

JJ

Why do you think? To get at me, that's why.

JJ isn't as sad. Just angry as hell.

JJ (CONT'D)

You know who whacked Charlie, L-T. It was Navaro. So why are we still sitting here on our hands?

Jancowicz hovers over JJ's desk, points his boney finger right in his face.

JANCOWICZ

Now you hold it right there.
You're not even supposed to be
here, Baumbach. Navaro and his
crew could be watching the building
right now. Just waiting on you. I
already got one cop dead.

To all of them.

JANCOWICZ (CONT'D)

I'm not letting any of you out of
my sight until Navaro's brought in.
None of you.

MUNZ

What're we supposed to do? All go
into hiding? Go hold up in the
swamps like JJ?

JANCOWICZ

If we have to. Damn right. Yes.

JJ

Yeah, right. Because that worked
out so well for me. Or maybe you
already forgot I almost got my ass
blown off.

JANCOWICZ

I didn't forget, JJ! Did you?!
What the hell do you think I'm
talking about here!

JJ

What we should be talking about is
what kind of badge these swamp rats
who leaked my location to Navaro
were wearing. State or Federal?

MUNZ

Damn straight.

JANCOWICZ

Could've been anyone. Someone you
busted down in the Glades.
Could've recognized you and dropped
a dime to Navaro just to see you
burn. Don't jump to conclusions
because your blood's up, JJ.

JJ kicks up his cowboy boots on the edge of his desk while
digging an old pack of smokes from his pocket.

JJ

Come on, L-T. You know that's a crock. Those Feds working the swamps were selling permits to fatboy by the truckload. Nice and clean with federal signatures and all the perks that go with it. I saw them with my own eyes.

Jancowicz avoids the subject, walks away from JJ and then in circles. Frustrated.

JJ (CONT'D)

That's what this whole operation was about. As soon as I got too close and asked the wrong questions, they tried to burn me. Who else could it be?

Livia struts through the front door. VICE DIVISION painted on the fogged glass window.

LIVIA

Someone just called in a tip on our guy. Recognized him from the mall security tapes. We got him. Right here. Right now. Downstairs.

JJ almost falls out of his chair with excitement as he reaches for his coat.

JANCOWICZ

What're you think you're doing?

JJ

To get a pedicure. The hell do you think? I'm going down there.

JANCOWICZ

That door say homicide to you? Glasco's their case now.

LIVIA

Actually, Lieutenant, they're requesting both you and JJ. Asap.

CUT TO:

INT. DADE COUNTY CORRECTIONAL - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Just outside a row of holding cells with sliding metal doors sits a small waiting room with metal chairs bolted into the floor and a flat screen TV.

A pay phone on the wall.

Watching the news with his arms spread around a couple of chairs is FBI AGENT LIONEL HAYES (30s), African-American, thousand dollar suit, gator skin shoes.

ON THE TV

A pre-recorded news report of the parking garage shooting at the Dolphin Mall. Footage of A FEMALE REPORTER holding a microphone in the garage intercut with fuzzy security tape footage of the THREE JAMAICANS and GLASCO.

Also watching is SPECIAL AGENT RYAN BEDFORD (40s), tailored suit, gelled hair, glasses.

The front metal door slides open and in walks both Jancowicz followed by JJ, now with his Florida Gators t-shirt tucked into a pair of wrinkled khakis.

Hayes stares down at his rough and worn cowboy boots and conceals his laughter.

JJ returns the much flashier cop's stare and gets an eyeful himself.

JJ

Ever go to a party and realize you were seriously underdressed?

Hayes smiles and cracks a short laugh.

BEDFORD

Detective Baumbach. Always a pleasure. For you, I'm sure.

JJ

I wish I could say the same, Bedford. What's OCB doing here? No, let me guess. You're surveilling the Jamaicans and we can't touch them? Something like that?

BEDFORD

No, but close.

Bedford turns to Hayes.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

Lieutenant Jancowicz. JJ Baumbach. Meet Lionel Hayes. One of our deep cover ops out of New York.

JJ

Yeah, he looks very incognito.

Hayes smiles and winks at JJ.

BEDFORD

Hayes was heading up a special organized crime task force infiltrating the Jamaican street posses in New York. We had some luck there for awhile, generated a lot of leads. We even had solid interdepartmental cooperation from all five boroughs. The reason being that so many cops were being killed. Targeted and wasted by these maggots.

JJ

Sounds like someone's cover was blown. A lot of that going around.

BEDFORD

Precisely. Now, after what happened to you out in The Glades, we see this leak is even bigger than we thought. We're talking high up. Across state lines. At the Federal level.

JJ

Yeah, no shit.

JANCOWICZ

Hey, Baumbach. Take it easy.

JJ

Look. What're we doing in here? Why are we in here standing around instead of in that cell putting the fear of God in the purse snatcher?

JANCOWICZ

Baumbach, would you just shut up and listen for a few minutes? For once?

JJ

(to Bedford)

Just give me five minutes alone with him. We'll have Navaro in cuffs before nightfall.

HAYES

(to JJ)

Wow. You're not so bright, are you, cop? No wonder they got you buried down in vice.

JJ

Excuse me? Do we know each other?

HAYES

You got a target on your back wider than The East River, cop. You know this dude's dropping a dime to Navaro's crew as soon as he makes bail. How long you think you gonna last out there?

JJ

I don't remember asking for your opinion, friend.

HAYES

Too bad, ace. This is a wake up call. Navaro almost turned you into gator bait and your mouth's still writing checks your ass can't cash.

JJ

What does that mean?

HAYES

It means you're not thinking so clearly. You're on an outlaw trip and you need to reign it in.

JJ makes the move toward Hayes but is stopped by Jancowicz who lays a forceful hand on his shoulder.

JANCOWICZ

He's right, JJ. You show your face in there, you're only making it easier for these bastards.

HAYES

Easier? You'll be dead as soon as you leave this building.

JJ gives up, leans against the wall, arms folded, pouting like a school kid.

JJ

Okay, fine. So what's the plan here fellas? Educate me.

HAYES

You're forgetting one important detail. Your suspect's been locked up since they ran that story on your dead friend. As far as he knows, we're looking at him for your cop's murder.

JJ slowly comes around. He stares at the TV and watches footage of Navaro's crew unloading bullets. He shares a look with Jancowicz.

JJ

Okay, Hayes. You're elected. Let's see what you got.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

The purse snatcher from the mall sits behind a cheap folding table with some serious hat hair and creases under his tired eyes most likely from wearing shades.

His real name is TODD "THE SNATCHER" HATCHER (30s), pencil neck weasel. A real small time petty crook type with scared eyes.

A BUZZER goes off and the front door slides open. In walks Hayes with his coat off and ties loosened - looking more like a beat cop than a hot shot fed.

HAYES

Maybe you can help me out with something. I got a room full of cops waiting outside who think you're way too small time to ice a cop. But I say different. Now tell me I'm wrong and they're right.

Hayes plants himself in a chair across from Hatcher.

HAYES (CONT'D)

Convince me.

HATCHER

Why isn't anyone telling me anything? What kind of game are you pulling here? It's been almost two hours. Where's my lawyer?

HAYES

Relax. We're just two guys talking. You know, you're good.
(MORE)

HAYES (CONT'D)

Really good. How you're just sitting there acting all confused like you don't know what's going on. They teach you that in con school?

HATCHER

Look. We both know you got me all over those security cams. So spare me the hot lamp routine, flash.

HAYES

We got more than security cams. We got witnesses. An undercover cop who watched you tear ass into that parking garage about thirty seconds before another cop got himself burned.

Hatcher tries to look surprised by this news. His shock could be real and it could be an act. Hayes tries hard to get a read on him.

HATCHER

You ain't got nothing on me, brother. Check the tapes. I ain't got nothing to do with no cop getting whacked. I know that garage got cameras all over the place. Check them.

HAYES

You're gonna need a better alibi, Snatcher. Those cameras have been down for weeks. But we already got all we need. You and a cop going into that garage and one of you walking out alive.

HATCHER

Tell me something. I mean, you know who I am. You cops have probably been what? Watching me for a couple weeks? Connecting me back to those other malls that got hit. Putting me under surveillance. Funny none of my victims ever reported me using a gun, now did they?

Hayes slowly loses his slick grin. Thinks this over.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

Now, out of the blue I'm just gonna whack out some cop over a stolen purse. Pretty thin, cop.

Hayes stares back at the one way mirror.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

Sorry, but I'll take petty theft over a murder rap any day of the week.

Hayes smiles and nods, leans back in his chair.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

Now. Where's my lawyer?

CUT TO:

INT. VIEWING ROOM - INTERROGATION - DAY

Jancowicz, Bedford and JJ await behind a one way mirror looking very disappointed.

In walks Hayes who shuts the door behind him.

JJ

A little rusty there, Hayes?

HAYES

You tell me, Detective.

JJ

From first glance, I'd say you just got your ass handed to you by a purse snatcher.

HAYES

You see it one way, I see it another. I tell him those cameras were down and he doesn't flinch.

JJ

Yeah, I know. You bluffed. He called it.

HAYES

Yeah, I bluffed but he just tipped his entire hand.

JANCOWICZ

Would somebody speak English!

HAYES

He knows we can't tie him to your friend's hit. Because he's got the inside track on what went down. Including about two dozen sub machine gun rounds in your dead cop.

JANCOWICZ

He knows there were three shooters.

JJ figures it out.

JJ

(to Bedford)

He been watching TV in there or not?!

BEDFORD

No. No way. News didn't even cover Glasco's hit until after he was brought in.

JANCOWICZ

What about his lawyer? You sure no one's talked to him since he was busted?

BEDFORD

Positive. I'd know about it. Nobody's been in or out of that cell but Hayes.

JJ's cell BUZZES.

JJ

Excuse me.

He turns away, answers.

JJ (CONT'D)

(quietly)

You find anything or what?

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. TODD HATCHER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Munz has several opened shoe boxes on a kitchen counter top filled with driver's licenses and credit cards.

He flips through a stack.

MUNZ

Nada. Just a shitload of stolen credits cards and some other hot product. Checked every inch and crack of this place. Even the air vents. No cash here. At least nothing worth bragging about. So what're you thinking? A wire deposit? Safe deposit box?

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. VIEWING ROOM - INTERROGATION - DAY

JJ turns, checks with Jancowicz and Bedford. Both staring and waiting.

JANCOWICZ

Is that Munz? Tell him to drop whatever secret undercover mission you got him on and get his ass back here.

JJ once again turns away.

JJ

(quietly)

I don't know. Maybe. Look, just get back here, asap, would ya? L-T already made us.

MUNZ (O.S.)

Got it.

JJ pockets his cell.

JJ

(to Bedford)

So what do we do with this guy?

BEDFORD

He's locked up until Monday morning. Meanwhile we follow the money trail. Run his bank records. Recent deposits. After the arraignment and he posts bail, we hold him under twenty four hour surveillance. Maybe, if we're lucky, Hatcher hasn't been paid yet and when he goes to collect we can catch Navaro in the act.

JANCOWICZ
 (to JJ)
 Where the hell is Munz?

JJ
 He's...running a secret undercover
 operation. Sir. He'll be back
 soon.

BEDFORD
 Good. I wanna brief him and the
 rest of your team as soon as
 possible. Get you up to speed.
 (to Jancowicz)
 Let me know when he arrives.

With an urgency, Bedford steps out.

JJ throws another hard stare at Hayes who grins back at him,
 catches the door before it shuts and struts out.

CUT TO:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. INTERSTATE 95 - DAY

A bright yellow AUDI R8 SPYDER jumps from lane to lane as it
 outruns TWO PATROL CARS in hot pursuit.

JIMARCUS ALLEN (20s), nappy unkempt dreads, Jamaican, behind
 the wheel and his white girlfriend YVETTE (20s), long braids
 and arms painted with tatts, rides shotgun.

Jimarcus stares back at the cops in his rearview mirror and
 laughs out loud.

