MIAMI VICE

"Blowback"

teleplay by

Eric Dickson
TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. COLLINS AVENUE - MIAMI - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

A VAN WITH NO WINDOWS
- parked in a dirt lot across the way.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

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

Both men angry. An unexpected turn.

A quiet exchange between the two.

CUT TO:

INT. DADE COUNTY LOCK UP - DAY

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

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

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

CUT TO:
EXT. DADE COUNTY JAIL - DAY

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

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

Some badges get flashed. Eddie confused.

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

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

All owners and operators of 2018 IROC Z28 CAMAROS.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH RISE - DAY

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

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

Watching from a nearby restaurant parking lot and SNAPPING STILLS from his car is Eddie.

Eddie lowers the camera, a growing smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

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

Eddie cruises into a spot across from her, watches as the woman makes her way to the door.
Eddie steps out, walks to the Iroc and immediately inspects the front right side bumper.

ON THE BUMPER

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

CUT TO:

INT. SHEREE'S CAR - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

EDDIE
Go on. Ask me.

SHEREE
What?

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

SHEREE
I'm gonna pretend I didn't hear that. Not even joking.
EDDIE
Hey. Cheer up. At least you're not at work.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHEEL AND DEAL AUTO SHOP - NIGHT
Eddie gets out, walks around, kisses Sheree on the cheek.

EDDIE
See you when you get off.

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

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. TIKI WEST MOTEL - NIGHT
The VAN WITH NO WINDOWS is parked before a first level motel room marked 101.

The BLACK CHALLENGER creeps up behind it.

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

CUT TO:
INT. ROOM 101 - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

ON THE GUN

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

CUT TO:

EXT. TIKI WEST MOTEL - NIGHT

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

And off they go, back on the main drag.

CUT TO:

EXT. FAST FOOD JOINT - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT - STREET - NIGHT

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

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

Eddie cracks his window, dumps most of his large soda onto the pavement.
The Black Challenger is well over the speed limit as it approaches a yellow light.

**INT. BLACK CHALLENGER - NIGHT**

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

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

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

Headlights on. Cherries blazing. Off he goes.

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

A **UNIFORM COP**

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

Eddie behind the wheel. All smiles.

**EDDIE**

There a problem, Officer?

**CUT TO BLACK**

**END OF TEASER**

**ROLL CREDITS AND MUSIC: MIAMI VICE**

**ACT ONE - "BLOWBACK"**

**INT. OCB SQUAD ROOM - MORNING**

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

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

Bedford shows him where he wants it.

**BEDFORD**

Yes. Right there. Perfect.

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

MUNZ
No, I don't have those files. I don't have any files.
(listens)
No, I don't need to look because there's nothing to look for.
(listens)
When I say I don't have the files, I mean I have no files. As in I don't even have a file cabinet.
(listens)
Yeah, well, I'll have to get back to you on that.

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

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

CAPPELI
This place is almost inhabitable again.

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

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

MUNZ
(to Bedford)
Why am I getting phone calls from the DA's office about immunity deals?

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

Munz and Cappeli confused.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)
You hit a dead end, you don't circle back and travel the same road. You find an alternate route.
CAPPELI
Such as?

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

MUNZ
Treasure?

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

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

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

MUNZ
(smartass)
I resemble that remark.

Cappeli grins. Bedford unamused.

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

CAPPELI
Just one?

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

Bedford stunned by his laziness.

BEDFORD
(watching Munz)
Actually, no. But we'll start with this one.
(at Cappeli)
I'm talking about repeat offenders.
(MORE)
BEDFORD (CONT’D)
In some cases, you're arresting the same perp eight, nine, sometimes ten times over. A never ending cycle of catch and release.

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

BEDFORD
Yes. Especially when there are zero consequences.

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

Cappeli builds herself a bagel.

BEDFORD
No?

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

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

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

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

Cappeli huffs in defeat, tosses her coffee in a trash bin.
BEDFORD (CONT’D)
Oh yeah. I forget to mention the
dealer you had wired was the same
kid the pimp ripped off?

Cappeli and Munz share a quizzical yet intrigued glance.

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

MUNZ
A bit of a reach.

BEDFORD
Could be. But it doesn't change
the fact that Cappeli should've run
that gun through the system.
(to Cappeli)
Imagine how many arrests could've
been made if you bothered to follow
through.

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

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

A blank stare from Munz and Cappeli.

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

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

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

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

MUNZ
And when does this little operation begin?

BEDFORD
Yesterday.

