

TIPS

by

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FADE IN:

Title card: "Somewhere in Miami"

Title card: "Somewhere in Miami - Sometime in the 1980s"

EXT. MORTON'S - DAY

Miami, summer, glaringly sunny weekday afternoon. We are outside of Morton's, a greasy spoon diner. We follow a MAN as he pushes open the door and walks inside.

INT. MORTON'S - DAY

Almost immediately after entering, the man nearly collides with a waitress, CAROLINE CALLAHAN. She is an attractive woman in her early twenties. As she runs by laden with near-empty plates, we follow. In the background, an elderly BLUE-HAIRED WOMAN gestures to Caroline.

BLUE-HAIRED WOMAN

Excuse me, miss? Please. I'd like to get my check sometime before I die.

Caroline stops short, fumbles for the check in her apron pocket, and slaps it down on the table.

CAROLINE

There. Still alive?

Before the woman can answer, Caroline is on her way back to the diner's counter, behind which she fills two cups of coffee. In the kitchen, which we can see through a pick-up window, is WALTER BAXTER, Caroline's boss. He is a sloppy-looking fat man dressed head-to-toe in white.

CAROLINE

Hey Walter! I've gotta get back to campus for an exam at four, so I'm leaving soon, okay?

WALTER

What time does your shift end?

CAROLINE

Three-thirty.

WALTER

You got tables left?

CAROLINE

Yeah. Two.

WALTER

Yeah, well you finish up those two and then you can go home. You know the drill.

CAROLINE

(sarcastically)

Thanks.

Returning to the dining area, carrying the two cups of coffee, Caroline passes a clock that reads 3:25.

Sitting alone at a booth beneath the clock is a well-dressed corpulent BUSINESSMAN, reading a newspaper. He lifts his head and looks around the room. After a moment, Caroline, now holding just one cup of coffee, stops at the table.

BUSINESSMAN

It's about damn time.

CAROLINE

I'm sorry. What did you want again?

The businessman rolls his eyes and points at the cup of coffee in Caroline's hand.

CAROLINE (Cont.)

Oh. Right.

Caroline puts the cup down on the table too quickly. Coffee splashes everywhere, soaking the newspaper and sending a few drops onto the businessman's impeccably white sleeve.

CAROLINE (Cont.)

Oh my God, I'm so sorry!

She tries to clean up the mess, but only ends up pushing the spilled coffee around on the table and further staining the businessman's shirt.

BUSINESSMAN

Christ! Just forget it, girl. Just gimme the damn check before you drown me.

Caroline pulls a check out of her apron, looks at it, and hands it to him.

CAROLINE

That'll be ... four ninety-eight,
sir. Sorry about the spill. And
have a nice day.

BUSINESSMAN

Yeah, right.

The businessman stands, pulls a \$5 bill from his wallet,
stuffs that and the check into Caroline's apron pocket, and
walks to the door.

BUSINESSMAN (Cont.)

You be sure and have a nice day
too.

CAROLINE

Hey, thanks a lot for the tip.

The businessman pauses at the door, turns, and faces
Caroline.

BUSINESSMAN

Oh, you want a tip? Go to
Gulfstream. Bet the number six in
the fifth. Mother's Biscuits.
There's your tip.

The businessman exits.

Caroline finishes up her shift. DELLA, a middle-aged
waitress, eventually enters, and Caroline hands her a check.

CAROLINE

Hi Della. How's it going?

DELLA

Okay, I suppose. What's this?

CAROLINE

Table six. Can you take it for me?
I gotta run; I have a final in
thirty minutes.

DELLA

Sure hon. Good luck.

Caroline exits.

INT. CAROLINE'S CAR - DAY

Caroline is driving an old, flaming-red Mazda RX-7 through hellish Miami rush hour traffic. She is in the center lane. Stuck at a red light, she flips through several radio stations before deciding on a Duran Duran SONG. She starts to SING along.

The light changes to green; Caroline stops singing and drives off. She then gets stuck at the next light, a block away. Reaching into her bookbag on the passenger seat, she finds her notes for the exam and starts reading them.

The light turns green. Caroline leans the notes against the steering wheel so she can see both them and the road.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The car behind Caroline's is a blue Buick Skylark with a young Cuban-American hotshot, JUAN AQUINO, driving. He looks frustrated and impatient and is muttering obscenities at the traffic as he drives.

INT. JUAN'S CAR - DAY

Juan looks down at a sheet of paper on his lap. On it is scrawled:

Harvey
Franco's - AlA & 163rd.
3:30 p.m. (patio)

INT. CAROLINE'S CAR - DAY

Caroline looks over and sees the right lane is clear. She signals to move over into it.

INT. JUAN'S CAR - DAY

Juan also sees the vacant lane and tries to pass Caroline by moving into it, but she pulls in before he can get around her. Juan slams on his brakes, but it's too late.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The two cars COLLIDE. Traffic in their lane stops, and Caroline rushes out of her car to inspect the damage. Juan's front bumper is completely on top of Caroline's rear bumper, and the back of Caroline's car is severely damaged. Juan's car looks barely touched.

INT. JUAN'S CAR - DAY

Juan is still in his car, muttering curses and attempting in vain to put the car into reverse. Caroline hears the attempts, and we see her through Juan's windshield, approaching the car.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Caroline walks up to Juan's open driver's-side window.

CAROLINE

Hey, where the hell do you think you're going?

JUAN

I've got an appointment.

CAROLINE

Yeah, we've all got places to be. You got insurance?

No answer.

CAROLINE (Cont.)

You don't? Great. Well, I need your name and address, mister.

JUAN

"Juan."

Juan finally gets his car into reverse, revs the engine, and successfully removes his car from Caroline's rear bumper. He almost runs over her foot, but she dodges out of the way, then runs back up to his window before he can merge back into traffic.

CAROLINE

Hey! Where the fuck are you going? This is going to cost a damn fortune.

JUAN

Oh, really?

CAROLINE

Yeah, really. And it's your fault, too. I signaled for this lane.

A few SHOPPERS in a nearby parking lot stop to watch them talk. Juan notices them and starts to panic mildly.

JUAN

Well, I got no insurance, lady.

CAROLINE

No insurance? Do you have anything other than a name, "Juan"?

He reaches into his pocket, and pulls out a crisp \$100 bill, which he hands to Caroline. As she gapes at it in shock, he manages to slide back into the middle lane and drive away.

CAROLINE

Wait a minute, you asshole!
Motherfucker!

Caroline sighs, and looks at her watch. Realizing that she doesn't have time to call a tow truck, she walks up to her car and tries to push it off the road. A kind-hearted OBSERVER assists her.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI - DAY

A taxicab arrives in front of a building on campus and Caroline gets out. A CAB DRIVER leans out the window.

CAB DRIVER

That'll be six dollars and eighty-five cents.

CAROLINE

Can you break a hundred?

INT. FRANCO'S BAR - DAY

Franco's is a strip bar with a heart of gold that sits on the Intracoastal Waterway. Though it is happy hour, the bar is generally deserted. There are two or three half-asleep PATRONS. A DANCER picks her clothes up from the stage and walks back to the dressing room.

Juan enters, letting daylight into the dimly-lit club. We follow as he weaves through the various tables and finds his way outside to the patio.

EXT. FRANCO'S (PATIO) - DAY

Outside, the bright sun and difference in decor make Franco's look almost classy. Sitting at his favorite table, with a beer in one hand and the other one dangling over the rail, is HARVEY JOHNSON, a muscular, rapidly aging man covered in tattoos and filled with stories to match them. He is wearing white pants and a teal blue tank top, and a white blazer is on the back of his chair. When he speaks, it's in a rhythmic manner, but when he gets excited or is telling a story, he launches into a mile-a-minute breakneck speed. Harvey doesn't acknowledge Juan's arrival; he just continues to stare out at the boats on the water.

JUAN

You Harvey?

Harvey nods and points to a chair opposite his own. Juan sits down as Harvey continues staring out at the water.

JUAN (Cont.)

Hi. I'm -

HARVEY

- Late.

JUAN

Sorry, I got into an accident.

HARVEY

Really.

JUAN

Yeah. Took me forever to ditch the bitch, too. Wanted my address and shit, for insurance. I just gave her a hundred bucks and drove off.

HARVEY

Uh huh.

JUAN

What, don't you believe me?

HARVEY

Sure I believe you and all. It's just that others might not believe you.

JUAN

Why would you believe me but say that others won't?

HARVEY

'Cause I know men. I know when they're lying, when they're telling the truth, and when they're wishing they were lying.

JUAN

Heh.

HARVEY

It's not that funny. People have died from telling the truth. You ever hear about the Mendoza deal?

JUAN

Nope. Look, I'm sure it's really fucking interesting, but I don't have much time here. Gotta get to business, you know? I've got an eight o'clock flight to -

HARVEY

You're lying now. But, anyway, I'll skip it. Just don't forget to read about it in my memoirs, that's all. Okay, getting to the task at hand. I've been told that you're interested in the transportation of several large birds?

JUAN

Ostriches, yeah.

HARVEY

Actually, I think the plural is ostri. (a beat) Ostri? No, that doesn't sound right either. Correction: actually, I don't have a fucking clue what the plural of ostrich is. But anyway, do you have a source for them?

JUAN

Yeah, my brother's wife's cousin -

HARVEY

A simple yes or no will suffice.

JUAN

Well, "yes" then.

HARVEY

Okay, very good. You have a destination?

JUAN

Actually, I was told that you'd be able to help me out on that end.

HARVEY

Well, you're in luck. You were told truthfully. Turns out that a very dear friend of my son-in-law in Nassau is interested in acquiring three ostriches. Ostri. Whatever. But we don't need to dwell on the details, so ignore that I just told you that.

JUAN

Told me what?

HARVEY

Exactly. You're pretty bright, kid.

JUAN

Thanks.

HARVEY

So, why're you moving to live smuggling? Seen one too many kid die in a drug transaction and feel guilty 'bout it? This shit ain't that easy, you know.

JUAN

Yeah, I know. It's a lot more profitable than coke, ain't it?

HARVEY

It can be, yeah, but it ain't that easy. You have to work for it. It's a good thing though that you've come to the right man.

JUAN

Oh? How's that?

HARVEY

I'm clear at Port Everglades. Just as long as I sail between midnight and six a.m. on any Monday, Thursday, or Saturday morning I'm clear.

JUAN

How the fuck did you manage that?

HARVEY

Keep it down. Let's just say my man Jerry's all taken care of. Well, at least his medicine cabinet is. And that's all you need to know. Actually, that's more than you need to know.

JUAN

Sounds cool to me.

FRANCO, the owner of the club, a jovial-looking bearded man, comes outside. He starts to fill an empty tray with glasses and bottles from the tables. As he clears Juan and Harvey's table, he nods at Harvey. Harvey nods back and holds his hand up to Juan.

HARVEY

Hold on a sec. What'cha drinking?

JUAN

Coors.

HARVEY

Hey Franco, two Coors here for me and my nephew.

Franco leaves.

HARVEY (Cont.)

He knows I'm lying. Anyway kid, live transports is a dangerous fucking business. If you'd told me it was fish, I would've told you to fuck off and find yourself another boat.

JUAN

Fish, eh? What's so dangerous about them? It's not like they try to get away or anything.

HARVEY

True, but the fish people generally only like one type of fish: piranhas. Well, some like barracudas, but that's the same fucking fish to me. Anyway, let's just say they all like the carnivore fish.

JUAN

Why the fuck would someone want them?

HARVEY

I have no fucking clue, but they do. I got out of the fish business oh, about fifteen years ago, and there's a hell of a story behind that.

JUAN

Ahh. Another one for the memoirs?

Harvey CHUCKLES.

HARVEY

Yeah, definitely. But this one I'm going to tell you now, just so you don't ever fucking think of handling piranhas. And fuck your "eight o'clock flight," too. Okay?

JUAN

Yeah, go ahead.

HARVEY

Okay, picture this. One day I get a call from this one very rich SOB, Javier Espinoza. You know him?

JUAN

I've heard the name. Used to be a partner of my father's, I think. Before I was born though. Never met him myself.

HARVEY

Okay. Try to keep it that way, kid. Anyway, the motherfucker wants to fill in this lagoon by his new office with piranhas, just to piss off his visitors. You know, the intimidation factor? Not like Espinoza needs any fish for that, since he's a huge fucking man, easily six-seven, good two-hundred seventy, two eighty pounds.

JUAN

Yeah, I think I've seen his picture. Used to be a friend of my dad's.

Franco returns with their beers.

HARVEY

Yeah, you just said that, kid. Hey, Franco. Thanks. Be sure to give my best to your lovely wife for me, okay?

Franco nods again and leaves.

EXT. GLORIA - DAY

The *Gloria* is a nice 40-foot yacht. We can see her name and registry, Nassau, Bahamas, lettered in black. Random TALKING in English, Spanish, and Creole is heard below deck, o.s. A MAN is seen on deck, painting.

HARVEY V.O.

Okay, so anyway, I get myself and the *Gloria* down to El Salvador and fill up a five-hundred gallon tank with about four dozen of these angry motherfucking flesh-eating fish. I've got a crew of about four or five men, and none of us're all too pleased with the cargo. Piranhas are some noisy goddamn fish, and we can hear them all night, keeping us up. We also have to feed them every half-hour, it seems; they're always hungry. So, this one guy I hired - he looked a little like you, actually.