YVETTE
 It's coming up! Slow down! You're
 gonna lose them!

Jimarcus carefully taps the brakes and rides the bumper of a
 truck in front of him.

The cops now closing in.

JIMARCUS
 That's right, mon. Be a good
 little piggy and come home.

INT. POLICE CAR #1 - DAY

TWO YOUNG COPS barely out of the academy trail shortly behind the Audi as it seems to sit idle behind a truck.

YOUNG COP #1
What the hell's he doing?

YOUNG COP #2
Unit Twelve Fifty One in pursuit of
stolen vehicle! Yellow Audi
convertible headed southbound on I
Ninety Five! Suspects are one
male, black! One female,
Caucasian!

The Audi approaches an EXIT SIGN marked SUNRISE BLVD and barely merges in time.

The TWO COP CARS follow behind.

YOUNG COP #2 (CONT'D)
Now heading east on Sunrise
Boulevard!

EXT. SUNRISE BOULEVARD - DAY

The Audi merges into a turning lane and then immediately cuts across two lanes of traffic over a grassy median.

Cars HONK. People CURSE.

Now headed in the opposite direction, THE AUDI slows up a bit as it ducks under the I-95 underpass and approaches a RED STOPLIGHT.

The TWO COP CARS attempt to follow across the median as ONCOMING CARS SLAM ON THEIR BRAKES.

The car out front spins in a ninety degree angle and eventually comes to a stop.

INT. POLICE CAR #1 - DAY

The sideways car now blocking both lanes is SLAMMED INTO and pushed across the asphalt.

YOUNG COP #2
Watch out!

Young Cop #1 spots the car SLIDING toward them and barely avoids getting crushed.

EXT. SUNRISE BOULEVARD - UNDERPASS - DAY

As the stoplight TURNS GREEN, the Audi stomps the gas only to stop dead center of the intersection.

Several cars barely avoid striking them from behind and SWERVE AROUND -- HONKING and YELLING.

DRIVER
Are you crazy?!

HONK-HONK!

Another car drives around them and through the now YELLOW LIGHT just before it turns RED.

DRIVER #2
Get the hell off the road!

Other drivers getting off an exit are forced to wait.

Jimarcus and Yvette step out of the car in a very casual and fearless manner. Hands raised.

The TWO PATROL CARS come to a screeching halt as ALL FOUR COPS jump out with guns drawn.

Before they know what's happening...

A JAMAICAN MAN steps around a tall pillar at the highest point of the left side underpass.

In his arms is a high tech M4A1 ASSAULT RIFLE equipped with grenade launcher.

YOUNG COP #1
What the...?

Young Cop #2 and the other TWO OFFICERS spot yet another JAMAICAN MAN step around the right side pillar with the same model M4A1 RIFLE.

The two Jamaicans fire TWO SIMULTANEOUS GRENADES at the two patrol cars as the MASSIVE EXPLOSIONS fill the underpass with SMOKE and DEBRIS.

As the SMOKE CLEARS, the BURNING BODIES of all four cops are seen on the scorched pavement.

A VAN WITH NO WINDOWS comes to a halt near the Audi. Jimarcus, Yvette and the two hitmen jump in.

They speed off.

CUT TO:

EXT. JAMAICAN GROCERY STORE - DAY

The van with no windows parks in the rear entrance of this small and family owned store.

An OLDER MAN of Jamaican descent stands at the rear door in a white apron with another JAMAICAN in a grocery clerk's uniform.

A somewhat large DELIVERY TRUCK has its rear hatch wide open with an ALUMINUM LOADING RAMP.

Jimarcus and Yvette step from the van, rush up the ramp and into the dark shadows of the truck.

From out of the shadows, racing down the ramp, flies the young couple on TWO RED DUCATIS.

The motor bikes KICK UP DIRT AND CLAY as they speed out of the lot and onto the main road.

CUT TO:

INT. RIGHTEOUS APOSTLE CHURCH - SANCTUARY - DAY

Jimarcus and Yvette enter the front double doors of this Rastafarian temple.

Inside is a multi-colored wall to wall painting of Jamaican art and works of religious expressionism.

LIT CANDLES and CANDELABRAS rest beneath tall, stained glass windows featuring religious icon HAILE SELASSIE.

A voice from above catches their attention.

AKEEM (O.S.)
Welcome home, brothers and sisters.

Yvette turns, looks up.

Akeem rests his hands on the rail of a balcony.

CUT TO:

INT. RIGHTEOUS APOSTLE CHURCH - BALCONY - DAY

Akeem hits a joint while ARNELL ROBIE (60s), Jamaican, gray hair, tailored suit, sits in a front row pew.

ROBIE

I cannot guarantee an across the board yes, Akeem. The zoning board is very wary of approving projects of this magnitude without knowing where the funding is coming from.

Yvette and Jimarcus appear at the top of some stairs as they enter the balcony.

Yvette gives Akeem an angry look.

AKEEM

Since when does that matter?

ROBIE

Let's face it. Some of the extra curricular activities of your...people...make my people very nervous.

YVETTE

What's wrong, Arnell? Afraid your people may finally find out what a fraud you really are?

ROBIE

I don't think I like your tone.

YVETTE

A youth center for the underprivileged. What a joke. What do you think he's planning on doing with these centers once they're built? He's gonna brain wash those kids just like he's brainwashed you.

AKEEM

That's enough.

YVETTE

That is enough!

Yvette walks circles around Akeem, sizes him up.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

You call this The Revolution. The truth is you don't give a damn about your brother. All you've done is martyr him.

Akeem checks with Robie who is packing his briefcase to leave. He makes for the stairs, but Yvette quickly gets in his way.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

(to all)

All of you. You talk about loyalty. When all you care about is money. That's what this little war is all about.

Robie nudges her out of the way, walks swiftly to the stairs.

AKEEM

I take it you're not happy, Yvette?

Jimarcus laughs under his breath.

YVETTE

You told me Baumbach would be dead by now. This was supposed to be about avenging your brother. Swift and just revenge! Your words! Not destroying his legacy and the legacy your father spent his life building!

Akeem thinks this over, turns to the balcony and leans over the edge. In deep thought.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

Maybe that's what your revolution is all about. Just waiting for your turn to die. Well don't take down the people of this community with you, Akeem. They have the chance for a real life your family never had.

Akeem, his back still turned.

AKEEM

You know what I always liked about you, Yvette? Your loyalty to my brother. You stayed, even when you could've walked, a thousand times. But he's dead now. If you care about him and the legacy of his family name you will stay loyal to me.

Akeem turns to her. A deeply sinister look. As if he's staring into her soul.

AKEEM (CONT'D)
 Because of my brother, I could
 never bring myself to hurt you. But
 this doesn't mean I won't give the
 order.

Yvette storms out, races down the steps.

Akeem nods to Jimarcus.

AKEEM (CONT'D)
 Keep an eye on her.

Jimarcus heads for the stairs. Akeem walks to the rear of the balcony and stares out a small window that overlooks the street.

Yvette jets across the two lane highway, hopping mad.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIPPER'S GYM AND BOXING - DAY

JJ behind the wheel of his 1982 black Corvette with t tops removed comes to a swift stop.

He stares at a worn down boxing club that looks to be a hundred years old.

Over the entrance, in chipped red paint and in giant letters written on an ancient brick foundation: CLIPPERS GYM.

JJ pulls a quick u turn, parks at the curb. As he steps out, he's greeted by Cappeli and Livia coming up the sidewalk.

JJ
 This the right address?

LIVIA
 Must be. We're all here.

A loud WHISTLE draws their attention upward.

Bedford stands at an open window on the second story. The glass cracked and filthy.

BEDFORD
 Upstairs!

Bedford ducks back in.

JJ, Cappeli and Livia all share a reluctant look.

CUT TO:

INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - UPSTAIRS - DAY

The second floor loft is one big spacious area with hard wood floors and windows on all sides but one. Five of the oldest, cheapest and barely usable desks occupy each end of the gloomy dungeon.

Fluorescent tube lights dangle from chains over what was once a nautilus and free weights room.

In the dead center sit JJ, Livia and Cappeli at two long picnic tables with fold out legs pushed together.

Jancowicz stands, watches on as Bedford lays down manila files in front of all three cops.

BEDFORD

Welcome to the new OCB, ladies and gentlemen. Until further notice, you will work, eat, and in some cases, sleep at this address.

Munz finally arrives. They all turn and stare.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

Detective Munz. Nice of you to join us today.

Munz rolls his eyes and takes a seat next to JJ.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

As I was saying, you are all temporarily reassigned to the new OCB task force. With specific focus on one Shawn Akeem Navaro. Judging by all the weird looks, you may be asking yourselves why me? Why in the world would I recruit a bunch of bottom shelf vice cops?

Munz cracks a smile. Scoffs out loud.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

Well I'll tell you why. Thanks to Detective Baumbach, you are all the latest targets of the number one most wanted name on the FBI's domestic terrorist list.

They all turn and shoot JJ a nasty look.

JJ

You're welcome.

BEDFORD

And since all my intel suggests not one but multiple leaks within the DOJ, you four have become my most trusted allies in this fight. Navaro's taken one of your own.

JJ, Munz, Livia and Cappeli all sad at the mere mention of Glasco's death.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

I need a crew of hungry cops. Dedicated to accomplishing one thing and one thing only. Taking down Navaro and doing it quickly.

Bedford circles the table, makes eye contact with each of the cops as he delivers his speech.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

Since Navaro's sanctioned all of your deaths and shown your faces all over half the city of Miami, I'm assuming all four of you have a very special interest in closing this one.

LIVIA

I'd say that's a safe assumption.

BEDFORD

Good. Then we'll get on with it.

Bedford points at a chalkboard on wheels: a picture of ANDREW WOLK (50s), wild hair, crazy eyes, sociopath, is taped dead center.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

Andrew Wolk. Ex oil tycoon turned insane religious zealot. Ran a cult of about a hundred other second amendment flag waiving radicals. Convinced half his home town the government was conspiring to take all of their weapons. Well, as it turns out, he was right.

JJ squints, confused. They all turn, stare at one another. Wondering where this is all going.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

A crew of off the clock ATF agents were secretly sanctioned by the DOJ to neutralize Wolk and his followers. Take out the compound. Completely. Make the whole thing look like an inside job.

MUNZ

Wait a minute. They killed themselves. And Wolk burned down the compound. You're saying that was all made up?

BEDFORD

The government was afraid of some serious backlash, taking out a people peacefully exercising their second amendment rights. But they couldn't trust Wolk at his word. He was growing in power and so were his followers. To them, it was a problem that could no longer be ignored.

CAPPELI

So they murdered him? All of them? As in women and children too?

BEDFORD

Wolk and his people were supposedly in possession of over a thousand different firearms. From handguns and assault rifles to all varieties of explosives. Military grade. When these agents stormed the compound, they were reported to make off with not only these weapons but close to two million in loose cash.

MUNZ

All lost in the fire. According to the very unofficial report.

BEDFORD

Precisely.

JJ

Not bad for a day's work. Sounds like one stop shopping.

CAPPELI

So we're just skipping over the part about the government having innocent people killed. Not important?

Cappeli can't believe it, leans back in her chair with an instant headache.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)

Okay. Forget I said anything.

MUNZ

Come on. It isn't the first time, Cappeli.

LIVIA

And it won't be the last.

JANCOWICZ

Come on, guys. Quiet down. This is important.

BEDFORD

One of the agents at the compound was killed with an M4A1 assault rifle. Just happens to be the same exact weapon that was used to kill two police officers in New York earlier this year. A murder we now know was committed by The Jamaican posses. The first of what's become a string of orchestrated hits on various law enforcement personnel. Stretching across state lines.

MUNZ

And the conductor of this orchestra being Akeem Navaro.

BEDFORD

Correct. Navaro's used his fifteen minutes of fame to accomplish something no one has ever done before. Brought together competing criminal organizations across state lines for one single purpose.