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

BEDFORD (CONT'D)
Where the hell is everybody?

CUT TO:

EXT. MARLIN BAY MARINA - DAY

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. JJ'S BOAT HOUSE - DAY

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

A parrot's cage barely contains a fat macaw.

Hayes smiles, boards the boat and gives a knock. No answer.
HAYES
Yo, Baumbach! Rise and shine!

He helps himself inside.

INT. JJ'S BOAT HOUSE - DAY

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

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

HAYES
You missed roll call, ace.

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

JJ
Bedford put my name on the chalkboard?

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

He laughs.

JJ
Wanna toss me some pants?

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

HAYES
Any particular kind?

JJ
Use your imagination.

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

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

JJ sniffs his pants before jerking them over his boxers.

HAYES (CONT'D)
You're seriously not changing your underwear?
JJ digs his lighter out of his used pants, sparks one up.

JJ
Fishing huh? For what?

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

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

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

JJ still embarrassed.

JJ
Go out on a limb. Diaz?

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

JJ tumbles out of bed, grabs his aching head.

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

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

JJ
Yummy.

CUT TO:

INT. HAYES PORSCHE - DAY

Hayes behind the wheel while JJ stuffs his face with his third or fourth glazed donut.
HAYES
Better not spill that crap.

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

HAYES (CONT’D)
Say. It's been three weeks. When are you gonna see about getting some wheels?

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

HAYES
And why stop a good thing?

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

JJ
Hey. Slow it down. We got something.

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

JJ
Leave no stone unturned.

HAYES
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

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

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 101 - DAY

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

DETECTIVE WILSON MACRAE (50s), African American, short sleeves and tie, takes point.
Macrae stares down at both bodies. Both men in long sleeve shirts, dress slacks, sleeves rolled up.

A PHOTOGRAPHER snaps some stills.

Macrae heads for the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIKI WEST MOTEL - ROOM 101 - DAY

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

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

MACRAE
Detective Macrae, homicide.
Welcome to my crime scene.

HAYES
Lionel Hayes. Vice.

The two shake hands.

MACRAE
Vice, huh? You sure made it here fast.

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

JJ ducks his head out.

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

Hayes sighs. They're not going anywhere.

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

JJ (CONT’D)
Breaks out the window, helps himself inside and exits through the rear door.
MACRAE
Very good, JJ. Now we'll just have to run his prints against yours.

JJ holds out his hands.

JJ
Didn't touch anything. I swear.

MACRAE
You get lost on the way to vice, Baumbach?

JJ
Wilson Macrae. Meet Lionel Hayes. Our local federal liaison with OCB.

HAYES
We just met.

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

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

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

HAYES
What is this place?

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

HAYES
And these guys knew exactly which rooms to avoid.

(to both)
Now what does that tell you?
JJ
From the looks of this van, I'd say they were badges.

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

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

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

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

MACRAE
Our shooter?

Hayes lets it go and checks with JJ.

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

MACRAE
Oh yeah? What's that?

JJ
It was worth killing over.

CUT TO:

INT. DADE COUNTY LOCK UP - VISITATION ROOM - DAY

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

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

CAPPELI
Lisa Bott?

LISA
Yes?
Cappeli approaches, extends her hand. Lisa reluctantly accepts.

LISA (CONT’D)
What's this about?

CAPPELI
Have a seat.

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

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

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

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

LISA
How do you mean?

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

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

LISA
So do they know who did it?

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

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

Pretty stupid, huh?

Yeah, but I'm not buying it.

Lisa looks up. Guilt written all over her.

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

Lisa huffs in boredom.

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

Yeah. A little. So what?

Cappeli reads her eyes.

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

Now why would I do a thing like that?

Because. For the first time in your life, you had the upper hand.
CAPPELI (CONT’D)
And you were gonna hang this little secret over your brother's head as long as you could.

Lisa shoots her a dirty stare.

LISA
Do I know you?

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

Lisa fidgets with her nails. Still hiding something.

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

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

CAPPELI
What do you think?

IN A CORNER AREA

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

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

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

MUNZ (CONT’D)
I'm honestly surprised Pastor Dennings pushed criminal charges considering all that good press.
EZRA
Though shall not steal. The rules are the rules, Detective. I broke one of the big ones. There are no exceptions. Even between friends. That was the deal Albert and I made a long time ago.

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

EZRA
Covering?

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

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

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

Ezra looks up at him, busted.