JUAN V.O.

Huh.

INT. GLORIA - DAY

Dominating the inside of Harvey's boat is a huge fish tank, with about fifty piranhas inside. There are also six men in the cabin:

PAOLO CRUZ: a hot-tempered Brazilian

CLAUDE JOLET: a middle-aged Haitian with a scraggly beard

DELGADO: a man with no first name who never speaks

RANDY GARCIA: young, Hispanic, and as Harvey says, a lookalike of Juan. He is a bit hyper and easily excited

Harvey

Juan, not quite sure where he is

There's a card table set up, with Cruz, Jolet, Delgado, and Harvey around it, playing poker. Garcia and Juan stand around looking bored. Juan glances at the scraps of meat used for feeding the fish and looks nauseated.

HARVEY V.O.

Yeah, "huh." Kid's name's Garcia, I think. It's the third day at sea, and Garcia's starting to get bored out of his skull. Now we're all beginning to feel like Garcia, but we keep it to ourselves, you know? We only have another day or two until we reach port, so I'm cool. Delgado's cool, Jolet's cool. Fuck, even Cruz's cool, and Cruz is hardly ever cool.

Garcia walks to the fish tank and Juan follows him over. Harvey looks up from the poker game and turns to Juan.

HARVEY (to Juan)

Garcia ... man, Garcia's not cool. He's one sadistic bastard. He's got this game he likes to play with the fish. He takes their food and taunts them with it.

Garcia reaches down and grabs a chunk of meat, using it to taunt the fish. Harvey stands and walks over to Juan.

HARVEY (Cont.)

You know, dips it in the water and then yanks it back out quickly. Once or twice he snags a fish with it and then teases it out of the water before letting it back in. He's obviously starting to piss off the fish, who don't like to play with their food, especially when they're serving someone else's amusement. I don't know how many times he does it, but when he dips that meat in for the last time, a whole shitload of them take hold of him and drag him back down into the tank with them, like it's their turn to play with him.

Garcia is pulled into the tank, and the other smugglers rush over to help Harvey grab him. Juan jumps out of the way, his eyes wide open with shock. Garcia is SCREAMING for his life. Finally, the group pulls him free and throw the piranhas off his arm.

P.O.V. GARCIA (FALLING TO THE FLOOR):

A piranha flops on the floor, suffocating in the air.

FADE TO BLACK.

JUAN V.O.

Is he alive?

HARVEY V.O.

Yeah, I think so. He's got about two-dozen bite marks on his arm and lost three fingers though. Everyone just called him "Seven" after that.

FADE BACK TO:

EXT. FRANCO'S (PATIO) - DAY

Juan is pale and reacting as if Harvey is telling him his own fate, not Garcia's.

JUAN

Damn. He survived though?

HARVEY

Yeah. The shock knocked him out cold, and that's when I got scared shitless. Last thing I needed was to pull into Everglades with a tank full of piranhas and a corpse. I could've talked my way out with the fish, but not with a dead man, no way, no how. And I'm way too ethical to just throw a body overboard. Garcia deserved a proper burial and all that shit.

JUAN

Whew.

HARVEY

Yeah, you said it, kid. Pulling Garcia out of the tank got me a bite mark, too. Here, on my shoulder. The scar's never gone away.

JUAN

I should write that down.

HARVEY

What? My story? Don't you even think it, man. It's one for my memoirs, not yours.

JUAN

No, "Don't fuck with fish."

HARVEY

Ahh, go for it. Tell the whole world. "Don't fuck with fish."

Both Juan and Harvey LAUGH at this one. Juan has recovered from the shock of Harvey's story and takes a sip of his beer.

JUAN

Okay, getting back to business.

HARVEY

I think we can get this whole ostrich deal organized, arranged, and completed in a matter of three weeks tops. Maybe two weeks, depending on how fast you can whip your cousin, uncle, daughter, whatever, into shape. We're going to need a van, which I don't got.

JUAN

No problem.

HARVEY

Until then, you look like you need to learn the ropes.

JUAN

That was actually the second thing I wanted to talk to you about. You've got one hell of a reputation. What can you teach me?

HARVEY

Now we're talking business. You said you were in an accident. Is your car okay?

JUAN

Yeah, it's fine; I didn't even get a scratch. It's just the girl's car that's fucked up.

HARVEY

Okay, good. I need a chauffeur.

JUAN

You don't drive?

HARVEY

Nah, I haven't driven since you were a baby. That's what I've got the *Gloria* for; she's my transportation. A lot of the prep work for this needs to be done on dry land though, so you can drive me around and maybe even learn a thing or two while we're at it, okay?

JUAN
Sounds good to me.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI – EVENING

The sun is still glaring as squinting STUDENTS spill out of the building which Caroline entered earlier. JOEY MANNING, a young police officer/student and former (and he hopes, future) boyfriend of Caroline's stands to the side of the crowd, searching for her. After a moment, Caroline exits the building, and he waves to get her attention.

JOEY
Hey, Caroline, over here!

Caroline sees him and walks over. They head to the parking lot together, Caroline looking at the ground more than at Joey.

JOEY
So, how'd you do?

CAROLINE
Huh?

JOEY
The exam. How do you think you did on the exam?

CAROLINE
Oh. I really don't know.

JOEY
What did you put for that second essay question? I took a wild guess. Hope I got it, but I'm not sure. Was it about Hegel? Or was it Descartes? Damn! I needed that question, too. I think that could really tip the scale –

Caroline stops walking, and Joey halts a moment after.

CAROLINE
Look, I answer the questions, then I forget them! Just drop the stupid exam already; it's done.

JOEY
Jeez, excuse the hell out of me. What's eating you?

CAROLINE

Some asshole smashed into my car on my way over from work. I think it's totaled.

JOEY

Oh, man that sucks. Did you get the guy's name and stuff? The guy that hit you?

CAROLINE

Not exactly.

JOEY

Not exactly?

CAROLINE

Okay, so not at all. The son of a bitch just gave me a hundred dollar bill and took off. God knows how many drug deals it's been through.

JOEY

Drug money? Do you still have the bill?

CAROLINE

Dammit, Joey! Do you always think about work?

JOEY

Sorry....

CAROLINE

It's okay.... Anyway, I had to break the bill to pay for the cab ride over here.

JOEY

You didn't have any smaller bills? I didn't think a cabbie could even accept bills that large.

CAROLINE

No, my tips sucked today. Now all I've got is about ninety-some dollars cash and a busted car.

JOEY

Did you at least get his license plate number?

CAROLINE

Look, I was a little too concerned with my own license plate getting shoved halfway up the ass end of my car to worry about his.

JOEY

I'll file a report, of course, but we probably won't find the guy. (a beat) This was rush hour, right? I mean, someone else must have seen this guy hit you. Why don't you run an ad in the *Herald* or something?

CAROLINE

Yeah, like I can afford that.

Joey frowns, and they both start walking toward the parking lot again.

JOEY

Oh yeah, good point. By the way, did you get my message? I called this afternoon.

CAROLINE

No, I didn't. I was at work all afternoon.

JOEY

Well, I called to see if you needed a ride over or something.

CAROLINE

Wish I had.

JOEY

Huh? Wish you had what?

CAROLINE

Gotten a ride from you. I wouldn't be in this mess now if I had.

JOEY

Wow, I feel really bad about this. Anything I can do to help you out, you know I'm here for you.

Caroline smiles.

CAROLINE

Actually, you can give me a ride back to what's left of my car. Why did you think I was following you out to the parking lot? I wanted to get back together with you or something?

INT. JOEY'S CAR - NIGHT

While driving, Joey continues to question Caroline about her accident.

JOEY

So did you get a chance to look at this guy?

CAROLINE

What are you gonna do, put me in front of a lineup?

JOEY

Hey, if we could collar the perps, there wouldn't be hit and runs anymore, now, would there?

CAROLINE

Ooh, I love it when you use jargon.

Joey LAUGHS.

JOEY

Sorry. Hey, is it much further? I thought Morton's was only a block or two from here.

Caroline begins looking out the window frantically, eventually rolling it down and sticking half her body outside of the car and pivoting around, searching.

CAROLINE

It was right here, by the shopping center! Where the hell is my car?

Joey, eyes still on the road, reaches his right hand over to Caroline and pulls her back into the car by her shirt.

JOEY

Hold on, hold on. You're gonna fall out of the car or something. We'll find it.

EXT. JOEY'S CAR - NIGHT

At the curb outside of the shopping center, around where Caroline had her accident with Juan earlier, a street sign clearly reads: NO PARKING 5PM-9AM M-F ALL DAY SAT & SUN. After a moment, Joey's car pulls up and parks at the curb. The passenger's door opens, and Caroline jumps out and starts kicking at the sign.

CAROLINE

What kind of goddamned half-assed town only lets you park *during* rush hour?

As Caroline continues kicking at the sign and MUTTERING various obscenities, Joey gets out of the car and walks around, pivoting his head trying to see if anyone's watching.

JOEY

Caroline! Caroline, cut that out, it's not going to do any good.

CAROLINE

Not to the sign, it's not.

JOEY

C'mon, Caroline, stop it.

Caroline gives the sign one last hard, swift kick, then looks at Joey like she's about to cry.

JOEY (Cont.)

Don't worry about it, Caroline, you'll get your car back.

Joey makes a move toward Caroline like he's going to pull her into a sympathetic embrace, but before he can reach her, she gets back into the car. Joey pauses, then walks back around to the driver's side.

INT. JOEY'S CAR - NIGHT

Caroline is sitting in the passenger's seat with her arms folded as Joey gets into the car and puts the key into the ignition.

CAROLINE

So what now?

JOEY

Impound lot. It's closed, but I should still be able to get us in.

CAROLINE

My hero.

EXT. IMPOUND LOT - NIGHT

Joey's car pulls up to an impound lot. A SECURITY GUARD/MECHANIC approaches with a flashlight, and shines it into the driver's window. Joey squints.

GUARD/MECHANIC

Oh, hi Joey.

JOEY

Dave? Is that you? Get that flashlight out of my face.

The guard steps back and turns off the flashlight. Joey and Caroline step out of the car.

JOEY (Cont.)

Hey Dave.

DAVE

What's up?

JOEY

We're here about her car. Red Mazda, picked up this afternoon. Is it here?

The guard starts to walk around the lot. As Joey and Caroline follow, Caroline recognizes her car.

CAROLINE

There it is.

She starts to approach the car, and Joey and the guard follow.

DAVE

This is yours? Looks pretty bad.

CAROLINE

Yeah, no shit.

JOEY

How bad?

DAVE

I can write an estimate up for you if you want. Looks like about a grand, which is probably about what the car's worth, so it's your call.

Joey turns to Caroline and she nods.

INT. CAROLINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Caroline's apartment is a moderately neat, haphazardly-decorated one-bedroom apartment. The furnishings consist of a hand-me-down couch, a coffee table, and an end table. An empty pizza box and a blinking answering machine are on the end table. Caroline enters, steps over her mail, and throws her bag and herself on the couch. After a few moments of motionlessness, her arm reaches out onto the table and hits a button on the answering machine.

LANDLADY (on machine)

Hello Caroline. This is Mrs. O'Connell, reminding you that it's now the fifth of the month and your rent is officially late. Please pay it now, and also don't forget to add the twenty-dollar late fee. Thank you.

Caroline GROANS and sits up. The machine BEEPS.

JOEY (on machine)

Hi Car. It's around 2:30, and I hope you're ready for the test. I was just wondering if you wanted to ride on over there together. -

Caroline talks over the message as it continues.

CAROLINE

A bit late for that now, isn't it?

JOEY (on machine, Cont.)

- I'll be at the station until 3:30 or so; if you need me give me a call there. If not ... Umm, I'll see you at the test, I guess. (a beat) Bye-bye.

Another BEEP sounds from the machine, indicating no more messages. Caroline starts to rummage through her bag to find her checkbook. As she does so, she accidentally spills nearly half of the bag's contents on the floor.

CAROLINE

Shit.

She bends over to start cleaning up the mess and finally sees the mail pile that she walked over when she entered. She picks it up and starts sorting through it:

Cosmopolitan magazine
 random junk mail
 tuition bill (from University of Miami Registrar's
 Office)

Caroline rips open the envelope from the university and isn't happy when she sees the bill.

CAROLINE

Shit.

She folds the bill back up, places it and the *Cosmo* magazine on the table, and then gets back to cleaning up the mess.

Finally, she finds her checkbook, scans the balance, and then writes the rent check to "Matilda O'Connell." She rummages in a desk for an envelope to put it in. Finding one, she scrawls "Mrs. O'Connell" on it, sticks the check in, and then seals it.

Carrying the check, Caroline opens her door and exits, leaving the door open. A moment later, she returns and closes the door behind her.

INT. CAROLINE'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - MORNING

Caroline is sound asleep. Miami sun leaks through the curtains into her bedroom. Beside her bed, the digital alarm clock changes from 10:07 to 10:08 a.m. A telephone next to the clock begins to RING. As it continues to ring, Caroline slowly raises her head and lifts the receiver.

CAROLINE (into phone)

Hello?

INT. MORTON'S - MORNING

The diner is packed with CUSTOMERS, and the EMPLOYEES look frazzled. Caroline's boss, Walter, is on the phone, and he doesn't look too happy.

WALTER
Good morning, Caroline.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CAROLINE AND WALTER.

CAROLINE
Uhh, hello.