JJ

Kill cops.

BEDFORD

Yes. That's part of it. But what Akeem wants more than anything in this world is to strike fear into the hearts of the public. And to use that fear to build his brand.

CAPPELI

His brand? What is he? Bob Marley?

BEDFORD

You see, Navaro, unlike his father before him, sees violence as a means to an end. He believes to bring about peace, a war must be fought. Only then will you grab the public's attention. Force them to choose sides. And like all wars, there must be an end. One winner left standing. Otherwise, the fight will continue. Business as usual.

JJ

Funny. Here I was thinking he was all about money, drugs and sex.

Bedford smiles. The others crack up.

BEDFORD

Fringe benefits of the job, Detective. Navaro likes the action as much as the next guy. But it's not what drives him.

LIVIA

Okay wait. Back up a second. How did these guns end up with The Jamaicans again?

JJ

I'll tell you how. Our guys in the ATF got themselves an early retirement plan. And I'm not talking no 401K.

BEDFORD

According to the evidence, this appears to be the case. And with the man himself, Akeem Navaro, here in Miami...word on the street is he'll be looking to make another buy very soon.

JJ

And how do we know that?

BEDFORD

Because, Detective. We're gonna be the ones to put the word out.

JJ

Hate to disappoint you but I don't think I can pass for Jamaican.

MUNZ

You can barely pass as white.

They all laugh.

BEDFORD

You're right, Detective. That would be a hard sell.

Bedford points to the door.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

Hayes on the other hand is perfect.

They all turn, stare back at Hayes leaning on a doorframe and listening quietly.

JJ isn't thrilled and Bedford notices.

JJ

(smug)

Perfect.

Bedford slowly walks around the table, hovers behind JJ as he rubs the bridge of his nose in quiet protest.

BEDFORD

Until Akeem Navaro is officially brought to justice, you will consider him as part of the team. This means extending him every courtesy you yourself would demand if the situations were reversed.

Bedford stares directly at JJ, then back to Jancowicz for affirmation.

JANCOWICZ

You listening, JJ?

JJ

Oh, yes, sir.

BEDFORD

Great. Then it's settled.
 (to all)
 Open up your folders and we'll go
 over your assignments.

All four cops open their manila files.

BAILIFF (V.O.)

All rise as the Judge enters the
 courtroom.

CUT TO:

INT. DADE COUNTY COURTHOUSE - HATCHER'S ARRAIGNMENT - DAY

Todd Hatcher stands with his attorney MR. ZACKS (30s), bad
 tie, restless eyes, public defender.

JUDGE JUDITH GOLDFEIN (60s) stern, thick glasses, too much
 plastic surgery, takes a seat.

BAILIFF

Be seated.

The courtroom attendees take their seats. Hatcher watches
 them, confused, also sits but is quickly grabbed by the
 arm by Mr. Zacks.

MR. ZACKS

(quietly to Hatcher)
 Are you crazy? Stand up.

Mr. Zacks shakes his head, buttons his suit jacket.

MR. ZACKS (CONT'D)

Idiot.

Hatcher is distracted by the courtroom doors opening and
 Hayes stepping in with a Jamaican shirt, beach hat and
 black shades that disguise his eyes.

Hayes lowers his shades a bit, makes direct eye contact with
 Hatcher who nearly pisses himself.

The prosecutor BILL BURKE (50s), career ADA, reading glasses,
 looks over his shoulder, watches the quiet exchange.

Hayes never takes his eyes off Hatcher as he plops down in a
 pew directly behind the prosecution.

JUDGE GOLDFEIN

(reads)

First case this morning is Mister Todd Hatcher. On June Ten of this year you were arrested and charged with one count of robbery in the third degree, a felony, and one count of resisting without violence. A misdemeanor.

(to Hatcher)

Do you understand the charges of which you are being accused?

HATCHER

I do, your honor.

Munz rises about three rows back, walks to the prosecution and whispers in Burke's ear.

Judge Goldfein watches them, grows impatient.

JUDGE GOLDFEIN

What's happening here? Young man, identify yourself.

Munz smiles, waves hello to Judge Goldfein and quietly makes his way back to his seat.

Burke stands.

BURKE

Your honor, if I may. In light of Mister Hatcher's very recent cooperation in another ongoing investigation, the arresting officers are requesting the state dismiss both charges against the defendant.

Mr. Zacks confused, but pleasantly surprised.

HATCHER

Excuse me??

JUDGE GOLDFEIN

Am I to take it this is news to the prosecution?

BURKE

It is, your honor.

MR. ZACKS

You're not the only one.

(to Hatcher)

(MORE)

MR. ZACKS (CONT'D)
 You think you could've filled me in
 on this before we walked in here?

HATCHER
 I don't know what the hell he's
 talking about.
 (to Judge Goldfein)
 Your honor, don't listen to these
 cops! They're crazy! This one
 here!

Points back at Munz who plays stupid.

HATCHER (CONT'D)
 Beat me with a phone book and stuck
 his gun in my face! Whatever
 they're saying it's a bunch of
 lies! I swear! I demand a re
 trial!

MR. ZACKS
 (quietly to Hatcher)
 You're not on trial.

HATCHER
 (to Mr. Zacks)
 Shut up! Fake ass lawyer!

Judge Goldfein bangs her gavel, over and over.

JUDGE GOLDFEIN
 That's quite enough, Mister
 Hatcher.

Hatcher turns, spots a very angry Hayes stand and head for
 the rear doors.

JUDGE GOLDFEIN (CONT'D)
 (to Burke)
 Am I to assume the state has no
 objections to this?

BURKE
 We don't, your honor.

JUDGE GOLDFEIN
 Very well.

Judge Goldfein bangs her gavel.

JUDGE GOLDFEIN (CONT'D)
 Case dismissed and you're free to
 go Mister Hatcher.

The attendees all rise and pour out the back door. Hatcher stands, distraught. Frightened for his life.

MR. ZACKS
What the hell's the matter with
you? You're a free man.

Mr. Zacks pats him on the shoulder, packs his briefcase and files out with the rest of the room.

Munz gives Hatcher a quick wink as and a smile as he waits in line at the door.

HATCHER
Hey! Cop! Get back here! We're
not done yet!

And Munz dips out, out of sight, gone.

HATCHER (CONT'D)
Hey! I'm talking to you!

CUT TO:

EXT. DADE COUNTY COURTHOUSE - FRONT STEPS - DAY

A panicked Hatcher races down the steps staring in all directions.

A CAMERA CREW and a swarm of REPORTERS appear seemingly from out of nowhere and chase after him - microphones in his face as he blocks the FLASHING BULBS with his hand.

REPORTER #1
Mister Hatcher, did you have
anything to do with the murder of
Detective Charlie Glasco?

HATCHER
Get out of my face! I don't know
what you're talking about!

REPORTER #2
Is it true that you've already
identified the real killers for the
police in exchange for immunity?

HATCHER
I said get lost!

Hatcher shoves Reporter #2 to the ground as he literally runs down the remaining steps.

Reporter #2 stands, brushes himself off and catches eyes with
MUNZ

who watches from a nearby bench.

Reporter #2 smiles, gives him a wink.

Munz winks back and heads toward a parking garage. Away from
the growing crowd of cameras and reporters.

EXT. STREET CURB - DAY

Hatcher, still paranoid, stares over his shoulder as he
rushes toward a taxi parked at the curb.

On the sidewalk, the FEMALE CABBIE wears a ballcap and shades
and has her face buried in a magazine.

HATCHER

Come on! Get me outta here!

FEMALE CABBIE

You're late, sir.

HATCHER

Yeah, yeah. Just drive. Let's go!

Hatcher jumps in the back. Such a wreck that he gawks out
the rear windshield in a cold sweat.

The female cabbie throws her magazine in the garbage and
smiles ear to ear. Livia in disguise.

She hurries around the cab, jumps behind the wheel and off
they go. Hatcher's face still peering out the back.

Meanwhile, across the street a BLACK CORVETTE pulls away from
a curb, makes a quick u turn, follows behind them.

INT. CORVETTE - DAY

JJ behind the wheel as Hayes rides shotgun.

HAYES

You should've seen his face.

(Jamaican accent)

It was beautiful, mon!

JJ

Awfully early to be celebrating,
flash.

HAYES

Are you kidding? I'll give him an hour before he's on the horn begging to turn states.

JJ

Yeah. That is if he lives that long. This so called trap Bedford laid out might come back to bite us all in the ass.

HAYES

What made you so cynical, cop?

JJ

Call it a hunch.

HAYES

A hunch?

JJ

That's right. It's what some of us lowly, bottom shelf vice cops use to break open cases. Maybe you've heard of them.

HAYES

With all do respect to your psychic abilities, why don't we wait and see how this plays out.

JJ

Yeah. Laugh it up.

JJ checks both his side view and rear view mirrors. Cautious and on alert.

JJ (CONT'D)

You may not think much of my investigative skills, but one thing I do have is my nose. And it's telling me something ain't kosher.

CUT TO:

EXT. MACARTHUR CAUSEWAY - DAY

The long and congested strip crosses over the vastness of Biscayne Bay. Cars are back to back and inch forward at a snail's pace.

Hatcher and Livia's taxi somewhere in the midst of this chaos. Stand still traffic in front and behind them.

About ten cars back sits JJ's Corvette. Also sitting still and unable to switch lanes.

INT. CORVETTE - DAY

JJ still checks both mirrors, starts to sweat a bit as his knees bounce in anticipation.

Hayes watches him with concern.

HAYES

Hey. Are you alright, man? You sick or something?

JJ

Something ain't right, flash. I don't like it. Call me psychic. Call me crazy. All I know is I'm getting that feeling and it ain't good.

HAYES

Maybe you need to go to the bathroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. MACARTHUR CAUSEWAY - DAY

Somewhere near the front of this mess, a car turned sideways blocks both lanes. Another car SMASHED into it. Pieces of headlight and bumper everywhere.

Stepping from the rear doors of this second car are Jimarcus and TWO of his henchmen. All three wearing matching shades and knitted slouch hats.

And all three branding M4A1 ASSAULT RIFLES.

People SCREAM. Jump from their cars. Flee the scene.

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

Livia behind the wheel spots the three Jamaican hitters strutting their way up the middle of traffic.

HATCHER

Get us the hell outta here!

Livia quietly reaches for her firearm on a side door console.

Hatcher opens the rear door and runs like hell down the middle of the causeway.

Livia checks her rearview mirror. Hatcher almost a distant memory at this point.

LIVIA

Hey!

INT. CORVETTE - DAY

JJ and Hayes watch as Hatcher runs right past them like a bat out of hell.

HAYES

What the hell's he doing?

JJ and Hayes both turn, watch Hatcher continue to run like a madman until he's out of sight.

JJ opens his door, about to chase him down until -

HAYES (CONT'D)

Baumbach!

JJ faces forward.

Jimarcus and the two henchmen moving toward them with their gigantic assault rifles fitted with grenade launchers.

JJ

Holy --

HAYES

-- shit.

JJ shuts his door. People steps from cars, run the opposite direction.

JJ

Go. And stay down.

HAYES

Yeah. I think you're right.

EXT. MACARTHUR CAUSEWAY - CORVETTE - DAY

Hayes pops open the passenger door, crouches near the ground and tip toes his way behind the idle traffic. Quiet and smooth like.

INT. CORVETTE - DAY

JJ leans down, out of sight, reaches up and unhooks the right side lever of his t tops.

EXT. MACARTHUR CAUSEWAY - DAY

Jimarcus and the two henchmen split up and stare into various car windows in search of Hatcher.

They walk right past the Corvette. JJ goes unnoticed.

EXT. CORVETTE

JJ pops out of the t-top, gun drawn. For the first time we get a glimpse of his silver COONAN 357 MAGNUM AUTOMATIC. A real hand cannon not meant for police work.

POW!

- as the very loud and powerful shot strikes his Jamaican target in the back.