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

EZRA
These are desperate times, Detective. Maybe you haven't been watching the news. Our children are killing each other.
MUNZ
I've been watching. Maybe you haven't. Crime in your district is up, Mister Wallace. Ever since Dennings has been using the neighborhood kids to broker gun deals.

EZRA
You have no proof of this.

MUNZ
No, but you do, don't you?

Ezra ignores him.

MUNZ (CONT’D)
You were gonna blow the whistle on the whole operation and you got framed. The sacrificial lamb, so to speak.

EZRA
Watch your mouth.

MUNZ
You want out of here or not?

Ezra slowly comes around - nods in agreement.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

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

In walk JJ and Hayes.

EDDIE
Well if it isn't Crockett and Tubbs.

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

HAYES
Pretty impressive sheet, Eddie. You just finish a six month stay at County then celebrate by driving drunk in a stolen car.
JJ
Does it hurt being so dumb?

EDDIE
Who's asking?

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

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

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

EDDIE
Oh, shit. Really?

JJ and Hayes share a smile.

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

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

HAYES
Guess not.

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

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

Eddie loses his smug grin.
HAYES (CONT’D)
Just being in the same room with your friend Johnny Stritch is enough to put you away for another three. No questions asked.

EDDIE
What do you guys want?

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

JJ
Relax, Curran. We don't want you or Johnny Stritch. We do, however, want your buddy's chief competition. A mister Renaldo Diaz, Senior. Otherwise known as El Chango. Maybe you heard of him.

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

JJ
That's right.

EDDIE
Never heard of him.

JJ and Hayes share a look. JJ stands.

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

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

EDDIE
Wait a second!

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

EDDIE (CONT’D)
What about Diaz? What's he have to do with Johnny?

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

(MORE)
JJ (CONT’D)
They say he's headed back to Miami since his son got busted for manslaughter.

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

EDDIE
You heard that, did you?

JJ
That's right.

Eddie sighs, caves in.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

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

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

INT. MUNZ'S CAR - DAY

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

Munz SNAPS SOME STILLS of the meet and greet.

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

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

He cranks the engine. About to follow.

CUT TO:
EXT. MORNING GLORY BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

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

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

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

INT. MUNZ'S CAR - DAY

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

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

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

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

MUNZ
You forgot your bag, boys.

He watches as the crew disappears behind a corner wall.

Munz opens his door, about to step out until -

A PATROL CAR

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

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

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

MUNZ (CONT’D)
What's going on here, boys.

Kovich shakes Anton's hand and jumps in. As the patrol car pulls away -
Munz SNAPS A FEW SHOTS of the tag.

MUNZ (CONT'D)
Gotcha.

LATER THAT NIGHT

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

BEHIND SOME SHRUBBERY

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. MORNING GLORY BAPTIST CHURCH - NIGHT

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

AT THE BOTTOM

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

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

A sigh of relief.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. WHEEL AND DEAL AUTO SHOP - DAY

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

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

OUT BACK

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

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

Johnny in the middle of talking with DIEGO (30s), Cuban, flash suit, overdressed.
INT. WHEEL AND DEAL AUTO SHOP - MAIN GARAGE - DAY

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

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

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

Diego laughs.

DIEGO
Incentives?

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

DIEGO
Sounds to me like some kind of renegotiation going on here.

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

Diego fights the urge to kill him.

JOHNNY (CONT’D)
Now do you habla? Or I have to write this out in Spanish?

Diego walks to a work tray, grabs a brand new alternator and holds it in the air.
INT. WHEEL AND DEAL AUTO SHOP - FRONT DESK - DAY

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

Hayes is grossed out, looks away.

LEVI
I help you with something?

CRASH!

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

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

Hayes motions to his blue Porsche outside.

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

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

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

Diego joins him.

LEVI
You ain't take it to no dealership?

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

Levi watches him, unsure. A growing smile.

LEVI
I see. Wait here a second.

Levi dips out, into the main garage area.

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

HAYES
Come on, Johnny. Time is money.
Johnny steps inside, gives Hayes a good once over.

    HAYES (CONT’D)  
    Is there a problem?

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

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

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

    JOHNNY  
    Wait a second.

Hayes stops.

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

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

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

Hayes nods in agreement, throws on his shades.

    HAYES  
    Rock and roll.

He heads out the door. Is greeted by Diego.

    CUT TO:

EXT. WHEEL AND DEAL AUTO SHOP - DAY

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

    DIEGO  
    Nice coche. How much you want for it?

    HAYES  
    It's not really for sale, fellas.
DIEGO
Come on. Everything's for sale.
And you ain't bringing this puppy
to no shithole like this unless you
want it gone. Am I right?