WALTER
It's ten after ten, Caroline. Where the hell are you?

CAROLINE
What?

WALTER
You were due at 9:30. You're late. And, you're fired.

INT. CAROLINE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Caroline rushes up from her bed and finds her waitressing apron.

CAROLINE
What? Oh my God, I'm so sorry! I'll be there in ten minutes.

WALTER O.S.
Just forget about coming in. I'm sick of your act.

CAROLINE
What?

WALTER O.S.
Can't you take a hint? I said You're fired, kid.

CAROLINE
Walter, please!

WALTER O.S.
Forget about it. Have a nice day.

We hear a CLICK, followed by a DIAL TONE, as Walter hangs up. A moment later, Caroline SLAMS her phone down on the floor. The dial tone continues to drone in the b.g.

CAROLINE

God damnit!

Caroline crawls back into bed. After a few seconds, the recorded voice of the OPERATOR comes onto the phone.

OPERATOR O.S.

If you'd like to make a call,
please hang up and try it again. If
you need help, hang up, and then
dial your operator.

Caroline gets up to correct the phone.

CAROLINE

Shit.

OPERATOR O.S.

This is a recording.

INT. JUAN'S CAR - DAY

Juan is driving, Harvey is in the passenger seat.

JUAN

So where're we goin'?

HARVEY

An art dealer down on Collins.

JUAN

Okay. (a beat) What kind of art?
Modern shit?

HARVEY

Yeah, modern shit. Sculptures,
abstracts, crap like that.

JUAN

Man, I hate that stuff. Goes way
the fuck over my head.

HARVEY

Yeah. (a beat) You know, I used to
work with an artist.

JUAN

You used to be an artist?

HARVEY

No, back when I was with a team, one of the guys was an artist. Larry Molta was his real name, but everyone just called him The Saint. He was, without a doubt, the holiest guy I ever met. Before Franco's, I just worked out of a warehouse like every other smuggler in Miami. The Saint had this little side room, where he'd sit and paint for hours at a time. Never let us see what he painted, though.

Harvey gestures for Juan to turn the car.

HARVEY (Cont.)

Turn left there. Anyway, you hear me refer to The Saint in the past tense, as if he ain't with us no more. And that's true, he ain't.

JUAN

He's dead?

HARVEY

Yes, of course he's dead. You ever hear of a living saint?

JUAN

Mother Teresa.

HARVEY

Excluding her. Anyway, the point is, he didn't have to die. He wasn't just a holy man, he was also a damn good shot. If you flipped a coin in the air he could hit it from twenty yards, no problem.

JUAN

Damn! Like in one of those old west movies?

HARVEY

Exactly. So, anyway, one day The Saint and I went down to Little Havana to do a simple cash-coke transaction, and there was a little disagreement between ourselves and the other party as to the precise finances of the deal. I thought we'd resolved it, but apparently we hadn't.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Exiting Juan's car, we see a dark van behind it on the highway.

HARVEY V.O.

So there's this van following us back to the warehouse.

INT. THE SAINT'S CAR - DAY

Back to a car, except it's not Juan's car. THE SAINT is now driving, and Harvey sits shotgun. The Saint is a tall, thin middle-aged white male with a somber expression on his face - the man who was painting on the deck of the *Gloria* earlier. The car pulls into a lot by a warehouse and parks.

HARVEY V.O.

We get back to the warehouse, and Seven, Cruz, and Jolet are there.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Harvey and The Saint enter the warehouse and see Cruz, Jolet, and Garcia. Jolet and Cruz are playing poker, as Juan observes from over Cruz's shoulder. Harvey goes over to the card table, and The Saint enters his side room.

JOLET

How'd it go?

Harvey waves a totebag and smiles.

HARVEY

Pretty much according to plan.

GARCIA

Excellent!

Cruz puts his cards down and gets up from his chair; Juan is forced to move.

CRUZ

I'll be right back; gotta take a piss. (to Harvey) Don't let him see my hand.

Cruz exits down a hallway. Jolet moves to look at Cruz's cards, and Harvey pulls out a gun and points it at him. Jolet smiles and sits back down. Harvey puts his gun on the table.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The dark van seen following Harvey and The Saint pulls into the parking lot, and FOUR GUYS exit, wearing dark sunglasses and bright, colorful shirts.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The four guys, carrying shotguns, burst into the warehouse. They point the guns at Garcia, Jolet (who pulls a gun of his own), and Harvey, but don't notice Juan there. Guy #1, who is armed but not pointing his gun at anyone, speaks.

GUY #1

We changed our minds. We want a refund.

HARVEY

Where's the powder?

GUY #1

We've decided to hold on to that. Where's the cash?

INT. WAREHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Cruz exits the bathroom and walks down the hallway. Finding the four guys, he instantly draws his gun and SHOTS Guy #1 and Guy #2. Harvey and Juan are both out of view.

HARVEY O.S.

When Cruz comes out of the can, it's like John Wayne riding into town. He comes out firing, knocking down two bad guys before a third gets him.

Cruz is SHOT by Guy #3, and he dies. Guy #4 and Jolet stare each other down.

INT. THE SAINT'S SIDE ROOM - DAY

The Saint has been painting. He has classical music BLARING on his boombox, and doesn't notice the scene outside until the GUNSHOTS ring. Not missing a beat, he drops his brush, exits, and draws his gun, in one fluid motion.

HARVEY V.O.

So when Cruz fires, The Saint hears
- hell, half of Miami did - and
exits his little chapel.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Saint enters the room, and now it's two armed men on each side. Harvey has a gun in his face but remains detached and calm.

HARVEY (to Juan)

The Saint's presence evens things
up a bit. Then Jolet fucks up,
takes one of their guys out, and
gets himself shot.

As Harvey said, Jolet shoots Guy #4 and gets shot by Guy #3. The Saint takes a shot at Guy #3, misses, and Guy #3 shoots him.

HARVEY (Cont.)

I can't believe it. The Saint never
misses. I was serious about that
coin-flipping thing, too. (a beat)
Having shot The Saint, the final
bad guy just runs. There must be a
fifth guy out in the van, because
the engine starts pretty much as
soon as the door opens.

Guy #3 runs out, and we hear an ENGINE start up and tires SQUEALING outside. Harvey and Garcia run past Juan to The Saint, who's half inside his office and drenched in his own blood. Juan follows.

HARVEY (to Juan)

The Saint's too weak to get back
into his office.

The Saint grasps desperately upward and the easel crashes down, with his painting landing face-down on top of him. The Saint looks up and smiles.

THE SAINT

I'm ready.

INT. JUAN'S CAR - DAY

Juan is driving, listening to Harvey.

HARVEY

Some famous last words, huh?
Spooked the hell out of me. I was just waiting for the white light to come and all that. We then laid his body down flat on the floor, and I corrected the easel and the painting.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Harvey and Garcia, with Juan standing just out of their way, fix The Saint's painting. It is a portrait of the Virgin Mary, virtually complete. Harvey looks at it and shakes his head.

HARVEY (to Juan)

The painting's perfect - not a drop of blood on it. Belongs in a museum.

Harvey turns the easel so the painting faces the main warehouse room.

CLOSE-UP - PAINTING

As the painting is turned to face the scene of carnage, a small drop of blood rolls down the Virgin Mary's cheek on the portrait. We follow the drop as it falls from the canvas and lands on The Saint's body below.

HARVEY V.O.

That's when the miracle happens. I'm not too up on Catholic symbolism, but that's gotta mean something. It was without a doubt the freakiest thing I've ever seen in my life.

INT. JUAN'S CAR - DAY

Harvey looks over at Juan and then back out at the road.

HARVEY

So that's the story of The Saint. Hey, today's Friday, right? Happen to know if *Miami Vice* is a new one or not tonight? I'm sick of those damn reruns.

JUAN

Miami Vice? You actually watch that shit?

HARVEY

Yeah, man, it's the best. Don Johnson is the shit. Last week he threatened to quit the force because some IA guys climbed a bit too high up his ass. Now that's real drama for you.

JUAN

Jeez, I can't believe you actually watch that.

HARVEY

It's quality programming. Whoa! That's Collins there, turn right.

INT. CAROLINE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Caroline, barely awake, opens her front door and retrieves her morning newspaper. She takes it inside and opens it on her kitchen table. After thumbing through the Help Wanted section for a minute, she sees something. As she gets up to find a pen to circle the ad, we lean in to read it:

POSH SOUTH BEACH GALLERY SEEKS CURATOR TO HELP ORGANIZE STOCK. PRIMARILY CONTEMPORARY, SOME ANTIQUES. ROBYN, 555-3958. CALL MF 9-5.

Caroline returns and circles the ad. She then turns on the television and starts to watch the news. A well-coifed smiling NEWSCASTER is on the screen.

NEWSCASTER (on TV)

We'll be right back with John Newbraker and the sports.

The news goes to a commercial, and Caroline loses interest. She walks back to her bedroom, without turning off the television.

INT. CAROLINE'S APARTMENT (SHOWER) - MORNING

Caroline is humming a tune as she shampoos her hair, but it's obvious her mind is elsewhere.

INT. CAROLINE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The commercial on the television ends and the sports report begins, with a handsome, middle-aged sportscaster, JOHN NEWBRAKER.

NEWBRAKER (on TV)

A few familiar faces showed up as the Dolphins started training camp yesterday.

INT. CAROLINE'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - MORNING

Caroline, out of the shower, starts getting dressed.

INT. CAROLINE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The sports report continues.

NEWBRAKER (on TV)

And at Gulfstream last night, the surprise of the season. In the fifth race, number six, Mother's Biscuits, came from behind to win it all. Wow, he was back six lengths at the final turn, too. At 80 to 1 odds, if you were one of the few to put your money on Mother's Biscuits, you're a whole lot richer today.

INT. CAROLINE'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - MORNING

Caroline is half dressed. Looking down on her bed, she sees the newspaper, open to the classifieds, lying next to her clothes. She sighs and reaches for the telephone. She dials the number for the art gallery, and after a few rings, someone answers.

CAROLINE (into phone)
 Yes, hello. My name is Caroline Callahan; I'm calling about the ad in the *Herald* this morning? (a beat) Yes, I can come in today. (a beat) One-fifteen? (a beat) 136 Collins? Great, thank you very much.

Caroline hangs up and finishes dressing. She then walks by a mirror and realizes that her beachwear is not exactly interview clothing; she strips and starts again, finding a business suit to put on.

EXT. ART GALLERY - DAY

A Metrobus on Collins Avenue stops, and several PASSENGERS (including Caroline) get off. Caroline checks the addresses on a few buildings, then finds the gallery. She opens the door and enters.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

Sitting behind a desk by the front door is ROBYN CARTER. She is a well-dressed woman in her early thirties. Framed modern art prints and abstract sculptures fill the gallery. Robyn is leafing through the mail when the door opens and Caroline enters.

CAROLINE
 Hi. I'm Caroline Callahan. I have a one-fifteen appointment with Robyn.

ROBYN
 Yes, that's me. Please, come sit down.

Caroline sits in a chair across the desk from Robyn. She reaches into her bag and pulls what appears to be a hastily-typed resume out, which she places on the desk in front of Robyn.

ROBYN (Cont.)
 Okay, what I'm looking for is a liaison between myself and the artists I represent. Do you have any public relations skills?

CAROLINE

Last summer I interned as a receptionist with Johnson and Swales downtown.

Caroline points to her resume on the desk. Robyn begins to check it over and does not look back up at Caroline.

ROBYN

Yes, I see. Very nice.

As Robyn continues to read, Caroline squirms awkwardly. Behind Caroline, the door to the gallery opens and Harvey and Juan enter.

HARVEY

Hello, Ms. Carter. Remember me?

Caroline turns and recognizes Juan. She can't believe her luck that's he's there, but she's too shocked to say anything.

ROBYN

Yes, Harvey. Come on in.

HARVEY

Yes, I think we will. Thank you.

JUAN (to Caroline)

Remember me, bitch?

ROBYN

Excuse me?

Juan points at Caroline.

JUAN

No, I was talking to her.

Juan LAUGHS at Caroline, and she finally snaps out of her daze. She stands up to face Juan.

CAROLINE

It's going to cost another \$900 to fix my car. Got any more of those hundred dollar bills on you? I could use ... oh, about nine of them.

JUAN

Shut the fuck up.

Harvey is starting to be amused by the exchange.

HARVEY

You kids know each other?

JUAN

She's the bitch I had the accident with yesterday.

HARVEY

Oh.

CAROLINE

And I want my nine hundred bucks, asshole.

Juan draws a gun out from under his coat. Cocking it, he sticks it in Caroline's face, a few inches from her nose.

JUAN

I thought I told you to shut the fuck up, bitch.

Harvey sees this and rushes over to Juan, lowering the gun out of Caroline's face.

HARVEY

Whoa! Calm down, man. We came here for business, not to settle personal grudges.

Juan doesn't stop glaring at Caroline. She's a little bit nervous, but it doesn't show on her face.

HARVEY (to Robyn)

He's the reason why I support gun control.

ROBYN

Uhh, why don't we go into my office, Harvey?

Harvey nods, puts his arm on Juan's shoulder, and leads the way.

HARVEY

Good idea. C'mon, kid.

Juan breaks his glare at Caroline and puts his gun away. Robyn leads Harvey and Juan into the back room of the gallery. Before entering, she remembers that Caroline is still there, and turns around.