Jimarcus and the other henchman face JJ and unload DOZENS OF ROUNDS expelling brass like coins from a slot machine.

JJ ducks down as his Corvette is mercilessly shot to hell and TIRES EXPLODE.

Falling out the passenger door, JJ barely makes it out with his life and, like Hayes, crouches behind a line of idle cars.

Hayes sneaks up behind the two Jamaicans. Aims his GLOCK 17 LONGSLIDE at the second gunman.

POW-POW-POW!

Down he goes. Jimarcus spins around, faces Hayes - unloads in his direction as -

Hayes jumps for cover behind a truck.

The truck itself quickly turned to Swiss cheese as THE DRIVER runs out, hands raised.

THE DRIVER
Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

Jimarcus loses patience, KNOCKS him over the head with the butt of his weapon.

The Driver drops unconscious.

Jimarcus races up the causeway in search of JJ.

JIMARCUS

Baumbach!

Livia pops up from behind the hood of an SUV - THIRTY EIGHT
gripped in both hands.

LIVIA

HOLD IT!!!

Jimarcus makes short work of the SUV as Livia dives for cover
and glass blankets the pavement.

JJ pops up behind another car. Jimarcus in his sights.

JJ

Drop it!

Jimarcus aims his grenade launcher in JJ's direction.

JJ (CONT'D)

SHIT!

Jimarcus FIRES ONE OFF as the ROCKET SPEEDS TOWARD JJ leaving
a trail of smoke in its wake.

JJ leaps over a side railing just as the car he was hiding
behind is incinerated.

KABOOM!

- as JJ FALLS THREE STORIES into Biscayne Bay.

SPLASH!

Jimarcus drops the high tech weapon on the pavement and
escapes on foot.

Livia spots him running off, then turns her attention to the
twisted pile of exploded metal.

FIRE and SMOKE shoot high into the air as the panicked
SCREAMS of gridlocked passengers echo the causeway.

LIVIA

JJ!!!

Livia grips her gun tightly as she checks in between cars.

Hayes runs in between traffic and meets her halfway.

LIVIA (CONT'D)
Where's Baumbach?

CUT TO:

EXT. BISCAYNE BAY - YACHT - DAY

A handsome PLAYBOY with abs of steel opens a sliding door and heads for a champagne bucket filled with ice.

PLAYBOY
Don't start anything without me!

A totally drenched and exhausted JJ crawls over the side of this big money boat.

The Playboy watches on as JJ falls face first to the deck.

PLAYBOY (CONT'D)
Hey, my man! Can I help you with something?!

JJ takes a moment to catch his breath before deciding to move from that particular spot. He glances toward a pair of deck chairs.

On the chairs sit two sets of skimpy bikinis. Some GIGGLES are heard below deck.

PLAYBOY (CONT'D)
Kind of a bad time, player.

JJ scoffs with disgust.

JJ
Must be nice.

JJ finally gets upright, squeezes the water from his shirt and spots a smart phone face up on a glass table.

PLAYBOY
Seriously?

He pulls his badge from a coat pocket. Opens it.

JJ
I need your phone.

PLAYBOY
Will that get you out of here faster?

JJ
I promise.

PLAYBOY
Then by all means, help yourself.

JJ snags up the phone and dials. As he waits, the Playboy heads below deck and shuts the door.

Some more GIGGLES as JJ stares down at the two sets of bikinis and rolls his eyes.

JJ
God, promise me. Next time just
let me drown.

CUT TO:

INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

A crew of uniformed DELIVERY MEN attach venetian blinds to all three walls of louvered windows.

JJ now with short hair, no beard and a ballcap. Appearing much cleaner, handsome and about fifteen years younger.

Hayes sits shirtless in a chair as Cappeli fits his belly with a BODY WIRE using adhesive surgical tape.

CAPPELI
Nice to see you again, JJ. Almost
forgot what you looked like.

JJ
Say. Where'd you find that wire?
Looks awfully familiar.

JJ winks back at a smiling Munz who sits at his awful desk. A couple of phone books hold up a busted leg.

CAPPELI
I found it in Charlie's desk, okay?

MUNZ
Back at his place?

Cappeli shoots him a deadly stare.

CAPPELI
Yeah, Munz. He was getting it
every night. Non stop.

Munz and JJ barely contain their laughter.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)

There. You happy? Got a visual yet?

MUNZ

No but I'm working on it.

Jancowicz comes up the steps with Bedford as they check in with Hayes.

BEDFORD

(to Hayes)

You feeling good? Ready to rock?

HAYES

(Jamaican accent)

Every-ting irie, mon.

Hayes and Cappeli share a smile. JJ looks very left out.

JJ

I'm fine, thank you.

Bedford turns his attention to JJ. Not quite as pleasant.

BEDFORD

What the hell happened out there?

JJ

What happened is your little set up backfired, special agent man. You all but signed Hatcher's death warrant by putting his face on camera.

BEDFORD

Yeah, no kidding. That was the idea. You were supposed to pick him up before that actually happened.

JJ

One problem with that, Bedford. Someone was already waiting for him. And that someone was sitting in court today.

JANCOWICZ

If that's true, that means Navaro and company were whacking Hatcher no matter what.

MUNZ

What the hell have we gotten
ourselves into, boys and girls?

JJ, Cappeli, and Munz all look a bit scared.

BEDFORD

Alright. We check the tapes. I
wanna know about every face un
accounted for in that courtroom
today. If they've gotta sheet, I
wanna see it.

Livia struts in and dumps a bunch of eight by ten photos in
Bedford's hands. All from inside the courtroom.

LIVIA

His name is Jimarcus Allen.

Bedford surprised by Livia's promptness. Cappeli just grins,
not surprised. This is Livia's style.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

Allen and our dead Jamaican friend
on the causeway were investigated
two years ago for their involvement
in a human trafficking operation.

JJ

Sounds familiar.

LIVIA

What they would do is post
classified ads in The Herald.
Looking for girls of a certain
type.

CAPPELI

Jamaican.

LIVIA

They target these young mothers and
their children fresh off the boat.
Penniless and desperate.
Meanwhile, their contacts back in
Jamaica already promised to get
them set up once they hit the
mainland. A job, home. Of course,
they never follow through on
either.

BEDFORD

This operation. Navaro's brother
was involved in something similar.

JJ

Yes he was. He even put a knife to one of their necks. A thirteen year old girl.

Bedford squints. As if this hits a chord with him. He shoots JJ an accusatory stare.

BEDFORD

That's funny, Baumbach. The report said it was a gun. Or maybe you're just getting your stories mixed up.

Cappeli, Munz, Livia and even Hayes look as if they feel empathy for JJ.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY (FLASHBACK)

REGUS NAVARO (20s), light skinned Jamaican, Akeem's brother, holds a sharp knife to a YOUNG TEEN's throat.

REGUS

Back off! I'll cut her throat!

JJ moves in on them, Coonan magnum in hand. He has Regus in his sights and - POW!

WHITE FLASH TO:

INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT (PRESENT)

JJ snaps out of it. Cappeli watches him closely.

Jancowicz steps in, breaks the awkward silence.

JANCOWICZ

(to Bedford)

Detective Baumbach was cleared, Bedford. And this doesn't help us.

BEDFORD

The Miami PD may have cleared your Detective but he hasn't been cleared by Navaro or his crew. Pedophile or not, to Navaro, his brother's death was an act of aggression. An act of war. Started by the police.

CAPPELI

(to JJ)

It's not your fault, JJ. None of this.

JJ grows frustrated, rushes out the door.

JANCOWICZ

(to JJ)

Where are you going?

He slams it shut.

BEDFORD

(to Jancowicz)

You better get a leash on him before he gets himself killed.

JANCOWICZ

You let me worry about my people, Bedford. Okay?

Jancowicz chases out the door after JJ.

INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

JJ leans against the wall, sparks up a smoke as Jancowicz heads down the steps toward him.

JANCOWICZ

What's the matter with you?

JJ

You mean besides almost getting my ass blown off twice? I guess besides that, I'm doing just swell.

JANCOWICZ

You gonna let Bedford keep you from doing your job?

JJ

He is keeping me from doing my job.

JANCOWICZ

Listen to me. I know you're frustrated but today wasn't a total loss. We got a line on Allen. Tomorrow morning, Hayes is gonna check out this gun range. We got a nice tip on the guy that runs the joint. Took a pinch earlier this year for illegal arms trafficking.

JJ
 I'm going to Internal Affairs.
 Throw myself on the sword. Maybe
 it'll stop all this shit.

JJ tosses his smoke against the wall as it bounces back at
 strikes Jancowicz in the hand. JJ heads down a few more
 steps.

JANCOWICZ
 What are you trying to do? Burn
 the place down?

JJ
 Might as well. Half the city's
 been blown all to hell because of
 me. Why stop now?

JANCOWICZ
 Not everything's about you, JJ!

JJ stops, stares up at him, annoyed.

JANCOWICZ (CONT'D)
 You think going to IAD is gonna
 satisfy Navaro? He won't be happy
 until you're wearing a toe tag! Or
 maybe you haven't noticed yet!
 (beat)
 Think about Charlie!

JJ
 I am thinking about Charlie.

JANCOWICZ
 Good. Then you know your partners
 need you. They've already lost one
 cop this week. We can't afford to
 lose you too. Now go home, get
 some rest and screw your head on
 straight. We got a big day ahead.

Without flinching, Jancowicz is back up the steps. JJ takes
 a moment, lets it all sink in.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOONLITE TWIN DRIVE IN THEATER - DAY

This theater is in the middle of nowhere. Below a decrepit
 white screen not used since the Reagan Era sits an outdoor
 gun range of sorts.

Under a wooden awning stands A CUSTOMER testing out a 10MM sub machine pistol.

He's firing at a metal target sliding smoothly along A MOVING RANGE TRACK.

A 1985 Rolls Royce Silver Spur comes cruising in behind a protective chain link gate. It parks on the dirt lot and out steps Hayes in his Jamaican shirt and beach hat.

This time, he's carrying a very thick aluminum attache.

From the old snack bar and sipping a soda from a paper cup stands the range's owner and operator TOMMY B (40s), Tommy Bahama shirt, beach slacks. A real weasel.

Tommy B takes a special interest in Haye's briefcase. He meets him halfway.

TOMMY B

Welcome to The Moonlite Twin.
First time I presume?

Hayes smiles.

HAYES

First time in Miami. But not my
first time. Mister...?

TOMMY B

Everyone around here calls me Tommy
B.

Hayes observes his wardrobe.

HAYES

No kidding.

Tommy B can't help but stare at the large briefcase and then the classic Rolls Royce.

TOMMY B

Nice ride. Pretty rare. They got
a lot of those where you come from?

HAYES

That they do. That they do.

TOMMY B

Are you looking for a membership?
Mister...

Snaps his fingers.

TOMMY B (CONT'D)
I never did get your name.

HAYES
No. You didn't. And no I'm not.
I was hoping we could skip the
formalities, Mister B.

Tommy B refers once again to the briefcase and then back to Hayes.

TOMMY B
I see. Well. In that case, follow
me.

Tommy B leads the way. Hayes smiles and follows behind.

MOVIE SCREEN

Tommy B and Hayes step around the back of the barely standing screen and to a private basement door of sorts.

Tommy B opens and steps down a short set of steps. Hayes reluctantly follows.

CUT TO:

INT. MOONLITE TWIN - DOWNSTAIRS RANGE - DAY

Tommy B and Hayes enter a dark room as a light switch is flipped on. Revealing the super bowl of gun stores.

Hayes observes a glass encasing full of every handgun known to man as well as a back wall equipped with assault rifles and various sub machine guns.

Muted GUNFIRE echoes the hallway outside as Hayes turns and observes a man enter a nearby men's room with protective earphones rested on his neck.

TOMMY B
Shut the door.

Hayes shuts and locks behind them.

TOMMY B (CONT'D)
Okay, Rasta man. Now that we've
gotten the pleasantries out of the
way. If you are who I think you
are. Then what kind of weight are
we talking about here?