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

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

Diego and Rivera stand together. Await his answer.

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

DIEGO
So what's it gonna be?

Hayes watches them, plays unsure.

HAYES
Who's asking?

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

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

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

The taxi stops in front of a run down single.

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

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

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

SERGEY
Great. I suppose you'll be awhile,
Baumbach?
JJ
Kill the attitude, Sergey. Or I'll get me an Uber.

JJ stuffs a wad of cash in his hand.

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

He steps out.

CUT TO:

INT. DESIREE'S MOBILE HOME - DAY

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

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

Desiree grabs herself one.

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

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

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

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

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

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

(MORE)
JJ (CONT’D)
Knowing the place could be crawling with undercover cops at any given moment. That would be severely stupid.

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

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

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

JJ (CONT’D)
But I can see how a girl wouldn't wanna tear herself away from nice digs like this.

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

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

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

JJ (CONT’D)
See you around, D.

JJ dips out. Desiree slams the door shut.

CUT TO:

INT. OCB SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

The two flatscreens on the wall now feature carefully orchestrated slideshows put together by Bedford.
On one screen, the blown up face of OFFICER CALVIN DAWES in his police uniform. The image changes to an old newspaper clipping: PASTOR’S SON ARRESTED.

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

Munz surprised by this piece of news. Bedford notices.

BEDFORD (CONT’D)
Father of five. Four of them boys. Teenagers. All the same age as Chris Dennings when he was killed two years ago.

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

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

Munz, Cappeli, Hayes, JJ all exchange looks.

BEDFORD (CONT’D)
As far as I'm concerned, our Officer Dawes has officially graduated to the one most likely to have orchestrated the operation. (to Munz) Bobby. You wanna fill in the blanks for your team.

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

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

CAPPELI
So far I don't see a down side.

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

BEDFORD
We don't know what they're doing yet, so let's not jump to conclusions.
(to Munz)
Stay on Kovich and Dawes and keep IAD posted on their movements.

Munz nods.

BEDFORD (CONT'D)
Cappeli. What's the word on your nurse?

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

BEDFORD
Terrific. You get her with a sketch artist?

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

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

CAPPELI (CONT'D)
Am I to guess that we're hoping it's Mookie Townsend?
BEDFORD
As you may've heard, Townsend was just acquitted on technicality. Some rookie asshole forgot to Mirandize him and tossed him a real good beating.

ON THE SECOND FLATSCREEN

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

BEDFORD (CONT’D)
As you can see, given his chosen profession, he's gotten away with some pretty heinous crimes.

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

BEDFORD
That's right. Only this time, the victim isn't leaving the hospital.
(to Cappeli)
The DA thinks this is our closest shot at nailing this prick so make sure to emphasize the importance of his conviction to Miss Bott.

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

CAPPELI
(smug)
Oh, yes, sir.

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

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

BEDFORD
I'll get with impound and set it up.

(MORE)
BEDFORD (CONT’D)
(to JJ)
How's the kid doing?

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

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

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

JJ
What's her problem?

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

HAYES
Nothing. Squash it, man.

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

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

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

(MORE)
EDDIE (CONT’D)
They wanna burn this place down, let them. Hell, I'll toss the match myself.

Johnny grows irritated, jumps in his face.

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

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

JOHNNY
Oh, you know that for sure?!

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

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

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

JOHNNY
I gotta talk with my wife about all this.

EDDIE
Of course.

JOHNNY
Alright. You win. I'll tell the fat man we're closed for business.
INT. METRO DADE POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

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

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

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

    CAPPELI
    Nothing yet?

    LISA
    No bites. Just how accurate are these things?

    CAPPELI
    Around fifty fifty.

    LISA
    That's not so great.

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

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

Cappeli thinks it all over.

    CAPPELI
    Come on.

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

    LISA
    What? Where are we going?

CUT TO:
INT. TIKI WEST MOTEL - FRONT LOBBY - NIGHT

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

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

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

JJ checks with Luther who looks away in shame.

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

Macrae shoots Luther an ugly stare.

MACRAE (CONT’D)
But Mister Stegman's refusing to cooperate. Claiming he's immune from prosecution based on his status as a confidential informant.

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

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

HAYES
Sounds like the act of a desperate man to me.

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

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

CUT TO:
INT. TIKI WEST MOTEL - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

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

MACRAE
Now pull up the front end camera.

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

MACRAE (CONT'D)
I want everything between Eight and Nine PM.

HAYES
(to Macrae)
You gonna run tags on every car coming and going?
(to JJ)
How busy are these girls?

JJ
Relax.

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

MACRAE
Freeze!

JJ hits pause.

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

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

MACRAE
Whoa! Back up!


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

HAYES
Are you kidding me?

JJ
That Challenger look familiar to you, Hayes?
HAYES
It can't be.

JJ catches Luther watching him.

JJ
One way to find out.

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

HAYES
What're you doing?

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

Hands the phone to Hayes.

JJ (CONT'D)
Recognize that number?

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

HAYES
Eddie Curran.

MACRAE
Who's Eddie Curran?

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

MACRAE
Not anymore.

HAYES
How's that?

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

CUT TO:
EXT. PUBLIC PARK - LITTLE HAITI - NIGHT

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

A small crowd formed around them.

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

ACROSS THE STREET

is Cappeli's car. Lisa rides shotgun.

INT. CAPPELI'S CAR - NIGHT

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

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

LISA
Is this supposed to be a joke or something?

CAPPELI
On the bench. Playing checkers. Take another look.

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

LISA
No. It's dark out here.

CAPPELI

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

Cappeli and Lisa both watch Mookie.

CAPPELI
Dumb luck. That and he's real careful.

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

Cappeli turns to Lisa.

CAPPELI (CONT’D)
I also hear he's one of Jimmy
Falco's chief enforcers. That name
ringing any bells?

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

Lisa rubs her sore temples, tired by it all.

LISA (CONT’D)
God, there were so many. It's
hard to keep track with who owed
who and for how much.

Lisa watches Mookie closely.

LISA (CONT’D)
Is he the man who hurt Andrew?

Cappeli can't bring herself to answer.

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

LISA
So? What does that mean?

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

LISA
So how did you find him?

CAPPELI
Because. The police have been
watching him. For weeks. Since
your brother's beating made front
page news.
LISA
If they know it's him, why won't they arrest him?

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

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

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

CAPPELI
Are you sure that...
(hesitates)
You never saw your brother hand any cash to Mookie Townsend?

Lisa is hesitant as she watches Cappeli.

LISA
Are you asking me or telling me?

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

CUT TO:

INT. HOME OF JOSEPH JEAN LOUIS - LATE NIGHT

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

MOOKIE
Cheating bastard. Three hands in a row.

His PHONE BUZZES. He answers:

MOOKIE (CONT'D)
Yes, mon. Who dis?
ANTON (O.S.)
How you gonna know the cops coming with your blinds closed?

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

MOOKIE
Who da hell is dis?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MORNING GLORY BAPTIST CHURCH - NIGHT

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

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

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

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOME OF JOSEPH JEAN LOUIS - LATE NIGHT

Mookie races to the front blinds, peeks outside.

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

MOOKIE
No!

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

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

JEAN LOUIS
What, mon?

MOOKIE
You!

Mookie pulls a hand cannon from his back pants and fires a giant hole in Jean Louis's chest.
POW!  His chair tumbles to the floor.

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

JJ is the first inside, followed by Cappeli.

Jean Louis dead on the floor and no Mookie.

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

CUT TO:

EXT.  HOME OF JOSEPH JEAN LOUIS - LATE NIGHT

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

Mookie unloads in his direction as -

Hayes cowers on the ground behind the wall.

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

JJ
Hey!

Mookie spins around.

POW-POW-POW!

And down he goes.

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

A trace of regret in her eyes.

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

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

CUT TO:

INT.  DESIREE'S MOBILE HOME - LATE NIGHT

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

HAYES
All clear.

JJ
Why'd she do it?

HAYES
Maybe they're in love.

Hayes rejoins him in the living area.

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

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

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

Yanks out a kilo of coke.

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:
EXT. MORNING GLORY BAPTIST CHURCH - LATE NIGHT

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

He checks his watch: **1:24 AM**

**MUNZ**

What the hell's going on in there?

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

**MUNZ (CONT'D)**

You gotta be kidding me.

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

CUT TO:

INT. MORNING GLORY BAPTIST CHURCH - CHAPEL - LATE NIGHT

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

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

**MCFARLANE**

standing in the doorway.

CUT TO:

INT. MORNING GLORY BAPTIST CHURCH - BASEMENT - LATE NIGHT

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

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

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

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

Anton stands on the stairs, keeps an eye on the door.
Officer Dawes reaches into a file cabinet marked K-Z and pulls out a thick rap sheet.

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

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

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

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

CUT TO BLACK.

TO BE CONTINUED