ROBYN

I'm sorry, Caroline. This is your number on your resume, right?

CAROLINE

Right.

ROBYN

Okay, good, then. I'll be in touch.

Robyn closes the door behind her as she enters the back room.

EXT. ART GALLERY - DAY

Caroline closes the gallery door behind her and walks out into the parking lot. She sees a blue Buick Skylark and gets her keys out of her bag. Thinking it's Juan's car, she scrapes her key on the paint of the driver's side door as she walks by.

CAROLINE

Fuck ... you ... ass ... hole.

Caroline continues walking to the curb. As a bus pulls up, she turns back to the car, smiles triumphantly, and climbs aboard the bus.

Moments after she leaves, a MAN exits a store next to the art gallery and goes to his car - the blue Skylark that Caroline just keyed.

MAN

Shit!

As the man glances around in the vain hope that whoever vandalized his car will still be standing there, a second blue Skylark - Juan's - is revealed a few cars down.

INT. BUS - DAY

Caroline walks to the back of the bus, sits, and looks out the window.

DAVE V.O.

Looks like about a grand, which is probably about what the car's worth, so it's your call.

LANDLADY V.O.

Your rent is officially late. Please pay it now, and also don't forget to add the twenty-dollar late fee.

WALTER V.O.

Can't you take a hint? I said you're fired, kid. Have a nice day.

OPERATOR V.O.

If you'd like to make a call, please hang up and try it again.

The DIAL TONE again drones in the b.g. as Caroline stares out at the shops along Collins Avenue. The bus rolls to a gradual stop at a red light. Finally, the door opens. Everyone but Caroline gets off, but no one gets on. The scratchy voice of the BUS DRIVER is heard over the tinny bus speakers.

BUS DRIVER

Please be advised that the next stop concludes travel for this bus. This bus will be out of service after the next stop. Thank you.

Caroline SIGHS, frustrated. The bus rolls on and stops one block later. As the doors open, Caroline gets out.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Caroline exits the bus and takes a look around. There are a few seedy-looking bars with hastily scribbled Help Wanted signs in the windows, but she doesn't like the look of them. As she moves down the street, she reaches FRANCO'S.

From the outside, Franco's looks nothing like it does inside. It looks almost elegant, with a bright green awning and gold-trimmed window panes around black-shaded windows. A clear, manufactured, block-lettered sign reading "Help Wanted: Waitress" hangs in a window near the door.

Caroline pauses, decides to go in, and opens the front door.

INT. FRANCO'S - DAY

Several CUSTOMERS are sitting at tables close to the stage, occasionally HOOTING at ELIZA (a dancer), as she finishes her set. Speakers on the sides of the stage blare out the Stray Cats' "Stray Cat Strut," as Eliza struts on stage, clothed in nothing but cat ears, g-string, and long furry tail.

Caroline walks in, obviously overwhelmed by the whole scene, and makes her way up to the bar. Franco stands behind the bar, wiping an empty beer glass with a towel. He looks up as Caroline approaches.

FRANCO

Hey sweetheart, what can I get you?

CAROLINE

Huh?

Franco points to the glass in his hand.

FRANCO

Drink, girl. You want something to drink, or did you just uhh, come here for the show?

Franco points to Eliza on the stage and CHUCKLES at his own joke. Caroline begins to compose herself.

CAROLINE

Oh, no. I saw your Help Wanted sign outside. I was wondering if the waitressing job was still available?

FRANCO

You bet. You ever do any waitressing before?

CAROLINE

Yeah. I used to wait tables over at Morton's.

Franco pauses, expecting further information.

FRANCO

Morton's?

Caroline GIGGLES nervously.

CAROLINE

Oh, right, sorry. It's a diner on the other side of town.

Franco puts the beer glass in a rack over his head, slings the towel over his shoulder, and points to a side room.

FRANCO

Well, come on, honey. Let's go discuss this in my office.

He walks out from behind the bar and to his office. Caroline follows a few steps behind, looking around the room, trying to take in the unfamiliar sights. An amused, but nervous, smile plays across her lips.

INT. FRANCO'S OFFICE - DAY

Franco and Caroline enter, and Franco walks behind an oversized metal desk. A filing cabinet is against one wall, overflowing with paper, but there are only two sheets on the desk. Franco sits, pulls a pad and pen out of a drawer, and motions to a seat across from the desk.

FRANCO

Have a seat, Miss...?

Caroline sits.

CAROLINE

Oh, Callahan. Caroline Callahan.

Franco writes something on the pad. He continues to write - practically non-stop - for the remainder of the interview, though he rarely looks at what he's writing.

FRANCO

So tell me, Caroline. How long have you been working at ... Marty's, was it?

CAROLINE

Morton's. About two years.

FRANCO

And how big are your tips?

CAROLINE

Excuse me?

FRANCO

Tips, honey. What's your salary and tips like at Martin's?

CAROLINE

Oh. Morton's. They're fine, I guess.

FRANCO

So what makes you want to leave Horton's? Are you ... interested in my type of establishment?

Caroline blushes.

CAROLINE

Oh, I'm ... I was just ... I mean, I just left, quit there. I didn't really get along with my boss.

FRANCO

Well, I don't want you getting the wrong idea or anything, Caroline. You understand what I'm running here, right? All our waitresses work topless at least part of their shift.

CAROLINE

I, umm. Yeah, I understand.

FRANCO

And do you understand about our clientele?

CAROLINE

How do you mean?

FRANCO

Well, we don't always exactly get the most desirable type of guy coming in here, if you know what I mean.

INSERT (INT. FRANCO'S - DAY): Harvey and Juan walk in, TALKING, and head toward the patio.

Franco looks at his watch.

CAROLINE

Yeah, I understand.

FRANCO

Well, look. I've got an appointment in a few minutes. Just got one more thing to ask you, really.

CAROLINE

What's that?

FRANCO

You know any jokes?

CAROLINE

What?

FRANCO

Jokes. You know any jokes? Tell me a joke, or a funny story or something.

CAROLINE

What? I, uhh ... I can't think of any right now!

FRANCO

Come on, honey. The customers are gonna want to interact with you, and if you can't think on your feet, you can't wait tables for me.

CAROLINE

A priest, a rabbi, and a duck walk into a bar....

EXT. FRANCO'S (PATIO) - DAY

Harvey and Juan are seated at their usual table. Harvey has a half-empty bottle of beer in front of him; Juan has an empty shotglass, an empty beer bottle, and a half-eaten plate of nachos in front of him and is draining a second bottle of beer.

HARVEY

And that, kid, is how I got to own Franco's. Of course, back then it was just "The Jukebox." I changed the name to "Franco's" after my uncle.

There is a long pause as Juan finishes his beer and sets the empty bottle on the table.

JUAN

Wait a minute. Franco is your
uncle?

HARVEY

Did I say that?

JUAN

I guess not.

Juan stuffs a fistful of nachos into his mouth, dribbling
cheese down his chin and crumbs on his lap.

HARVEY

So, are we set with transportation
yet or what?

Juan chews. Harvey cringes.

HARVEY (Cont.)

Shit. Man, don't you ever close
your mouth when you eat?

Juan finishes chewing and swallows. Harvey reaches over,
takes Juan's plate of nachos, and moves it to a nearby
table.

JUAN

Hey, I was eating that!

HARVEY

Yeah, no shit. With your volume,
half the damn block knows you were
eating it, too.

JUAN

Gimme a break; I haven't had
anything to eat all day, Harvey.

HARVEY

I'm sure you'll live, kid. Now I
asked you a fucking question. Do we
have transportation for the
multiplicity of ostrich, or what?

Juan starts blatantly eyeing the nearby nachos. Harvey
stands up, grabs the plate, and flings it off the porch.
Seagulls dive after it. Juan frowns.

JUAN

I called my.... Someone, I called someone. They'll take care of it, and it'll be waiting for us in a few weeks.

HARVEY

There. Now was that so fucking difficult?

Harvey starts walking inside. Juan stands and looks over the railing at his seagull-infested nachos.

JUAN

You owe me for those nachos, man.

HARVEY

Shut up. Come on, I'm supposed to be talking with Franco now.

Harvey exits the porch. Juan lingers for a moment, staring longingly at his ruined nachos, then follows Harvey inside.

INT. FRANCO'S OFFICE - DAY

Caroline and Franco are obviously hitting it off. Both of them are LAUGHING hysterically, and Franco has one hand clutching his chest and the other held out in front of him.

FRANCO

No! Stop it!

The laughter slowly dies down, and Caroline finally appears calm and confident.

INT. FRANCO'S - DAY

Harvey and Juan approach the door to Franco's office. Franco, though his laughter has abated, is heard exuberantly YELLING from within.

FRANCO O.S.

Oh, stop, you're killing me! Ow, my sides!

Harvey and Juan exchange open-mouthed looks. Harvey draws his gun, motions for Juan to do the same, and nudges Juan slightly in front of him. Standing off to the side, Harvey throws open the door to Franco's office. Juan jumps in, pointing his gun in front of him, and Harvey follows a second later. Through the open doorway, we can now see that Juan has his gun in Caroline's face.

CAROLINE

Shit!

HARVEY

This must be fate.

Harvey puts his gun away. Franco LAUGHS.

JUAN

So we meet again.

CAROLINE

Get that out of my face.

Caroline pushes the gun out of her face. Juan stares at her, thinks better, and puts the gun away.

FRANCO

Yeah, you better put that away. I just hired her. I don't want you blowing away my newest waitress.

Caroline and Franco smile.

Title card: "Two weeks later"

INT. FRANCO'S - NIGHT

Harvey and Juan enter. Harvey heads for the patio, but Juan drags him to a table in the center of the club, with a good view of the stage. Eliza, wearing a powdered wig and eighteenth century garb, comes from behind a curtain on stage and dances to Falco's *Rock Me Amadeus*. Caroline, topless, appears occasionally in the background, waiting tables.

As the dance goes on, and Eliza's clothes (and wig) come off, a bald BLACK MAN wearing a too-cool mustard-yellow shirt, a thin purple tie, and black pants and coat, enters. Juan gestures to him and addresses Harvey.

JUAN

See that? That looks so good. But I could never look good in that. Only black guys can wear that sort of fancy, colorful shit and not look like an ass.

Harvey looks, but he doesn't seem to care.

HARVEY

Yeah, I suppose so.

JUAN

No man, I'm serious. Black men wear shit that's so cool, but would make a white guy - or a spic like me - look like a freakin' idiot or some kind of reject from the seventies.

A bald, mustard yellow leisure suit-clad WHITE GUY enters. Seeing him, Juan gestures.

JUAN (CONT.)

See, case-in-fucking-point! Perfect example. Tell me that guy there doesn't look like an idiot.

Harvey looks and LAUGHS.

HARVEY

Yeah. I see your point, kid. He does look like a complete idiot. I don't think the baldness is helping his case any either. If anyone ever was fucking born for this place, man, he was.

As Juan and Harvey continue talking, Eliza finishes her dance, collects stray dollar bills and clothes, and exits backstage.

JUAN

Not only can black men look cool as shit in anything, they also make baldness a fucking work of art. Look how the lights shine off that guy's head majestically but make the white guy look like a middle-aged corpse.

HARVEY

Man, with all the shit blacks have been through over the years, it's nice to see something that white guys can't live up to with them. They just look cool as hell in anything.

INT. FRANCO'S (BACKSTAGE) – NIGHT

Eliza, still naked, is haphazardly tossing all of her tips on a dressing table. As she begins to put her clothes back on, Caroline enters.

ELIZA

Hey Car, how's it going out there?

CAROLINE

Oh, pretty good, Eliza. They're keeping it cold as shit on the floor tonight, though.

ELIZA

Sure. That's just to keep your nipples hard – keeps the customers happy.

Eliza starts to count her pile of money as Caroline just stares.

CAROLINE

I guess. Still, I think I'm gonna have to put something on now. I hate to cut my tips down, but I'm just freezing my ass off out there.

Caroline puts on a shirt from a nearby rack and starts buttoning it up.

CAROLINE (Cont.)

You look like you did pretty well tonight.

ELIZA

Not bad.

CAROLINE

Looks better than "not bad" to me.

ELIZA

So how come you never do any dancing anyway?

CAROLINE

I don't know.... Just not my style, I guess. Besides, I like the waitressing, and I'm making good money at it, especially with all the tips.

ELIZA

Yeah, but think about it. In one dance, you could probably take in as much money as you do after an entire night of waitressing.

INT. FRANCO'S - NIGHT

The stage is empty, between acts. Juan and Harvey are still talking, and now have half-empty bottles of beer in front of them. Franco stands behind the bar, tending to customers.

JUAN

So the ostriches are due in tomorrow morning.

HARVEY

Ostri, kid. And I already knew that, so quit fucking telling me.

JUAN

Sorry.

Juan picks up his drink and takes a quick, exuberant swallow, draining the bottle.

HARVEY

Yeah, "sorry." You've just got to learn to tone the fuck down a little, y'know, or you'll end up getting yourself in a lot of trouble. Or me.

Juan puts his empty bottle down on the table and looks around the bar.

JUAN

What, in here?

HARVEY

Yeah, especially in here. Come on.
We're going outside, like we
should've in the first place.

Harvey stands, abandons his half-full bottle of beer, and heads for the patio. Juan follows a step behind.

HARVEY (Cont.)

How can you still be so fucking ignorant after all this time with me?

JUAN

I don't know.

HARVEY

Don't know? You just ain't listening.

At the door to the patio, Harvey turns back to Franco at the bar. Franco nods.

HARVEY

Hey Franco, another round out here!

EXT. FRANCO'S (PATIO) - NIGHT

Juan and Harvey enter the patio and sit at Harvey's usual table by the rail.

HARVEY

You know how fucking costly a big mouth like yours can be? Guy I pulled off a few jobs with liked to talk business out in public all the time, nearly got us killed once.

JUAN

No shit?

HARVEY

Yeah, no shit. And if you'll shut the hell up for a while, I'll tell you about it.

JUAN

Okay. Yeah, go ahead.

Harvey smiles.

HARVEY

Thanks, I'm fucking honored.

Juan LAUGHS.

HARVEY (Cont.)

Okay, so there was this guy I used to work with. Real young kid, friend of Seven's I think. Delgado, he always said his name was, but I knew he was lying.

JUAN

So what was his real name?

HARVEY

I don't know; it's not fucking important anyway. This Delgado guy was a real basket case, man, totally uncool under pressure. Used to stutter real bad, too, so he hardly ever spoke. But when he *did* talk, he used to put his foot in *everyone's* mouth, like an ass. I eventually straightened him out though. Got him to shut the fuck up, and he turned out to be one tough motherfucker. But this one time, like I was saying....

FADE TO:

INT. FRANCO'S (BACKSTAGE) - NIGHT

Both Caroline and Eliza are fully dressed.

CAROLINE

Don't you get kind of sick though, with everyone leering at you and shit?

ELIZA

Hey, they can look, but they can't touch. Besides, as long as they keep giving me the money, why should I care? The way I see it, I'm just providing a service -

CAROLINE

To horny old men.

Eliza LAUGHS.

ELIZA

Yeah, sure, some of them. You'd be surprised though, there's actually a lot of good-looking guys out there!

CAROLINE

Yeah, well ... I've never been much of a dancer anyway.

ELIZA

Oh please, like it's *really* dancing. You just shake your tits in their faces and they're happy.

Franco enters, with a huge grin on his face and his hands in front of his eyes.

FRANCO

You girls decent in here?

ELIZA

Oh, real fuckin' funny, Franc.

Eliza smiles and rolls her eyes. Franco uncovers his eyes and LAUGHS.

FRANCO

Yeah, I'm a regular Eddie fuckin' Murphy.

He turns to Caroline and sees that she's dressed.

FRANCO

Hey Caroline, if you're leavin' that shit on, I got customers out on the patio for you.

CAROLINE

Yeah, okay. At least it's warm out there.

FRANCO

Sure, sure. Got some big tipper out there, too, if ya know what I mean.

ELIZA

No, Franc. Please, tell us what you mean.

FRANCO

I mean he leaves big tips. At least considering you're ... uhh, what's the opposite of topless? Topful?

CAROLINE

I think you're looking for "clothed."

FRANCO

Whatever. Anyway, only way you'd get bigger tips'd be if you danced.

ELIZA

See, Car? I told you.

FRANCO

Told her what?

ELIZA

Caroline's thinking about dancing.

CAROLINE

I was?

FRANCO

Sounds good, kid; we'll set it up later. For now, get your pretty little ass out to the patio.

EXT. FRANCO'S (PATIO) - NIGHT

Harvey is finishing up his story for Juan as Caroline comes out, carrying a tray with two beers.

HARVEY

Okay, so there he was, arm drenched in blood, stammering "fu-fu-fu-fuck" like he's finally realizing what he's been doing all this time. I take out the guy that tagged his ass, but he never bothers to actually say "thanks" or shit.

JUAN

Man, what an asshole.

Caroline places the bottles on their table and shoots Juan a dirty look.

CAROLINE

Here you go, guys.

HARVEY

Thanks a lot, sweetheart. (to Juan)
Actually, far from asshole. After
that, you never heard a peep out of
Delgado. His way of thanking me was
just keeping his trap shut.

JUAN (to Caroline)

Yeah, thanks.

Caroline starts to walk away, but Harvey grabs her arm. He pulls her down toward him.

P.O.V. HARVEY:

Caroline leans over, and we look down her shirt. After a moment, Harvey's hand stuffs a twenty dollar bill down her shirt. He releases her, and she stands up straight.

HARVEY O.S.

Here ya are, kid.

END P.O.V.

Caroline blushes, smiles, and walks back inside. Juan WHISTLES.

HARVEY

Her tips sure are looking good
tonight.

JUAN

Ha! (a beat) Hey, how come you hang
outside here, and don't go inside?

HARVEY

No ears out here, like I was
fuckin' telling you. Besides, it's
quieter. All that rock and roll
noise gets to me.

JUAN

Oh. You can't tune it out? The
sights are worth it.

HARVEY

Nah. I can see it all from out
here, anyway.

Caroline is seen walking around the club through the window. Harvey's eyes follow her.

INSERT (INT. FRANCO'S - NIGHT): Caroline sees Harvey looking at her. She walks back outside.

Caroline walks up to the table.

CAROLINE
You guys need something else? Can't
be done with those drinks just yet.

Juan takes a long swill of his beer, nearly draining the bottle. He speaks between swallows.

JUAN
Don't be so damn cocksure.

Harvey shakes his head in disgust at Juan, then turns to Caroline and smiles.

HARVEY
We're just enjoying the view.

Caroline looks at Harvey, and their eyes meet for a minute until Juan interrupts them.

JUAN
So how come you don't dance,
sister? Don't you need the money
for that car of yours?

Caroline's face burns. Juan gives the most obvious slow look up a woman's body in history to Caroline, obviously undressing her in his mind. Caroline's burn turns even redder with embarrassment.

CAROLINE
Because I don't want to give sick
fucks like you the pleasure.

Caroline exits.

HARVEY
Wow. She really doesn't like you.

JUAN
Yeah, I know. I just love being
hated though.

INT. FRANCO'S - NIGHT

Caroline comes storming back inside. On stage, Eliza is starting her second set, dressed in top hat, tails, and white gloves, as Taco's *Putting on the Ritz* plays. She sees that Caroline is upset and runs off the stage to her, much to the dismay of the patrons.

ELIZA

Caroline? What's the matter?

CAROLINE

Nothing. I just hate that bastard.

ELIZA

Who? Harvey?

CAROLINE

No, that young spic with him. He's the fucker that caused me to be here in the first place.

Eliza glances outside at the patio. Franco, seeing that Eliza has left the stage to talk to Caroline, comes out from behind the bar and approaches them.

ELIZA

He's the guy you got into that accident with?

CAROLINE

Yeah.

FRANCO

Hey ladies. What's going on here?

CAROLINE

It's nothing, Franco.

FRANCO

You sure? You want to come into my office and talk? You know I'm always here for my girls.

ELIZA

Yeah. Maybe you should, Car.

Franco gestures to the stage.

FRANCO

Hey, Eliza. I see you down here and not up there. Go and dance for us, will ya?

With a pat on her ass from Franco as encouragement, Eliza returns to the stage to complete her set. Franco leads Caroline to his office.

INT. FRANCO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Franco sits down behind his desk and motions to an empty chair across from him. The same two sheets of paper from two weeks ago remain on the desk, apparently untouched.

FRANCO

Okay, what's up?

Caroline sits and starts absentmindedly fumbling with the buttons on her shirt. Franco starts running his hands through his hair, as if he's trying to make sure it's all still there.

CAROLINE

Remember after you hired me, you said I could start dancing when and if I wanted to?

FRANCO

Yeah, it was just two weeks ago. I may be getting old, but I ain't ancient yet.

CAROLINE

Well, I think I want to start.

Franco looks down at one of the papers on his desk, running a finger across it.

FRANCO

Okay. How's ... tomorrow night? Ten-thirty?

CAROLINE

Uhh ... yeah ... sure, okay.

Franco scribbles something on the paper, then looks up at Caroline and smiles.

FRANCO

Okay then, anything else?

CAROLINE

No. I guess that's all.

Caroline gets up and exits.

INT. FRANCO'S - NIGHT

Harvey and Eliza are TALKING by the bar. As Caroline approaches them, they stop. Harvey smiles.

CAROLINE

Well, I'm on.

ELIZA

Great! When?

CAROLINE

Tomorrow night. Ten-thirty.

ELIZA

Just one dance?

CAROLINE

Should I have asked for more?

ELIZA

Oh, no. One's good for starters. Harvey, you gonna come in from the patio to spread your good cheer and wealth for my friend here? It's going to be her first night, after all.

HARVEY

I wouldn't miss it for the world.

CAROLINE

Thanks, guys. (a beat) Okay, my shift was over ten minutes ago. I'm gonna pick my stuff up and head out. I guess I'll see you tomorrow.

HARVEY

I look forward to it.

Caroline walks backstage.

HARVEY (Cont.)

She's got some good talent.

ELIZA

You think so?

HARVEY

Yeah, I haven't seen a girl as good-looking as her around here since....

Harvey gets a faraway look in his eyes.

ELIZA

You'd better be trying to remember my name, Harv.

Harvey LAUGHS.

HARVEY

Yeah, yeah. Really though, I'm thinking of that Michelle chick. What the fuck was her last name again?

ELIZA

Michelle Medora? The blonde girl? Franco fired her six months ago.

HARVEY

No, not her. This was before you came here. She was a redhead - natural one. She and I used to do some business together.

ELIZA

What kind of business?

HARVEY

What other kind is there?

ELIZA

Oh.

HARVEY

Yeah, there was this one time ... nice summer night like tonight, too. We were coming in from Grand Cayman on the *Gloria*.... Have I ever taken you on my boat?

Eliza winks.

ELIZA

Not yet.

Harvey CHUCKLES.

HARVEY

"Not yet." I like that answer.
Anyway, it's just after sunset, and
just her and me are on the boat,
you see. So we're coming into
Everglades, when out of nowhere....

FADE TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI REGISTRAR'S OFFICE - DAY

Caroline is on line, holding registration forms and looking impatient. As she slowly creeps up to the front, Joey approaches.

JOEY

Hey Car, how's life? Is the car
okay?

CAROLINE

I'm getting it back tomorrow.

JOEY

What's the total cost going to be?

CAROLINE

Twelve hundred, they said.

Joey WHISTLES.

JOEY

Ouch.

CAROLINE

It's okay. I can afford it now. I
got an advance on my first
paycheck.

JOEY

First? You're not at Morton's
anymore? What happened? Did you
quit?

CAROLINE

Uhh, yes.

JOEY

Why? I thought you needed the money.

CAROLINE

I don't anymore. New job. Hence, "first" paycheck.

JOEY

So where's this new job?

Caroline pretends to check that her registration form is filled out correctly while trying to decide what to tell Joey.

CAROLINE

An art gallery. I'm the receptionist.

JOEY

Really? Cool. Which gallery?

Caroline marks something on her form with a pencil, to give her a moment to remember the gallery where she interviewed.

CAROLINE

Carter's. Down on Collins.

JOEY

Yeah, I think I've been by it before. Nice looking place. Pay good?

CAROLINE

Oh yes, definitely the best I've ever made.

Joey smiles.

JOEY

Great, you can treat me to dinner sometime then.

A long pause. Caroline moves up another spot.

CAROLINE

Is that your subtle way of asking me out?

JOEY

I think it would be nice getting together again.

CAROLINE

What do you mean, "getting together" again?

Caroline reaches the front of the line.

JOEY

You know, like how it used to be. I think we should start dating again.

CAROLINE

I don't think that's a good idea.

Caroline places her forms on the registrar's desk in front of the STUDENT who is sitting there.

INT. JUAN'S CAR - DAY

Juan pulls up to the docks by Harvey's boat and finds Harvey standing by a pay telephone. Harvey walks over with a disgusted look on his face. He gets in, and Juan starts driving.

HARVEY

You're late.

JUAN

Sorry. I -

HARVEY

What? Let me guess, you got into an accident?

Juan LAUGHS.

JUAN

No, not this time. I had to get some gas.

HARVEY

Oh. I thought you were doing something productive, like calling about the van.

Juan gestures to a car phone between the driver and passenger seats.

JUAN

Sorry, I've been busy. But if you want, call them now. Here's the number.

Juan reaches into his pocket and takes out a scrap of paper with a phone number on it. Harvey doesn't acknowledge it; he only stares down at the phone.

HARVEY

What the fuck is this? You Dick Tracy or something? Is this the Batmobile?

JUAN

It's a car phone. My new toy.

HARVEY

How secure is it? I mean, I wouldn't talk business on no CB radio.

JUAN

This ain't a CB. It's fine.

Juan thrusts the scrap of paper at Harvey.

JUAN (Cont.)

Just give 'em a call, okay? Don't be afraid of new technology.

HARVEY

Whatever.

Harvey grabs the phone number and reaches down for the telephone. He holds it to his ear, but doesn't hear a dial tone.

HARVEY

What the fuck? How do you use this damned thing?

Juan LAUGHS.

JUAN

You gotta turn it on, first.

HARVEY

You gotta turn the damn phone on first? What the fuck?

JUAN

Just because it's new doesn't mean that it's bad.

HARVEY

Yeah, that's what you say. You weren't around when Mendoza tried introducing a new batch of smack in '79.

JUAN

That the infamous Mendoza deal?

HARVEY

Yeah, my memoirs. I'll give you the TV Guide version.

JUAN

Okay, we've got time.

HARVEY

Yeah, I know, but I got a call to make.

Harvey looks down at the phone in his hand.

HARVEY (Cont.)

So, how the fuck do you turn this thing on, anyway?

INT. CAROLINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Caroline exits her bedroom, wearing a bikini, and heads over to her stereo. She flips through her record collection and decides on a dance music 45 rpm single. She lifts up the lid of the turntable and puts it on.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

Robyn Carter is behind her desk at the art gallery that Caroline interviewed at. She is reading an art magazine. Joey enters, carrying a nice bouquet of flowers. Robyn doesn't notice him; finally, he CLEARS HIS THROAT to get her attention.

INT. CAROLINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Caroline is dancing to the MUSIC. She starts off awkwardly, but slowly gets into it. She bounds around the apartment, stopping in front of a mirror. Arching her back, she reaches behind to unsnap the top of her bikini.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

Robyn closes the magazine, looks up at Joey, and smiles.

ROBYN

Those for me?

JOEY

They're for Caroline. Is she here?

ROBYN

Caroline?

JOEY

Caroline Callahan. Doesn't she work here?

INT. CAROLINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Caroline continues to dance around the apartment, wearing only the bikini bottom.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

Robyn looks confused.

ROBYN

No, there's no Caroline here. Are you sure you're in the right place?

Joey opens his wallet and shows Robyn a photograph of Caroline and him taken in better times.

ROBYN

That your girlfriend?

JOEY

Hopefully.

ROBYN

She looks a little familiar. You said her name was Caroline?

Robyn wheels around on her chair and opens a file labeled "Resumes" on the table behind her desk. She turns back around with Caroline's resume in hand.

JOEY

Yeah. She doesn't work here?

ROBYN

No, but she interviewed for a position about two weeks ago.

JOEY

She just interviewed? You didn't hire her or anything?

ROBYN

No.... I did call her for a second interview, but she never called me back. The more I think about it, the weirder it seems. There were these two guys with her.

JOEY

Two guys?

ROBYN

Yeah. A young Cuban and an older, white guy. His name's Harvey. He does some business with me.

Joey takes out a notebook and starts jotting down notes.

ROBYN (Cont.)

What are you, a cop?

Joey doesn't look up before answering.

JOEY

Yes.

ROBYN

No shit.

JOEY

Yes shit.

ROBYN

"Yes".... Shit. (a beat) Look, mister - what did you say your name was, again?

JOEY

I didn't.

Joey walks over to the desk and hands the flowers to Robyn.

JOEY (Cont.)

I was wrong, these flowers are for you.

Joey winks at her and exits.

INT. CAROLINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The dance song is in its final fade out as Caroline finishes her practice routine. She's so caught up in the dance that she hardly notices the song ending. When she does finally stop dancing, she lifts the stylus off the record and then hunts down her clothing.

EXT. FRANCO'S - NIGHT

Juan and Harvey are sitting at their table, drinking beers.

HARVEY

Hey, what time you got?

Juan looks at his watch.

JUAN

Just about ten-thirty.

HARVEY

Shit. I gotta go inside.

JUAN

What the hell for?

HARVEY

A dance I gotta see.

JUAN

Well, if you're goin' in, then I'm goin' in.

HARVEY

No you're not. I'll send another beer out for you.

Juan starts to protest as Harvey exits.

JUAN

Why can't I come in with you?

HARVEY

Because I need you out here. Just stay out here, okay?

Harvey walks back inside.

INT. FRANCO'S - NIGHT

Caroline is up on stage, dancing to Robert Palmer's *Simply Irresistible*. She is wearing a tight black sleeveless mini-dress. Her hair is slicked back, and her face is heavily made up, accentuated by bright red lipstick. Eliza, wearing ancient Egyptian clothing, CHEERS her on as Harvey walks in and sits next to her.

When the song ends, they both APPLAUD enthusiastically while Caroline picks up her clothes. Blushing, Caroline bows and exits backstage.

ELIZA

I'm on next.

HARVEY

Okay, I'm going to go back and talk to her.

Eliza gets up and heads to the stage as the Bangles' *Walk Like an Egyptian* STARTS.

INT. FRANCO'S (BACKSTAGE) - NIGHT

Caroline now has her hair down and is changing into street clothes. Harvey enters with a shit-eating grin on his face.

HARVEY

Hey, you did great!

CAROLINE

Really? You think? Thanks.

They stare at each other uncomfortably for a minute.

CAROLINE

So, where's that asshole Juan that's always hanging off you?

HARVEY

I didn't think you'd want him here.

CAROLINE

Oh, thanks. That's sweet.

HARVEY

Yeah, thanks. That means I gotta take a cab back to my boat.

CAROLINE
You live on a boat? Cool.

HARVEY
You wanna see it? I could use a
ride home.

Caroline smiles.

CAROLINE
You bet. Gimme a minute here and
I'll meet you by the door.

Harvey nods and walks out.

INT. *GLORIA* – NIGHT

Harvey, holding Caroline's hand, helps her onto the deck of
the *Gloria*, then begins to prepare to set sail.

HARVEY
Welcome to my boat.

CAROLINE
Nice. Have you had it for long?

HARVEY
"Her." You always name a boat after
a woman.

CAROLINE
Oh, I see. And do you have a name
for *her*?

HARVEY
Yeah. *Gloria*.

CAROLINE
She an ex-girlfriend or something?

HARVEY

Or something. Kind of a long story, actually. It involves this crazy guy I used to work with, "Crazy Ivan." None of us ever really trusted him, especially Garcia. Ivan may have been crazy, but Garcia ... man, Garcia just went over the top one time too many. The longer I knew him, the cockier he got, and the cockier he got, the stupider he got. He just started getting paranoid in the end, and paranoid is one thing that'll get you into trouble every time.

EXT. FRANCO'S (PATIO) - NIGHT

Juan is still sitting at the table, nursing a beer. Franco enters the patio with an empty tray and seems surprised to see Juan there. He looks at his watch and shakes his head.

FRANCO

Closing time, Juan.

JUAN

I'm waiting for Harvey.

FRANCO

He left a few hours ago with Caroline, I think. You waiting for him all this time?

JUAN

No. Of course not. I'll see ya later.

Juan gets up and leaves.

INT. GLORIA - NIGHT

Harvey gets up to adjust the sail. Caroline has now made herself comfortable; she sits in one chair with her feet up on another.

HARVEY

Okay, so this one winter morning we were sailing into Everglades on my first boat, the *Embarcadero*, just transporting assorted shit – mostly dope, cocaine, heroin. We're sailing under the guise of an all-night fishing trip, buddies hanging out, you know? Crazy Ivan was pacing around on deck somewhere, like he always did. Ivan was this nervous Russian guy; I think his real name was Ivan Dimitrociovski or something. The guy used to refer to himself in the third person all the time, with that accent of his. He was always nervous, no matter how smoothly things were going, so everyone called him Crazy Ivan.

CAROLINE

And that guy Garcia didn't trust him?

HARVEY

Nah, Garcia and Crazy Ivan just rubbed each other the wrong way. Garcia always called him a "dumb Polack," and the guy wasn't even Polish.

CAROLINE

Okay, go on.

HARVEY

Right. So Garcia and I were up front, talking to the guy on watch at customs, who's asking us all sorts of questions about our "fishing trip."

EXT. PORT EVERGLADES - EARLY MORNING

We are at the customs station, looking down at the *Embarcadero* as it pulls into port. The *Embarcadero* is a slightly smaller boat than the *Gloria* and in much worse shape, looking like it hasn't been painted in years.

Harvey and Garcia are on deck TALKING quietly to each other. CRAZY IVAN, a dark bearded man, is pacing around the deck. The CUSTOMS OFFICER, also a dark bearded man, watches the boat pull in and starts filling out a form that he's carrying on a clipboard.

HARVEY V.O.

Real gruesome-looking bastard, too. Not really the kind of guy you'd want to fuck with, but we don't really have much of a choice at this point.

INT. *EMBARCADERO* – MORNING

Crazy Ivan's pacing takes him up to where Garcia and Harvey are standing. Harvey walks to the rail of the *Embarcadero* and TALKS to the customs officer.

IVAN

Why are we not going?

GARCIA (to Ivan)

Just go the fuck to sleep, you dumb Polack, we'll wake you when we're back.

IVAN

Ivan is *not* Polack; Ivan is from Shoviet Union!

Ivan and Garcia continue to ARGUE in the b.g. Harvey steps aside, revealing Caroline on deck, sitting in the same chair as on the *Gloria*.

HARVEY (to Caroline)

So they start arguing, and I know we're in trouble. I just hope they'll stop the shit before the officer starts getting too suspicious.

As Ivan and Garcia keep YELLING at each other, Delgado comes up on deck to watch the argument develop. The customs officer continues QUESTIONING Harvey, though Harvey seems to be paying no attention to him.

HARVEY (to Caroline, Cont.)
Okay, eventually I convince the customs guy to let us through. And as we move into dock, Crazy Ivan shuts up all of a sudden, and he and the customs guy just start *staring* at each other.

Ivan and the officer do as Harvey describes. Caroline turns from Ivan to the officer, as if to confirm what Harvey has said, then turns to Harvey.

CAROLINE
Just ... staring?

HARVEY
Yeah, like they're teenagers in love or some shit.

GARCIA (to Ivan)
Hey, what the fuck you staring at, you dumb Polack?

HARVEY (to Garcia)
Just leave him the fuck alone already. (to Caroline) After a couple of minutes of this, Garcia looks like he's figured something out, and just goes ballistic on Ivan.

Garcia, still standing directly in front of Ivan, glances at the customs officer for a moment, then turns back to Ivan.

GARCIA
Oh shit! You son of a bitch!

Garcia gives Ivan an uppercut, sending him to the deck. Ivan sits up, but only so he can turn back and continue staring at the customs officer. The officer reacts to the punch immediately and starts running to meet the *Embarcadero* as she docks. Garcia jumps on top of Ivan and continues punching, but Ivan does not retaliate.

HARVEY (to Caroline)
I can't really imagine what he's thinking. It makes no sense — we're already through until Garcia flips out on Ivan. But now, the customs guy is on our boat before I can even get her tied down.

Harvey begins to tie up the *Embarcadero* as the customs officer boards, reaches the fight, and pulls Garcia off Ivan's back. He then shoves him in Caroline's direction. Caroline stands and steps aside as Garcia crashes into the rail next to her; she starts walking away from the fight. Ivan then stands, and the customs officer approaches Garcia.

HARVEY (Cont.)

Once he gets there, he breaks up the fight between Garcia and Ivan, which just pushes Garcia over the edge. Not in the mood to take any shit, he just pulls his gun out and shoots the bastard.

Garcia pulls a pistol out of a shoulder holster and SHOOTs the customs officer at point-blank range. Caroline SCREAMS. The officer GROANS and falls to the deck, bleeding profusely.

CAROLINE

Shit!

HARVEY

Yeah. Anyway, right after the customs guy gets shot, Ivan yells something out in a panic and starts running. Ivan used to just ... run, when things got a little too tough for him.

EXT. *EMBARCADERO* - MORNING

We are at Port Everglades, with a view of the *Embarcadero* in dock. Ivan's voice can be heard o.s. YELLING some unintelligible two-syllable word. He then exits the *Embarcadero* and starts running along the docks, eventually disappearing from view.

HARVEY V.O.

I can't be sure what he yelled, but I'd swear it was either "comrade" or "brother."

Garcia exits the *Embarcadero*, with his gun drawn, and runs down the same route that Ivan took, SCREAMING various curses at him. He also disappears from view.

HARVEY V.O. (Cont.)

So he starts running, and Garcia just takes off after him, with his gun drawn. Me and Delgado take off after 'em, figuring we're screwed if these jackasses start running all over Everglades.

Harvey and Delgado run off the *Embarcadero*, taking the same route that Ivan and Garcia followed a moment before.

Shortly after, the bloodied customs officer drags himself off the boat.

EXT. PORT EVERGLADES - MORNING

We follow Harvey and Delgado as they run down the docks. Ivan and Garcia quickly come into view. Garcia is now wildly FIRING his pistol.

HARVEY V.O.

Now about a hundred yards from the boat, Garcia starts firing that pistol in front of him, holding it in both hands - only way he could do it, really. The guy only had seven fingers.

CAROLINE V.O.

Seven fingers? Ewww...

HARVEY V.O.

Heh. Yeah. I should tell ya that story too. Anyway, people start poking their heads outta their houseboats and shit, to see what the hell is causing some lunatic to go running down the street screaming -

GARCIA

Stop running, you stupid fucking Polack!

HARVEY V.O. (Cont.)

- while firing a pistol.

CAROLINE V.O.

Heh. Sounds like quite a sight, really.

HARVEY V.O.

Yeah, ain't that the truth.
 Actually would've been kinda funny,
 only someone poked their head out a
 little too far. Some woman starts
 walking out onto the docks as Ivan
 runs past her, like she's trying to
 see what he's running from.

EXT. HOUSEBOAT – MORNING

A young beautiful woman, GLORIA, exits her houseboat and walks onto the dock as Ivan runs by. Caroline emerges from the same boat, looking confused as to how she got there, and stands next to Gloria. Harvey and Delgado run into view a moment later.

From inside the houseboat, a FRIEND of Gloria's does her best to warn her of Garcia's wild GUNSHOTS.

FRIEND O.S.

Gloria!

HARVEY V.O.

So someone screams, trying to warn
 this chick, but by the time she
 turns to see who yelled to her,
 Garcia's gone and tagged her, and
 she drops in a heap.

Both Gloria and Caroline turn back to the houseboat to try and find the source of the earlier shout. Gloria is immediately SHOT and falls dead, next to Caroline. Caroline is startled and SCREAMS in fright, just as Harvey and Delgado reach the body.

HARVEY

Right in the head – she never had a
 chance.

Garcia starts walking up to Gloria's dead body, while Caroline stands over it, horrified. Garcia reaches the body and bends down to get a closer look.

HARVEY (to Caroline)

About the only good part of this is
 the arguing stops. Ivan stays maybe
 twenty yards away, and Garcia leans
 over this woman, like he's just
 suddenly realizing he's killed her.

GARCIA

Shit....

Garcia stands up straight and looks to Harvey and Delgado. The sound of the customs officer LIMPING heavily down the docks is heard o.s., but no one seems to notice.

HARVEY (to Caroline)

It hit Garcia hard. (a beat) Then Ivan suddenly gets this weird look on his face, like panic or some shit, and he slowly points his gun out in front of him.

Ivan lifts his gun. The customs officer finally limps into view, pointing his gun in front of him. The only one who sees him is Ivan, whose gun is leveled right at him.

HARVEY (Cont.)

Then suddenly shots start firing, and I have no idea what the fuck's going on anymore.

The customs officer FIRES at Garcia while Ivan simultaneously FIRES at the officer. Garcia drops in a heap next to Gloria, and the customs officer falls off the dock into the water with a SPLASH. Caroline SCREAMS again. As everyone turns to try and determine the source of the splash, Ivan runs off.

INT. GLORIA - NIGHT

Caroline is now on the edge of her seat.

HARVEY

All I know is I never saw Crazy Ivan again; I guess he just ran off after Garcia dropped. Delgado and I went back to the *Embarcadero* to get rid of the body of that customs guy, but it was just ... gone, and a trail of blood was leading down the dock. Figured it was best to just abandon the damn thing after that. About a month later I replaced the *Embarcadero*. I named my new boat the *Gloria*, figuring in a way, she saved our asses that day and deserved to be remembered.

CAROLINE

Yeah, no kidding. That's quite a story - better than naming it, her, after a girlfriend, that's for sure.

HARVEY

If you say so.

CAROLINE

So that seven-fingered guy died, eh? Wow. (a beat) What happened to his other three fingers anyway?

HARVEY

You really wanna know? It's another long story.

CAROLINE

Sure. If it's as good as the first one, it'll be well worth it.

HARVEY

Okay then. The upshot of the whole thing is "Don't fuck with fish."

FADE TO:

INT. GLORIA - NIGHT

Caroline is sitting, rapt, at the edge of her chair, as Harvey paces about the boat.

HARVEY

After I pulled him out of the tank, the shock knocked him on his ass, and that's when I got scared. I knew I could talk my way out with the fish, but not a dead man. So you can imagine my relief when Garcia came to two hours later.

CAROLINE

Those piranhas must bite pretty hard to sever a guy's fingers.

HARVEY

Yeah, no shit. Rescuing Garcia got me a nice scar on my shoulder to boot.

Caroline gets up and walks over to Harvey.

CAROLINE
Scar? Can I see?

Facing him, she places her hands on his shoulders to try to feel it.

HARVEY
No, no. It's more on my back. You can't see it.

CAROLINE
Why not?

HARVEY
Okay.

Harvey steps back and removes his shirt. Caroline steps forward, places her hands on his shoulders, and pulls him toward her.

She pulls his head down and kisses him. From behind Harvey, we see Caroline's hands running over his shoulders, but we can't see the scar.

It isn't long before they're making out zealously and he is removing her shirt.

CAROLINE
I'm glad you came to see me tonight.

HARVEY
My pleasure. Now I'd like a private performance.

INT. GLORIA (CABIN) – MORNING

The next morning. Caroline is still sleeping in Harvey's cabin as he returns from above with two mugs of coffee. He takes a sip from one, then places it down on a bedside nightstand. He holds the other as he sits down on the bed beside Caroline and kisses her forehead to wake her up.

CAROLINE
Mmmmmm.

HARVEY
Rise and shine, porcupine.

CAROLINE

Mmmm, what time is it?

Harvey looks at a clock.

HARVEY

About seven thirty.

Caroline sits and takes the coffee. She then kisses him.

CAROLINE

Why are we up so early?

HARVEY

I gotta go make some calls. I just didn't want you to think I set you adrift.

Harvey kisses her again, gets up and walks to the door. He takes a robe from a hook on the back of the door, and tosses it to her.

HARVEY

Hey, tomorrow I'm pulling a minor deal, nothing too exciting. Wanna come along and see how it's done?

CAROLINE

Sure, you can pick me up at my place.

Harvey exits. Caroline takes a few sips of the coffee. She looks around the cabin while drinking and eventually places the mug down on the nightstand. Curious, she opens the drawer to the nightstand and leafs through its contents. Finding nothing interesting, she closes it back up. She then rises and puts on the robe.

INT. GLORIA CABIN (BATHROOM) – MORNING

Caroline enters, ostensibly to do what people do in the bathroom, but gets distracted. She sees herself in the mirror on the medicine cabinet's door and decides to open it. Included are:

shaving cream and razor
hair styling gel
mouthwash
deodorant
small Tupperware bin full of cocaine with a little
mirror leaning against it

On seeing this last item, Caroline finally finds something of interest. She pulls the Tupperware out, opens it, and using her finger, tastes a sample of its contents. She makes a yuck-face but still is curious. She places the mirror down on the counter and pours a bit too much of the cocaine on it. Rooting through the medicine cabinet a bit more, she finds a loose razor blade and makes a decent line out of the cocaine on the mirror. She takes a deep preparatory breath, then leans in.

EXT. PORT EVERGLADES - MORNING

Harvey is at a public phone, inserting quarter after quarter. Finally, he starts dialing.

INT. GLORIA (CABIN) - MORNING

A toilet FLUSHES, then Caroline exits the bathroom and stumbles onto the bed. Soon, she gets bored again and snoops around the cabin. She is still snooping when FOOTSTEPS sound on the deck above. She quickly covers her tracks, lounges on the bed, and strikes a seductive pose.

Harvey enters to find her high as a kite and horny. He smiles and moves toward the bed.

HARVEY

Sorry I took so long. Damned
assholes don't have a fucking clue
how to run a business. Reminds me
of this one time -

Caroline shuts him up by grabbing him and pulling him down to the bed on top of her.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Joey, with a concerned look on his face, enters the office of the chief, CHUCK COGSWELL. Chief Cogswell is a heavysset, greying man with too-long sideburns; he's stuck in the seventies.

JOEY

Hey Chief, what's up?

COGSWELL

Have a seat, Joey.

Joey sits as the chief places a black and white photo of Harvey down on the desk.

COGSWELL (Cont.)

We've got a new case for you. We don't know too much about him. Our source says that there's some smuggling deal that he's behind involving ostriches.

JOEY

Isn't the plural of that "ostri"?

COGSWELL

Whatever.

EXT. PORT EVERGLADES - MORNING

Caroline exits the *Gloria* and starts walking down the dock. Juan passes her walking in the other direction, stops, and turns to watch her go by. He has a quizzical look on his face; she is still too high to even notice him. Shrugging his shoulders, he continues on to the *Gloria*.

Harvey bounds up on deck with an oversized grin.

JUAN

You didn't.

HARVEY

You wouldn't?

JUAN

You did.

HARVEY

How could I not? I mean, she was all over me. It would've been harder not to, trust me. It would've been rude.

JUAN

I would've been rude.

Harvey starts to realize that Juan and Caroline aren't fated for each other.

HARVEY

Yeah, you would've. (a beat) You know, I really like her.

JUAN

Good for you. Let's go.

EXT. FRANCO'S - MORNING

Joey walks up to Franco's. He checks an address in his police notebook against the address on the door. He looks surprised that Franco's is so classy looking, but having confirmed the address, he walks inside.

INT. FRANCO'S - MORNING

Inside, Franco's is practically deserted. There is one apparently passed-out CUSTOMER, with one hand on a mimosa and his head down on the table. Franco is behind the bar, preparing for a day's worth of business.

Joey walks in, checks out the empty stage, sees the passed-out customer, and walks over to Franco.

FRANCO

What can I get for you this morning?

JOEY

I don't need anything, but I think that guy could use an aspirin.

No answer.

JOEY (Cont.)

Actually, I'm looking for an old business partner of mine. I kind of, uhh ... owe him some money, and I don't like leaving my debts unpaid.

FRANCO

Okay.... Who?

JOEY

Oh, yeah, sorry.

Joey shows him the black and white photo of Harvey.

JOEY (Cont.)

Him.

Franco recognizes Harvey immediately and smiles, thinking that Joey is one of Harvey's boys.

FRANCO

Oh, sure - Harvey.

JOEY

Is he here?

Franco looks around the empty bar.

FRANCO

Uhh, no. I think he's out with a new waitress on his boat. He should be back this afternoon. Want to leave a message for him?

JOEY

No, that's all right, I'll try back later.

Joey leaves.

EXT. CAROLINE'S APARTMENT (PARKING LOT) - MORNING

Joey exits his car and walks toward Caroline's apartment. After he walks out of our view, Caroline pulls her car up next to his, opens her door, and bumps it into the side of his car. She stumbles out of her car with a smile on her face.

EXT. CAROLINE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Joey is KNOCKING on Caroline's door. He stops, stands motionless for a moment, and looks at his watch impatiently. He KNOCKS on the door again.

CAROLINE O.S.

Hi Joey.

Joey looks quizzically at the door. Caroline walks into view next to him.

JOEY

Oh, hi Car. Up early this morning, huh?

CAROLINE

Whahuh?

JOEY

What part of "up early this morning" didn't you understand? Are you okay?

CAROLINE

Me? No. Yeah, I'm fine. I'm just getting home now, sorry. What's up?

JOEY

Oh, where've you been?

CAROLINE

On a boat with a ... friend.

JOEY

This friend wouldn't happen to be named Harvey, would he?

Caroline reacts visibly surprised. She tries to catch herself but isn't quick enough.

CAROLINE

Harvey. Harvey? No....

A lightbulb goes off over Joey's head. He can't believe the coincidence.

JOEY

Harvey? You? (a beat) You? Harvey? Oh my God. The art gallery.... Franco's.... Do you know what this guy's involved in?

Joey continues, more to himself than to Caroline.

JOEY (Cont.)

I can't believe my luck. I'll make sergeant after this. I gotta wire ya, I can wire ya. I can solve the case and get the girl. Chief Cogswell's gonna kiss my ass after this. Big time, I'm going big time....

Caroline doesn't quite seem to care about his ramblings and starts to unlock her door.

JOEY (to Caroline)

You gotta help me, Car.

Caroline thinks about it.

CAROLINE

No I don't.

Caroline opens her door and takes a step inside.

JOEY
 (sarcastically)
 Why not? What did you, sleep with
 him?

Caroline slams the door on him.

FADE TO BLACK.

JOEY O.S.
 (screaming)
 I don't fucking believe it.
 Caroline? Caroline! Open this door!
 Screw him, I need you!

FADE TO:

Title card: "The Next Day"

INT. JUAN'S CAR - DAY

All the windows of Juan's car are open. Juan has one hand on his steering wheel and the other one grasping a cup from McDonald's. Harvey sits in the passenger's seat with his arm hanging out the window.

HARVEY
 Man, what a beautiful fuckin' day!

JUAN
 Yeah, really. Not often you get a
 summer day this cool in Florida.

Juan takes a sip of his drink through a chewed-up straw. Harvey glances out the window.

HARVEY
 Hey, what time's your cousin
 expecting us? Noon?

JUAN
 Yeah. Well, twelve o'clock, really.

HARVEY
 What the fuck's the difference?

JUAN
 Noon is like 12:00 to 4:00 or some
 shit, ain't it?

HARVEY

No, man, that's *afternoon*. Noon is 12:00. Hence, the few hours following that are *afternoon*. Who the fuck taught you how to tell time?

JUAN

I learned in Spanish.

HARVEY

Well, that fucking explains it. Anyway, it's not even ten yet, so I wanna make a stop to pick up Caroline.

JUAN

Shit, what the fuck we gotta bring her along for?

HARVEY

Just shut up and make a right at the next light.

As Juan pulls his car into the right lane, he takes another long sip at his drink, SLURPING up every last remnant of the beverage, much to Harvey's dismay.

EXT. JUAN'S CAR - DAY

The car makes a right turn onto a nearly-deserted road. Juan extends his hand out the window and tosses his cup out of the car.

JUAN O.S.

Marino ... to Clayton ...
touchdown!

Harvey sticks his head out the window and watches the cup bounce away behind the car.

INT. JUAN'S CAR - DAY

Harvey pulls his head back into the car.

HARVEY

What the fuck did you do that for!? Turn this thing around and go pick that shit up.

JUAN

Huh? You're blowin' me, right?

HARVEY

Fuck that. It's guys like you that make this city look like shit. Now go back and pick that shit up.

Juan looks over his left shoulder and signals to prepare for a U-turn.

JUAN

Excuse the hell out of me. I didn't realize I was working with Woodsy the Owl.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Joey enters to find pandemonium and looks a little bewildered by it all. The station is packed, and COPS and Chief Cogswell are BARKING to each other, getting ready for something big.

COP #1

Okay, guys listen here.

COP #2

This is it. This is the big time.

COGSWELL

Javier Espinoza is ours now. We just have to make sure that we do everything by the book.

COP #3

Did you men hear that? No fucking up!

Joey walks over and tries to interrupt.

JOEY

Chief?

COP #2

When's this going down?

COP #1

Do we have anyone on him now?

COP #3

Tonight. We get him tonight.

COP #1
So we've got someone on him now?

COGSWELL
Muller's on him.

Joey tries to interrupt again.

JOEY
Excuse me? Chief?

COGSWELL
Muller's been working on this for six months, and finally, we got him. We got him right where we want him.

JOEY
Hey, Chief!

COGSWELL
Yeah, what is it Joey?

JOEY
Got anything new with Harvey?

Cogswell dismissively answers Joey.

COGSWELL
Oh, yeah. The ostriches move tonight. And there's some new player in this thing. Minor-leaguer, name's "Juan Aquino."

JOEY
Ostri? The ostri move tonight? What do I do?

COGSWELL
Go to the desk, get Aquino's picture, find where they're going, and go get 'em.

Title card: "Ten Years Later"

EXT. FRANCO'S (PATIO) - DAY

It is a nice spring day, and Harvey is sitting at his favorite table, nursing a beer. After a few moments of gazing at passing boats on the water, he tilts the bottle back and downs the last drops of his beer.

Just as he places the empty bottle down on the table, the door from the inside part of the club opens and NICOLE BECKETT, a waitress who bears a strong resemblance to Caroline, comes out. She is carrying a tray with a replacement beer for Harvey.

HARVEY

And not a moment too soon.

Nicole hands the beer to Harvey. He tips it to her in a toast, smiles, and takes a small sip.

NICOLE

I get off at eight tonight.

HARVEY

What time is it now?

NICOLE

Five-thirty.

HARVEY

Well, I'll be done with this by six.

Franco walks by the window and Harvey sees him. Franco nods.

HARVEY

Hey Franco! Come on out here!

Franco joins the two on the patio.

FRANCO

Yeah boss? What's up?

HARVEY

"Yeah boss." I love that shit. Hey, why's Nicole working 'til eight tonight? I need her at six.

FRANCO

At six? No problem, boss.

Franco collects a few empty glasses and takes them with him as he leaves the patio.

HARVEY

We're out of here at six.

NICOLE

How come you own this place if it's named after him?

HARVEY

Well, there's a story for that, but I got an even better one to tell you.

NICOLE

Oh, really?

HARVEY

About a girl named Caroline that used to work here, oh, ten years ago or so. Can't believe I remember her, except she looked like you. Could've been your older sister. I was working with a real amateur then, a Cuban guy named Juan Aquino. Kinda sounds like a tequila or something, don't it? Anyway, Juan got me hooked up in this crazy deal to move some birds -

NICOLE

Birds?

HARVEY

Yeah, an ostrich deal. Ostri, ostriches, whatever the fuck the plural of ostrich is. Okay, picture this: a beautiful summer day, not too hot either....

FADE TO:

EXT. COUSIN'S HOUSE - DAY

At the end of a long driveway, hidden from the street, is a shed. Caroline, Harvey, and Juan are there with his cousin ENRIQUE and Enrique's wife ELIA. Whenever Juan speaks to Enrique or Elia, or when they speak to each other, it's in Spanish with English subtitles.

Three ostriches are already loaded into a dark grey Ford Econoline van. Everyone is standing around a fourth ostrich, trying to get it into the van.

HARVEY V.O.

So, we've got three of the birds already in the van, but there's one left, looking for some sand to bury its head in.

ENRIQUE

Come on, fat bird.

JUAN

I thought these birds of yours knew how to behave.

ELIA

They do. It's just your friends that's bothering them.

She gestures at Harvey and Caroline dismissively.

CAROLINE (to Harvey)

What did she say?

Harvey turns to her and shrugs.

HARVEY V.O.

They're speaking back and forth in Spanish, but Juan's not translating. I've been meaning to learn some Spanish, being here in Miami and all, but I've never gotten around to it.

Finally, Enrique manages to push the ostrich onto the van, while Juan shuts the van's door.

HARVEY

Great, let's get going.

Harvey and Caroline move to the front of the van. Caroline gets in the driver's seat, and Harvey walks around to the passenger side.

JUAN

I'll catch up with you; I think I know where to go by now. I'll be by in a bit.

Harvey nods and gets into the van. He closes the door, and Caroline STARTS the engine.

HARVEY V.O.

So that's the plan. Juan's going to play cousin and then catch up with us at the dock. I know Caroline and he don't get along, so I'm cool.

As the van drives off, we see Nicole, looking rather frightened, in one of the back windows. Juan, Enrique, and Elia walk into the house.

INT. COUSIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Enrique and Elia live in a modest, two bedroom ranch home that is cleaner than a hospital. Enrique and Elia are sitting on a couch, showing a photo album to Juan. Juan sits in a plush recliner, his back to the front door. Unless otherwise noted, all of their dialogue is in Spanish with English subtitles.

ELIA

This is Alejandro, seven years old now.

ENRIQUE

He was just named little league all-star.

JUAN

I haven't seen him since he was a baby, he doesn't look anything like he used to.

EXT. COUSIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Joey pulls up in an undercover police car, with its engine SPUTTERING. As the car comes to a stop, smoke spills out from under the hood. Joey gets out and walks up to the house.

INT. COUSIN'S HOUSE - DAY

There is a KNOCK on the door. Elia gets up and opens the door.

ELIA

¿Hola?

It is Joey, speaking English (with Spanish subtitles) while everyone else continues to speak Spanish (with English subtitles). He flashes a badge at Elia.

JOEY

Hola. (a beat) Uhh, does anyone speak English here?

Enrique joins Elia at the door. Juan looks over his shoulder, sees Joey's badge, and turns back around before Joey can see him.

ENRIQUE

English? No. Do you speak English, dear?

ELIA

English? No.

Joey takes a deep breath. He pulls out his picture of Harvey and shows it to them.

JOEY

I'm looking for Harvey Johnson. Has he been here?

JUAN

Shit.

ENRIQUE

Who?

JOEY

Harvey ... Johnson. I'm sorry - who's that sitting over there?

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Joey is driving Juan's Skylark rather quickly through the traffic. Juan sits next to him in Harvey's shotgun seat, handcuffed to the door. As they drive, they pass the other blue Buick Skylark that Caroline keyed outside of the art gallery. It still has a nasty streak down the driver's side.

Up ahead, we see the van with Caroline and Harvey.

INT. VAN - DAY

Caroline is driving. Harvey is sitting next to her, but is turned in the seat so he can talk to Nicole in the back of the van.

HARVEY (to Nicole)
 So we're heading to the *Gloria*.
 Everything's going fine until the
 ostriches start getting antsy.

The ostriches start getting antsy. They move around the back of the van, pecking at the back window, as Nicole dodges out of their way.

CAROLINE
 Uhh, Harvey?

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Juan's car is now directly behind the van. Joey flashes a badge with one hand while steering with the other. Harvey leans out the window and recognizes Juan, but sees only the badge when he looks at Joey.

INT. VAN - DAY

Caroline is looking nervously at the rear view mirror. Harvey's head is back in the van.

HARVEY
 Shit.

CAROLINE
 What do I do?

HARVEY
 Keep driving. I'll take care of it.
 (to Nicole) So I get my gun out to
 take care of that double-crosser.

CAROLINE
 (looking in rear view mirror)
 Shit, I know him.

HARVEY
 Of course you do, it's Juan.

CAROLINE
 (muttering to herself)
 What am I doing here?

HARVEY
 Huh?

CAROLINE
 Nothing.

Harvey draws his gun and leans back out the window. He aims to take a shot.

INT. JUAN'S CAR - DAY

Joey is still waving Harvey and Caroline over when he sees Harvey slowly aim his gun. With no free hands, he can't shoot back.

INSERT (INT. VAN - DAY): As Harvey prepares to fire, an ostrich comes flying out of nowhere. It CRASHES into the back of his seat just as the gun GOES OFF.

Harvey's bullet smashes through the windshield and hits Juan in the shoulder. Joey loses control of the car and swerves off the road.

EXT. FRANCO'S (PATIO) - DAY

Nicole is sitting down, listening attentively to Harvey.

NICOLE

You shot Juan?

HARVEY

Well, I didn't mean to. I saw that he was with a cop, so I just tried to get them off the road. That damned ostrich bumped into me, though, and made me shoot Juan. But ... whatever. Our problem was solved.

NICOLE

Okay, so then you loaded the ostriches?

HARVEY

Yeah.

INT. JUAN'S CAR - DAY

The car comes to a sudden stop at the side of the road.

JUAN

I can't believe the double-crosser shot me! Now he's going to make off with the loot and Caroline will probably get my half. That son of a bitch!

JOEY

Caroline? You know Caroline? She's with Harvey now?

JUAN

Yeah, I know that bitch, and she's gonna get my fuckin' money now!

Joey glares at Juan and then pulls out his gun. Juan's eyes widen in fright.

JUAN

Don't shoot me, man!

Joey WHACKS the gun against the side of Juan's head, knocking him out cold. He drives off.

EXT. GLORIA - DAY

Harvey and Caroline are loading the last ostrich off the van and into the *Gloria*. The same ostrich from before is refusing to budge again.

HARVEY V.O.

I don't know what it was with that one ostrich. Guess it just didn't like me or something.

NICOLE V.O.

I can't imagine anything not liking you, Harvey.

HARVEY V.O.

(chuckling)

Yeah, sure.

Finally, Harvey manages to lead the last ostrich onto the *Gloria*.

INT. GLORIA - DAY

Harvey and Caroline lead the ostrich down to the cabin with the other three. Nicole steps out of their way to let them pass.

A car is heard TEARING into the parking lot. Caroline sees Joey as he gets out of the car.

CAROLINE

Joey!

Harvey hears Caroline's shout, turns, and sees the cop from earlier. He pulls out his gun and starts FIRING. Joey immediately RETURNS THE FIRE and soon enough we've got a thunderstorm of bullets.

Joey hides behind the open driver's door of Juan's car, using it as a shield as he FIRES RELENTLESSLY at Harvey. Harvey stands out in the open, RETURNING THE FIRE with equal ferocity. Nicole SCREAMS and drops to the deck, scared.

HARVEY (to Nicole, while firing)
I guess Caroline decides that I'm
not the good guy at this point and
starts sneaking off to the cop.

Caroline starts sneaking toward Joey, dodging and ducking the deluge of bullets.

INT. JUAN'S CAR - DAY

P.O.V. JUAN (WAKING UP TO A MAELSTROM OF GUNFIRE):

Blurry vision clears to reveal Joey REVELING in gunplay and Harvey SHOOTING back. Caroline is walking toward the car.

HARVEY V.O.
All of a sudden, Caroline gets hit.

Caroline gets SHOT and drops, dead.

NICOLE V.O.
Did you shoot her?

HARVEY V.O.
I dunno.

Juan opens the glove compartment of the car and takes out a gun.

EXT. GLORIA - DAY

The sound of police SIRENS fill the air as the first wave of cops arrive to reinforce Joey.

Both Harvey and Joey, realizing that Caroline's dead, hold their fire.

HARVEY (to Nicole)
 The cops start pouring out of their cars like ants onto a picnic. I don't want to leave Caroline behind, but she's dead.

Joey takes a step toward Caroline's body and immediately falls, SHOT by Juan. Harvey sets sail.

HARVEY (to Nicole)
 I guess it was Juan who shot the cop, but I never got a chance to thank him, since the other cops were on his ass pronto.

COPS run up to Juan's car and start PEPPERING him with bullets. Harvey's got the *Gloria* under full sail; she's moving her as fast as the breeze will carry her.

When the cops finally stop shooting at Juan, they turn to see the *Gloria* already halfway home. Harvey has escaped.

EXT. FRANCO'S (PATIO) - DAY

Harvey drains the last of the beer. Nicole sits, looking stunned.

NICOLE
 So you're the only one who survived?

HARVEY
 Well, me and all the other cops.

NICOLE
 Didn't the cops go after you?

HARVEY
 No, they didn't. I never did figure out why, either. Not that I cared.

NICOLE
 That's quite a story.

HARVEY
 You said it kid. What time's it?

NICOLE
 I don't have a watch on.

Harvey looks at the positioning of the sun over the water.

HARVEY

It's about six now; let's go.

Harvey and Nicole both rise.

NICOLE

How did you know that? You're not even wearing a watch.

HARVEY

Old sailor's trick. I'll teach it to you sometime, but now, we've got to get to work. Ready, kid?

NICOLE

Yup.

Harvey and Nicole both walk back inside.

INT. FRANCO'S - DAY

Franco nods at Harvey as he and Nicole enter.

HARVEY

Hey Franco. I'll have my phone on, if you absolutely need me. We'll be back tomorrow afternoon, prolly. The place is all yours until then.

FRANCO

Just like old times.

Franco and Harvey LAUGH at that one. Harvey puts his arm around Nicole's shoulder.

HARVEY

Yep, just like old times.

Harvey leads Nicole out the door to the parking lot. We stay behind with Franco as the door closes.

NICOLE O.S.

So how come you own the place? You have time to tell me now?

FADE OUT.