HAYES

And if you are who I think you are, Mister B, I have a message for your federal friends. My organization has been more than generous. We expect nothing less than a more than generous discount.

TOMMY B

Not that I have those kind of friends. But if I did...what are you looking for exactly?

HAYES

My superiors are looking to cool things down a bit. The police are getting too close. What we're looking for is something a bit more low key. Safe. Sniper rifles. Military grade of course. Thirty millimeter.

TOMMY B

Thirty mils, huh? And how many you gonna need?

HAYES

Two dozen. In exchange, we unload three dozen M4A1s. As I said before. More than generous. Your Feds can keep the change.

TOMMY B

Now see, that's gonna be a tough sell.

Tommy B plops himself on a counter near the register.

TOMMY B (CONT'D)

Those guns are used. Tainted.

HAYES

My point exactly. By tomorrow evening they can be scrap metal. All evidence linking your government to the merchandise will be gone, mon. Now be a good delivery boy and relay my message.

TOMMY B

Gee. I don't know. This all sounds kind of dangerous. What's in the briefcase?

HAYES

First, set up the meeting. Then we worry about who gets what.

Tommy B tries to get a read on Hayes. Unsure. He reaches for a business card poking out of a holder near the front register.

Hands it to Hayes.

TOMMY B

Same time tomorrow. Number's on the card. And if I were you, I'd start scraping some cash together.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Hatcher wearing a cheap white bathrobe splashes on some even cheaper cologne.

A KNOCK at the door grabs his attention. He opens a dresser drawer and pulls out a 380P.

HATCHER

Yeah? Who is it?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Room service.

Hatcher puts the gun back in the drawer, heads to the door and answers.

Cappeli on the other side.

CAPPELI

Surprise.

HATCHER

Hey. You're not her. You're not Rachel.

Cappeli invites herself in as Hatcher shuts the door.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

What is this? Where's Rachel?

CAPPELI

Rachel Mack. Twenty two. Four consecutive busts for prostitution. And four for possession of an illegal substance.

(MORE)

CAPPELI (CONT'D)

One of which we tested against a bag of coke also found in your pocket. Maybe you forgot but the two of you got busted together last year in Hialeagh. Before she moved up in the world and joined the Queen of Hearts escort service.

Hatcher slaps himself in the forehead and drops to the mattress in defeat.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)

Word on the street was you were Rachel's most loyal customer.

HATCHER

How did you know?

CAPPELI

I figured by now things were getting lonely for you in whatever rat hole you were hiding out in.

HATCHER

Look. I just want you to know I had nothing to do with that cop.

CAPPELI

I think you're secret's out, Hatch.

Cappeli stares around the room, looking for something.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)

Where's the gun?

Hatcher huffs with defeat.

HATCHER

Under the tv set.

Cappeli opens the drawer, retrieves the 380P and ejects the small magazine of bullets.

CAPPELI

Rachel used to turn tricks for Jimarcus Allen. A cathouse out in Jamaican Hill. So what was the deal they made with you, Hatcher? Set up Glasco and we'll let Rachel go for good this time?

HATCHER

They were gonna kill her. Shoving all that poison in her arm.

(MORE)

HATCHER (CONT'D)
Controlling her mind. What would
you have done?

CAPPELI
Get your shit and let's go. It
stinks in here.

HATCHER
Are you crazy? I go out there, I'm
dead.

CAPPELI
You stay here, you're dead. If I
found you this easy, how long you
think it will take before Allen and
his crew track you down?

And this stops Cappeli in her tracks. A sincerely frightened
look comes over her.

HATCHER
What is it?

CAPPELI
Nothing. Just get your stuff
together.

Cappeli dials a number and waits for the other end.

MUNZ (O.S.)
Yo. This is Bobby.

CAPPELI
How long will it take you to get to
the Stardust Motor Lodge?

CUT TO:

EXT. STARDUST MOTOR LODGE - NIGHT

Munz loads Hatcher in the back of his squad car, shuts the
door. He nods to Cappeli and Livia by the motel's main
office door.

The two watch as the car speeds off.

CAPPELI
Have you heard from JJ?

LIVIA
Not since he walked out last night.
So are we doing this without him or
what?

CAPPELI

I think I might know where he is.

Cappeli heads to her car. Leaves Livia by the door.

CUT TO:

INT. MCNULTY'S IRISH PUB - NIGHT

JJ is bellied up at the bar enjoying a boilermaker and drowning his sorrows.

In walks Cappeli who looks down right disgusted. The two catch eyes.

JJ

Ever been to an Irish wake,
Cappeli?

JJ downs his shot.

Cappeli slams her purse down on the stool next to him.

CAPPELI

You're German.

JJ

My mother was Irish, thank you very
much. At least she drank like she
was Irish.

Some snickers from the other end of the bar. JJ smiles,
salutes them with his mug of beer.

CAPPELI

I found The Snatcher.

JJ

Great. I figured you would. I'm
sure he'll make for some great
testimony.

CAPPELI

Is this your official retirement
party? Pretty sad if you ask me.

JJ

You ever run Regus Navaro's record?
Don't answer because I know you
have.

Cappeli takes a seat. All of the sudden not as mad anymore
as her eyes suggest compassion.

JJ (CONT'D)

The kid had a cleaner rap sheet than me for God's sake.

CAPPELI

Yeah, he also threatened to kill a thirteen year old girl.

JJ

Regus Navaro worked undercover in Jamaica. He was an informant. Spent three years infiltrating youth gangs. Helped addicts get clean and find religion. What do you think he was doing at a cathouse in Jamaica Hill?

CAPPELI

I don't know. Why don't you dig him up and ask?

JJ

Turns out he was making arms trades and slinging dope, then giving the profits to Jimarcus. He was buying these girls freedom. Getting them out of the life.

The Bartender approaches Cappeli.

BARTENDER

Get you something?

CAPPELI

Bourbon. Straight up.

BARTENDER

A girl after my own heart.

JJ

Yeah. Make it two.

CAPPELI

None of that changes the fact he held a little girl as his hostage.

JJ

A little girl he had zero intention of hurting. These Navaros. They're heroes back home. They weren't blowing up cop cars and trafficking stolen guns. Somewhere along the lines, Shawn Navaro lost faith in this country.

(MORE)

JJ (CONT'D)

And he became Akeem. Vigilante for the people. I turned this guy, Cappeli.

CAPPELI

I don't buy it. You know what I think?

JJ

What?

CAPPELI

I think Navaro started getting high on the action. All of the sudden, the line between right and wrong got skewed. He's become everything he hates. Everything his father hated.

JJ thinks this all over. His interest now piqued.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)

And instead of blaming himself, he's looking to blame the cops. Because it's easier for him to accept. Or. There's another reason.

JJ

What's that?

CAPPELI

He wants some good old fashioned revenge. Either way, he's gotta be stopped.

JJ shakes his head, sips on his beer.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)

I know you think Akeem deserves his pound of flesh. But you're wrong. He's responsible for killing over four dozen people in the last six months alone. I don't know about you but that makes me mad.

JJ stares up at her. Cappeli grabs her purse.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)

Unless you wanna take that to the grave, I suggest you help me stop him.

She heads for the door.

EXT. SECLUDED POND - LATE NIGHT

A van with no windows sits parked next to a large F150 with extended cab covered with a black cargo protector.

Hayes arrives in his 85 Rolls Royce. As he steps out, Tommy B also steps from the passenger door of the van.

And from the driver's side steps AGENT LYLE SCHRADER - ATF (40s), square jaw, but thin and shifty looking.

SCHRADER

Alright. Where's the merchandise?
Excuse my candor, brother man, but
that trunk ain't big enough.

HAYES

Change in plan, federal agent man.

SCHRADER

Is that right?

HAYES

Akeem Navaro sends his apologies.
But with The Feds kicking in doors
all over town, we can't just be
handing over the evidence.
Especially to unfamiliar faces.

Schrader and Tommy B share an unsure look.

SCHRADER

Okay. So I guess we'll be taking a
cash payment then.

HAYES

In due time. I was promised a
demonstration first.

IN THE TREES

- are JJ and Munz. They can barely make out Hayes and the others through the branches.

JJ

I got a bad feeling. Something's
coming.

MUNZ

We should've never taken off his
wire.

EXT. SECLUDED LAKE - LATE NIGHT

Schrader and Tommy B still in front of the parked van.

SCHRADER
(to Tommy B)
Show him.

Tommy B walks to the Ford truck's cab, peels back the cargo protector to reveal several metal crates.

Hayes walks over to get a closer look. Tommy B unlatches one of the boxes to reveal a 30MM SNIPER'S RIFLE.

He smiles, ear to ear.

HAYES
Very nice.

SCHRADER
I'm afraid we'll have to skip the demonstration. Out here on the water and all. Can get pretty loud.

TOMMY B
You like the merch or what?

HAYES
Okay, mon. How much for how much?

SCHRADER
How many you want?

HAYES
All.

SCHRADER
Seventy Five. Fifteen of which goes to my friend here for his broker's fee.

HAYES
Deal.

Hayes smiles, sets his case on the opened rear door of the pick up and unhooks the latches.

OUT OF THE TREES run several Kevlar fitted agents marked ATF. All branding MP5s and swarming the pick up.

ATF #1
Hands in the air! Do it!

Hayes loses his slick smile, slowly raises his hands.
Two ATF guys quickly put him in the dirt and cuff him.

IN THE TREES

JJ and Munz watch on. Not surprised.

JJ
And he's in. Bingo.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATF SAFE HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

A small and dilapidated home with a broken down boat dock sits all by its lonesome in an undisclosed location.

INT. ATF SAFE HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Hayes sits tied to a chair, breathing hard, sucking in short breathes. His face scratched and bloodied.

Schrader hovers over him. Standing in a cobwebbed kitchen with no cabinets and an old gas stove.

ATF GUYS on both sides of Hayes. Behind him. One having a smoke at the front screen door.

SCHRADER
Do you mind? I'm bronchial.

The smoker shakes his head, steps all the way outside as the screen door slams shut and startles Hayes.

SCHRADER (CONT'D)
All of this talk about enhanced interrogation techniques. To waterboard. To not waterboard. I say nothing gets a quicker response faster than a good old fashioned ass beating.

He laughs as Hayes struggles to catch his breath.

HAYES
Mister Navaro doesn't take kindly to disloyalty. You just signed your death warrant. All of you.

SCHRADER

Not so smart killing a bunch of local cops then trying to cut a deal with the Feds. No offense, Rasta man, but you must be smoking too much of that ganja stick. Either that or you're working with the cops. So which is it?

HAYES

If you thought that I wouldn't be here.

SCHRADER

This is true. This is very true. They wouldn't just send you in blind without back up. And you weren't wearing a wire. That cancels that. So that just leaves one explanation.

Schrader stirs something on the stove with a wooden spoon. He pours the contents into a bowl.

SCHRADER (CONT'D)

Something about canned ravioli on a gas stove that takes me right back to my childhood.

He takes a big old chomp.

SCHRADER (CONT'D)

As I was saying...
(swallows)
You're new to this party. Am I right? One of Navaro's new recruits?

HAYES

Something like that.

SCHRADER

Well, allow me to introduce myself. Yes, I am the guy that jacked those guns from the compound in Texas. No, I am not the guy you're looking for.

Hayes squints, not following.

SCHRADER (CONT'D)

Still confused. Well let me spell it out for you. Those guns your boy Navaro bought from us.

(MORE)

SCHRADER (CONT'D)

They were loaded. Wired with voice recorders and location devices. Otherwise known as bugs.

Hayes slowly figures it out.

SCHRADER (CONT'D)

We were gonna catch all you little rackhead soldiers before you blew away the competition. But much to my dismay, about two weeks after our little swap meet, those bugs stop working. Leaving my team and I with our dicks in our hand.

HAYES

Sorry things didn't work out.

SCHRADER

I know you got smoking dumbass foot soldiers aren't smart enough to find those bugs yourself. That means I have a leak in my organization.

HAYES

That's your problem.

SCHRADER

No. No, no. Actually it's your problem now. Because you're gonna schedule yourself a sit down with Mister Navaro. And you're gonna tell him that if he doesn't give me the name of my rogue agent...I'm gonna start taking out his army. One by one.

Snaps his fingers.

SCHRADER (CONT'D)

Just like that.

HAYES

I can't promise you he'll agree to this.

SCHRADER

Oh no. He'll have to agree to this. You see, this rogue agent of mine is most likely in possession of around a hundred hours or so of audio surveillance.

(MORE)

SCHRADER (CONT'D)

Of which he's most likely using to
blackmail Navaro and your little
Revolution. So don't take my short
disposition the wrong way. I'm not
a big fan of rogue agents.

HAYES

Could've fooled me.

Schrader and his crew laugh it up.

SCHRADER

Set it up. I don't care what it
takes. Find him. Or I'll find you.

JJ (V.O.)

You told him you were a cop???

CUT TO:

EXT. SECLUDED LAKE - DAWN

Back at the lake from earlier. The sun just about to rise,
starting a new day.

Munz has a smoke as he skips a rock across the water.

JJ paces back and forth in front of a tired and busted up
Hayes. Some blood dried on his face.

Jancowicz also at the scene.

JJ

I'll tell you, Hayes. Not exactly
the smartest play considering.

HAYES

They're after the same man,
Baumbach. I don't like this
Schrader any more than you but he's
on our side. And the last I
checked, we were getting our asses
handed to us.

JJ

These guys stole over two million
in loose cash. You do realize
that, yes?

HAYES

Allegedly.

JJ throws his hands up in defeat, paces on the dirt ground. Jancowicz lets him have his tantrum.

JJ

Allegedly. They did it! Not to mention running an illegal, off the books arms deal with The Jamaicans! I'd be surprised if they didn't lock up Schrader's crew along with Navaro!

JANCOWICZ

Lay off, JJ! Hayes had to make a gut decision and he made it! Now this Schrader's giving us a list of his entire team! Anyone and everyone involved in that raid!

JJ stops pacing, grabs the bridge of his nose. A real headache setting in.

JANCOWICZ (CONT'D)

Someone on that list knew you were on loan with the feds for the last six weeks. Otherwise there wouldn't be a giant hole down in The Glades where a house used to be.

JJ checks with Hayes. Munz joins them.

MUNZ

He's right, JJ. Could be the break we've been looking for.

JJ nods in agreement.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DRUG HOUSE - DAY

The brick walls graffitied with bright yellows and oranges. Jamaican gang signs and other works of art.

Jimarcus stands before a very thin and shaky RACHEL MACK (22), strung out prostitute, as he prepares her a fresh syringe of heroin.

Her eyes are vacant. Dead. She grips a tourniquet in her mouth as he injects the needle into her bone thin and track marked arm.

JIMARCUS
That's a good girl. Who takes care
of you?

Rachel tears up. Fights the pleasure but ultimately giving
in as the heroin takes effect.

Jimarcus loses patience. Grabs her by the arm, jerks it
toward him as Rachel screams out.

JIMARCUS (CONT'D)
Who???

RACHEL
You do.

JIMARCUS
And you're not going to disappoint
me again. Are you?

Rachel shakes her head. He grabs her by the back of her
head.

RACHEL
Please. Don't.

Jimarcus whispers in her ear.

JIMARCUS
He can't help you. Because he
won't give you what you need. Not
like I can give you. Tell me you
understand.

RACHEL
I understand.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTLET MALL - NIGHT

A two story outside mall is ripe with activity. Lots of
hopping bars and hot dance clubs.

Sitting on a set of steps next to an escalator is Hatcher.
He is anxious, worried, fidgety.

LIVIA (O.S.)
Take it easy, Hatch. We got your
back.

Jimarcus and Rachel appear at the top of the escalator.
About to get on.

Cappeli on a bench downstairs peeks around a small palm and stares up at them.

CAPPELI

I got eyes on Allen. The girl too.

SCHRADER (O.S.)

Roger that, Cappeli.

Cappeli stares at Hatcher and then Schrader hanging over a second story railing.

SCHRADER (CONT'D)

Everybody be cool. I've got him.

Hatcher stares up at Rachel. A giant smile. She barely smiles back, still nervous.

Livia stands next to the ladies room, pretends to be texting as she sneaks a peak at

RACHEL

getting on the escalator.

Hatcher keeps eye contact with Rachel as he races down the steps and meets her at the bottom.

Jimarcus stands at the top of the escalator and watches the lovebirds reunion.

Schrader casually moves his direction.

As Rachel makes it to the bottom, she PULLS A GUN and FIRES A SINGLE SHOT into Hatcher's shoulder.

He drops like cement. Totally taken aback. Rachel cries as she hovers over him.

LIVIA

Freeze!

Rachel aims in Livia's direction but is quickly put down with THREE CLEAN SHOTS.

Jimarcus pulls a sawed off shotgun from inside his long coat but isn't quick enough.

Schrader almost EMPTIES A FULL CLIP into Jimarcus as his corpse tumbles down the escalator.

Cappeli kneels before a badly wounded Hatcher. His eyes full of tears. Saddened by the betrayal.

HATCHER

What did they do to her?

CAPPELI

Breathe. You're gonna be fine.

Livia hovers over Rachel. Track marks up and down both arms. Bone thin, pale. Her lifeless eyes gazing back at her.

Livia now in a trance. In shock.

Cappeli looks up at Livia, notices.

CAPPELI (CONT'D)

Hey! Liv! Snap out of it! I need you to call an ambulance!

Schrader stares down at Jimarcus. Nothing but a bloody lump left here.

SCHRADER

(to Cappeli)

It's on its way.

He observes the three perfect holes in Rachel's chest.

SCHRADER (CONT'D)

(to Livia)

Nice grouping.

Livia shoots him a nasty look. Not her proudest moment. She leaves Cappeli to it as she heads for the front lot.

EXT. OUTLET MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Livia moves at a snail's pace, almost in a trance as she takes a seat at the curb. Her arms rested in her lap and staring down at the asphalt.

The sound of nearing POLICE SIRENS grows louder by the second as RED AND BLUE LIGHTS hit Livia's saddened face.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

A MOB OF REPORTERS occupy the roundabout circling the once Pan American Terminal Building at Dinner Key.

In the grassy center of this roundabout, the AMERICAN FLAG is raised high in the air, sways in the wind.

COMMISSIONER THADDEUS MCFARLANE (50s), Jamaican American, fancy suit, stands behind a hot mic and addresses the growing crowd.

MALE REPORTER #1

Commissioner, McFarlane! Can you tell us what precautions the police department is taking to ensure the safety of their officers!

MCFARLANE

Our precautions are to find the bastards responsible.

Some BOOS from the hostile crowd that pour out into the neighboring street.

FEMALE REPORTER #2

Excuse me, Commissioner, but that's a very vague and empty response with all do respect. What the people would like to know is how exactly is the department planning on tackling this situation?

CROWD MEMBER

Yeah! You tell him!

McFarlane clears his throat, plays with the mic as if to give himself a moment.

CROWD MEMBER #2

Answer the question!

MCFARLANE

First of all, I'd like to dispel any rumors that there's talk of a walkout. This is indeed not the case. In fact, quite the opposite is happening. We have men and women of uniform working overtime. Double time. Following up various leads that have been acquired over these last several weeks.

A very angry citizen rushes to the front of the crowd and personally addresses McFarlane.

ANGRY CITIZEN

Is that supposed to be some kind of answer?! No, he's gonna be alright with his bullet proof windows and body guards!

(MORE)

ANGRY CITIZEN (CONT'D)

What about the rest of us that have
to drive to work every morning!

CROWD MEMBER #4

Yeah, that's right!

MCFARLANE

All I can tell you is that we are
currently working in conjunction
with several law enforcement
agencies, ensuring that all basis
are covered and no stone is left
unturned. Now. This is not simply
a local problem. This is a
national problem. These are acts
of domestic terrorism.

ANGRY CITIZEN

That's funny! They didn't look so
domestic to me!

And this causes an UPROAR from the crowd. Riotous applause
and an equal number of BOOS.

McFarlane shoots the man in the front row a dirty look as he
observes the applause from the hostile crowd.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY - LATE NIGHT

A stretch limo carefully fits into an extremely narrow back
alley between two graffitied tenements.

At the end of this alley stands a tall and mysterious figure
silhouetted by a set of headlights.

The limo stops and out of the rear door steps McFarlane in
another fancy suit. He steps up the alley toward the
unknown figure hidden in shadows.

McFarlane meets this figure halfway.

AKEEM

Were you followed?

MCFARLANE

No. I don't think so.

AKEEM

I don't think so is not an answer,
Commissioner.

AKEEM (CONT'D)

It's those sort of responses that worry people.

MCFARLANE

I don't have eyes in the back of my head, now do I?

AKEEM

Argumentative. Hostile. That's two strikes against you already, Commissioner. And we're just getting started.

Akeem steps out of the shadows. A gun in his belt. McFarlane notices.

MCFARLANE

My apologies.

AKEEM

I'm not convinced of your sincerity. Therefore, I cannot trust you. I'm gonna need reassurance.

MCFARLANE

You want me to tell you I like you? Good job? Kiss your ass? Is that it, son? Well, I don't like you. Or anything you stand for.

Akeem smiles.

AKEEM

Brutal honesty. Much better. I caught your performance on the news today. Very...by the numbers yet...without substance.

MCFARLANE

You know what those people see when they look at me? They see you. And that breaks my heart.

AKEEM

I saw that. You are indeed between a rock and a hard place. I'm certain your friends at City Hall have already prepared an out for all involved. Damage control if you will.

MCFARLANE

Son, to be honest with you, I don't know what to do. But I suppose that's what this big meeting was for, right?

Akeem walks in circles around McFarlane. Keeps the upper hand and holds his gleaming stare.

AKEEM

I've been following your career for quite some time now. I like you, Commissioner McFarlane. I like you very much. What you've done for this city. For our people. But after my brother was murdered and your fellow law enforcement helped them bury the evidence...I lost my faith.

Akeem stops, faces McFarlane.

AKEEM (CONT'D)

I need you to help me get it back. To regain that trust.

MCFARLANE

Anything you need. Just say it.

Akeem gets nice and close.

AKEEM

Are you a loyal man, McFarlane?

MCFARLANE

You have my word.

Akeem nods in agreement. A growing smile.

CUT TO:

INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Munz is damn near passing out at his desk. A tall stack of files in front of him. He checks with

JJ also at his desk, wide awake. Flipping through various pages, using his fingers to mark his spot.

MUNZ

We've been cross checking these files for almost five hours.

JJ
Doesn't seem like it.

MUNZ
You're right. Feels more like
twelve hours.

JJ jams his finger down on the page as if he's found something of importance.

JJ
Diaz.

MUNZ
Diaz. Diaz who? This is Miami. A
little more specific.

JJ
Diaz. Chango Diaz. Fat bastard I
was staking out down in The Glades.
One of Schrader's crew busted him
last year for running guns to the
Cubans in exchange for coke.

JJ leans back in his chair, puts all the pieces together as Munz watches. Hayes steps in with a bag of food and three large coffees.

HAYES
What is it?

MUNZ
Shh. He's thinking. It's a whole
process with him. Just go with it.

JJ
Damn gator farm was just a front.
He was probably using airboats to
make the trades. It's the middle
of nowhere. Nice and quiet. Local
cops think he's just rustling
gators and he lines their pockets.
Nobody's the wiser.

MUNZ
Okay, so let's pretend I was never
in The Glades for the last six
weeks and tell me what the hell
you're talking about.

JJ
But it doesn't make sense. This
agent. Brian Willis.

(MORE)

JJ (CONT'D)

He wasn't there. So how did he know I was there?

HAYES

Damnit, Baumbach. If you don't tell us what you're talking about, I'm gonna have Munz over there beat you with the Dade County Directory.

JJ

Just give me a second here fellas.

JJ digs deeper through the Chango Diaz report and skips to the very last page. Two agents have signed off. Brian Willis and Terry Aldrich.

JJ (CONT'D)

Terry Aldrich.

MUNZ

Who?

JJ looks up. Still in shock.

JJ

Aldrich. He's the leak. What the hell do you think I'm talking about?

(to Hayes)

Get Schrader on the horn and get his ass down here. Right now.

Hayes stares at him sideways. Not thrilled with JJ's demanding tone.

HAYES

Aye aye, Captain.

Hayes turns to his desk.

JJ

Hey, Lionel.

He turns back. JJ smiles.

JJ (CONT'D)

Good call with Schrader. You were right. I was wrong.

Munz smiles as he witnesses the awkward exchange. Hayes also smiles, surprised.

HAYES

Boy. I bet you'd rather jump back
in The Bay than go through that
again.

JJ

You have no idea.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHRADER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A dark and sparsely decorated living room. A simple lamp
shines on a cheap end table. Below it, Schrader's smart
phone BUZZES and LIGHTS UP.

Schrader enters from the kitchen with a scotch rocks, quickly
snags up the phone.

SCHRADER

Agent Hayes. Talk to me.

(listens)

Is that right?

(listens)

And he's sure about that?

(listens)

Twenty minutes. We'll be there.

Schrader hangs up, tosses his phone on a leather chair. He
stares across the room at someone we can't see.

SCHRADER (CONT'D)

Baumbach found Diaz's file.

The mystery man is none other than Special Agent Terry
Aldrich from The Glades.

ALDRICH

Of course he did, asshole. You all
but gave him my name.

SCHRADER

Like I always say. Keep your
friends close and your enemies
closer.

Schrader nods to a pair of shoes on the floor.

SCHRADER (CONT'D)

Throw your shoes on.

Schrader chugs his drink, ducks into a nearby bedroom.

INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - UPSTAIRS - LATE NIGHT

JJ stands at the louvered window, peeks through some blinds, stares into the street.

JJ

How did they miss it?

Munz at his desk. His feet kicked up, pops his knuckles while they wait.

MUNZ

How did who miss what?

JJ

Chango Diaz. He was Aldrich's case. If it took us all of a few hours to figure out the leak, why didn't Schrader catch it? He knew Aldrich a lot better than us.

HAYES

Easy. It could be they didn't hear about you almost buying it in The Glades. Maybe they didn't know Aldrich was even surveilling Diaz.

JJ

But they did hear about it.

HAYES

How you know that?

JJ

Because I told him. Stood right there when I told him the whole story. I drop Aldrich's name and Schrader doesn't flinch. Never even acknowledges he knew a Terry Aldrich.

HAYES

You're getting that feeling again. I can tell.

Munz sits in a daze. Consumed by his own thoughts. Hayes stands over him, snaps his finger.

HAYES (CONT'D)

Hey. Earth to Munz. What is it?

MUNZ

Something Schrader just said on the phone.

JJ rushes over.

JJ

What?

MUNZ

Twenty minutes. He said we'll be there. We. As in not just him. What did he mean by that exactly?

JJ and Hayes share a knowing look.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIPPER'S GYM AND BOXING - STREET - LATE NIGHT

Four armed to the teeth men in all black with ski masks and night vision goggles quietly charge up the street toward Clippers.

Two stop on each side of the door branding high tech semi autos with laser scopes.

One on the corner acts as a lookout for traffic.

The fourth and last man stands in the middle of a connecting street and stares up at the opened louvered windows of the second floor.

Almost no visibility inside as he stares through barely cracked open venetian blinds.

CUT TO:

INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - FIRST FLOOR - LATE NIGHT

The two men by the door now enter the gym. An almost pitch black room with a sparring ring, working bag and several bench press and work benches.

One starts up a short flight of stairs while the other does a quick sweep of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIPPER'S GYM AND BOXING - STREET - LATE NIGHT

The lookout man is drawn to the booming bass of a passing car and whistles a warning.

The man in the street ducks behind the bumper of Munz's car parked against a curb.

The car passes.

The man walks back into the street and stares through his night laser scope.

SCOPE POV:

Lights on inside. But no signs of life.

BACK TO SCENE

A pair of BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS barrel towards the man without warning as he's STRUCK HEAD ON.

He goes tumbling over the hood and roof of Hayes undercover Rolls Royce Silver Spur.

His dead, limp body drops to the asphalt.

Hayes and JJ jump from the Rolls as Hayes snags up the dead man's M4A1 assault rifle and grenade launcher.

The lookout man fires a few rounds in their direction as Hayes quickly returns fire with his new toy.

The barrage of gunfire throws the second gunmen with force to the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - UPSTAIRS - LATE NIGHT

The last two gunmen enter the secret squad room, remove their masks revealing the faces of Schrader and Aldrich.

The room is completely empty. No cops. Just vacant desks.

ALDRICH

You said they'd be here! Where are they?!

Without warning, the louvered windows are RIDDLED WITH GUNFIRE coming from the street below.

Schrader and Aldrich duck for cover.

SCHRADER

Baumbach!

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. CLIPPER'S GYM AND BOXING - STREET - LATE NIGHT

Hayes aims the assault rifle and grenade launcher at the second floor windows.

JJ gives him the nod.

JJ
Down here, Shrader!

Hayes fires the grenade launcher.

PHHHHEEEWWWW! The lightning fast rocket BLAZES RED as it CRASHES THROUGH THE SECOND STORY WINDOW.

INT. CLIPPERS GYM AND BOXING - UPSTAIRS - LATE NIGHT

The grenade drops right next to Schrader's face as he cowers under JJ's desk.

He and Aldrich share one last look. They're screwed.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIPPER'S GYM AND BOXING - STREET - LATE NIGHT

The entire second story ERUPTS IN FLAMES as the louvered windows BLOW OUT and venetian blinds flap in the wicked aftermath of the explosion.

Hayes lowers the rifle. He and JJ share a quiet look as they catch their breath and enjoy the fireplace.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. DOMINIC CHURCH - DAY

Lines of uniform cops in their finest blues pour into the doors of the Cathedral.

Jancowicz, now dressed in his best suit and tie, stands at the doors, greets the officers as they enter.

JANCOWICZ
Hey. Good to see you again.

He shakes several hands as the officers pour in. Meanwhile keeps his eyes on the street before them.

CAPPELI (O.S.)
How are we looking, Lieutenant?

JANCOWICZ
I wish you'd stop asking me that.
You're making me very nervous.

CAPPELI (O.S.)
Sorry.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. DOMINIC CHURCH - SANCTUARY - DAY

A coffin sits below the pulpit. Both sides of the aisle are filling with cops in dress blues, dark suits and ties and women in their Sunday best.

Watching over the crowd from behind the wall of a confessional is Munz.

He speaks into a shoulder mic.

MUNZ
(to all)
Any suspicious faces in that crowd?

LIVIA (O.S.)
Yeah. But that's only because I
know most of them.

Munz smiles back at Livia who stands on the other side of the church. She also sports a collar mic.

JANCOWICZ (O.S.)
Come on, guys. Pay attention,
would ya?

IN THE BALCONY

- stands Cappeli who stares down at the growing crowd of cops and cops wives.

JJ stays low, sits on a step, out of view of the sanctuary.

CAPPELI
There's something so wrong about
this. It's Charlie's funeral. And
we're holding surveillance.

JJ
All of us in one place at the same
time. It's Navaro's best shot at
taking us out for good.

CAPPELI

You really think he'll show?
There's two hundred cops here.

JJ

That's what I'm afraid of. Half
the department is here. He could
knock us off before we even knew
what hit us.

JANCOWICZ (O.S.)

You're not making me feel very good
about this, Baumbach.

JJ grabs his collar mic, leans in.

JJ

My bad, boss. Let's take this
asshole down. Better?

MUNZ (O.S.)

That's much better.

JJ

Hey. Pay attention down there,
would ya? Gees.

POLICE SNIPER (O.S.)

Hey, Lieutenant. I think we got
something here.

JJ and Cappeli share a worried but excited look.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. DOMINIC CHURCH - DAY

A crew of three very well dressed JAMAICAN MEN step from an
Audi four door, head up the steps of the church. All with
matching black shades and crazy dreads.

JANCOWICZ (O.S.)

Take them.

A crew of undercover cops mixed in with the crowd draw their
handguns, rush the three Jamaicans.

UNDERCOVER #1

Against the wall! Move!

They push them against the wall, frisk all three for weapons
but are clean.

Jancowicz arrives at the scene. Walkie in hand.

UNDERCOVER #2
They're clean, Lieutenant.

Jancowicz stares across the street at an office building of some sort. Police SNIPERS perched on a fire escape and on the rooftop.

A couple more COPS watch from their car.

JANCOWICZ
SWAT, you guys keep your eyes peeled over there! A little faster next time, please!

POLICE SNIPER (O.S.)
Roger.

POLICE SNIPER #2 (O.S.)
Roger that.

JJ and Cappeli step outside and spot the three suspects. Hayes steps out of the crowd, greets them.

HAYES
Hell are you doing out here, ace?
You wanna get killed?

JJ ignores him, joins Jancowicz and checks out the three Jamaicans.

JJ
They got any ID?

UNDERCOVER #3
They're clean.

JJ
The hell they are. Have your men check the perimeter. Right now!

Undercover #3 nods to JJ, goes about it.

JJ checks with Jancowicz who stares down the street looking very nervous and on edge.

JJ (CONT'D)
What're you thinking, L-T?

Jancowicz is hit with a sudden realization.

JANCOWICZ
Get down!

Jancowicz shoves JJ aside just as a RIFLE SHOT RINGS OUT and he's struck in the back.

JJ and Cappeli watch as Jancowicz spits blood and drops to the pavement.

Cops and their wives run for cover as Hayes covers Jancowicz from further gunfire.

A pair of uniform cops grab JJ and Cappeli, physically drag them from the scene and hide them behind a pillar near the front doors.

JJ ducks his head out, stares all around him. Out into the street, down the street.

JJ
Where was it?! Where did it come
from?!

CAPPELI
I don't know!

JJ stares down at Jancowicz presumably dead body. Hayes checks his pulse.

HAYES
He's breathing!

JJ looks over Hayes head, spots their POLICE SNIPER on the fire escape reload another shell.

JJ
What the hell?!

CAPPELI
What is it?

JJ stares dead at the Police Sniper as he sets up another shot and aims directly at his face.

JJ
Hayes!

Hayes spots the FLASHING LIGHT of the sun reflecting off the rifle scope and runs for cover.

JJ ducks behind the wall as a SECOND RIFLE SHOT tears off a piece of the stone pillar.

JJ (CONT'D)
(to Cappeli)
Get inside!

CAPPELI

Yeah, no shit! You're coming with me!

JJ runs out, into the open, ducks behind a brick wall and walkway that acts as a down ramp onto the street.

A THIRD RIFLE SHOT wizzes past his ear and barely misses.

Behind the wall, JJ ducks down. His Coonan Magnum gripped tightly in both hands. He rushes down the sloping ramp toward the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

The Police Sniper races down the rusted out steps of this outside fire escape with rifle in hand.

JJ races into the side alley, Coonan mag aimed up at the Sniper as he's almost to the bottom.

JJ

Drop it!

The Police Sniper stops, drops his rifle to the filth ridden alley below and raises his hands.

JJ (CONT'D)

On your head! Let's go!

The Police Sniper slowly places his hands behind his head, only to reach for a back up gun in his belt.

He spins around, faces JJ but is met with three perfectly grouped blasts from the hand cannon.

He tumbles down a few more steps as his legs get caught in the grate.

CUT TO:

INT. VICE DIVISION - DAY

Munz sits on the edge of his old desk. Cappeli back in the corner, arms folded. JJ with his feet kicked up as usual. Back to where it all started.

All three stare back at Jancowicz's empty office.

MUNZ

I can't believe he's gone.

CAPPELI

I don't understand how something
like this could've happened.
Another cop? Why? How?

JJ red hot with rage. Even angrier than usual. The front door opens, drawing his attention.

Bedford and Hayes walk in looking equally gloomy. The bearers of even more bad news.

JJ

Are you gonna just stand there? I
know you know something, Bedford.
So out with it.

Bedford lets out a long sigh. Unsure.

BEDFORD

We ran the sniper's phone records.
Checked all recent calls. Turns
out he got one call two days ago
and again yesterday afternoon from
the same caller. About an hour
before Glasco's funeral.

JJ

Okay. So obviously this person is
of some interest to you.

Bedford checks with Munz and Cappeli first. Both on the edge of their seats, waiting.

BEDFORD

It's McFarlane.

Cappeli and Munz share a totally shocked look.

JJ doesn't quite believe this. Completely stone faced. As if his mind hasn't accepted it yet.

JJ

McFarland.

BEDFORD

We checked up on our sniper. He's
got fifteen years in. Clean
record. Word around the fire is
McFarlane saved his old man's life
back in the Gulf War.

MUNZ

Why would McFarlane try to burn JJ?

JJ lets this new revelation sink in a second then jumps up from his desk, throws on his sport coat.

HAYES

And where are you going, Supercop?

JJ

I was thinking of driving up to McFarlane's doorstep and blowing his brains out.

(to all)

Anyone wanna come?

MUNZ

Sure.

Munz tosses a fresh magazine in his gun, drops his feet to the floor.

BEDFORD

Now hold on! We don't know if he was behind what happened today, so just settle down a second.

JJ

He cut a deal with him. With Navaro. That's why no attacks since last week. No more blood and guts on his streets in exchange for my head on a platter.

BEDFORD

That's a possibility. Could also be your imagination.

JJ

You stay here and file your reports, agent man. I'm gonna go get McFarlane to talk.

JJ heads for the door.

HAYES

(to JJ)

You know, just when I was starting to respect you, you go and wanna do something stupid again.

JJ and Munz ignore him, continue out.

HAYES (CONT'D)
 Hey! I'm talking to you, cop!

JJ stops. He and Munz wait while Hayes heads to a gun rack and snags a twelve gauge.

HAYES (CONT'D)
 You're gonna need back up.

Hayes racks one and joins JJ and Munz at the door.

Cappeli cracks a smile. Bedford slowly loses his composure.

BEDFORD
 Stand down, Hayes. This is my operation!

They all head out. Cappeli grabs her holstered thirty eight and chases after them.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)
 Where do you think you're going, Cappeli?!

CUT TO:

INT. RIGHTEOUS APOSTLE CHURCH - SANCTUARY - DUSK

The room is suspiciously empty and quiet. The lights now dimmed down as the soft glow of lit candles coming from stained glass windows sets an eerie mood.

Through the rear doors walks McFarlane. He has a thick briefcase with him.

McFarlane stares up at the strangely painted walls as if for the first time. He cautiously steps inside.

AKEEM
 You broke your promise, Mister Commissioner.

McFarlane checks every inch of the room. No Akeem.

MCFARLANE
 I've got what you asked for!

Akeem appears below the pulpit as if he had been kneeling before God himself.

AKEEM
 Bring it to me.

McFarlane walks to the pulpit, rests the case on some sort of Rastafarian communion table, opens it up.

Akeem looks inside to see what looks to be dozens upon dozens of AUDIO CDS carefully packaged and marked with specific dates and times.

MCFARLANE

Found them in Aldrich's hotel room.
I take it this is what you've been
looking for?

AKEEM

Poor, confused Agent Aldrich.
After years of dedicated service to
his government, he's allowed his
own addictions to take control of
his mind. Everything he once
believed. Everything he once stood
for...

(beat)

Gone. All because of a gambling
addiction.

MCFARLANE

What are they?

Akeem shuts the case, locks it back up.

AKEEM

Aldrich's way of keeping the upper
hand. But, like so many before
him, he allowed money to cloud his
judgement.

He turns to McFarlane.

AKEEM (CONT'D)

Just like Agent Schrader, he got
greedy. Now. You were about to
tell me why the cop is still alive.

JJ (O.S.)

I've got a theory on that.

Akeem checks the sanctuary. Hayes moves in on him from the
outside aisle, twelve gauge racked.

JJ on the other end. His gun rested causally to his side.

JJ (CONT'D)

I chalk it down to pure
stubbornness. It's a family trait.

Akeem laughs, then pulls an equally large handgun and holds it to McFarland's back.

JJ quickly draws down on him.

JJ (CONT'D)
What's the play here, Shawn?

AKEEM
I'm curious, Detective! How many more will you let die?! Are you truly willing to trade your life for theirs?!

McFarlane's lips quiver with utter fear. JJ's eyes suggest empathy for the pathetic man now in tears.

MCFARLANE
Please. God.

AKEEM
I guess now's as good a time as any to find out!

HAYES
Nobody's dying here, Navaro! Not today! You made your point! We got our asses kicked! You're gonna be a hero! Isn't that what you want?!

JJ makes eye contact with McFarlane who is completely falling apart emotionally. Paralyzed with fear.

JJ lowers his gun. Hayes can't believe it.

HAYES (CONT'D)
Don't even think about it, Akeem!

JJ has completely given up as he stares back at Akeem, waiting to take his medicine.

Akeem laughs.

FROM THE BALCONY

Yvette appears with a gun and FIRES several shots in JJ's general direction.

SANCTUARY

JJ leaps behind a pew for cover. Bullets strike the wood all around him as pieces go flying.

Hayes aims his twelve gauge toward the balcony and unloads three full racks.

Yvette is struck with the third blast as she stares down at her bloodied stomach in shock. She tumbles over the rail and into the pews below.

JJ sits up, aims his weapon at Akeem as he books it toward the front end sanctuary doors.

The two catch eyes. JJ unable to take the shot.

Hayes notices his hesitation.

HAYES (CONT'D)

Shoot him!

Akeem is long gone as the door shuts behind him. JJ simply crouches behind the pew, gun still aimed at the door.

Hayes stares over at JJ with disappointment before booking it out the left side doors.

FROM THE REAR DOORS

runs Munz and Cappeli.

Cappeli checks on Yvette's body which landed perfectly in one of the pews.

McFarlane on his way out the rear doors runs into Munz who draws down on him.

MUNZ

Hold it! Turn around!

McFarlane turns.

MUNZ (CONT'D)

Hands on your head!

CUT TO:

INT. RIGHTEOUS APOSTLE CHURCH - HALLWAYS - DUSK

Hayes slowly walks the dimly lit halls with classroom doors on both sides. He rests his back on each of the doors as he peers through small cubicle windows.

No sign of Akeem. Hayes hears a DOOR CRASH SHUT and echo the long and empty halls. He runs toward the source.

INT. RIGHTEOUS APOSTLE CHURCH - CAFETERIA - DUSK

A large dining area equipped with dozens of round tables and plastic chairs.

A bulletin board on the wall features pictures of McFarlane and young children in a neighborhood outreach program.

The door swings open and in walks Hayes, shotgun in one hand while he holds the door open with the other.

He lets it quietly shut behind him.

A door on the other end of the room swings open as

Hayes takes aim.

In runs Munz like a madman, ready to shoot something.

Hayes rolls his eyes. Lowers the shotgun.

CUT TO:

INT. RIGHTEOUS APOSTLE CHURCH - HALLWAY - DUSK

JJ swings open a men's room door, ducks his head in. All clear as he approaches a staircase.

The steps lead into an unknown darkness above. All of the sudden, the electricity shuts down.

A FLASHLIGHT shines bright next to JJ's Conan as he begins up the creaky steps and INTO THE DARKNESS.

JJ is cautious as he walks this new hallway, shining his bright light into various dark corners.

He hears what sounds like a WINDOW OPENING and follows up the hallway toward the source.

CUT TO:

INT. RIGHTEOUS APOSTLE CHURCH - CLASSROOM - DUSK

A stained glass window sits wide open allowing what's left of the day's SUNLIGHT to creep in.

JJ appears at the door, shining his flashlight around the room and stopping on AKEEM.

Before he can react, Akeem fires of a round as the BRIGHT MUZZLE FLAIR blinds JJ as he's shot in the arm.

JJ tumbles onto the hard wood floor, gun still in hand as he unloads in Akeem's direction.

POW-POW-POW!

Akeem's body drops limp out the open window.

The FLASHLIGHT still on and aimed down the other end of the hallway showing Hayes rushing to his aid.

HAYES

Where is he?

JJ

I'm fine, thanks.

Hayes grabs the flashlight and ducks in the room. Gives it a good sweep. No sign of Akeem.

He walks to the open window and stares out.

The smooth waters of Biscayne Bay about four stories down. But no sign of Akeem's body.

Hayes stares off, into the distance. Takes in the beauty of the sun setting over the water.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIGHTEOUS APOSTLE CHURCH - NIGHT

Munz and Cappeli lean on a squad car with lights still flashing. All crapped out.

JJ stands out of the way, near the water. Having a moment of reflection to himself.

MUNZ

You heard from Livia?

CAPPELI

No. Hasn't called. Isn't answering.

MUNZ

She alright?

CAPPELI

I just old you, I haven't talked to her.

Munz stares at JJ still entranced by the water and staring into nothingness.

MUNZ

What's up with JJ? I hear he had Navaro in his crosshairs and froze up.

CAPPELI

I don't know. Guilt I suppose.

MUNZ

Oh, yeah. I feel real guilty over that sonofabitch.

Munz angrily tosses his smoke, walks off.

A couple of CORONERS wheel Yvette's body bag from the scene and toward a meat wagon.

Hayes stands with Bedford giving the official report.

HAYES

Who was the girl?

BEDFORD

Yvette Peron. Ex girlfriend of Regus Navaro. They say Regus helped her get clean. Got her off the streets. She was known as a real go getter in the Jamaican community. Worked closely with the police in getting these refugees out of the sex trade. Some say she wanted Baumbach dead more than anyone. Even Akeem.

The two are almost saddened by the sight of Yvette getting loaded in the wagon.

HAYES

Hero turned cop killer overnight.

BEDFORD

Believe it or not, not everyone believes in the integrity of the police department.

HAYES

Yeah, no kidding. Unprovoked shootings. Beatings. Half of law enforcement on the take. How do you think the public's gonna take it when word of Schrader and Aldrich's secret operation gets out?

JJ
It won't get out. Will it,
Bedford?

JJ finally joins them.

JJ (CONT'D)
The powers that be will make sure
this one disappears right along
with Navaro.

BEDFORD
Not my call, Baumbach. I'm just a
worker bee. Like you and your
team.

JJ
No. Of course not.

MUNZ
Shit rolls down hill, JJ. That's
what we're for. Isn't that right,
FBI man?

BEDFORD
(to Munz)
Last I checked, you wanted Glasco's
killer, well I showed you how. You
think there's a war on cops now?
Like Hayes said, wait until your
official report makes the news.

The wiped out cops all share a silent exchange. They've had
more than enough.

JJ pats Bedford on the arm.

JJ
It's been real, Bedford.

JJ, Munz and Cappeli all head for their cars.

BEDFORD
Hey, Vice! We still have a body to
pull out of that bay! Maybe you
forgot!

They all stop, turn to Bedford.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)
The way I see it, until Navaro's
found, dead or alive, you're gonna
be looking over your shoulder.
Asking yourself 'is today the day?'

Munz and Cappeli both take this to heart. JJ checks with Hayes who also looks scared for them.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

The way I see it, the only thing standing between Navaro and you...is me. So, for the foreseeable future, OCB remains as it was. In full operation.

The four cops not the least bit enthused.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)

In layman's terms, ladies and gents, your asses belong to me.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE

