

#00766

"Enjoy yourself -- every day above ground  
is a good day."

ANONYMOUS, MIAMI 1981

*Central*  
SCARFACE

by OLIVER STONE

1

## A PROLOGUE

1

crawls up the screen -- with Narrator.

## NARRATOR

In May **1980**, Fidel Castro -- in an effort to normalize relations with the Carter Administration -- opened the harbor at Mariel, Cuba with the apparent intention **of** letting some of his people join their relatives in the United States. Within **seventy-**two hours, 3,000 U.S. boats were headed for Cuba. In the next few weeks, it became evident that Castro was forcing the boat owners to carry back with them not only their relatives but the dregs of his jail population. **By** the time the port was closed 125,000 'Marielitos' had landed in Florida. An estimated 25,000 had criminal records. This is the story of that minority -- those they call 'Los Bandidos.'

The prologue is shredded diagonally by the blade of a stilleto and in the empty black void we:

CUT TO

Opening Montage • Documentary Footage:

2

## THE DISEMBARKATION

2

from the harbor in Mariel, Cuba. Vessels of every nature, waving masses, demonstrations....

3

## THE CROSSING

3

Sun and storm.

4

## THE LANDING • KEY WEST

4

The **flag** of the United States. Choppers swooping over the ragged coastline of the Keys. Emerald waters dotted with fishing trawlers and pleasure craft, an "America the Beautiful" -type Immigration theme surging over 'this.

## 5 THE PROCESSING

5

Long lines. Immigration and Nationalization Officials, customs, Public Health, FBI, Church and Relief Organizations. Babies bawling, arguments over paperwork, refugees being interviewed by TV news, people crying, people eating, families huddled on floors...chaos.

The music theme continuing in stately calm as we:

CUT TO

6 INT. OFFICE • PROCESSING HALL • AFTERNOON • A FULL  
and CLOSEUP OF TONY MONTANA  
7

6  
and  
7

the scar-faced one, in the young angry prime of his life. We dwell first on the scar which he likes to scratch now and then. We move to the eyes, pure in their fury. Finally we encompass the face -- the face of a man about to explode -- muscle, tissue, brain -- a man willing to live or die and on the increment of a moment, inflict or receive either one. He is clothed in rags crossed with holes, his shoes broken cardboard, his hair unkempt, his complexion sallow from prison.

Over this:

VOICE #1 (o.s.)

Okay so what do you call yourself?

VOICE #2 (o.s.)

Como se llama?

MONTANA

Tony Montana...you?

(X)

VOICE #1

Where'd you learn to speak the English, Tony?

MONTANA

My old man -- he was American. Sailor. Bum. I always know, y'know, one day I gonna come to America. I see all the movies....

(X)

VOICE #1

So where's your old man now?

MONTANA

He's dead. He died. Somewhere....

VOICE #1

Mother?

TONY

She's dead too.

CONTINUED .

6  
and  
7

CONTINUED

6  
anc  
7

VOICE #2

What kind of work you do in Cuba,  
Tony?

TONY

This. That. The Army. Some con-  
struction work....

VOICE #2

Un hunh. Got any family in the States,  
Tony? Cousins, brother-in-law?

TONY

(a beat)

N O . Nobody. Everybody's dead.

MAN #1

Y'ever been in jail, Tony?

TONY

Me jail? No way.

We now reveal three men in civilian clothing in the dark  
afternoon light of the little room. Actually it's a  
plywood office somewhere in the processing hall and we hear  
the din from the hall over the question and answer. Two of  
the men sit around a desk, the Third Man stands in a corner,  
staring at Tony, the most authoritative-looking of the  
three.

MAN #1

(checking  
off a list)

You been in a mental hospital, Tony?

TONY

(grinning)

Yeah, in the boat coming over.

MAN #1

How 'bout homosexuality, Tony? You.  
like men, y'like to dress up like a  
woman?

TONY

(to Man #2)

Never tried it. What the fuck's wrong  
with this guy, what's he think I am?

(X)

MAN #2

Just answer the questions, Tony.

The voices of the men remain cool and collected throughout.

CONTINUED

6  
and  
7

CONTINUED • 2

6  
anc  
7

TONY

(to Man #1)

Fuck no.

MAN #1

Arrested? Vagrancy? Marijuana?

TONY

N O . . . NO. Never. Nothing.

His eye movements are rapid (over shoulders, sides, doors)  
and he does a lot of touching -- objects -- lightly with the  
tips of the fingers. Man #3 is stepping forward out of the  
shadows.

MAN #3

So where'd you get the beauty scar?

TONY

This?..

(scratching the  
scar, shrugs)I was a kid. You should see the  
other kid.

(a grim chuckle)

MAN #3

And this?

He holds up Tony's hand and indicates the tattoo between the  
thumb and second finger -- a heart with the word "Madre"  
scaled through it.

T O N Y

Oh that was for my sweetheart.

MAN #3

Sweetheart?

(to the  
other men)

We been seeing more and more of these.  
It's some kinda code these guys used  
in the can. Pitchfork means an assassin  
or something. This one's new...You  
want to tell us, Montana or you want to  
take a little trip to the detention  
center?

TONY

Hey, so I was in the can once for  
buying dollars. Big deal.

CONTINUED

6  
and  
7

CONTINUED - 3

6  
an  
7

MAN #3

That's pretty funny, Tony.

TONY

Some Canadian tourist....

MAN #3

What'd you mug him first? Get him  
outta here!

(starts to  
walk out)

TONY

Hey, so I fuck Castro, what's it to  
you? You a Communist or something?  
How would you like it they tell you  
all the time what to think, what to  
do, you wanna be like a sheep, like  
everybody else. Baa baa? Puta! You  
want a stoolie on every block? You  
wanna work eight hours a day and you  
never own nothing? I ate octopus three  
times a day, fucking octopus is coming  
out my ears, fuckin' Russian shoes are  
eating through my feet. Whaddaya want?  
You want me to stay there? Hey, I'm  
no little whore, I'm no stinking thief!  
I'm Tony Montana and I'm a political  
prisoner here from Cuba and I want my  
fucking 'Human Rights' just like  
President Jimmy Carter says, okay?...

Silence. There's a certain eloquence to the man's plea but  
it falls on disbelieving ears. One of them chuckles.

MAN #1

Carter should see this human right.  
He's good. He's very good. What do  
you say Harry?

(X)

MAN #3

(walking out)

I.. 'Freedomtown.' Let them take a  
look at him. A long look.

CONTINUED

6  
and  
7

CONTINUED - 4

6  
and  
7

TONY

Hey, that's okay, too, Harry. No  
hard feelings.

Man #3 at the door stops, looks back.

TONY

Send me here, send me there. This.  
That. Nothing you can do to me  
Harry, Castro didn't do -- nothing....

That taunting smile on Tony's lips as, to the music of the  
immigration theme, we:

DISSOLVE TO

7-A INT. FEDERAL BUS - HOUR LATER

7-P

The bus is packed with the harder-looking refugee-types.  
The windows are caged and we see INS guards. The noise  
level is high, like a sack of monkeys.

Manny (Manolo) Ribera's got his feet up on an empty seat. (X)  
He's big, strong, handsome, with dashing darkly feminine  
eyes -- younger than Tony, and dapper in his cheap clothing.  
He's eating a Baby Ruth candy bar.

MANNY

Seat's taken.

TONY

So I'll sit in your lap.

Tony pushes his feet off, sits. He takes the Baby Ruth out  
of Manny's hand, peels out the bar of chocolate, then  
returns the empty wrapper to Manny.

TONY

So what'd you tell them?

MANNY

I told them what you told me to tell  
them. I told them I was in sani-  
tation in Cuba.

TONY

I didn't tell you sanitation. I told  
you to tell them you was in a sani-  
tarium, not sanitation.

The bus pulling out now.

CONTINUED

7-A CONTINUED

7 - A

MANNY

Is that what you told me?..You didn't  
tell me that.

TONY

You know if you hadn't opened your  
mouth, they woulda thought you were  
a horse. I told you to tell them you  
had TB and was cured.

MANNY

Fuck you Tony....

TONY

You did nothing right. I shoulda left  
you in Cuba.

7-B EXT. MIAMI FROM BUS • ESTABLISHING SHOT

7-B

of Miami as, to the music of the Immigration theme, we:

DISSOLVE TO

8 INT. TONY'S TENT • FREEDOMTOWN • NIGHT (SIX MONTHS LATER)

8

A movie projector...

...the face of Bogart -- unshaven, paranoid. *We're watching*  
a badly damaged 16 mm print of The Treasure of the Sierra  
Madre. It's near the end of the film and he's alone, talking  
to himself just before the bandits get him....

The rag-tag audience is noisily yammering back at the screen,  
the camera moving past Manny Ray, chewing gum, hair slicked,  
eyes in cat-like repose...to Tony, enrapt, eyes like an  
eleven year old, mouth hanging open.

BOGART

Conscience. Conscience. What a thing.  
If you believe you've got a conscience,  
'it'll pester you to death. But if you  
don't believe you've got one, what can  
it do to you? Makes me sick so much  
talking and fussing about nonsense.  
Time to go to sleep.

(closes his eyes  
but not for long)

CUT TO



INT. TENT - LATER **THAT NIGHT**

Tony is moving down 23rd Street, the walk proud and jungle in the rock of the hips and the cast of the shoulders -- now accompanied by his handsome compadre, **Manny**

TONY

That **Bogart, chico, hunh?**

CONTINUED

**MANNY**

**Fucking crazy, hunh!**

**TONY**

That gold dust blowing in the wind.  
Y'see Manny, he's always looking  
over his shoulder. Hunh? Like me....

He hunches, darting **exaggerated looks over his shoulder**, imitating Bogart. **Manny laughs.** In his **black** shirt with zig-zag dots and colors and the baggy pants **and** sunglasses, Tony's starting to look American. He's **even** got himself a **pop** button pinned to his shirt **that says "Fuck Off and Die."** And his English rolls faster off **his** tongue, his confidence more pronounced.

**TONY**

...don't trust **nobody.**

**MANNY**

Yeah **all** that gold, **hunh** -- I guess  
you get 60 crazy **you** never trust no-  
body no more.

**TONY**

**Never** happen to me, **chico.** That's **one**  
thing I never gonna **be.** I never **gonna**  
be crazy like that.

**MANNY**

Yeah, how do you know....

**TONY**

I know.

**MANNY**

I don't know. Sometime6 you **crazy,**  
**too, Tony.**

**TONY**

**Assholes, I go crazy. You Manny, I**  
never go crazy with you. You're  
like my brother, I love you!

**MANNY**

Yeah, sure.

**TONY**

**Hey, c'mon.**

**Tony playfully punches Manny and they walk** on into the  
humid night, intersecting a young punk, Chi-Chi.

CONTINUED

CHI-CHI

(to Manny;  
Spanish)

Hey Manny.

MANNY

Oye Chi-Chi, what's going down.

CHI-CHI

Usual shit. Want some peanuts?  
Pogo's carrying tonight.

MANNY

I don't know, I get all fucked up on  
it....

CHI-CHI

Want some new snatch? A pussycat  
name of Yolanda just rolled onto the  
Boulevard ---

MANNY

Oh yeah, what she look like?

CHI-CHI

She look like you 'cept she got a  
snatch.

MANNY

A real snatch?

CHI-CHI

You're not kidding. It talks.

As they chatter, Tony moves on with a movement of the head  
for Manny. "Later."

He's in the middle of the "Boulevard" where a bustling black  
market in toiletries, clothing, cigarettes, and transves-  
tites is conducted nightly in the harsh glare of barrack  
neon.

He ambles past a bunch of young guys throwing a Frisbee,  
past a "Viva Carter!" proclamation in graffiti....

TRANSVESTITE

(passing)

What about you sugar -- you wanna  
party?

TONY

(passing her)

Yeah with whose cock, honey?

CUT TO

10

EXT. FREEDOMTOWN GROUNDS - NIGHT

10

Tony, five minutes later, in a phone booth, in the middle of a bank of them, dozens of Marielietos pressing to get in, trying still to contact somebody -- anybody -- on the outside.

Tony is dialing, his eyes shifting down to the telephone number written in pencil on the back of a snapshot. As he finishes the number, he flips the snapshot over and we see a young girl, about thirteen years old, dark, tiny, fiery, standing together with a dog and Tony, early twenties, in shadow, the fringes of the photo heavily tattered with handling. Tony stares at it, his mind drifting as the phone *rings* in a distant place. A brief moment of repose we have not yet seen in Tony.

Someone picks up the phone. An older woman's Voice. His expression alters to uncertainty.

VOICE

Yes?..Hello?..Who is this?

Tony changes his mind, hangs up. Pause. The faces of those in line peer in, the next party raps on the door, but Tony ignores it, slips the snapshot back into the wallet in his pants, then at his own pace, exits the phone booth.

He walks a few beats, his eyes pensive. Then recognizes somebody in another phone booth and goes over.

Angel Frenandez has got the face of one, as he argues on the phone, then hangs up, a desolate look on his face, a worn phone book in his hand.

TONY

Angel, how ya doin'?

ANGEL

You know how many goddamn Fernandezes are living in fucking Union City? And I gotta call every fucking one of 'em to find my brother!

TONY

(in passing)

Don't waste your dime, *chico*. You know *your* brother hates you.

ANGEL

Go fuck yourself, Tony.

Manny catches up to Tony.

CONTINUED

10

CONTINUED

10

TONY

Whatcha hanging around with that  
hustler for?

MANNY

Hey Chi-Chi's okay, he hears things,

TONY

What's he hear I don't hear.

Angel comes over, listens.

MANNY

He hears we got problems. Im-  
migration is having these hearings,  
y' know? And they're saying nine  
out of ten of us is gonna get  
shipped back!

TONY

Oh yeah?

MANNY

Yeah. And a lotta shit just went  
down at Indiantown Gap. In  
Pennsylvania. Riots, fires, broken  
heads.. .things are gonna pop here.

TONY

Shit, I coulda told you that.

MANNY

Yeah, so what do you think the  
immigration's gonna do when we  
riot? You think they're gonna let  
us out? They're gonna *throw* away  
the key, that's what.

ANGEL

Oh shit! What's I say. This is  
gonna end bad, muchachos....

TONY

Hey, I tell you guys this isn't Cuba  
here, this is the United States.  
They got nothing but lawyers here.  
We're on the television. We're in  
the newspapers. Whatta they gonna  
do -- ship us back to Cuba? Castro  
-- he don't want us. Nobody no  
place wants us so whatta they gonna  
do -- put us in a gas chamber so all  
the people can see? They're stuck  
with us, chico -- they gotta let us  
go!

CONTINUED

10

CONTINUED - 2

10  
(X)

MANNY

Yeah, well, what if we gotta sit here  
another six months, hunh?

TONY

You worry too much, mi hermano. Like  
the man says, 'when you got 'em by  
the balls, their hearts and minds gonna  
follow' -- hunh?

Tony winks and walks off.

The radio is playing hard rock, something like Blondie or  
Benatar from the stoop of a nearby barrack. Tony loves the  
sound and swings into it, snapping his fingers and rolling  
his hips like Presley. He back-peddles, smiling at Manny  
and Angel.

TONY

(in awful  
imitation)

'Oh yeah America! Love-to love you  
baby, oh yeah!'

CUT TO

11 EXT. PLAYING FIELD - DAY - TWO WEEKS LATER

Camera on Tony shuffling and feinting a soccer ball in an impromptu game; he's covered with sweat, tires a fancy move around a younger kid who not only steals the ball away from him but **manages** to **lay** him flat on his face.

TONY  
(lying there)  
Aw **fuck....**

The game, leaving him behind, shifts downfield.

**MANNY**  
**Oye! Tony! C'mon!**

**Manny**, just arrived **at** the edge of the field, waves him over.

**Tony**, getting up, brushing himself off, walks off the field towards him.

ANGEL  
(at a distance)  
Hey Tony where **ya** going?

TONY  
I got better-things to do.

ANGEL  
Chicken liver, hunh?

TONY  
(to Manny)  
Yeah?

**MANNY**  
(looking around)  
**Let's walk.**

They walk.

**MANNY**  
You ready for the good news, **cono?**

TONY  
Yeah.

**MANNY**  
We can **be** outta here in thirty days.  
Not only **that**. We got **a** green card  
and a job in Miami! Hunh? We're  
made, **chico**, we're made?

TONY  
Yeah, whadda we gotta do, go to  
Cuba and hit the **Beard** or what?

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

12

Angel is walking towards them. Tony signals him.

**MANNY**

(shakes his  
head)

Forget it. Oh yeah -- there's a  
hundred greenbacks in it, For both  
of us.

**TONY**

(enthusiastic)

Hey you're kidding, that's great!  
But **Manny, you** tell your guys Angel  
gets out with us.

As Rebenga, in **long-lensed** closeup, nervously smokes a  
cigarette, eyes roving as the guard examines his papers.

CUT TO

13 MONTAGE - THE RIOT - FREEDOMTOWN - DAY

13

The visuals are swift, dispassionate and documentary-like.  
The refugees storm the barbed wire at the main gate,  
carrying bricks and wooden slats.

**ALL**

(in unison)

Libertad! Libertad!

14 NATIONAL GUARDSMEN AND STATE POLICE

14

form ranks outside.

15 REFUGEES

15

flee through a hole in the fence.

16 GUARDS

16

move on them, wielding clubs.

17 SEVERAL REFUGEES

17

are scooting down a highway.

18 POLICE DOGS

18

on chains are glimpsed.



19 REFUGEES 19  
throw stones and debris from the rooftop of a barrack.

20 REBENGA 20  
a cigarette in his mouth, nervously hurries into a barrack.

21 ANGEL 21  
tracks him, signals....

22 INSIDE - REFUGEES 22  
are pulling apart their beds, going for the wooden slats.  
Others set fire to their mattresses.

23 THE POLICE AND GUARDS 23  
are moving through the gates, restoring order. Loudspeakers  
blast. Injured refugees lie bleeding on the grounds.

24 AN ENTIRE BARRACK 24  
now goes up in flames.

25 INSIDE THE BARRACK 25  
A bewildered Emilio Rebenga grabs his papers and valuables.  
Manny runs up on him.  
Rebenga sees him, senses danger, flees down the aisle with  
his satchel, intersecting other panicked refugees.  
Manny follows.  
Rebenga stumbles into a bed frame, shatters his glasses,  
then runs on. Into the smoke and flame. Out of which  
Scarface now appears -- in his killing wrath.

TONY  
Rebenga!

Rebenga snaps to the sound of the voice.

TONY  
(Spanish)  
From the friends you fucked!

CONTINUED

25

CONTINUED

25

The work is fast. The stiletto punches nine quick holes in his lungs and his heart...And the figure of death is gone.

...And Emilio Rebenga staggers wildly in the smoke, uncomprehending eyes encased in broken glasses Sinking out of frame.

26

EXT. FREEDOMTOWN • DAY

26

The riot is over. The grounds are still, smoke and debris the aftermath.

DISSOLVE TO

2.7

INT. PROCESSING ROOM • DAY • A MONTH LATER

27

An Immigration Officer passes a sheaf of documents across a desk into a pair of hands. The camera gliding along a Green Card pinned to the top of the stack.

It says "ANTHONY MONTANA" and it has picture and stamps. It's official, as the camera moves with triumphant immigration theme music to the face of Mr. Montana examining quite contentedly the rewards of his efforts.

End of montage. Music continues.

DISSOLVE TO

27-A

EXT. DOWNTOWN MIAMI • SUNNY DAY

27-A

The new Miami is rising ubiquitously above Biscayne Bay, the camera moving past blossoming skyscrapers, workmen, huge cranes, glass, mirrors booming upwards into a beautiful blue Florida sky, fleeced with perfectly white clouds...past a giant billboard:

HOW ABOUT A MILLION DOLLAR LOAN?  
COME TALK TO US...  
AT THE BANCO DE MIAMI...  
TODAY!

Past banks of glass (Caribank, Banco de Venezuela, Amerifirst)....

Insert a car sticker going by with the image of the American flag and the reminder: "Will the last American leaving Miami please bring flag?"

Tony and Mannybop along the street in their hand-me-down clothes, oogling the chicas and the bodegas (in a plush modern area of Miami). Boats. Buildings. Cars.

CONTINUED

27-A CONTINUED

27-A

TONY

(looking  
around)Boy -- can you believe this place,  
Chico?

MANNY

(Spanish)

Man, they weren't kidding around.

TONY

(pointing to  
a little old  
man walking  
towards them)

See that old guy over there?

MANNY

Yeah.

TONY

Millionaire.

MANNY

How do you know?

TONY

Go over there. Ask him gimme some  
money. He'll give you the silver  
right outta his pants -- that's  
America man, that's what they do  
here.

MANNY

(almost  
believing)

Yeah? Hey Tony catch this tomato.

(adjusting  
his pants)

Ooooh baby doll...(\*SEE NOTE)

A hot Cuban girl in heels comes down the sidewalk towards  
them with a female friend. (\*SEE NOTE)

TONY

Hey baby what you say? (\*SEE NOTE)

She looks at him like he was the last thing in the world  
she'd say anything to.

CONTINUED

27-A CONTINUED - 2

27-A

Tony waves her off, then changes his mind and runs up behind her and throws up her skirt and peeks at her ass. Before she can react, he hops away laughing as the two Cuban girls ad-lib Spanish expletives at him.

MANNY

Bey that's not cool, man. You wanna score one of these chicks, watch me. Mira!

He wiggles his tongue up and down, fast like a small whirring motor part, then slips it back into his mouth in the flick of an eye.

TONY

...the fuck was #at?

MANNY

You didn't see it? You weren't looking. Hey you gotta watch for it.

Does it again, quickly; it looks like a baby robin's head peeking out of a nest in his teeth, then it's gone.

TONY

What the hell's that for -- eating bugs? That's disgustin'.

MANNY

You think so hunh? Well you don't know shit 'bout chicks chico. When they see this, they know. They go crazy. They don't resist me.

Does it again. Tony tries but lacks the speed and agility, provoking Manny's laughter. Many double checks himself in a shop window.

MANNY

(doing  
it again)

Takes practice, mi sangre, but they just love it when you flop that pussy with it....

TONY

Oooh...cono! How 'bout that one?

Pointing to a tall, cool blonde across the avenue.

MANNY

No problem.

27-B EXT. MIAMI SHOPPING STREET - DAY

27-B

Tony walks right out into the avenue, sticking .out his arm and stopping traffic. Cars honk angrily but he couldn't give a shit.

TONY

Come on?

Manny follows as Tony now moves across the opposite lane, a car screeching to a halt in front of him.

TONY

(points)

Okay Rober Retfor, strut your stuff.

The blonde has paused to look in a shop window.

Manny stops alongside, pretends to look. When he catches her eyes, he flicks his tongue.

She looks at him, confused, then back into the window. Manny look back at Tony, winks, sidles closer to her.

Tony, waiting off to the side, catches the gaze of a somber child, four, toddling along with it's mom. Be makes his own version of a funny face at the kid who looks back at him puzzled. Tony produces another face. The kid now smiles. The mother looks over. Tony shrugs. She smiles and moves along.

Meanwhile, Manny has moved close to the blonde and suggests something, his eyebrows raising, the smile crooked. It takes a moment, then the blonde smacks him across the face and walks away.

Tony walks over to him, mocking.

TONY

Pobre hijo de puta -- you got it all mixed up. This country first you gotta get the money, then you get the power and when you got the power, then you get the women -- and then, chico, you got the world by the balls. Por los conjones.

MANNY

There you go talking big again man. You don't know shit about the world. Who was it got us the green card, who got us the friends with the connections, hunh -- who's getting

CONTINUED

Rev. 1/18/83

27-B CONTINUED

27-B

MANNY (Cont'd)  
us a job? You or me? Not you man.  
You lucky you have any friends. You  
lucky to have me as a friend....

As they walk off, back to camera.

(X)

TONY  
Yeah, so where's this job?

(X)

MANNY  
Don't push men, my friends gonna  
take care of everything.

(X)

CUT TO

(X)

28 LITTLE HAVANA RESTAURANT - LITTLE HAVANA - NIGHT

28

on Southwest 8th Street. "Calle Ocho"....

The parking lot is crammed with Moby Dick-size cars and casual Cubans in sports clothes bunched in conversations around their wheels or at the ice cream stand.

The inside is a brightly lit glitterdome with fancy mirrors and chandelier effects, Spanish in influence, and every table is taken. It combines the social functions of a family restaurant, cafe, tourist haunt and late-night watering hole for various beasts of prey.

The waitresses move like well-oiled troops along the paths to the kitchen, turning the tables at a speedy rate. The camera following past the pots and the pans and the steam and the yelling cooks -- to the deepest, darkest recess of this dungeon....

...To reveal Tony Montana scrubbing grease off the pots and Manny Ray washing a stack of dishes. They're filthy and exhausted. A dish slips through Manny's fingers and crashes to the floor. A look between them suffices to tell us all.

CONTINUED

28

CONTINUED

28

TONY

Your big shot friend better come up with something soon. I didn't come to America to break my fucking back, querido.

MANNY

(equally irritated)

Hey he's coming okay! What do you want?

CUT TO

29

INT./EXT. LITTLE HAVANA RESTAURANT • NIGHT • HOURS LATER

29

we are looking through a cubbyhole at the diners. Young Cuban guys with chiquitas drift in with their fancy clothes, diamonds and -- the mark of status -- large bodyguards. They're out front with the flash, shaking hands with friends, kissing, talking loud, familiar with the waitresses.

Staring through the smeared window enrapt are Tony and Manny, wiping the sweat off their faces *with* towels.

MANNY

Look at that chick man, wow! Look at them knockers.

TONY

Yeah, look at the punk with her. What's he got that I don't got?

MANNY

He's good-looking that's what, look at his clothes, flash chico, pizzaz!... a litte coke money don't hurt nobody....

(X)

TONY

Junkie! -- They got no fuckin' character.

(looks at  
his hands)

Cono! Look at these...fucking onions! They outta be picking gold off the streets.

(X)

His hands are shriveled white from dishwater.

COOK

(Spanish)

Hey you two, outside! You got company. .

CONTINUED

29

CONTINUED

29

MANNY

That's him -- El Mono's here!

TONY

(contemptuous  
of the name)

El Mono? Shit....

CUT TO

30

EXT. PARKING LOT OUTSIDE LITTLE HAVANA RESTAURANT • NIGHT

30'

Omar Suarez (El Mono -- "The Monkey") is so named 'cause he looks like one. Nervous, crooked, darting eyes, feverish intelligence, constantly smoking a cigarette and coughing between words, his face pock-marked and pitted like the moon from an old acne scars, he cuts a skinny figure at the wheel of a big beige Coupe De Ville, idling the motor...with him is Waldo Rojas eating a large foot and a half banana. In contrast he's amiable, heavyset with a receding hairline, flashing a lot of gold when he smiles.

MANNY

(leaning in  
the window)

Hey Omar, Waldo, como esta...my  
friend I told you about. Tony  
Montana.. Omar Suarez, Waldo Rojas....

Waldo mumbles something indistinct, Omar just stares briefly as Tony hangs back, nodding arrogantly. Omar's eyes move back to Manny.

OMAR

I got something for you.

MANNY

Oh yeah! That's great...What do we  
gotta do?

OMAR

We gotta unload a boat -- grass, twenty-  
five tons -- that's what we gotta do.  
You get five hundred each.

(X)

MANNY

Okay!

(to Tony)

See, what'd I tell you.

TONY

You gotta be kidding! Whaddayou  
think we are -- baggage handlers?

CONTINUED



30

CONTINUED

30

Omar looks at him somewhat incredulously as Tony wipes his hands on his greasy apron as he talks.

TONY  
...five hundred dollars -- shit!  
What'd I do for you guys in the  
slammer, hunh? What was the Rebenga  
hit -- game of dominoes or somethin'?  
You're talkin' to important guys  
here.

MANNY  
(shocked)  
Hey Tony, c'mon, it's okay Omar, we....

TONY  
Shaddup!

Omar sniggers, his eyes shifting to Waldo who shakes his head and laughs.

OMAR  
(to Manny only)  
So what's it with this dishwasher,  
chico? Don't he think we coulda  
gotten some other space cadet to do  
Rebenga -- cheaper maybe. Fifty  
bucks?

TONY  
(shrugs)  
So why didn't you? And who the fuck  
you calling a dishwasher, I'll wipe  
*your* monekyshit ass all up and down  
this Boulevard.

Steps forward. Manny grabs him.

MANNY  
Hey! -- Tony, Tony....

In the car, Omar looks over at Waldo.

OMAR  
Guy's a lunatic, let's go.

WALDO  
What about them Indians ---

(X)

The idea crosses Omar's mind, He buys it, somewhat amused.

OMAR  
Yeah.. . .

(X)

CONTINUED

30

CONTINUED - 2

30

OMAR

(back to Tony)

All right, smart **ass**, you wanna make  
**some big bucks?** You know anything  
about cocaine?

TONY

You kidding.

OMAR

...There's a bunch of Columbians.  
Flying in Friday. New guys. **They**  
say they got two keys for us for  
openers. Pure coke. In a motel  
over in Miami **Beach**. I want you  
to go over there, **and if it's**  
what they **say it** is, pay 'em and  
bring it **back**. **You do that, you'll**  
**make** five grand.

(X)

MANNY

(to Tony-)

Hey, that sounds great, Tony....

Tony says nothing.

OMAR

You know how to handle a machine gun?

MANNY

Sure **we was in the** Amy together.

OMAR

You're gonna need a couple other  
guys....

MANNY

No problem.

OMAR

Meet me **at** Hector's **bodega Friday at**  
**noon**. **You** get the money then. Some-  
thing happens **to the money, pobrecito,**  
**and my boss' gonna stick your head**  
**up your asses** faster'n a rabbit gets  
**fucked**.

(X)

Throws the remains of his cigarette **at** their feet and pulls  
the Coupe De **Ville** out of the lot.

CONTINUED

30

CONTINUED 3

TONY

30

I'm scared.

MANNY

(relieved)  
Tony you're pushin' your luck.

CONTINUED

30

CONTINUED. 3

30

TONY

(walking away)

You worry too much Manny -- *you're*  
gonna get yourself a heart attack  
*one* of these days.

(catching)

Yeah, so who are these Columbians?

TONY

So what does it matter?

MANNY

So whatcha have that look on for  
when Omar bring it up?

Tony strips off his greasy apron.

TONY

So nothin'. I just don't like  
fuckin' Columbians that's what.  
They're animals!

COOK

(intersecting,  
Spanish)

Where you greasers going, hunh, I got  
plenty of plates here.

TONY

Wash 'em yourself. I just retired.

Throws the Cook his apron.

COOK

(Spanish)

What the fuck you gonna do!

TONY

Look after my investments.

CUT TO

31

EXT. MIAMI BEACH - DAY - MOVING SHOT

31

The somewhat run-down, art-deco cheaper hotels of South  
Miami Beach. The porches are filled with senior citizens  
playing cards, reading papers, staring, slowly walking the  
street.

The ramshackle sedan, jammed with Tony and his gang,  
rattles past. It's a beaten-up black and blue Monte Carlo,  
jacked up on its springs with dune buggy threads and  
needing paint. You'd arrest these guys on sight.

32

INT./EXT. TONY'S CADILLAC - MIAMI BEACH - DAY

32

seen from the inside of the sedan. Tony turns down the salsa beat on the radio, smoking a cigarette tensely. Driving is Manny. In the delapidated backseat are Angel, the baby-faced punk, and Chi-Chi, both from Freedomtown.

Manny, reflecting the tension, whistles a vapid series of notes under his breath as he waits for a light to change.

MANNY

Hey look at that chick, hunh? Lookit those tits man, she's begging *for* it!

At the curb, an old crone hunchbacks her way in front of the teenage chick, who is coming off the beach in a bikini, blocking her off.

CHI-CHI

(looking over)

Whatta you crazy? She's 103 year6 old.

MANNY

Not her stupido! Her....

Camera revealing the teenager.

TONY

(the light  
changing)

Drive, willya.

MANNY

(mocking)

Sure, sure. Not to worry, Tony -- You get a heart attack.

(looking in  
the rearview  
mirror)

Angel, whatcha wearing the face for?

ANGEL

(tense, making  
light of it)

Ah, it's okay. I just y'know forgot to make an offering. I was supposed to go by the madrina today.

MANNY

You still going to that cuncha?

(X)

CONTINUED

32

CONTINUED

32

ANGEL

She knows her shit. She talks to Yemaya and Chango like nobody y'vever heard.

As he talks, Angel fingers a Negrita charm hanging around his neck -- Chango, Cod of Fire and Thunder, his black face tilted at a carnal angle. Sharp teeth glinting, his eyes rolling in orgasmic imagery, his head crowned with gold. Many of the Marielitos in the film will be wearing this, also pendants with an eye to ward off the evil spirits, red and white beads, red kerchiefs, black hand charms, silver-bangled bracelets, etc., all relating to their Afro-Catholic spiritualism. (X)

MANNY

(making fun)

Yeah, Chango looking out for us, Angel?

ANGEL

Chango looking out for all the 'bandidos' everywhere. But you gotta pay him his dues, y'know. You gotta let him know you respect him. You don't, Chango -- he gets pissed an'....

TONY

(angry)

Hey, shaddup -- all of ya! I told you before I don't go for that mystical voodoo shit. That's for the old cunchas waving their rooster cocks in some dark alley, There's no gods, there's no Chango -- nowhere! You make your own luck. So shaddup and act like you're in the United States here. (X)

Silence. Through the windshield, the sign of a motel -- THE SUN RAY -- is coming closer. (X)

TONY

Okay, this is it. Pull over across the street.

The motel is coming closer in silence.

TONY

(to Manny)

Money stays in the trunk till I come out and get it. Me. Nobody else. If I'm not out in fifteen minutes, something's wrong. I'm in Room 9. You ready, Angelito?

CONTINUED

32

CONTINUED • 2

3:

ANGEL

Sure thing.

As Manny pulls the car up, they pull out Ingram Model-10 machine pistol with folding butt and suppressor, ten inches of kill power capable of firing 1100 rounds a minute -- it can be slipped into a man's purse, it's in vogue. Tony getting out, to Angel:

TONY

Let's go....

CUT TO

33

EXT. SUN-RAY MOTEL • DAY

33

Tony and Angel come slowly, gingerly down an exterior corridor to a room marked "9". Nodding to Angel who remains in the stairwell with the Ingram machine pistol, Tony knocks. Pause.

(X)

34

EXT. TOAD'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

34

The door's opened casually by an ugly, squat five-foot-four-inch Columbian, "The Toad". He's in his forties, sports shirt hanging over his polyester pants, old acne scars on his face, like Omar; he's good-natured, a nice guy, he smiles.

TOAD

Hey, oye amigo....

Spreading his arms in such a fashion to indicate he's clean.

35

INT. TOAD'S MOTEL ROOM • DAY

35

Tony, stepping into the conventionally tasteless orange and blue motel room (with heavy blue drapes blocking the windows), spreads his hands in a similar posture indicating he too is not carrying; but this is only symbolic, it's not meant to be a body search.

TONY

(as he steps in)  
How you doing amigo...?

The other person in the room is a tough-looking little dark Columbian chick with expressionless eyes, red fingernails, and short boy-cut hair, "The Lizard"; she's tinier than the Toad, about five-two.

The Toad looks around the corridor, eases the door closed.

TONY

(checking out  
the room)  
Mind leaving the door open so my  
brothers know everything's okay...  
okay?

Toad shrugs and readjusts, leaving it open a few inches, the conversation clipped and nervous throughout the scene.

TOAD

Sure, no problem... This is Marta.

CONTINUED



35

CONTINUED

35

TONY

Hello, **Marta.**

She nods woodenly, stays **across** the room. Behind her, the television set is on to the Cable Newswatch. The protagonists intermittently flick their eyes to it, soothing the tension.

TOAD

I'm Hector....

**Pause.**

TONY

Yeah. **I'm Tony. So Omar says you're okay.**

TOAD

**Yeah, Omar's okay.**

TONY

**You know Omar.**

TOAD

**Omar, yeah, I talk to him on the phone.**

TONY

**Okay....**

TOAD

**Okay... so you got the money?**

TONY

Yeah, you got the stuff?

TOAD

Sure I got the stuff, but I don't **got it right here with me. I got it close by.**

TONY

Yeah well I don't got it either, I got it close by, too.

TOAD

**Where, in the parking lot?**

TONY

No. How far's your stuff?

**Tony paces back towards, the door casually, to check Angel out...The Lizard staring at him.**

CONTINUED

35

CONTINUED • 2

35

TOAD

Not far.

Pause. Everthing seems okay.

TONY

So what do we do, walk in and start over?

TOAD

(change6 subject)  
Where you from?

Tony's eyes check out the bathroom.

TONY

What fuckin' difference does **it** make where I'm from?

TOAD

I like to get to know who I do business with.

It's like he's stalling for time. The Lizard has made a move somewhere off-center and is now sitting on the bed, coiled and always watching.

TONY

You get to know me when you start doing business and not **fucking** around, Hector.

TOAD

Hey I'm just a friendly guy, maybe you don't....

TONY

**Okay**, what's the stall here? **Your** guy late **or** something?

36

INT. TOAD'S MOTEL ROOM • DAY

36

There's suddenly **a** door slamming somewhere outside, then commotion.

ANGEL

Tony!

**Tony goes** for his cheap handgun **when he hears a** frightening female shriek, like a bird.

CONTINUED

3 6 CONTINUED

36

LIZARD

(slang Spanish)

Don't! Get up! Now shithead!

She's standing there with a .32 pointed steady at him, the eyes like angry steel. There's no mistaking her ability to shoot.

The Toad pulls a 9mm out of the small of his back, approaches Tony.

Angel is shoved into the room, followed by two more Columbians, "The Kids". They slam the door, both carrying Uzis with silencers, neither of them higher than five-four or older than twenty, with their straight black Indian hair cut across their blank eyes, they look like hungry little pirranha careless about killing, muttering with the Lizard in fast Columbase slang. (X)

As Toad strips the handgun from Tony:

TONY

Frog face, you just fucked up. You steal from me, you're dead.

Toad shrugs, he couldn't care less.

TOAD

Yeah, okay, you gonna give me the cash or am I gonna kill your brother first? 'Fore I kill you?

TONY

Try sticking your head up your ass. See if it fits.

Toad, completing the body search, rips out the stiletto taped to the small of Tony's back. As he mutters something in hard Columbian slang to the two kids who shove Angel into the bathroom, producing strands of thick rope.

Even more worrisome is the chainsaw that the Lizard now pull6 out of the suitcase under the bed. Toad begin6 assembling it as Lizard, still covering Tony with her gun, completes the deadpan process by turning up the volume on the television set. The news, not 50 ironically in Miami, is about a drug-related triple-homicide.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. SUN-RAY MOTEL • DAY

37

Chi-Chi sitting at the wheel of the sedan, parked across the street.

Manny paces outside the car, glances.

38 EXT. SUN-RAY MOTEL - DAY

38

A small woman -- the Lizard -- steps out in shadow in the parking lot of the Sun-Ray across the street, looks around, sees nothing, casually goes back in.

39 EXT. SUN-RAY MOTEL - DAY

39

Manny looks at his watch.

CUT TO

40 INT. TOAD'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

40

Angel hangs suspended on the ropes from the top of the shower curtain bar, his legs straddling the edge of the bathtub. Toad slaps a tape over his mouth.

Tony, covered by the two kids, watches from the lip of the bathroom. He bucks angrily but the two kids ram their pistols up against his temple and pin him to the door.

Angel looks at Tony; the eyes between them steady. They're dead and they know it.

Toad, well-prepared, connects a voltage adapter and extension cord.

TOAD

(to Tony)

You watch what happens to *your* friend okay? If you don't want this to happen to you, you get the money.

Lizard reenters the room, shakes her head at the Toad who nods and turns on the whirring machine.

The Toad smiles amiably and angles the chainsaw slowly towards Angel.

The two kids press tight against Tony, guns pointed at his brains...o.c. we know what's happening as we hear the chainsaw and we watch Tony's shock and rage.

Lizard has *no* expression on her face. The machine cuts off.

The Toad steps back from the tub, blood splattered *on* his shirt, examining his first cut like a butcher. He glances at Tony.

TOAD

Now the leg, *hunh?*

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED 40

A brief glimpse of Angel slumped by one arm like a cow on a strap, streaming blood, eyes conscious and horrified; a terrifying sight. The chainsaw whirrs once more.

CUT TO

41 EXT. SUN-RAY MOTEL. DAY 41

Manny, definitely suspecting something now, moves with Chi-Chi across the parking lot of the Sun-Ray Motel. They signal and separate.

CUT TO

42 INT. TOAD'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY 42

The Toad turns off the chainsaw and steps back, now drenched with Angel's blood, totally unaffected. He looks at Tony.

Tony glances back at him with fury, tears involuntarily dotting his eyes.

TOAD  
Okay, my 'caracortada', you can die too. Makes no difference to me.

He nods. The kids shove Tony forward and we glimpse Angel lying hunkered at his feet in the bathtub, in the steam of his blood, piss dead.

CUT TO

43 EXT. SUN-RAY MOTEL - DAY 43

Manny moves crouched down the exterior corridor, Ingram pistol in hand, past an older couple who pretend not to notice.

At the door of Room 9, Manny waits, listens....

CUT TO

4 4 INT. TOAD'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY 44

The kids are starting to strap Tony up to the top of the shower.

The Lizard watches from the lip of the bathroom, impassively.

TOAD  
Last chance, carajo?

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED

Tony, devastated, spits in his face.

TONY

Go fuck yourself.

Toad's eyes narrow meanly.

Kid one slaps the tape across Tony's mouth.

Kid two reaches up to tighten the overhead strap to Tony's wrist.

The Toad turns on his chainsaw when suddenly there's a gunshot from the hall.

45 INT./EXT. TOAD'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

45

and the door smashes open and Manny barrels through and shoots a surprised Lizard as she raises her pistol. She crashes backwards into the room, wounded. Everything happens very fast now.

Manny is at the lip of the bathroom, he fires and hits kid one, who is turning, in the neck.

Tony, not tied up yet, spins on kid two and smashes the unloosened strap across his face, sending him reeling across the bathroom.

The Toad, chainsaw in hand, slashes at Manny.

Manny fires a burst into him and the Toad crashes backwards.

Manny now spins into a wall, hit in the side.

The Lizard, wounded on her knees, is firing her .32 at him. In b.g., the window simultaneously blows out as Chi-Chi appears firing a burst with his Ingram.

In sharp f.g., the Lizard crumples forward on her knees, foaming blood.

Tony, with the tape still stuck across his mouth, smashes kid two, pinned against the blood-stained sink, with the stock of his own Ingram.

In the midst of this, the Toad jumps up, wounded but with hysterical strength, he tears out the motel room door gripping the whirring chainsaw in a reflex action.

CONTINUED

45

CONTINUED

45

Chi-Chi climbing through the window fires at him.

Meanwhile, kid two, with a rattlesnake life in him, produces a knife out of nowhere, just missing Tony's gut by a half-second as Tony dances back, getting a grip on the machine pistol.

He blows kid two away point-blank, putting another ten craters in the mirror of the now-wrecked motel room.

Tony, yelling, whirls after the Toad.

TONY

I got him!

Manny, holding his side, empties his pistol on kid one who is still twitching.

Chi-Chi sees Angel, gags.

CUT TO

46

EXT. SUN-RAY MOTEL • DAY

46

The senior citizens, playing Mah-Jorigg on the porch, mutter in astonishment.

As the Toad staggers out into the parking lot, blood flying, chainsaw in hand, moving like a jerky chicken.

Their eyes follow.

As Tony comes out, walking after him deliberately, eyes set in cold fury, machine gun swinging loosely at his side. There's no rush, no fear of the police, getting even is all that counts. He stands behind the Toad.

TONY

(Spanish)

Your'turn, cabron!...

The Toad whips around to the voice, eyes stark with terror.

Tony empties the clip into the Toad, blowing him apart.

The bystanders just stare, stunned by the ferocity. Then an old lady faints.

The Toad's body lying awkwardly arched in the gutter, Tony turns and with a passing disinterested glimpse at his audience, calmly walks back into the motel; the distance and the light sufficient to conceal Tony's possible identification.

CUT TO

47

EXT. SUN-RAY MOTEL • DAY

47

Tony intersects Manny, holding his side, with Chi-Chi.

TONY

Manny, you okay?

Manny nods.

TONY

Chi-Chi, get the car. Fast!

CHI-CHI

Si!

(X)

48

INT. TOAD'S MOTEL ROOM

48

Tony strides into the shambles of Room 9, past the bodies and busted furniture to the suitcase on the bed from which the Lizard pulled the chainsaw. The TV news still plays in the corner.

Inside are several kilo-sized stacks of cocaine.

He shuts the suitcase, exits, stops, looks in the bathroom at the corpse of Angel o.c. He goes, stoops, brings Angel's Chango charm into our view, fingers it, tosses it back in the tub. He goes.

CUT TO

49

EXT. SUN-RAY MOTEL • DAY

49

Chi-Chi has the sedan waiting in the parking lot. Tony hurries out, jumps in, the car speeding off. (Pisalo hasta la tabla -- Step on it.) (X)

Past the senior citizens who are retreating inside their rooms.

The camera swinging to hold on the blue and black Monte Carlo disappearing into the traffic of the Strip as two cop cars come screaming past them from the opposite direction.

CUT TO

50

EXT. LITTLE HAVANA RESTAURANT - PHONE BOOTH - DUSK

50

The booth is in the busy parking lot, Tony on the phone, Chi-Chi and Manny wait in the sedan.

TONY

Yeah, bunch of cowboys!...somebody  
fucked up Omar.

CONTINUED



50

CONTINUED

50

OMAR'S VOICE

(shaken)

Look, let me check it out right away!

TONY

You do that, Omar, you do that.

OMAR'S VOICE

You got the money?

TONY

Yeah -- and I got the yeyo.

OMAR'S VOICE

You got the yeyo? Bring it here.

TONY

Fuck you. I'm taking it to the boss myself. Not you. Me.

OMAR'S VOICE

Okay, okay. All right. Frank's gonna wanna see you anyway. Look, meet me tonight at Hector's at eight.

TONY

Hey Omar....

OMAR'S VOICE

Yeah?

TONY

That was some pick up you sent us on.

Pause.

OMAR'S VOICE

What's that mean?

Tony hangs up, walks back to the sedan.

CUT TO

51

EXT. LOPEZ CONDO - SOUTH MIAMI - NIGHT

51

on Bricknell Avenue in a swank high-rise district adjacent Coconut Grove and Coral Gables, the hub of South Miami....

The doorman shows Omar, Manny, his side bandaged, and Tony, carrying the suitcase, through giant glass portals, past seriously armed security cops in the lobby.

52

INT. LOPEZ CONDO • NIGHT

52

A deluxe apartment with the latest in electronic security and surveillance, and a profusion of mirrors and luxury items... and a hefty, Indian-looking bodyguard (Ernie), eyes quietly trained like a Doberman pinscher.

The boss, Frank Lopez, comes down a carpeted corridor, dressed for dinner in an expensive suit and shoes, somewhat preoccupied as he greets Tony, then Manny with a phony effusion of warmth. He's of Cuban-Jewish extraction, now Americanized in a rough and handsome sort of way, on the heavy side, the face going slightly soft, but the eyes and bulk carrying an odor of danger about him.

LOPEZ

How ya doing, Tony? Glad to meet you. How 'bout a drink?

TONY

Mr. Lopez... real pleasure.

LOPEZ

Call me Frank, Tony. Everybody calls me Frank. My Little League team, even the prosecutors 'round town, they all call me Frank.

TONY

Okay Frank.

Frank shakes hands with Manny.

LOPEZ

Howya doing?

MANNY

(awed)

Fine yeah.

TONY

Manny Ray, he was with us on the job.

LOPEZ

(to Manny)

I hear you caught one?

(X)

Manny shrugs, works his arm, showing us the wound doesn't bother him too much.

(X)

CONTINUED

52

CONTINUED

MANNY

52  
(X)

Just the flesh. Went right through.

LOPEZ

(X)

(heading  
the bar)  
Yeah, Omar here tells me good thing  
about you boys.

CONTINUED

TONY

(glances  
at Omar)

Yeah. Omar's terrific.

LOPEZ

Not to mention of course the nice  
job you guys did for me on that  
Commie sonufabitch Emilio Rebenga.

TONY

You don't have to mention it. That  
was fun.

LOPEZ

(smiles, likes  
the kid's balls)

Scotch? Gin? Rum?

TONY

Gin's fine.

LOPEZ

(pouring)

Yeah, I need a guy with steel in his  
balls. I need him close to me, a  
guy like you Tony -- and your  
compadre here.

TONY

Yeah.. .well.

Still a little overwhelmed by the opulence of the place,  
his clothes feeling narrow and cheap on him, Tony steps  
forward and puts the suitcase up on the bar with the gin,  
which Lopez passes to him, eyeing the suitcase.

TONY

...that's it. That's the two keys.  
Angel died 'cause of this shit. And  
here's the money.

(produces  
the money)

It's my gift to you -- from me.

(X)

Pause. Lopez shakes his head, sighs.

LOPEZ

It's too bad about your friend, Tony,  
if people'd do business the right way,  
there'd be no fuckups like this....

He glances hard at Omar who squirms.

CONTINUED

52

CONTINUED - 2

52

Without opening it, Lopez signals the bodyguard who takes the suitcase and the money from under Tony's nose.

LOPEZ

Don't think I don't appreciate this gesture, Tony. You find in this business, you stay loyal you move up and you move up fast. Salud!

They drink the toast. With their eyes.

LOPEZ

Then you find out your biggest headache's not bringing in the stuff but figuring out what to do with all the goddamn cash.

(drinks)

TONY

Yeah, I hope I have that problem some day.

Lopez looks, distracted., down the corridor from which he came, to Ernie, the bodyguard.

LOPEZ

Where the hell's Elvira? Go get her, will you, Ernie?

The big bodyguard exits smoothly.

LOPEZ

(to the others)

The broad spends half her life dressing, the other half undressing.

TONY

I guess you gotta catch her in the middle, hunh?

Lopez laughs.

LOPEZ

Yeah. When she's not looking.- What do you say guys, to a little food?

(finishes his  
drink at his  
impatient pace)

TONY

Yeah sure, I could eat a horse.

ERNIE

Here she comes, Mr. Lopez.

(X)

looks up, his eyes tumbling on the most beautiful blonde he's ever seen. The lady, is coming down the glassed-in elevator, adjusting her \$10,000 Yves St. Laurent burgundy dinner dress.

ALTERNATIVE

LOPEZ

Oooh sweetheart, you look  
like a millions bucks.

LOPEZ

Where you been baby, it's  
ten o'clock, I'm hungry.

She doesn't answer, her eyes  
flicking disinterestedly  
over Tony and Manny, knowing  
what the evening's going to  
be and not too happy about  
it.

ELVIRA

You're always hungry, you  
should try starving.

Lopez laughs.

LOPEZ

I want you to meet a friend of mine.  
Tony Montana...Elvira...Manny Ribera.

ELVIRA

Hello.

TONY

Uh...hi.

MANNY

(equally  
impressed)

Yeah, hi.

ELVIRA

I assume we're going to be a fivesome.  
Where are we having dinner?

FRANK

Oh, I thought we'd eat at the  
Babylon.

ELVIRA

Again? If anyone wanted to assassinate  
you, you wouldn't be too hard to find.

FRANK

(coming toward  
her, laughing)

Me? Who'd want to kill me? I got  
nothing but friends.

CONTINUED

53

CONTINUED

53

ELVIRA

You never know, do you? Maybe the  
catcher on your Little League team.

Neatly avoiding his intended smooch, she slips by him  
towards the door, her throat flashing a \$20,000 strip of  
jewelry.

(X)

ELVIRA

Come on, Frank, let's go.

Tracking a cool, polished hauteur, she exits the apartment.

Lopez, after a pause, snaps at his men.

LOPEZ

Okay, let's go.

CUT TO

54

EXT. THE BABYLON CLUB - NIGHT

54

We know this is no workingman's dive when Lopez piles them  
out of his Rolls, and the carhops are moving Bugattis,  
Lamberghinis and Corniches in a long snaking line down the  
driveway. Single girls in high-collared silver lame  
jumpsuits with cinched waists, prowl like big glistening  
tents back and forth across the entry doors, rich young  
coiffed playboys in their Porsches honking their horns in  
appreciation. Brain drain.

55

INT. BABYLON CLUB - NIGHT

55

The interior is built like three or four plush apartments  
that run together on three separate levels with imaginative  
angles, mirrors, swimming pool, bars, twenty-piece band,  
hundreds of tropical plants, dance floor, video games,  
computers and a restaurant. It's a lavish fun spot that  
will play a central role in the film, a drug dealer haven  
and nighttime capital of South America.

The crowd, a combination of Caucasian and Latin, is mostly  
young, rich and happy and a lot of them coked; the girls,  
upperclass in sleek dresses, trim figures, heels, hats,  
sensuous bodies, yell as they dance to a black American  
music beat, "Celebrating" or "Partying Down Tonight"....

CONTINUED

55

CONTINUED

55

The waitresses, mostly blondes, wear little coco channel hats pinned to their heads and the barest pants with hose and high heels.

Rich young guys with a lot of gold and diamonds on their necks and hands huddle briefly in groups or chat.

Down at the vid games are younger chicks in jeans and tough-looking tank tops with "Motherfuckah" and "Fuck Me" written on them. Manny's coming from the toilets, tries to pick one of them up.

MANNY

So whaddaya say, hunh?

He flashes his tongue. She looks at him, amused.

CHICK

You got a buck?

MANNY

Sure I got a buck, whaddaya think I am, poor?

CHICK

(indicates  
the machine)

Put it in, let's play.

MANNY

I-had other things in mind.

CHICK

You check out on this and we'll talk about other things.

MANNY

(looks off,  
concerned, then  
confronts the  
complex machine)

Puck, how do you play this thing?

CUT TO

56

INT. BABYLON CLUB

56

Frank Lopez, intoxicated, takes his heart pill with a slug of champagne. He sits next to Tony, who is agog at all this wealth. Omar and Ernie look on. Elvira is in conversation with a girl friend who has stopped by. They're sitting at the best table in the place, finishing up a giant meal. The empty spot belongs to Manny.

CONTINUED



LOPEZ

(to Tony)

...Over there that's Ronnie Echeverria.  
Him and his brother Miguel they got  
a big distribution set-up here to  
Houston and Tucson....

Their point of view -- Ronnie Echevarria, powerful, competent-  
looking man in conversation with a party of people.

LOPEZ

That guy there, in the purple shirt --  
Gaspar Gomez. Bad news. Stone killer  
there ever was one. Stay away.

Their point of view -- Gaspar Gomez at a table with another  
guy and gorgeous woman.

LOPEZ

...the fat guy, with the chicas is  
Nacho Contreras -- El Gordo. Wouldn't  
know it to look at him but he's got  
more cash than anybody in here. A  
real haza....

Their point of view -- El Gordo is fat, dressed like a cheap  
slob and playing up to a bunch of chicas.

LOPEZ

. . .you know what a haza is, Tony?

TONY

'Haza'? No Frank, what's a haza?

LOPEZ

It's Yiddish for pig. It's a guy he's  
got more'n what he needs, so he don't  
fly straight anymore, y'know. That's  
the problem in this business, Tony,  
there's too many 'hazas' and they're  
the ones you got to watch out for. If  
they can fuck you outta an extra dime,  
they'll rip you and flip you and then  
fuck you with a stick for the pure  
pleasure of it. See it all comes down  
to one thing, Tony boy, never forget  
it! Lesson number one -- don't under-  
estimate the other guy's greed.

ELVIRA

Lesson number two -- don't get high  
on your own supply.

CONTINUED

56

CONTINUED - 2

56

The girl friend has departed and Elvira turns her attention back to them, bored.

LOPEZ

That's right. Course not everybody follows the rules.

(eyeing  
Elvira)

HEAD WAITER

There you go, Mr. Lopez.

He's popped the champagne cork and pours Dom Perignon for Lopez.

LOPEZ

(sipping)

This the '64?

Head Waiter nods.

LOPEZ

Give it to everybody and bring another, willya Jack?

(to Tony)

Five hundred fifty dollars for this bottle Tony, what do you think of that, hunh? For a bunch of fucking grapes -- isn't that something?

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED - 2

56

ELVIA

(to Tony)

In France, it cost \$100 but don't  
tell anybody in Miami.

Tony catches her eye. She looks away, interested.

57 INT. BABYLON CLUB - NIGHT

57

A Man passes the table. Lopez calls out.

LOPEZ

Hey, George -- buddy.

MAN

Hey, Frank...how's the case coming?

The Man's eyes thread the table. He looks sharp, heavy-lidded, cigarette-eyed, his voice a hoarse croak, a cigarette dangling from his mouth, his manner cool but amicable with Lopez. This is George Sheffield, Miami lawyer.

LOPEZ

Oy, I shoulda come to you 'stead of  
that putz, Neufeld.

SHEFFIELD

Jack's a good lawyer. I taught him  
everything he knows.

LOPEZ

Yeah, almost everything.

SHEFFIELD

(to Elvira)

Elvira, you look terrific...

(to all)

Enjoy yourselves.

He ambles off.

LOPEZ

...best goddamn lawyer in Miami.  
Cost a brick to pick up a phone.

Tony looking off at him, remembering it.

LOPEZ

(raising his

champagne glass)

so...here's to old friends...and new  
friends.

CONTINUED .

57

CONTINUED

57

They toast, Tony tasting it like it was Holy Water.

LOPEZ

Well, Tony?

TONY

Hey, yeah, you're not kidding, this is good stuff, Frank.

Lopez laughs, likes the kid, tweaks him on the check.

LOPEZ

(checking  
Tony's threads)

Yeah, get you some new clothes, some \$500 suits, you'll look real sharp. I'd like you and your boys to handle some stuff for me, Tony, work with Omar here. We're doing something big next month. Running a string of mules out of Columbia. You do good on that, there'll be other things.

Omar doesn't like it but glances away.

TONY

Hey, that sounds like fun, Frank.  
Thanks.

The music shifts to slow dancing.

ELVIRA

(waving away  
cigar smoke)

SO, you want to dance, Frank or you want to sit here and have a heart attack?

LOPEZ

Me dance? I'd rather have a heart attack.

CONTINUED

(X  
(X

57 CONTINUED • 2

57

ELVIRA

(rising)

Don't foam into the Dom Perignon.

Glancing at Omar, sitting there obediently. Her eyes say forget it.

ELVIRA

(to Tony)

How about you?

Tony nods sure, looks at his boss.

LOPEZ

(waves)

Go on!

They go.

58 INT. BABYLON CLUB • NIGHT

58

It's interesting to watch Tony walk to the floor, leading Elvira. It's not so much an act of walking as it is an act of war, a tank bouncing anything or anybody off that gets in the way. He just proceeds in a straight dead line, eyes forward. It's not that he doesn't see the people he bumps off, it's that he couldn't care less.

LOPEZ

(to Omar)

What do you think?

OMAR

I think he's a fucking peasant.

LOPEZ

Yeah -- but you get guys like that on your side, they break their backs for you.

CUT TO

59 INT. BABYLON CLUB DANCE FLOOR • NIGHT

59

Tony and Elvira are dancing semiclose to a slow Billy Joel dance tune. He's no great shakes as a dancer, leaden in the legs and shoulders.

TONY

...so what's your name, Elvira what?

CONTINUED

59

CONTINUED

59

ELVIRA

St. James.

TONY

Elvira St. James. Sounds like a nun  
or something. So where you from?

He bumps into an elderly couple dancing, ignores them.

ELVIRA

Baltimore....

TONY

Baltimore? Where's that?

ELVIRA

Look, it doesn't really matter. I'm  
getting a headache.

TONY

Just trying to be friendly.

ELVIRA

I've got enough friends -- and I don't  
need another one, 'specially one who  
just got off the banana boat.

He makes a point of looking at her.

TONY

Hey, I didn't come over on no banana  
boat. I'm a political refugee here.

ELVIRA

Oh, part of the Cuban crime wave?

Tony, pissed, bangs once more into the elderly couple.  
The man stops dancing, looks at him exasperated but Tony  
doesn't see.

TONY

Whatta you talking crazy for,  
whatsa matter with you?

ELVIRA

(interrupting)

..Im sorry. I didn't know you  
were so sensitive about your diplo-  
matic status.

CONTINUED

59

CONTINUED - 2

59

TONY

...Why you got this beef against the world? You got a nice face, you got great legs, you got the fancy clothes and you got this look in your eyes like you haven't been fucked good in a year. What's the problem, baby?

Elvira laughs at him, furious.

ELVIRA

You know you're even stupider than you look. Let me give you a crash course, Jose whatever your name is, so you know what you're doing around here.

TONY

(interrupting)

Now you're talking to me, baby!

ELVIRA

First who, where, why and how I fuck is none of your business, second don't call me 'baby,' I'm not your baby and last, even if I was blind, desperate, starved and begging for it on a desert island, you'd be the last thing I'd ever fuck. You got the picture now -- so fuck off.

TONY

Hey, thataway.

She whips off the floor, pissed. He watches her, amused.

CUT TO

60  
thru  
62

OMITTED

60  
thru  
62

63 INT. CAR-DAWN

63  
(X)

Tony and Manny drive home in the broken down Monte Carlo sedan through the streets of Little Havana.

They've been partying all night, clothes rumpled, Tony smoking his cigar, feeling good.

(X)

TONY

That chick he's with...she loves me.

MANNY

(driving)

Oh yeah, how you know that?

TONY

The eyes, Manny -- they don't lie.

MANNY

You're serious? Tony, that's Lopez 's lady. He'll kill us.

TONY

What are you kidding -- he's soft.  
I seen it in his face -- booze and a cuncha tells him what to do.

Pause.

63-A  
and  
64

OMITTED

63-A  
and  
64  
(X)

CUT TO

65 EXT. TONY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE • SOUTHWEST MIAMI • LATE DAY

65

The house, bathed by a torpid setting sun amicable to lizards and Spanish moss, sits undistinguished and without shielding trees in the midst of a lower middle class neighborhood with look-alike yards and streets without people.

66 INT. TONY'S CADILLAC SEDAN • SIMULTANEOUS DAY

66

From his battered Monte Carlo across the curb, Tony, spruced up and nervous in a new suit, gets out carrying a bag of gifts. Manny is at the wheel, curious.

TONY

Be back in an hour okay.

CONTINUED



EXT. DOWNTOWN MIAMI - SUNNY DAY - TWO MONTHS LATER

The new Miami is rising ubiquitously<sup>4</sup> above Biscayne Bay, the camera moving past blossoming skyscrapers, workmen, huge cranes, glass, mirrors booming upwards into a beautiful blue Florida sky, fleeced with perfectly white clouds...past a giant billboard:---

HOW ABOUT A MILLION DOLLAR LOAN?

COME TALK TO US...

AT THE BANCO DE MIAMI...

TODAY!

Past banks of glass (Caribank, Banco de Venezuela, Amerifirst)...

Insert a car sticker going by with the image of the American flag and the reminder: "Will the last American leaving Miami please bring the flag?"

Tony and Manny, on a shopping spree, bop along an incredibly luxurious shopping mall lined with the latest stores, fashions, escalators, music, tropical plants, etc -- a warm womb-like plastic heaven.

TONY

...I shoulda been here 10 years ago man. This town's like a fig pussy dyin' to get fucked. Paradise, man, paradise! I coulda been a millionaire now. Get my own golf course, a boat...

MANNY

I want a line of bluejeans with my name on the chicks' asses.

TONY

...yeah we gotta make some moves on our own Manny, we never gonna score the Big Money working for Frank.

MANNY

Frank's okay.

TONY

Yeah -- cause he buys you a suit? You thinkin' like a chickenhead again

MANNY

Frank's got a n organization

T O W

Organization? I got more brains than Omar and he's bigger than me. That's not an organization. That's a disorganization. What do you do for a brain man? Piss in it?

MANNY

Fuck you, somebody oughta shoot you, put you outta your misery

(seeing something)

Hey catch this tomato

Catching the eye of one of two young Girls passing, Manny primps for them.

MANNY

Ooooh baby doll \* (SEE NOTES)

TONY

Yeah, what do you girls say? you wanna have some ice cream with us somewhere?

They glance at Tony and Manny and hurry on.

Tony waves her off, then changes his mind and runs up behind her and throws up her skirt and peeks at her ass. Before she can react, he hops away laughing as the two Cuban girls ad-lib Spanish expletives at him.

MANNY

Hey that's not cool, man. You wanna score one of these chicks, watch me. Mira!

He wiggles his tongue up and down, fast like a small whirring motor part, then slips it back into his mouth in the flick of an eye.

TONY

...the fuck was that?

MANNY

You didn't see it? You weren't looking. Hey you gotta watch for it.

Does it again, quickly; it looks like a baby robin's head peeking out of a nest in his teeth, then it's gone.

TONY

What the hell's that for -- eating bugs? That's disgustin'.

MANNY

You think so hunh? Well you did know shit 'bout chicks chico. When they see this, they know. They g o crazy. They don't resist me.

Does it again. Tony tries but lacks the speed and agility, provoking Manny's laughter. Manny double checks himself in a shop window.

MANNY

(doing  
it again)

Takes practice, mi sangre, but they  
just love it when you flop that  
pussy with it....

TONY

Oooh...cono! How 'bout that one?

Pointing to a tall, cool blonde across the avenue.

MANNY

No problem.

EXT.. MIAMI SHOPPING STREET - DAY.

Tony walks right out into the- avenue, sticking out his arm and stopping traffic. Cars honk angrily but he couldn't give a shit.

TONY

Come on!

Manny *follows* as Tony now moves across the opposite lane, a car screeching to a halt in front of him.

TONY

(points)

Okay Rober Retfor, strut your stuff.

The blonde has paused to look in a shop window.

Nanny stops alongside, pretends to look. When Se catches her eyes, he flicks his tongue.

She looks at him, confused, then back into the window. Manny looks back at Tony, winks, sidles closer to her.

Tony, waiting off to the side, catches the gaze of a somber child, four, toddling along with it's mom. He makes his own version of a funny face at the kid who looks back at him puzzled. Tony produces another face. The kid now smiles. The mother looks over. Tony shrugs. She smiles and moves along.

Meanwhile, Manny has moved close to the blonde and suggests something, his eyebrows raising, the smile crooked. It takes a moment, then the blonde smacks him across the face and walks away.

Tony walks up to him, mocking.

TONY

I'm telling you man you got it- all mixed up. This country first you gotta get the money; then you get the power, and when you got the power, then you get the women -- then, chico, you got the world by the balls. Por los cojones!

MANNY

Hey Tony, last time this year you was in a fuckin' cage in Cuba. Why don't you take it easy chico, slow down, one step at a time, be happy what you got you know? You get on your death bed you look around you think to yourself 'when was I ever happy?'

Camera moving with Tony as he glances in an elegant window displaying jewelry.

TONY

You be happy. I want what's comin' to me when I'm alive not when I'm dead.

MANNY (shakes his head)

Yeah, what's comin' to you Tony?

TONY

The world man and everything in it!

As he goes into the store, the camera panning to the diamond's in the window.

CUT TO

6 5 , EXT. TONY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - SOUTHWEST MIAMI - NIGHT

PAGE 47

66

CONTINUED

66

MANNY

Okay... be cool.

Tony approaches the house, with the paper bag held high against his chest.

67

EXT./INT. TONY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - LATE DAY

67

Tony's Mother opens the door. A stout aging woman with a powerful face, she's shook to her roots.

TONY

(gently, in  
Spanish)

Mami... long time....

(X)

MAMI

(X)

No postcards from jail, hunh?

Pause. He doesn't offer to kiss her nor she him. Mother looks behind her. Someone else is in the house. Mother looks back as if she has no choice. She opens the door. He steps in. He looks.

68

INT. TONY'S MOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

68

The interior is comprised of small, narrow rooms filled with religious objects from macumba and waist-high black Jesus statues in various corners. The floor is without rugs and mosaicked with inexpensive, Aztec-type tiles, the impression clean, cluttered, Catholic, somewhat depressing.

Stepping forward to the center of the living room like a cautious cat is his nineteen-year-old sister Gina. Their eyes lock.

TONY

(moved)

Hi Gina....

GINA

Tony?

She looks at her mother confused. She's a naturally dark, curly-headed beauty with a slim, graceful figure and large-lidded eyes brimming with the same energy as Tony's. (She might also be recognizable from the snapshot we saw in Tony's possession.)

TONY

(covering his  
unwonted  
emotion)

Yeah, look at you, you're beautiful...  
what's it been seven years? Last  
time I saw you, you looked like a boy.  
Now look at you, you got great big  
eyes just like me! Yeah, so....

(X)

He holds out a wrapped gift towards her, about to give it.

TONY

I got this for you, no big deal  
but....

GINA

Oh Tony!

Gina suddenly. explodes across the room and rushes into his arms, grasping him fiercely.

GINA

...it's you!

Tony, over her shoulder, catches his mother's eyes boring into him stonily.

CONTINUED

68

CONTINUED

68

GINA

I never thought I'd see you again --  
never!

Tony, over her shoulder, opens the gift.

TONY

Hey pussycat, c'mon -- you think  
they can keep a guy like me down?

Disengaging gently, he holds up the contents of the gift  
box in front of her. It's a beautiful diamond locket to  
wear around her neck. Her eyes open wide.

TONY

...yeah for you...and look -- here.  
What I got written on it....

"To Gina From Tony. Always."

GINA

It's beautiful Tony, it's just  
beautiful....

The mother is amazed at the cost of the gift. Tony pulls  
out another present, for her.

TONY

...for you too Mama, look....

Moving towards her, he opens the package and pulls out an  
exquisite pearl necklace. She stares at it, doesn't take  
it. Gina comes over, takes it for her.

GINA

Mama, it's beautiful...  
(offers it,  
an unspoken  
'why don't  
you take it?')

Mama doesn't. Gina puts it away with her own.

TONY

(holding Gina  
by the shoulder,  
making light  
of it)

Well anyway, here we are hunh? The  
three musketeers! We made it to  
America hunh? Let's toast!

CONTINUED

68

CONTINUED. 2

68

Tossing the empty package aside, he pulls the last gift -- a bottle of champagne.

TONY

Oye ! To America!

(singing)

'America. America....'

CUT TO

69

INT. TONY'S MOTHER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

69  
(X)

Mama, with things on her mind, is silently cooking a lunch, as Tony and Gina finish the champagne at the kitchen table.

GINA

...So Mama's still at the factory and I'm working part-time at a beauty parlor. I'm doing hair. Remember Hiram Gonzalez? His father had the babershop?

Tony nods.

GINA

It's his place. Plus I'm going to junior college -- Miami Dade -- and in two more years I get my cosmetology license and then I'll be making enough....

TONY

Yeah, well surprise, all that's over with starting today. I didn't bring up my kid sister to work in no hair shop....

Mama looks over at him on the words "bring up" and he catches her look.

TONY

...and Mama don't have to sew in no factory.

He pulls out a bundle of cash, fifties and hundreds, and starts peeling them off on the table. Mama stops working, looks.

TONY

(to Mama as  
he counts)

Yeah, your son's made it Mama, he's a success. I wanted to surprise you. That's how come I didn't show my face around before. I wanted you to see what a good boy I been.

CONTINUED



69

CONTINUED

69

Pushes a thousand dollar stack towards her.

TONY

That's a thousand dollars right there, Mama -- for you.

She approaches it cautiously, her fingers riffling the bills, then looks back at her son.

MAMA

Who'd you kill for this Tony?

GINA

(aghast)

Mama!

TONY

I didn't kill nobody Mama,  
(lying)

MAMA

No? What are you doing now -- banks or is it still bodegas, you and the others?

TONY

C'mon Mama. Things are different. I'm working with this anti-Castro group. I'm an organizer now, we get a lotta political contributions....

MAMA

Sure you do Tony -- with a gun sticking in somebody's face. All we read about in the papers is the animals like you and the killings, what about the Cubans who come here and work hard and make a good name for themselves? What about....

GINA

(springing to  
her feet)

What are you saying Mama! He's your son!

MAMA

Son? I wish I had one. He's a  
bum! He was a bum then and he's a  
bum now!

CONTINUED

MAMA (Cont'd)

(to Tony, she's  
worked up like  
a madwoman now)

Who do you think you are, we haven't  
heard a word from you in five *years*  
and you suddenly show up here and  
throw some money around and you  
think you can get my respect? You  
think you can buy me with *jewelry*?  
You think you can come into my house  
with your hotshot clothes and your  
gutter manners and make fun of....

TONY

Hey Mama, come on, you don't know  
what you're talking about.....

**MAMA**

(continuing)

No, **no**, that's not the way I am Tony  
and that's not the way I --

(emphasizing it)

**I** raised Gina to be. You're not going  
to destroy her. I don't need your  
money, thanks. I work for my living  
-- and I don't want you in this  
house anymore and I don't want you  
around Gina. So leave us **alone...go**  
**on**, get out! And take this lousy  
money with you, it stinks!

She casts the bundle of bills back across the table at him  
like dead lettuce.

A silence. Tony sits there livid, soothing his scar, about  
to explode, but doesn't. Gina mutters something in the  
silence.

GINA

Oh Mama...**why** do you got to spoil it  
for everybody.

(to Tony)

I'm sorry Tony, I....

Tony nods his head at his mother.

TONY

(**gently**)

Okay, Mama, okay....

CUT TO

70

EXT. TONY'S MOTHERS HOUSE - NIGHT

70  
(X)

Tony walks out icily.

MANNY

(waiting in  
the car, seeing  
his expression)  
Relatives, hunh? A pain in the **ass**,  
they ---

T O N Y

**Shaddup!**He's climbing into **the** car when **Gina** hurries out the house.

GINA

Tony!

MANNY

Hey who's **that**?Checks himself in the rearview mirror, **slicks** his hair.

Tony and Gina talk next to the car.

GINA

**Tony...Mama -- since Papa took off....**

TONY

**Hey forget Papa, we never had one,  
okay? He was a bum!**

GINA

(continuing)  
...she's got a lot of hate in her Tony,  
she's proud, you got to understand  
**that?**

TONY

(making light  
of it now)  
**Hey it's okay, it's Mama, what do you  
want, she's Old World.**

GINA

**Tony, I know you did some bad things  
back then. The Army, I know you got  
into some trouble.**

TONY

**Communists you know, they're always  
trying to tell you what to do.**

GINA

**Mama, she doesn't understand...but I  
just want you to know, y'know, I  
don't care. Five years, ten years,**

CONTINUED

70

CONTINUED

70

GINA (Cont'd)

it doesn't matter how long you been  
away, you're my blood. Always.

Pause. She stares intently at him, emphasizing it.

TONY

Hey I know...I know.

She gives him a soft kiss. He takes out his money roll.

TONY

Say, I want you to keep this for  
yourself. Okay? Help Mama out, but  
don't tell her I gave you this, okay?

She hesitates.. He nudges her on the cheek and slaps'the  
whole wad into her palm.

TONY

Go on! Go out and have some fun,  
what the hell? You gonna beat your-  
self to death at nineteen, pussycat  
like you?

He gets in the car. She peers in.

GINA

You can come by the shop y'know, any  
afternoon, I'll be there okay?

Her eyes fall on Manny at the wheel.

He smiles back with charm.

Gina's eyes pause on him, then withdraw. The sedan drives  
off.

71

INT. TONY'S CADILLAC SEDAN - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

71

MANNY

(driving)

Hey, cono, you -never told me you had  
such a good-looking doll for a sister!

Tony looks at him icily.

TONY

Stay away Manny, don't ever let me  
catch you fuckin' around with her,  
don't ever fuck around with her....

(X

MANNY

(feeling the heat)

Sure...sure.

A beat.

CUT TO

- 72 MONTAGE - PASSING TIME 72
- Music accompanying the flipping of calendar leaves.
- 73 U.S. CUSTOMS - MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY 73
- Tony, spruce in his new three-piece suit with the diamond on the finger and the expensive watch, looks like the young ethnic American businessman in import-export as he steps in front of a chunky, young Customs Officer, who looks at him coldly.
- CUSTOMS OFFICER
- Mind opening that, sir?
- Tony, calm, unzips the chic leather single suitcase, his eyes drifting around....
- A woman, with a child and toy panda in a baby carriage, is cursorily checked through an adjacent line.
- A nun is waived through the third line.
- A stockbroker waiting in a fourth line, glances nervously in Tony's direction. (X)
- Tony looks away, back at the Officer who is thoroughly ransacking the suitcase looking for a false bottom. He waits, confident.
- An old man is waived through a fifth line,
- 74 OMITTED 74
- 75 EXT. DOLLY STASH'S HOUSE - MIAMI - DAY 75
- The mother-type unscrews the handles of the baby carriage, pulling out the wrapped cocaine, while Chi-Chi extricates another load from the kid's panda bear which is now in shreds.
- 76 THE OLD MAN 76
- helped by Rafi, is removing a sophisticated false bottom from his suitcase, laminated and difficult to detect.
- 77 MANNY AND GASPAR 77
- break open wooden clothes hanger concealing cocaine a6 the stockbroker changes clothes. (X)

78 THE MOTHER 78  
picks up the baby and removes cocaine from its diaper.  
While:

79 THE FORMER NUN 79  
in partial habit, steps out of the toilet, adjusting her  
underpants; she places a package of cocaine on a table, on  
which we now see approximately five kilos stacked.

80 TONY 80  
counting out the cash for his mules, Omar there, over-  
looking the operation.

81 MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY 81  
Again. But this time going out.  
The nun, now a housewife, going through an exit gate  
carrying hand luggage.

82 TONY 82  
watching, glances up at the electronic information board --  
Houston clocks out the time and the boarding gate...we move  
to Los Angeles -- "on time" ---  
Tony's eyes moving to the mother, now without the child,  
buying her ticket-at the counters.  
Manny joins him, nodding okay. Tony, with a glance at his  
watch, starts out the terminal. The roar of the aircraft  
blending with city sounds as we continue the rapid pace of  
the montage with music.

83 OMITTED 83  
thru thru  
85 85  
(X)  
86 86

EXT. GOLF COURSE - MIAMI - DAY  
Frank Lopez has Tony and Chi-Chi out on the golf course.  
Tony never played before and gets frustrated, swings his  
club at the ball like a baseball bat -- Lopez getting a  
kick out of him. Chi-Chi naturally makes a perfect putt,  
shrugging when Tony looks over at him amazed.

Rev. 1/18/83

07 INT. LAUNDRY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

87  
(X)  
(X)

The plush millionaire's restaurant is to be seen again.  
Frank has his arm around Tony, introducing him to a  
business-type. Elvira looks on.

88 INT. HIGH-FASHION STORE - DAY

88

In a high-fashion store, Tony buys a beautiful dress for  
Gina who is delighted when she sees herself in the mirror,  
hugs Tony. Manny watches, unable to take his eyes off her.

SALESLADY

(admiringly  
to Tony)

Your wife looks terrific in that.

TONY

My wife? You gotta be kidding.

89 and 90 INT. LOBBY - LOPEZ CONDO - DAY

89  
and  
90

Elvira steps out of the lobby into the driveway. Tony is  
waiting for her. She's surprised.

TONY

He got held up at the golf club. He  
told me to pick you up. He'll meet  
us at the race track.

Elvira contemplating him with distaste.

TONY

He said if he was late to bet Ice  
Cream in the first.

She sighs, walks across the lobby. He follows.

CONTINUED

89  
and  
90

CONTINUED

She steps out in a Pucci summer dreds, looks around. He points.

89  
and  
90

TONY

Over there....

CONTINUED



89  
and  
90

CONTINUED - 2

89  
an  
90

She looks. The car is a yellow Cadillac convertible with big fins and Snoopy the dwarf dashboard statue with stickers all over the fenders. Adding to the impression are Manny and Chi-Chi waiting in the backseat.

ELVIRA

(registers it  
with distaste)

That thing? You must be kidding.

TONY

(hurt)

Whaddaya mean, that's a Cadillac.

ELVIRA

I wouldn't be caught dead in that thing.

TONY

It's got a few years on it but it's  
'a creampuff.'

ELVIRA

It looks like somebody's nightmare.

91

INT. LUXURY MOTOR SALES - CORAL GABLES - DAY

91

Camera moves around a slick, red Jaguar -- XG 6 -- with Tony, accompanied by Manny, Chi-Chi, the Salesman. Elvira waits aloofly off to the side.

TONY

(to Elvira)

So you like this better?

(X)

ELVIRA

(shrugs)

It's got style.

(X)

TONY

Yeah it looks like one of them tigers  
from India.

(X)

MANNY

(to Elvira)

Tony been dragging me around to the  
zoos, looking at tigers. He wants  
to buy one of them too.

(amused)

He do that he gonna have no friends  
left. Not that he got any now.

CONTINUED

91

CONTINUED

91

TONY

**You'll** like the tiger Manny, you'll  
see.

ELVIRA

You going to drive around with a  
tiger in your passenger seat Tony?

TONY

Yeah... **.maybe** some lady tiger  
(to Salesman)  
How much?

CONTINUED

91

CONTINUED - 2

91

SALESMAN

Twenty-eight thousand dollars.  
Fully equipped.

TONY

(genuinely)  
That all?

SALESMAN

Machine gun turrets are extra.

TONY

(circling  
the car)  
Funny guy hunh...Manny, c'mere.

Manny comes over and Tony walks him along the car, in  
quieter tones.

TONY

.Get these sections bullet-proofed  
...here...here.. .these windows....

(X

MANNY

Yeah.

TONY

...and a phone with a scrambler.

(X

MANNY

...okay.

(X

TONY

...And one of those radio scanners,  
y'know, pick out flying saucers and  
stuff.

MANNY

Yeah a good one.

ELVIRA

(joining  
them)  
Don't forget the fog lights.

TONY

Yeah in case I go to the swamps,  
Good idea.

ELVIRA

(impatiently)  
I thought you were taking me to  
Frank?

CONTINUED .

91

CONTINUED • 3

91

TONY

(glances at  
his watch)

We still got an hour. You hungry?

ELVIRA

No but I'm bored.

TONY

Figgers. Check it out, will you  
Manny and pay the guy and grab a  
taxi out to the track....

MANNY

Thanks, yeah....

TONY

(before  
leaving)

Oh yeah \*\*\*

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a decal, a private  
joke. He slaps it on the rear fender. It's the same  
sticker we saw earlier of the American flag with the  
epitaph, "Will the Last American leaving Miami please bring  
the flag."

Elvira wonders about it as he joins her.

TONY

Somebody gotta keep the animals out.

92

EXT. LUXURY MOTORS • DAY

92

Tony leads her to his yellow Cadillac convertible parked  
out of eyesight of the others. (X)

TONY

I'm glad you came. 'I wouldn't  
buy the car you didn't like it. (X)

ELVIRA

Planning on driving the girls crazy,  
aren't you?

TONY

Yeah -- you know who.

They get in the car. (X)

ELVIRA

And what would Frank say?

CONTINUED

92

CONTINUED

92

She has a coke vial out, casually hits one nostril, then the other, then takes a last hit through the mouth,

TONY

I like Frank...but I like you better.

He reaches over and takes the coke from her. Does a toot, staring at her. She's uncomfortable. When he finishes he , makes as if to return it to her. She leans to take it. He kisses her. She goes with it.

Pause. She pulls back.

ELVIRA

(same tone of  
voice as before)

Don't get confused, Tony. I don't  
fuck around with the help,

As he puts the key into the ignition, Tony has this wolfish grin on his face.

CUT TO

93

INT. COCAINE LAB • BOLIVIA • DAY

93

Subtitle appears:

COCHABAMBA, BOLIVA

Alejandro Sosa is a playboy, about six-foot-two, black wavy hair, athletic body and a Copacabana tan, the clothes, a casual polo shirt and the latest pants from Calvin Klein.

On his wrist is a flashy gold ID bracelet with "Alex" written in diamonds and on the other wrist a gold Rolex with a bezel full of diamonds worth maybe \$30,000. His eyes fizzle with an energy derived not from drugs but the continual excitement of his toys and his money.

Accompanying him everywhere is the Shadow, a thin, intense venomous-looking Hispanic man in his thirties, he has the look of death in an unsmiling face. He is always in proximity to his Jefe, usually slightly behind the person or persons addressing Sosa -- in a sort of garotte position, his eyes swivelling to stare down the person who might glance at him. He is a continual source of tension underplaying the scenes, particularly coming to affect Omar who is insecure to begin with.

CONTINUED

Sosa is showing Tony and Omar through his coke processing lab, past four coal-fired stoves, each with massive iron kettles bubbling with coca paste...across to a row of ovens where the refined coke dries. The chemists and Indians working there all acknowledge "el rey del rey" as he passes, as proud of his factory as a vine grower his vineyard.

SOSA

...so this and my other factory I can guarantee production of 200 kilos refined every month of the year. Problem is I have no steady market. Some months I can't get rid of fifty keys, other months I have to do 2 to 300 keys, it's crazy, hunh? Nobody can run a business that way ---

OMAR

I know what you mean Mr. Sosa, we got the same problems up in Miami, the demand varies for us too, month to month....

Sosa looks at him like that's obvious and moves on. In his skinny suit, with the wet cigarette clamped between his nervous fingers, Omar's not quite in his league with Sosa.

Tony, awed by the scope of it all, follows along, stops to look at a sample of the dried coke.

The Shadow stops, eyeballs him.

Tony eyeballs him back, playing a game with him, then samples the coke off his thumb into his nose. Pause. His expression says I like it. He moves on.

The Shadow moves with him.

SOSA

(meanwhile)

...Basically what I'm looking for is somebody to share the risks with me, somebody in the States who might guarantee me something like...say 150 kilos a month.

OMAR

That's a big commitment Mr. Sosa. It's too bad Frank's not here. Something like that you should talk to him. .

CONTINUED

93

CONTINUED - 2

93

SOSA

Yes, it would've been nice if he could have come.

TONY

(cutting in)

...and he'd like meeting you too Mr. Sosa. But with his trial coming up y'know, it's not so easy for him to slip outta the country right now, y'understand?

SOSA

(taking the  
measure of Tony,  
sarcastic)

So he sent you?

TONY

Yeah, something like that. You sure got good stuff in there Mr. Sosa -- class A shit.

Looking over the laboratory like it was his. Omar glances at him, annoyed.

SOSA

We'll talk at my house. Shall we go....

CUT TO

94

INT. SOSA VILLA - BOLIVIA - DAY

94

The camera moves past a spectacular view of the mountains to a cavernous dining room highlighted by huge paintings from the Spanish classical period and ornate candelabra. At the table are Sosa, Omar, Tony. The Shadow sits impassively in a folding chair off to the side, watching Omar and Tony. Tony is impressed, looking at the plates, the glasses, the silverware, uncomfortable, trying to fit in. He eats the salmon off a silver plate with oafish movements of his knife and fork as the servants move to and fro, constantly changing dishes, confusing Tony (ad-lib during scene).

SOSA

(to Omar)

...say Lopez guarantees me 150 keys a month for a year, and he picks it up down here, I could sell it to him for as little as 7000 a kilo. You cannot do better than that.

CONTINUED

OMAR

Well, we do that we gotta take the risk of moving it. Also we'd be cutting out the Columbians. You know what that means?

TONY

That means we gotta go to war with 'em.

Sosa looks over at him, not quite knowing yet what to make of this guy.

SOSA

When we cut out the Coluxnbians we take risks -- on both sides.

TONY

Split the risk. Guarantee your delivery as far as Panama.

SOSA

Panama? Risky? It costs me more. There I'd sell maybe 13.5 a key.

TONY

13.5! What are you nuts? We still gotta take the shit to Florida. You know what that's like these days? They got the Navy all over the fuckin' place. They got frogmen, they got EC 2s with satellite tracking shit in 'em, they got fuckin' Bell 209 assault choppers up the ass, we're losing one out of every nine loads. It's no duckwalk for us anymore, y'know. Forget it.

Omar is looking at him, ready to explode at his blithe assumption of power -- whereas Sosa chuckles, amused by his brashness, starting to be intrigued by this animal.

SOSA

What do you suggest is a fair...?  
Excuse me.

Interrupted, Sosa looks over at his black aide who suddenly appears at the door, apparently with a message. Sosa waves him in.

The black aide -- The Skull -- is a slim, tall imposing man with academic, 'horn-rimmed glasses and close-cropped hair on a huge and impressive skull. He combines the physical qualities of an animal with an intellectual. As he approaches, he glances down the table, his eyes falling

CONTINUED



briefly on Omar who doesn't connect. The Skull falters -- just for a moment -- then continues towards Sosa with the same stony, loyal expression.

Sosa lends his ear and the Skull whispers his information. A beat. He whispers **a** second thought. Sosa reacts minimally. Then he nods, dismissing the Skull who heads out the room. Sosa glances at his gold Rolex.

**OMAR**

(meanwhile to

Tony in a whisper)  
Shaddup willya Montana, I'm doing  
the talking here!

Tony shrugs.

**SOSA**

Where were we?

**TONY**

Panama. You're looking for a partner,  
right?

Omar shoots a poisonous glance at Tony.

**SOSA**

...something like that.  
(chuckles)

**OMAR**

Look Mr. Sosa, we're getting ahead of  
ourselves here. I'm down on Frank's  
authority to buy 200 keys, that's it,  
that's **my limit**. I got no right to  
negotiate for Frank Lopez on anything  
larger than that. So why don't we...

**TONY**

Hey **Omar** why don't you **let the man**  
finish, hunh? Let him **propose his**  
proposition.

**OMAR**

Hey Montana, you got no authority here,  
okay! I started you in this business,  
all right, so shut the **fuck up!**

**TONY**

(shrugs)

Frank'll love it. Don't worry about it.

**OMAR**

**That's** up to Frank -- not you.

CONTINUED .

He looks embarrassed **at** Sosa who has been watching, sensing also an advantage in the split.

**OMAR**

I'm **sorry** about this, **Mr. Sosa....**

**SOSA**

It's all right. Maybe your partner's right. Maybe you **should** talk to **Frank.**

**OMAR**

(a beat)  
Okay. I don't think this is something I want to do on **an overseas phone**, but **I can go back** to Miami **and talk to** Frank personally.

**SOSA**

(without hesitation)  
Good. My chopper **can** take you to Santa **Cruz** now. I have a jet there that'll have you in Miami in five hours. **You can be back here tomorrow.** For lunch.

Omar is taken aback by **the speed** of the plan.

**OMAR**

...Yeah I **guess so....**

**TONY**

Great.

**SOSA**

(glancing at Tony, to Omar)  
...leave your friend here. While you're gone **maybe he can tell me how to run** my business.

**OMAR**

(doesn't like it)  
I don't **think that....**

**TONY**

(lighting a cigar)  
**Hey** it's okay. You tell Frank I'm keeping this guy on ice for **him....**

**Sosa laughs. Omar scowls.**

CUT TO

95

EXT. SOSA VILLA • DAY

95

The helicopter blades **whirr**. The Skull waits inside with the Shadow. They both stare at:

Omar, who, with one hesitant look, steps inside.

The chopper lifts off the lawn, the camera moving to the polo players exercising in the **distance...a** woman on a horse rides by and we swing with her towards the villa.

Sosa walks Tony down **an** outside gallery towards the veranda where servants lay out the coffee and fruits.

TONY

You know why they say Cubans are all screwed up?

SOSA

Why?

TONY

'Cause the islands in the Caribbean, the governments in Russia, the Armys in Angola, and the people live in Miami.

Sosa laughs. They reach the veranda, Tony glancing past Sosa to an exotic-looking, dark-eyed senorita who gets off her horse, held by a servant, and joins them.

TONY

(overlapping  
the joke)  
...They got a beard there that's all.  
With a cigar and a big mouth.

SOSA

Maybe he'll move to Miami too...  
Gabriella, my rose -- how **was** the ride?

(X)

Sosa changes his personality completely with her, **dewy-** eyed and loving. They peck **each** other's cheek lightly.

GABRIELLA

(distracted)  
Lovely.. .but the sheep in the north pasture, they're destroying the grass, it's turning yellow. You must move them darling.

(X)

SOSA

I'll take care of it myself.

(X)

CONTINUED

95

CONTINUED

95

GABRIELLA

(turning  
to go)  
...and don't forget we have the  
Rinaldi's at eight.

SOSA

Of course not. Uh -- an associate  
of mine. From Miami. Tony Montana...  
(to Tony)  
My fiance, Gabriella Montini.

TONY

Hello....

She nods to him in that somewhat uninterested, rude,  
upperclass Latin way.

GABRIELLA

It's a pleasure.

She withdraws. Tony watches her go.

TONY

I gotta hand it to you. You got  
everything a man could want.

Sosa, pleased, reaches for an expensive set of binoculars  
on the patio table, looks up through them, at the heli-  
copter rising off the lawn.

SOSA

(focusing the  
binoculars)  
I like you Tony. There's no lying  
in you.. Unfortunately I don't feel  
the same way about the rest of your  
organization.

Tony glances up at the chopper, the servant pouring coffee  
for him.

TONY

Uh -- Whaddaya getting at,  
Mr. Sosa?

SOSA

I mean Omar Suarez.

CONTINUED

95 CONTINUED - 2

95

Tony, puzzled, glances up at the chopper which now hovers there high above the estate.

Sosa passes him the binoculars.

SOSA

This garbage was recognized by my associate at lunch. From several years ago. In New York. He was an informer for the police....

Tony, astonished, looks up.

96 THROUGH THE BINOCULARS - OMAR

96

terrified, being positioned at the door of the chopper by the Shadow and the Skull, his hands tied to his back and a length of thick rope looped around his neck. He is struggling backwards in vain.

SOSA

He put Vito Duval and the Ramos Brothers -- Nello and Gino -- away for life. My associate used to work up there.

Through the binoculars -- they throw Omar out of the chopper and he flies downwards and jerks back up as the rope stretches taut, snapping his neck. He hangs there like a broken doll on a string as the chopper moves out of sight.

A silence.

97 TONY

97

shaken, lowers the binoculars. Sosa watches him closely for his reaction. Tony looks back at him, contemplative. Sosa goes over, pours himself some coffee.

SOSA

So how do I know you're not a 'chivato' too Tony?

TONY

(angry, stalks  
up to him)

Hey Sosa -- get this straight right now! I never fucked anybody over in my life didn't have it comin' to him -- okay! All I got's my two balls and my word -- and I don't break 'em.

CONTINUED

97

CONTINUED

97

TONY (Cont'd)

For nobody. That piece of shit up there I never liked, I never trusted.. For all I know he's the guy who set me up and got my buddy Angel Fernandez **killed**. But that's history. I'm here. He's not. **You wanna** go on with me, **say** it. You don't, make your move, hodedor!

(X)

SOSA

(moves away)

I think you speak from the heart Montana, but I say to myself this Lopez -- your boss -- **he has** 'chivatos' like that working for him, his judgment stinks. So I think to **myself**, what other mistakes has this Lopez **guy made**, how **can** I trust his **organization...hunh?** You tell me Tony.

TONY

Hey Frank's smart. Don't blame him for that animal. It's crazy business we're in, it can happen to anybody -- even you y'know. I'll talk to Frank myself. I'll fix this thing up right between you.

(then)

You got my word on that.

Sosa approaches Tony, focusing an intense stare on him, makes an elaborate gesture **of** putting his hands out, Tony following the pantomime, puts his out. Sosa now grips them.

SOSA

You speak with your **eyes muchacho**. I think -- you and I -- we can work this thing out, **do** business a long time together. Just remember -- it's the only thing I ever tell you -- don't **fuck** me Tony, don't ever **try** to **fuck** me.

Their eyes locked together.

CUT TO

98

AERIAL VIEW - MIAMI - TWILIGHT

98

In all its Caribbean splendor with the long curving beach and rich white buildings, bathed in a lovely violet light.

Music theme continuing over.

REVERSE WIFE TO

99

EXT. LOPEZ MOTORS AUTO DEALERSHIP - LITTLE HAVANA - DAY

99

In long shot we see an agitated Lopez entering his dealership with his bodyguard. Against a background of used American cars **without** great distinction, he **ad-libs** his way through some customers and salesmen, shaking hands and acting like everybody's favorite **uncle...till** we see him approach Tony, who is waiting for him with Manny outside his office. **He** jerks his head. Inside. They go.

CUT TO

100

INT. AUTO LOPEZ OFFICE - DAY

100

The office is highly decorated with plaques, momentos, Cuban patriot flags, and lots of photographs, centering on JFK and RFK shaking the hand of Lopez who now stares incredulously at Tony.

LOPEZ

(livid)

You what! You made a deal for fucking eighteen million dollars without even checking with me! What are you crazy Montana, are you crazy!

TONY

Hey take it easy Frank, **cono.**

LOPEZ

**Cono** my ass!

TONY

At 10.5 a key, it's pure Frank...we can't lose money, no way, we make seventy-five million on this deal, Frank. Seventy-five mill! That's serious money.

LOPEZ

Yeah and what's Sosa gonna do to me when I don't come up with the first five million dollars on this **deal** -- send me a bill? He's gonna send hit squads up here that's what. There's gonna be war in the streets.

(X)

TONY

**Frank...Frank....**

LOPEZ

(ranting)

You know what this fucking trial is costing **me in** legal fees, Montana?

CONTINUED

100

CONTINUED

100

LOPEZ (Cont'd)

...You expect me to believe Omar was  
a stoolie. 'Cause Sosa said so? And'  
you bought that line?

(X)

(pause,  
eyeing Tony)

Maybe I made a mistake sending you down  
there? Maybe you and Sosa know some-  
thing I don't know?

CONTINUED



100

CONTINUED \* 2

100

TONY

You saying I'm not being straight  
with you Frank?

(X)

Lopez's bodyguard shifts. Manny slips his hand closer to  
his belt.

LOPEZ

(carefully)

Let's just say I want things to stay  
the way they are. For now. Stall  
your deal with Sosa.

Long pause. Tony's eyes meeting Lopez's. He gave Sosa his  
word.

TONY

(finally)

...have it your way boss.

He turns to leave, nods to Manny.

LOPEZ

Montana... just remember I am the  
boss.

TONY

Sure you're the boss.

Gets to the door, Manny joining him.

LOPEZ

Y'know I told you when you started  
Tony, the guys who last in this busi-  
ness are guys who fly straight, real  
low key, real quiet...the guys who  
want it all, the chicks and the cham-  
pagne and the flash -- they don't last.

Tony, saying nothing, goes out the door with Manny.

101

EXT. AUTO LOPEZ OFFICE

101

Just outside the door, Tony glances at Manny's question-mark  
expression.

TONY

(with steel)

Fuck him!

CUT TO

101-A EXT. SHEFFIELD'S OFFICE BUILDING • ESTABLISHING SHOT •  
NIGHT

101-A

102 INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Tony, impeccable in Cardin whites, and Manny, also slicked up, are shown by an elegant secretary into a plush office. Behind the desk sits the heavy-lidded, cigarette-eyed lawyer,

10:  
(X

CONTINUED

102

CONTINUED

102

George Sheffield smoking yet another cigarette, his voice a hoarse gravelled croak, the eyes -- with their **deadman** stare -- always pausing before they speak. He doesn't get up from his desk. His hair is flaming red. We saw him before, at the Mutiny Club.

SHEFFIELD

What can I do for you Montana?

TONY

(indicates Manny)

My partner. Manny **Ray**.

Manny, standing in the **b.g.**, nods.. -Sheffield shifts his eyes briefly, back to Tony who plops himself in a chair.

TONY

So George, they tell me you're the best lawyer in town.

SHEFFIELD

Did they also tell you how expensive I am?

TONY

Hey it's like **J.P.** Morgan says -- if you gotta ask, you're outta your league.

SHEFFIELD

I see you been reading your American history Montana, what've you done lately to earn a place in it?

TONY

(chuckles)

I'm trying to stay outta it, y'know what I mean? I'm expanding my operation. So I want **a class guy** like you on the payroll -- advising me. Starting now.

SHEFFIELD

(a longer **pause**  
than usual)

...Start with **a \$100,000**. Cash. On the table.

TONY

(an equal pause)

Sure....

He sticks out his hand. Manny slaps an envelope in it. Tony begins counting out the cash, right on the tabletop.

CUT TO

103 EXT. LOPEZ CONDO - SOUTH MIAMI - DAY 10

Tony waits in his red Jaguar in the driveway of the building.

Lopez and his bodyguard exit the building. (X

A limousine pulls up.

Tony watches.

The threesome get in the limo and drive **away**.

Tony gets out of the car, **crosses** to the entrance.

104 INT. LOPEZ CONDO - DAY 10

Tony waits outside the door, pushes the buzzer again.

Elvira opens it, a look of utter surprise on her face. **She's**  
in jeans, barefoot and casual.

ELVIRA

Tony?

TONY

Hi there.

Elvira looks at him, still astonished and waiting for an  
explanation. There is none.

ELVIRA.

Uh...you just missed Frank.

TONY

I didn't come here to see **Frank**.

She looks **at** him **amazed**. **The balls on this guy!**

ELVIRA

(cooling to  
him fast)

This is **not the** time or the place.  
Next time make an appointment first.

She tries to slam the door in his **face but he** blocks it and  
bulls in.

TONY

I got something important to tell **ya**.  
Why don't you make some drinks and  
**act** normal.

CONTINUED

104

CONTINUED

104

ELVIRA

Sure. Why not? We're all normal here.

She heads for the pool, nonplussed. Tony closes the door, eases slowly across the **room** towards her, awkwardly trying to make conversation.

(X)

TONY

I heard you was in Europe travelling 'round all by yourself. Woman like you shouldn't have to travel alone...

(pause,

no response)

I been travelling myself.

ELVIRA

Broadening your intellect. I heard.

TONY

What else d'you hear?

ELVIRA

I heard you and Frank aren't working together anymore.

TONY

Yeah. It makes things easier this way, don't it?

She's puzzled. He drinks a toast.

TONY

Here's to the land of opportunity.

ELVIRA

For you maybe.

She drinks to it.

TONY

**Hey,** do you like kids?

ELVIRA

Kids? Sure, why not -- as long as there's a nurse.

TONY

Good. Cause I like kids too. I like boys and girls.

She's waiting. He paws the ground, awkward as a bull.

ELVIRA

That's broad **of** you, Tony. Travelling really helped. Look, Frank's going

CONTINUED

104

CONTINUED - 2

104

ELVIRA (Cont'd)

to be back any moment and when he  
walks through that....

TONY

Yeah. Yeah -- fuck Frank. Look,  
here's the story. I'm from the gutter  
but I climbed out of it. I'm not the  
smartest guy in the world but I got  
guts and I know the streets and I'm  
making the right connections. With  
the right woman, there's no stopping  
me. I could go to the top, I could  
be somebody here in Miami. I could  
be like Frank but bigger -- The  
biggest!...

(X)

Elvira's looking at him like he's on the moon.

TONY

Anyway what I came up here to tell you  
is that...uh I like you. I think you're  
terrific. I known this the first time  
I seen you. You belong to me. We're  
tigers. The two of us...I want you to  
marry me and be the mother of my children.

Silence.

ELVIRA

(stunned)

Me? Marry you?

She laughs, a short harsh laugh.

T O N Y

(sincere)

Yeah...marry me.

ELVIRA

What about Frank? What are you going  
to do about Frank?

TONY

Frank's not gonna last...

(puts down

the drink, puts

his hand on hers)

I'm not looking for an answer right  
now Elvira, but I want you to think  
about it, okay? I want you to think  
hard... I'll see you the next time.

. He goes. She stares at him, still dazed, yet deep down --  
flattered.

CUT TO

105 INT. BABYLON CLUB - NIGHT

105

The place is raging tonight as Tony and Manny arrive, in tuxedos, making their way through the crowd greeting the many people who know them now. We might note Tony has refined the art of walking and no longer bulls **people** out of his path, he angles **through** them.

OWNER

(indicating  
a table)

Over here.

Tony stops, spots his sister Gina, in an expensive looking dress, with a flashy young Cuban guy in a burgundy suit.

TONY

What the **fuck** is she doing here,  
she's....

(heading  
towards her)

MANNY

(stops him).

Hey c'mon Tony, it's okay, it's just  
a disco for chrissake. What do you  
give her money for if you don't want  
her to go out, have some fun?

Gina spots Tony, hesitates, waves to him. Manny waves  
back. Tony nods. Burgundy suit checks them out.

TONY

Who's she with?

MANNY

**Some** kid, he works for **Luco**, he's  
harmless....

Tony spots a Large Man coming towards him. **Caucasion**,  
about 250 pounds.

TONY

Keep your eye on her. Make sure he  
don't dance too close.

MANNY

Sure Tony.

LARGE MAN

(intersecting)

Hello Tony, you remember **me**?

CONTINUED

105 CONTINUED

10

MANNY  
(drifting away)  
I'll be at the table.

TONY  
(to the  
Large Man)  
Yeah, sure. You're...  
(snaps fingers  
trying to  
remember)  
...Bernstein, right. Mel Bernstein.  
Narcotics, right?

BERNSTEIN  
That's right, Tony. I think we  
better talk.  
(indicates a  
quieter area)

There's something ugly in his smile, maybe it's 'cause just  
the eyes do the smiling.

TONY  
Talk about what, what's there to  
talk about? I ain't killed anybody  
lately.

BERNSTEIN  
No not lately but we can go back to  
ancient history. Like Emilio Rebenga,  
like a bunch of whacked Indians at  
the Sun-Ray Motel in Miami Beach....

(X

TONY  
Oh yeah?..you know Mel whoever's  
giving you your information must be  
taking you guys for a long ride.

BERNSTEIN  
Are we gonna talk or am I gonna bust  
your wiseass spic balls, Tony baby --  
here and now?

Tony looks at him.

CUT TO

106 INT. BABYLON CLUB - CORNER TABLE - TONY AND MEL  
in a corner of the Babylon -- talking.

10

(X

CONTINUED



106

CONTINUED

106

BERNSTEIN

...yeah, so the news on the street is you're bringing in a lot of yeyo Tony...that you're no longer a small-time hood, you're public property now, and the Supreme Court says your privacy can be invaded....

TONY

No shit -- how much?

BERNSTEIN

(doodling on a piece of paper)  
There's an answer to that too....

He holds the paper up briefly in front of Tony. It says "25,000".

TONY

(reacts)  
That's a big number.

BERNSTEIN

That's on a monthly basis. Every month the same thing. You know how this works, don't you? We tell you who's moving against you, we shake down who you want shaken down, if you have a real problem in a collection, we'll step in for you. I got eight killers with badges working for me. When we hit, it hurts...Same thing works the other way. You feed me a bust now and then, some new cowboy wants to go into business you let us know -- we like snacks, it looks good on the record.

(X)

TONY

S'pose I give you the money, how do I know you're the last bull I gotta grease? What about Metro, Lauderdale, DEA -- how do I know what rock they're gonna come out from under?

(X)

BERNSTEIN

That's none of our business, Tony, we don't cross no lines.

(X)

CONTINUED

106

CONTINUED - 2

106

BERNSTEIN (Cont'd)

(getting up)

I don't want this discussion going  
any farther than this table. My guys  
have families, they're legitimate cops,  
I don't want none of 'em getting' embar-  
rassed 'cause if my guys are gonna suffer,  
then they're gonna make you suffer.  
Comprendre?..Oh yeah and I got a vacation  
comin' up. I wanna take the wife to  
London, England. We never been there.  
' Throw in two round-trip tickets. First  
class.

(X)

Tony just stares at him. Bernstein smiles, points.

BERNSTEIN

I like the scar. Like Capone. Nice.  
But you oughta smile more, Tony.  
Enjoy yourself. Everyday above  
ground's a good day.

He winks and goes. Tony sits there brooding on it, eyes  
flicking back to the dance floor.

Burgundy suit there is snuggling up to Gina on the dance  
floor. Too close.

Tony is getting pissed, he looks around for Manny, then  
spots....

107

INT. BABYLON CLUB ENTRANCE - NIGHT

107

Elvira walking into the club, followed by Lopez and Ernie,  
the bodyguard. Lopez is delayed at the door by his buddy,  
the Owner, and Elvira drifts in. His attention diverted  
from Gina, Tony goes towards her.

She sees him coming, glances in Frank's direction.

Tony comes right up to her.

TONY

Hi....

ELVIRA

Hello, Tony.

Lopez, in conversation with the Owner, glances over, sees  
Tony with Elvira, his expression narrows.

TONY

s o . . . Did you think about what I  
said? About the kids?

CONTINUED

107

CONTINUED

107

ELVIRA

Tony, you're really nuts you know,  
you really are.

Lopez comes over, takes Elvira's arm, and smiles at Tony.

LOPEZ

Hey Tony, why don't you get your own  
girl?

TONY

That's what I'm doing, Frank.

Tense look on Frank's face. The bodyguard circles.

LOPEZ

(without  
a smile)

Then go do it somewhere else. Get  
lost.

ELVIRA

Frank, he was only....

TONY

(ignoring her)

Maybe I don't hear so good sometimes,  
man.

(X)

LOPEZ

You won't be hearing anything, you  
go on like this.

TONY

You gonna stop me?

Frank is livid.

LOPEZ

You're fucking right I am. I'm giving  
you orders. Blow. (Esfumate)

(X)

The bodyguard moves closer to Tony who doesn't move.

Manny suddenly slides into frame, backing Tony.

TONY

(icy)

Orders? There's only one thing that  
gives and gets orders, cabron -- balls.

(X)

Pause. Something's about to pop, turns back just at the  
crest. Lopez abruptly turns away.

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED - 2

10;

LOPEZ

(to **Elvira**)

Let's go!

**ELVIRA**

Frank, this is ridiculous....

LOPEZ

C'mon!

He crowds her. **Angry**, she goes. Tony watches as they exit the club.

**MANNY**

What happened?

TONY

That cocksucker! -- He put that homicide prick Bernstein on me.

They stroll back to the table.

**MANNY**

What for?

TONY

The Emilio Rebenga hit. Remember that.

**MANNY**

You're kidding!

TONY

Who else knew about it? Omar's fertilizer, ain't he? Lopez is letting me know he's got weight on me.

**MANNY**

I don't know, things don't look so good here, Tony. Maybe we should get outta town for a while, **y'know**, go up to New York?

TONY

You go. I like the weather here just fine.

He stops, his eyes darting to pick out Gina laughing as she follows burgundy suit out of the main room and **down** the stairs to the toilets.

Without hesitation, his irritation peaking now, Tony darts after her.

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED - 3

107

MANNY  
Hey, where you going?

He doesn't answer.

CUT TO

108 INT. BABYLON CLUB - STAIRS AND LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

108

Tony comes down the plush velvet stairs, flings himself into the Ladies room...the ladies, surprised, look back at him. No Gina.

109 INT. BABYLON CLUB - MEN'S ROOM AND STAIRS - NIGHT

109

He moves over to the Men's room, throws the door open. There are four legs visible in one of the stalls. Tony moves past two men washing up, and hurls himself against the door.

It crashes open on Gina in the act of snorting coke, with burgundy suit running his hands along her ass.

GINA

(shocked)

Tony!

TONY

What are you doing! What are you doing!

He grabs burgundy suit by the collar and whips him several times into the wall.

GINA

(trying to  
restrain him)

Tony! What're you doing! You're crazy!

He rips the coke out of her hands and scatters it across the tiles.

TONY

(to Gina)

What are you doing with this shit, hunh?

(back to  
burgundy suit)

Get the fuck out of here, maricon,  
y'hear, I'll kill you next time.

CONTINUED

109

CONTINUED

109

GINA

**Fernando!**

TONY

(to Gina)

Shaddup!

**Manny runs in,** several others now **looking** in from the hall.

MANNY

Tony!

Tony shoves burgundy **suit out** of **the** stall, past Manny.

TONY

Go on!

GINA

**What the hell is....**

TONY

You think it's cute somebody **puttin'**  
their hands all over your ass, **my**  
kid sister, hunh? In a toilet!

GINA

It's **none** of your business!

TONY

The **fuck** it isn't! Three **dollar**  
hooker, that's what you are.  
Snorting shit like that at your age,  
you **oughta** ---

GINA

What are you -- a priest? A cop!  
Look at your life. **You can't tell**  
**me what to do!**

TONY

**I'm telling ya!** I don't wanna see  
you in here again. **I catch you in**  
here **I'm** gonna beat the shit outta  
you.

GINA

Oh yeah! Go ahead!

TON-Y

You're getting outta here right now!  
Don't push **me baby**, don't push **me!**

GINA

Don't **fucking** push me!

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED - 2

109

**MANNY**

Okay, c'mon, let's go outside get some air....

The argument has moved across the bathroom to the lip of the hallway. Several more people are watching.

**GINA**

You got a nerve, Tony, you got a nerve! You can't tell me what to do. I'll do **what** I want to do. I'll go out with who I want and if I want to **fuck** them then I'll **fuck** them!

**Tony**, raging, smacks her across the face. She reels back into the toilet.

The crowd is silent. *Tony* stands there, abated.

Manny moves across the floor and kneels down, consoles Gina who is sobbing.

**MANNY**

(tender)

Come on, baby, it's okay. ..it's okay, he didn't mean it.

(strokes  
her face)

**TONY**

(disturbed,

to Manny)

Get her home, get her outta here!

He turns and bulldozes his way through the growing crowd, no regrets, but disturbed.

Manny helps Gina to her feet.

**MANNY**

Come on, pussycat, I'll buy you a cup of coffee.

CUT TO

110 INT. BABYLON CLUB • MAIN ROOM • NIGHT

110

**Tony**, isolated and edgy, reenters the main room, circling the edges of the crowd, up to the bar.

CONTINUED

110 CONTINUED

110

TONY

(to the  
bartenderess,  
pointing)

Gimme a double of that!

He turns, catches a last glimpse of Gina leaving with Manny.

CUT TO

111 **EXT. MIAMI STREETS - NIGHT**

111

**Manny** drives Gina home in his two-seater Mercedes sports coupe. She's still angry.

GINA

...He's got a nerve the way he acts!  
Mama's right. She says he hurts every-  
thing he touches. Well he's not gonna  
hurt me anymore. He'll never see me  
again. Never!

**MANNY**

He loves you, what do you want. He  
feels he raised you.

GINA

He still thinks I'm fifteen. He's been  
in jail five years **and he still thinks**  
I'm fifteen!

**MANNY**

Hey, you're the best thing he's got.  
The only thing. He don't want you to  
grow up to be like him. So he's got  
this father thing for you, protect you....

GINA

Against what?

**MANNY**

'Gainst assholes -- like the **sleaze**  
**ball in the red suit.**

He says it like it's personal.

GINA

(picks up on it)  
I like Fernando, he's a nice guy, he  
knows how to treat a woman.

**MANNY**

(a **face**)

What future's he got? On a band-  
stand somewhere? He's a bum, Why  
don't you go out with somebody who's  
going somewhere?

CONTINUED



111

CONTINUED

111

She gives him a look.

GINA

Like who?

MANNY

Like a doctor or a dentist or something.

GINA

What about you? Why don't you take  
me out?

She's looking straight at him now, challenging.

MANNY

What? Me?

GINA

Yeah, you. I see the way you look at  
me -- Manolo Ribera.

(X)

MANNY

(nervous)

Hey, Tony's like my brother.. You' re  
his kid sister, okay?

GINA

So what?

MANNY

so....

GINA

(taunting)

You afraid of Tony? You afraid of  
Tony's kid sister?

MANNY

Fuck no....

112

EXT. TONY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE • NIGHT

112

Pulls the car over to the curb.

MANNY

I guess we're here.

Pause.

GINA

You think about it, okay, you think  
about it real hard, Manny. 'Cause  
you don't know what you're missing....

CONTINUED

112 CONTINUED

112

She leans across the front seat **and lightly lays a** challenging kiss on his cheek. The ladykiller is rigid in his terror.

She gets out of the car, crosses in front of his headlights, towards the house, looking at him.

He watches.

CUT BACK TO

113 INT. BABYLON CLUB • LATER THAT NIGHT

113

The Owner appears at the mike, the music drifting to Sinatra's "Strangers In The Night".

OWNER

All right, you coneheads, another exciting evening at the Babylon, hunh? Now I want you to check out this next hombre. I found him stoned in the jungle and there's nothing you'll ever see like him. I present with **great** pride, 'from Caracas, Venezuela -- 'Octavio'!

(X)

Lights dimming to the bluesy rhythm of the Sinatra song as sad-eyed Octavia suddenly appears in the shifting spotlight drawing immediate laughter.

He is dressed *as* an enormously fat old man with a Quasimodo mask covering both the front and back of his head and neck. With a red bulb for a nose, he gyrates grotesquely to the sleek song; once the mood of laughter has been established, the music suddenly shifts upbeat to "Saturday Night **Fever**" and the clown, like a butterfly from a worm, starts shedding the stuffing from **his** clothes, his big eyes staring **out at** us in theatrical **melancholy**.

Tony watches, sitting alone, distracted by the clown.

More laughter, more clothes coming off, building a tempo. **When** the head mask comes off, we see the gaunt handsome face of a young clown in white paint with the large blackened eyes staring without expression at the laughing audience.

Tony is hooked by the **image, looks on.**

The clown is down to his leotards, thin as a stick, and pulling the girls out onto the floor to dance with him, bouncing around like yo-yos. Everybody is laughing, everybody is merry...

CONTINUED

113 CONTINUED

113

...except Tony and the clown, weaving in and out of the sharpening spotlight in his white face as the act comes to its close, a haunting figure of mockery....

**Tony**, absorbed **by** his thoughts, is lucky this time. His antennae warn him. Out of the side of his eye, he sees....

The two hitters moving on him.

He sprawls. Machine gun fire rips through the upholstery, smashing the mirrors....

Screams, crowd diving for cover....

Tony, hit in the shoulder, rolls, gets his Baretta out of his ankle, firing....

Hits one **of** the gunmen in the chest; the man staggers across the disco floor firing volleys into the mirrors and ceilings....

Tony moving under the tables, towards the door, firing....

The second hitter is pinned, firing back, breaking more mirrors, and more screaming.

Tony lets the gunman have another burst then runs out the door, his clothes ripped with blood and 'glass.

The clown, **Octavio**, lies dead on the silent dance floor.

CUT TO

114 EXT. THE BABYLON CLUB - NIGHT

114

Tony runs out, crouched, to his red Jaguar.

Exchanging shots with a third hitter across the parking lot, he runs out of ammunition.

He jumps into the Jaguar, his windows being blown **out**.

The second hitter, wounded, running out of the club, towards him.

The third hitter advancing, carhops scattering.

Tony reaching under his seat, gets a hold of his own Ingram machine pistol, cocks it and lays down a field of fire.

Carhops scattering, the hitters seeking cover.

Hitter two, already wounded, is hit again, his head exploding like squashed watermelon.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED

114

Tony now pops a button. Bulletproof blackout shutters whap across the shattered windows.

He guns the Jaguar out into the lot, bullets careening off **the** armor **plating**, whining against the shutters.

Tony suddenly brakes the car and reaches down and slams the gear shift into reverse.

In an instant, his warmobile accelerates in reverse, climbing to top speed....

As hitter three realizes it's too late, tries to get out of there, but is overtaken and crushed by the **car**.

CUT TO

115 INT. **SAFE** HOUSE • THAT NIGHT

115

**Tony**, aching from his wound, is attended by a Doctor, who reveals to Us an ugly wound on his rib cage. Tony looks at it, doesn't express a reaction.

DOCTOR

It's going to be sore for **a** few months.

TONY

Somebody else gonna **be** **a** lot sorer...

(to Chi-Chi)

Find out where Lopez is....

CUT TO

116 INT. MIRIAM'S APARTMENT • NIGHT

116

Miriam's a tough-looking little **chick** in panties and a tank top with "Cocaine" written on it.

TONY'S VOICE

Miriam? **Yeah...Tony.** Manny there?

MIRIAM

Yeah... It's Tony.

Manny, in bed, **is snorting** a line **of** coke off a mirror, takes **the** phone, in good spirits.

MANNY

Tony **cono**, whatcha **doing** -- **checking** **up on** me, **too?**

117 INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

117

TONY  
Look, get your fuckin' clothes on  
and meet me outside Lopez's office  
in forty-five minutes. That phone  
booth on 9th. Yeah. Move your ass!

118 INT. MIRIAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

118

MANNY  
What happened!

119 INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

114

TONY (v.o.)  
Nothing we can't fix.

Tony hangs up.

120 INT. MIRIAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

12c

MANNY  
(grabs his pants)  
I gotta go.

MIRIAM  
This is worse than fucking a grass-  
hopper, man.

MANNY  
Hey, I'm better looking.'  
(hits the  
coke again)  
Don't do it all, I'll be back later.

CUT TO

121 INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

12:

Tony ignores the doctor taping him, checking his watch.

TONY  
(to Nick)  
Nick, when we get there, call Lopez  
at three exactly. You got that?

(X)

NICK  
Yeah, don't worry Tony. I got it.

TONY  
All you say is you're one of the  
guys at the Club -- 'Hello, Mr. Lopez,  
there was a fuckup, he got away....'

CONTINUED

121 CONTINUED

121

NICK

Yeah, Tony, I got it, no problem....

CUT TO

122 INT. LOPEZ MOTORS - NIGHT

122

Waldo remains outside, covering the street as Tony, Manny and Chi-chi move gingerly along the darkened showroom... Lopez's voice on the phone through the half-opened office door.

LOPEZ'S VOICE

...**you're** kidding! Three to two?**Son** of a bitch!...(cradling the  
phone)

Guess what. My softball team,  
y'know, the Little Lopezers? **They**  
won the Division tonight. We're  
going to Sarasota for the State  
Championship...Hunh!

MUFFLED VOICE

Congratulations. That's **great** Frank.

Tony, Manny and Chi-chi slide into the *room*, the latter two  
with guns casually drawn.

123 INT. LOPEZ MOTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

123

TONY

Yeah, it sure is Frank. What'd you  
do -- fix the umpire?

Lopez, his nose in a glass of scotch, almost muffs it right  
there and then, but manages to recover.

LOPEZ

Tony...? **Uh**, I'll call you  
**back...yeah.**

Hangs the phone up and rocks forward at his desk.

Lopez's bodyguard, Ernie, gets the message from Chi-chi  
sliding along the wall next to him, Manny covering the  
other side of the **room**.

LOPEZ

Tony... what happened to you, hunh?

TONY

Yeah, **lookit**. They spoiled one of  
my \$800 suits.

CONTINUED

123

CONTINUED

123

LOPEZ

Jesus! Who?

**Tony**, in his ripped suit, shoulder in a sling, face cut, shifts his eyes with camera slowly onto Mel Bernstein sitting there with a bourbon on the rocks, his **two** hundred and fifty pounds bulging with irritated surprise.

TONY

Hitters. Somebody **musta** brought 'em**in**. Never seen 'em before...Hiya**Mel**. Is there an answer to this too?

BERNSTEIN

(uneasy)

Always is Montana, always **is**....

LOPEZ

Jesus, Tony, maybe it was the Diaz Brothers, they got a deep beef going back to the 'Sun Ray' thing.

(X)

TONY

Hey, you might be right.

LOPEZ

Anyway I'm glad you made it Tony, we'll return the favor for you. In spades.

TONY

(sits at the edge  
of Lopez's desk)

Nah, I'm gonna take care of this myself.

Pause.

LOPEZ

(awkward)

Well.. **.What** are the guns for Tony?

TONY

( s h r u g s )

What for? I'm paranoid I guess.

The phone rings.

Lopez lets the phone ring.

TONY

Why don't you answer it 'Frank?

CONTINUED

123

CONTINUED - 2

123

LOPEZ

Uh...Must be Elvira. You know women.  
After we left that joint she....

The phone rings again.

TONY

(reaches for it)

I'll tell her you're not here.

LOPEZ

(grabs the  
phone first)

Wait a minute! I'll talk to  
her...Hello?...

(anxious)

Yeah... all right honey, don't  
worry... I'll be home in an hour.

He hangs up. Pause.

TONY

Frank, you're a piece of shit.

LOPEZ

Whatcha talking 'bout Tony?

Tony, angry now, grabs Lopez by the shirt and hauls him  
forward across his desk so his gut lies flat across it.

TONY

You know what I'm talking about you  
fuckin' cockroach!

LOPEZ

Tony, no! Lissen!

TONY

You remember what a 'haza' is Frank?  
It's a pig that don't fly straight.  
Neither do you, Frank.

LOPEZ

(nervous)

Why would I hurt you, Tony, I  
brought you in! So we had a few  
differences, no big deal. I gave  
you *your* start Tony, I believed in  
you !

TONY

Yeah and I stayed loyal to you,  
Frank. I made what I could on the  
side but I never turned you Frank,  
never -- but you -- a man ain't got  
no word, he's a cockroach!

CONTINUED



123

CONTINUED - 3

123

He squashes an imaginary cockroach right in front of Frank's eyes, then pulls him further across the desk, flailing.

LOPEZ

Mel! Mel! Do something, please!

Mel sits there impassively.

MEL

It's your tree Frank, you're sitting in it.

LOPEZ

Please Tony okay all right! Gimme a second chance! Ten million. I'll give you ten million dollars right now! I got it in a vault. In Spain. We'll get on a plane. It's yours, all of it...Elvira? You want Elvira? She's yours, okay! I go way Tony, I disappear, you'll never see me again. Just gimme a chance, gimme a second chance Tony, please... please!

He sobs pathetically.

LOPEZ

I don't wanna die Tony, I never did nothing to nobody Tony! I never hurt nobody!

TONY

Yeah you're right Frank, you always had somebody else do it for you.

He turns to Manny.

TONY

Manny, you mind shooting this piece of shit for me?

MANNY

Nah.

Tony steps aside.

LOPEZ

No! No! Tony!

Manny shoots him with the silencer. Three times.

Lopez crashes backwards, draped over his desk like Marat in his bathtub, amid his patriot flag and his Kennedy photographs.

CONTINUED

123

CONTINUED - 4

123

TONY

...Every dog has his day.

He fixes his eyes on Mel Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN

(remaining calmly  
in his chair)

I told him it didn't make sense --  
clipping you when he coulda had you  
working for us instead. But he got  
hot tonight, y'know, about the broad.  
He fucked up.

TONY

Yeah, so did you, Bernstein.

His eyes...Bernstein, reading them, gets worried.

BERNSTEIN

Now wait a minute, Montana, don't go  
too far.

TONY

I'm not Mel. You are.

He produces his Baretta from his sling and holds it in his  
left hand pointed at the big man.

BERNSTEIN

(rising from  
his chair)

Hey, c'mon, what is this? You can't  
shoot a cop, Tony.

. TONY

Whoever said you were one?

He fires.

Bernstein takes it in the gut, hits the floor, looks up  
astonished.

BERNSTEIN

.I. lemme go, Tony, I can fix things  
up....

TONY

Sure you can chico. Maybe you can  
hondle one of them first-class tickets  
-- to the Resurrection. So long, Mel,  
have a good trip.

(X)

He fires several times into him until we can imagine he is  
no longer of the living. Tony turns towards the door.

CONTINUED

123 CONTINUED - 5

12

MANNY  
(indicating the  
bodyguard)  
What about him?

Tony notices.

The bodygurad, Ernie, the middle-aged Cuban,-waits stoically.

TONY  
You want a job Ernie?

ERNIE  
Sure, Tony.

TONY  
Come see me tomorrow.

ERNIE  
Thanks, Tony.

Tony walks out alone into the darkened showroom, past the hulks of the used Cadillacs, as we see the shadows of Manny and Chi-Chi moving in a stream of light.

MANNY (O-s.)  
Okay, torch it!

CUT TO

124 INT. LOPEZ CONDO - THAT NIGHT

Elvira lies in her silk sheets. The doorbell rings. She gets up.

In a nightgown, she opens the front door.

ELVIRA  
Tony?...

Tony, still in his ruined suit with the arm in a sling, moves past her into the apartment.

ELVIRA  
What's happened?

Tony just stands there.

ELVIRA  
Where's Frank?

TONY  
Where do you think?..Why don't you go pack your stuff. We're going home.

CONTINUED

124 CONTINUED

124

Pause. She understands, moves quietly past him'towards the bedroom.

Tony ambles over to the windows and steps out on the terrace, breathing in the air. The lights of Miami wink at his feet....

...the camera moving to one sign **down there** that says it all, flashing its **big** neon **bracelet** ---

THE WORLD IS YOURS

**PAN** AMERICAN. TO EUROPE, AFRICA, SOUTH AMERICA

Tony drinks it in.

CUT TO

Montage - Passing Time:

125 MULTI-SCREEN IMAGES

125

**Spin** to lively, marching music.

126 HANDS

126

counting money.

127 HANDS

12:

sealing cocaine **bags...quaaludes...marijuana.**

128 EXT. SOSA VILLA - DAY

12t

Sosa on the phone in **Bolivia.**

129 **INT. TONY'S MANSION - DAY**

129

Tony on the phone in Miami.

130 EXT. MONTANO REALTY - DAY

130

Tony -- with Manny, **Gaspar**, and Ernie -- exits the Montana Realty Company in Little **Havana.**

131 EXT. MONTANA DIAMOND TRADING COMPANY - DAY

13:

Tony -- with **Manny, Gaspar and Gigi** -- enters **the Montana** Diamond Trading Company in Little **Havana.**

- 132 EXT. GASPAR'S STREET - DAY 132  
One of the Marielitos, is ambushed and blown up in his car.
- 133 EXT. BANK - DAY 133  
Camera moving from a sign saying "Banco Del Sur Miami" to Chi-Chi and Rafi unloading duffel bags from the back of a Volkswagen van in the parking lot of the bank. Tony and Manny supervise... the four of them now moving towards the bank bent under their weights--like a column of ants carrying the sugar. (X)  
Tony shaking hands in an office with a young bank president (to be seen again). They sit down to talk.
- 134 INT. TONY'S MANSION - DAY 134  
Chi-Chi's on the phone worried with Gigi. (X)
- 135 INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - DAY 135  
Manny's on the other end -- with another ladyfriend, both stripped down, the camera moving back down the telephone cord to the receiver....
- CUT TO
- 136 INT. TAP TRAILER - DAY 136  
The tap -- trailer -- simultaneous...the camera moving along the tape spools to the two narks listening.
- 137 EXT. STASH HOUSE - NIGHT 137  
Rafi, another Marielito, is led off in handcuffs from a suburban stash house by the cops.
- 138 NEWSPAPER HEADLINES 138  
"Raid Nets \$100 Million Cocaine Stash!" Time Magazine covers.
- 139 VIC, THE NEWSCASTER ON TV 139  
"135 drug-related homicides so far this year!"

139-A NICK THE PIG

139-A

shaking down punk in Cuban park.

139-B LITTLE HAVANA • NIGHT • GINA

139-B

exits flashy car.

140 OMITTED

140

141 HANDS

143

stripping false bottoms from suitcases.

142 EXT. GINA'S BEAUTY SALON • DAY

14:

Gina, with Tony, Manny, Waldo, Hernando, Gigi and Elvira looking on, cuts the ribbon for the new Gina Beauty Salons in Little Havana. She looks towards her brother, then her eyes linger on Manny. He suppresses his smile, winks at her.

143 INT. MENS' CLOTHING STORE • DAY

14:

Manny buying a new suit....

144 INT. TONY'S MOTHER'S KITCHEN • DAY

14:

Mama washing dishes, looking up at the clock.

145 INT. TONY'S BEDROOM • NIGHT

14:

Elvira snorting.

146 OMITTED

14:

147 INT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE • DAY

14:

And Hernando, another of the Marielitos, now sprawls dead over a video machine in an amusement arcade.

148 EXT. MIAMI BEACH

141

...and a bloated Cigi floats in from the ocean onto the lush white surf of Miami Beach, alongside some kids playing with their shovels.

149 INT. MORGUE - DAY

149

...as the morgue piles up with rows of corpses, their tagged toes sticking out from under the white sheets like used cars.

...and the beat goes on.

CUT TO

150 EXT. TONY'S MANSION - MORNING - DAY

150

In an exclusive area of Coral Gables, surrounded by walls, security gates, acres of lawns and a guarded boat dock on a canal. Tony has erected his fortress-like Shangri-La, to which he has -- with a sense of humor -- added a large neon sign on the front lawn that says:

THE WORLD IS YOURS

MONTANA TRAVEL CO.

Just like it should be.

...as Tony and Elvira take their marriage vows in front of the Monsignor; the triumphant montage music rising to its full glory as a beggar's banquet of gang members and various girl friends (but no sign of kids) looks on. Chi-Chi is with a girl who looks like an animal, with an extremely short dress, looping earrings, the camera moving to Gina, her eyes covertly tracking to Manny who gazes back at her, evenly and openly as....

Tony and Elvira kiss.

151 EXT. TONY'S GROUNDS - SAME DAY

15

Tony, eating his wedding cake, his arm around Elvira, nuzzling her, shows his entourage his new hobby.

Across a moat of water, a striped nine-foot Bengal tiger stretches majestically under a solitary banyan tree, extending a giant claw and licking himself.

Tony and Chi-Chi kidding around with the tiger.

Intercut to:

151-A EXT. TONY'S MANSION - GUARD HOUSE - DAY

151-

Behind some nearby bushes, Gina and Manny are making out in the grass. They hear the sounds of Tony's voice, freeze, making shushing signals, then almost laugh when they consider their childish state.

CONTINUED .

151-A CONTINUED

151-A

From their point of view, we see Tony leading the entourage back to the mansion as Chi-Chi throws the Bengal his wedding cake.

CUT TO

151-B INT. TONY'S MANSION OFFICE - DAY - MONTH DATER

151-B

Tony, accompanied by Manny, walks a young, thirtyish bank president into his office, which is rigged with video monitors surveilling all areas of the house and grounds. There's an abundance of electronics -- televisions, sound systems, computer toys, video games, desk, couch, chairs -- but not one sign of a book on the walls.

Jerry, the Banker, is slickly dressed, hair coiffed, the eyes scooting shrewdly back and forth, the type of guy who follows the Hong Kong money markets on weekends, a guy who never stops thinking money.

TONY

...yeah, well, I can't pay that no more Jerry, I'm gonna be bringing in more'n I ever brung in, y'know. I'm talking ten million a month now. That's serious money. So I think it's time you bank boys come down a bit, y'know, like....

BANKER

Hey, Tony, c'mon, that's crazy, can't do....

TONY

That's too bad, 'cause....

BANKER

Tony, sweetheart, we're not a wholesale operation here, we're a legitimate bank. The more cash you give us the harder it is to rinse, y'know. The fact is we can't even take anymore of your money 'less we raise the rates on you.

TONY

You gonna what, Jerry?

BANKER

Tony, Tony, we gotta. The IRS is coming down heavy on South Florida, y'know. That Time Magazine cover didn't help any. We gotta do it

CONTINUED



151-B CONTINUED

151-B

BANKER (Cont'd)

Tony, we got stockholders, we gotta go ten percent on the first twelve million; that's in denominations of twenty. We'll go eight percent on your ten dollar bills and six points on your fives.

T O N Y

Ten points!

MANNY

Hey, Tony, we go someplace else.

BANKER

Tony, Tony -- it's no conspiracy, we're all doing it. You're not gonna find a better deal.

T O N Y

Then fuck you, I'll fly the cash to the Bahamas myself.

BANKER

You gonna fly it yourself, Tony -- on a regular basis? Once maybe. And then what? You gonna trust some monkey in a Bahamian bank with twenty million of your hard-earned dollars? C'mon Tony, don't be a schmuck -- who else can you trust? That's why you pay us what you do -- you trust us.

Tony looks broodingly. Jerry glances at his watch, suggesting he has another engagement,

BANKER

Stay with us, you're an old and well-liked customer. You're in good hands with us...gentlemen, I gotta run. How's married life? Say hello to the princess for me -- okay. She's beautiful. See you. Take care.

Going. Tony watches, raging inside. He pulls a drawer open and reaches for a private cocaine supply. It's the first indication we have of this. As he snorts:

T O N Y

That prick, that WASP whore. What's he think I am, some maricon come over on a boat....

MANNY

So why don't we talk to this Jew Seidelbaum? He's got his own exchange, he charges four percent tops -- and he's connected.

CONTINUED

151-B CONTINUED • 2

151-E

TONY

I don't know. Mob guys -- guineas  
-- I don't trust 'em.

On the video monitor, Tony watches Jerry, the Banker, leaving. Now beginning to see things through the glass darkly, Tony hits the other nostril quickly, casually -- passing the vial to Manny who does his hit.

TONY

(eyes wandering  
across to  
another video  
monitor)

You get the house swept this month?  
The cars?

MANNY

Yeah, sure, I told you that. Five  
thousand it set us back.

TONY

See that cable truck there?

152 INT. TONY'S MANSION OFFICE - DAY - VIDEO MONITORS

152

Tony's eyes fixing on the cable TV truck parked across the street. A man is hauling cable. There are other private gates visible. The area is lush with gardens, Spanish moss, cypresses and quietly respectable million dollar houses with their Spanish tile roofs and balconies.

MANNY

Yeah?

TONY

Hey Manny when does it take three  
days to rig a cable, hunh?

MANNY

cops.

TONY

What if it's the Diaz brothers? What  
if they're gonna come and get me?

MANNY

I'll check it out.

TONY

You check it out, then we're gonna blow  
that fuckin' truck back to Bogota.

CONTINUED

152 CONTINUED

15;

MANNY

The truck could be anything. We're not the only dopers living on the block y'know.

TONY

Hey you got some attitude y'know Manny -- for a guy in charge of my security.

MANNY

Hey I'll check it out. I'm just telling you we're spending too much on this counter-surveillance shit. Twelve percent y'know, of our adjusted gross -- that's not pocket money.

TONY

You worry about it, it lets me sleep good at night. There's that fat guy again.

Manny looks over at a jogger running by the gate -- of the porcine quality, civilian-looking, fifties.

TONY

I seen him every day. 'Bout a week now.

MANNY

So the guy jogs around the neighborhood. He's some fat accountant.

TONY

How the fuck do you know what he is?

MANNY

Hey if he's a cop don't you think running in circles around a house is a pretty dumb way to watch it?

TONY

Maybe not...

(walks away,  
stops, looks  
back)

I'm telling you we're getting sloppy -- our thinking -- our attitude. We're not fucking hungry anymore!

CUT TO

153  
thru  
157

OMITTED

153  
thru  
157

A-158 EXT. TONY'S MANSION - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

A-158

158 INT. TONY'S MANSION - BATHROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ON  
TELEVISION COMMERCIAL

(X)

158

(X)

A television spot for Florida Security Trust (or Miami Security Trust or Dade Security Trust depending on legal options). A respectable business-type walks along the sidewalk with a renascent downtown Mimi as a backdrop. Skyscrapers, glinting glass, cranes....

BANK SPOKESMAN

...Here at Florida Security Trust we've been putting your money to work for a better America. We've been around for seventy-five years. We'll be here tomorrow.

A logo for the firm over with the reminder "Since 1907."

Camera pulling back to reveal Tony watching in his huge gold-leaf bathtub, a cigar clenched between his teeth. He looks like a character in a Futzie Nutzie loafing cartoon, with his TV hooked to one side of the tub, a long phone line to the other, and a radio and portable bar all within reach.

TONY

(to the TV)

Yeah that's 'cause for seventy-five years you been fucking all of us over, that's why.

(to Manny)

Somebody oughta do something about these whores. Charging me ten points on my money and they're getting away with it! There's no laws anymore, anything goes.

MANNY

Listen, these guys been here for a thousand years. They got all the angles figured.

Manny straddles a chair next to the tub watching the TV news that was interrupted by the Florida Security Trust commerical. Behind him Elvira's in a robe, fixing herself up in front of a giant mirror. It's some bathroom -- gigantic with a chandelier hanging in the middle of it, rugs, Italian marble, plants, skylights, etc....

CONTINUED

158

CONTINUED

158

TONY

You know what capitalism is --  
Getting fucked.

ELVIRA

A true capitalist if ever I met one.

She's doing a toot of coke off a flat mirror.

TONY

How would you know, bubblehead? You  
ever do nothing 'sides get your hair  
fixed and powder your nose? You do  
too much of that shit anyway.

ELVIRA

Nothing exceeds like excess. You  
should know that Tony.

TONY

Know what? Why do you always got to  
talk like that?

MANNY

(changing  
the subject)

So I had a pow-wow with this guy  
Seidelbaum today. He checks out.  
I got another meet set up.

TONY

When?

MANNY

Thursday ten o'clock. I thought I'd  
take Chi-Chi with me. Do a million  
and some change. Get my- feet wet with  
this guy.

(X)

TONY

That's a lot of wet. I'm not  
Rockefeller. Not yet.

(X)

Tony points to a figure on the TV.

TONY

Hey, listen to this, guy's always  
good for a laugh.

(X)

Visual of silver-haired television Anchorman -- Vic Phillips  
-- with a bit of show business image in him -- to be seen  
again. Underneath his face, it says "Editorial."

CONTINUED

## NEWS ANCHORMAN

...the question is how with a small law enforcement budget do you put a dent in an estimated \$100 billion a year business? It seems at times all you can do is put your finger in the dike and pray but now we are hearing voices that say the only way we can solve the drug problem is the same way Prohibition was solved. Not by outlawing the substances but by legalizing and taxing them. These voices say that will drive out the organized crime element...

(pause  
for effect)

I am not one of those voices.

## TONY

(responding)

What do you know -- you never been right in your life, Vic baby...

(to Manny)

Guy never fuckin' tells the truth. It's the guys like him, the bankers and the politicians who want to keep the coke illegal so's they can make more money and get the votes to fight the bad guys. They're the bad guys. They'll fuck anything for a buck....

## ELVIRA

And what about you Tony? Can't you stop talking about it all the time, can't you stop saying fuck? -- it's boring, it's boring!

## TONY

What's boring?

## ELVIRA

You're boring. Money, money, money! That's all I hear in this house. Frank never talked about money.

## TONY

'Cause Frank was dumb.

## ELVIRA

You know what you've become Tony -- an arriviste, an immigrant spic millionaire who can't stop talking.

CONTINUED

158 CONTINUED • 3

158

ELVIRA (Cont'd)  
about how much money he's got or how  
he's getting fucked. Why don't you  
just dig a hole in the garden honey  
and bury it and forget it.

TONY  
What're you talking about, I worked  
my ass off for all this.  
(indicates  
the bathroom)

CONTINUED

158

CONTINUED - 3

151

ELVIRA

(starts out)

It's too bad. Somebody should've  
given it to you. You would've been  
a nicer person.

TONY

Hey you know what your problem is  
pussycat....

ELVIRA

(at the lip  
of the bathroom)

What is my problem, Tony?

TONY

...you got nothing to do with your  
life that's what.

MANNY

Tony, c'mon....

TONY

Why don't you get a job y'know? Be  
a nurse, work with blind kids, lepers,  
open a stationary store, I don't give  
a shit. Anything beats lying around  
waiting for me to fuck you all the time.

(X)

ELVIRA

(stung)

Don't toot your horn, honey, you're  
not that good.

TONY

Frank was better?

ELVIRA

(quietly)

You're an asshole.

She goes.

TONY

(calling after  
her, guilty)

Hey c'mon Elvie, whatta we fight  
for, this is dumb!

He splashes the water in his tub and slams the TV shut.

CONTINUED



158 CONTINUED - 4

158

**MANNY**

(watching)

I guess married life's not all that  
it's cracked up to be, **hunh, chico?**

A friendly smile but Tony just stares glumly after **Elvira.**

**MANNY**

(rises)

I gotta hot date....

**CONTINUED**

158

CONTINUED - 4

158

TONY  
(glaring into  
his bathwater)  
This Seidelbaum thing?

MANNY  
Yeah?

TONY  
Me and Nick'll take care of it. You  
stay out of it.

MANNY  
(very surprised)  
why! It's my deal.

TONY  
You stink as a negotiator, that's why.  
You like the ladies more'n you do the  
money -- that's your problem Manny.

MANNY  
Hey wait a second, I'm your partner  
Tony, you can't trust me, who the  
fuck can you trust?.

Pause. Tony mumbles something, barely heard.

TONY  
Junior partner.

(c a t c h i n g 7  
Junior partner my ass!

TONY  
I'm in charge. Do as I say. You  
go to Atlanta, you handle the Gomez  
delivery there.

MANNY  
(a beat)  
You oughta lissen to your wife,  
muchacho. You are an asshole.

He leaves, pissed, Tony mumbling to himself in his bath.

TONY  
(to himself)  
Fuck you too...what do you know, who  
the hell put things together...me!  
Who do I trust -- me, that's who....

DISSOLVE TO

159 EXT. WAREHOUSE • ALONGSIDE MIAMI FREEWAY • DAY

15

Tony and Nick The Pig get out of a van, frowning in the glary sunlight. From the continual sound of jet aircraft taking off and landing we might **sense we're near** an airport.

As Nick hauls a duffel bag on his back, Tony, carrying a suitcase of his own, reads the sign on top of the warehouse: "CONSOLIDATED CARRIES INC."

160 INT. SEIDELBAUM OFFICE • WAREHOUSE • DAY

16

The office is bare and ugly, the furniture naugahyde black. There's **noise** from an outer office, and people on phones, moving, talking.

Tony and Nick sit on a couch stacking twenty dollar bills from the duffel bag and suitcase onto a coffee table.

Two men in casual sports clothing sit opposite them in chairs, one of them -- Seidelbaum -- squaring the bills and passing them efficiently through a money-counting machine which clicks at rhythmic intervals throughout the scene. Seidelbaum's a small, **fat 7th Avenue-type** with a lot of rings on his fingers and sharp, porky eyes.

The other guy -- Luis -- a dark Cuban, **is** long, lean and smooth with aquiline nose and dancing eyes. He drinks coffee, **smiles** a lot and bullshits -- two sordid guys who look the part.

It's a tedious process counting a million five in twenties, it takes four/five hours; and throughout the desultory dialogue Tony, absorbed by the money, and Nick never stop the monotonous work of counting and stacking and noting the amounts. At all times all four men, thoroughly aware of the **large** stacks on the table, move and talk gingerly although they appear casual and bored. They drink a lot of coffee.

**LUIS**

...yeah back then I worked in pictures down in Columbia. **I** was in that picture **Burn**, y'ever see it?..with **Marlon** Brando. We're good friend. I was his driver....

**NICK**

(stacking)

Oh yeah?

**LUIS**

Yeah, in Caragena, they shot it there  
...Gillo Pontecorvo, he **was** the director.  
Italian guy.

CONTINUED .

160

CONTINUED

160

LUIS (Cont'd)

(pause)

Yeah, I also know Paul Newman. I  
worked with him in Tucson.

NICK THE PIG

That so? Say, you know Benny  
Alvarez there?

LUIS

Uh....

SEIDELBAUM

(interrupting  
to Tony)

Now you want a company check here  
for \$283,107.65?

TONY

(pause, checking  
his fingers)

Uh... I come up with 284.6

SEIDELBAUM

(pauses, looks again  
at his figures)

No, that's just not possible. The  
machine don't make mistakes.

TONY

Well, we'll count it again.

SEIDELBAUM

Oh Jesus!

TONY

Hey business is business. We're  
talking \$1500.

SEIDELBAUM

(exasperated)

Okay, you keep the change okay, I  
don't give a shit.

TONY

Okay but I'll go through it again  
with you.

Seidelbaum ignores it, counting up another stack.

SEIDELBAUM

Okay... This check now, this one goes  
to the....

TONY

Montana Realty Company.

CONTINUED

160 CONTINUED • 2

160

NICK

(to Luis)

How come you don't know Benny  
Alvarez?

DISSOLVE TO

161 INT. SEIDELBAUM'S WAREHOUSE OFFICE • DAY

161

They're drinking another round of coffee, exhausted, smoke filling the room. The table now resembles a Mount Everest of green and they're still counting. The money, like discarded food, is spread all over the place -- in boxes, brown paper bags, on the couch. They stretch, rub their eyes.

SEIDELBAUM

We're up to what?

LUIS

(consulting  
his notes)

Seven checks. A million three hundred  
twenty-five and six hundred twenty-three  
...plus eighteen cents.

(X)

TONY

(grins)

Hey we're almost finished. Another  
200 thousand and we can take a leak.

SIEDELBAUM

Yeah but this'll do fine.

Fulls a pistol from his ankle and rises.

SEIDELBAUM

You're under federal arrest, Montana,  
for a continuing criminal conspiracy.  
The Rico Statute. Get 'em up.

Tony astonished.

TONY

Oh shit... You're not kidding hunh?

(X)

Eyes darting. Considering the options. The little fat  
man's eyes are suddenly agile and mean... Tony reads them,  
lifts his arms.

(X)

SEIDELBAUM

(to Luis)

Get it.

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

161

CONTINUED

161

Luis moves around Tony to disarm him.

TONY

So how do I know you guys are cops?

Luis, produces a wallet with identification, shoves it under Tony's nose.

LUIS

What's that say, asshole?

Insert: Photograph and Drug Enforcement Agency ID.

TONY

(impressed)

Hey that's good work, where can I get one of those?

LUIS

Cabron! You call yourself Cuban? You make a real Cuban throw up.

SEIDELBAUM

Looie! Cool it.

TONY

(unfazed;  
wiping the  
sweat off)

Call your dog off, Seidelbaum. I wanna call my lawyer.

SEIDELBAUM

Lotta good he's gonna do you Montana. There's an eye there in the wall.

(points)

Say hi, honey....

162

INT. SEIDELBAUM'S WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY - REVERSE ANGLE ON VIDEOTAPE

Blurry image of the men in the room. Tony is not that clear an image as he glances briefly, uninterested, into the camera.

TONY

Yeah, is that what you jerk off in front of Seidelbaum?

CONTINUED

162 CONTINUED

NICK

Oh shit and I was supposed to meet  
this chick at three. What a pain in  
the ass.

SEIDELBAUM

(to camera)

Okay, Danny, turn it off.

The angle goes black.

163 BACK TO SCENE

163

SEIDELBAUM

(reciting  
the Miranda)

All right, Montana, you have the  
right to remain silent. Anything  
you say can be taken against you.  
You have the....

TONY

(cuts him off)

I know all that shit, Seidelbaum,  
save your breath. It ain't gonna  
stick. You know it, I know it. I'm  
here changing dollar bills is all.  
So you wanna waste everybody's time  
here, I call my lawyer. Best lawyer  
in Miami. He's so good tomorrow  
morning you're gonna be working in  
Alaska, Seidelbaum....

As they handcuff him....

DISSOLVE TO

164 INT. TONY'S BATHROOM - DAY

164

"Drug King Posts Record \$5 Million Bond" -- a front page  
photo of Tony, Elvira, and Sheffield, the lawyer.

CUT TO

165 INT. TONY'S BATHROOM - DAY

165

Tony, tense, checks himself in the mirror, adjusts his  
hair. A vial of coke appears. He snorts a large amount,  
goes out. It's the first time we sense he might be using  
the stuff on a steady and increasingly heavy basis.

CUT TO

166 INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

166

Tony is pacing nervously. Manny looks on. Red-headed Sheffield rasps through a cloud of cigarette smoke behind his desk.

SHEFFIELD

. . .you give me a check for a hundred grand plus three hundred in cash and I guarantee you walk on the conspiracy charge. But they're gonna come back at us on a tax evasion -- and they'll get it.

TONY

What am I looking at?

SHEFFIELD

Five years, you'll be out in three, maybe less if I can make a deal.

TONY

Three years in the can! For what!  
For washing money? This whole  
country's built out of washed money!

CONTINUED



166 CONTINUED

166

MANNY

Hey, Tony, what's three years? It's not like Cuba here. It's like going to a hotel.

Tony shakes his head, grimacing like he's having an epileptic fit.

SHEFFIELD

I'll delay the trial. A year and a half, two years, you won't start doing time till '85.

TONY

No...no, they never get me back in a cage.. .never! Hey, George I go another four hundred grand -- I go 800,000 dollars, okay? With that you can fix the Supreme Court, hunh?

SHEFFIELD

Tony...the law has to prove 'beyond a reasonable doubt.' I'm an expert at raising that doubt but when you got a million three undeclared dollars staring into a videotape camera, honeybaby, it's hard to convince a jury you found it in a taxi cab.

Tony paces back and forth like a tiger, corking his fury. Abruptly coming to a decision, he whirls and leans across Sheffield's desk.

TONY

All right...all right. I do the three fuckin' years but lemme tell you about my law, George. It's real simple. There's no 'reasonable doubt.' If you're rain-making the judge or you fuck me for the four hundred grand and I come in guilty on the big rap -- you, the judge, the prosecutor, nothing's gonna stop me, y'hear? I'm gonna come and tear your fuckin' eyeballs out.

Pause.

SHEFFIELD

(cool)

The point is made. Now where's the money?

Tony nods to Manny who hauls a briefcase up on Sheffield's desk. Tony abruptly walks out, a vial appearing in his hands as he steps out of the office. He sniffs. .

CUT TO

167

EXT. SOSA VILLA - BOLIVIA - DAY

167

Camera follows Tony with Ernie and Chi-Chi **down the** outside gallery onto the veranda where Sosa is reclining with several other men -- all in casual clothes, enjoying their coffee after lunch.

SOSA

(rising)

**Tony...Tony.**

TONY

Alex.

They hug like they were the closest of friends.

**SOSA**

**I'm** glad you made it on such short notice. I appreciate it. How's Elvira?

TONY

She's okay. How's your wife?

**SOSA**

Three more months.

**TONY**

That's great.

SOSA

And you, when are you going to **have** another Tony to take your place.

TONY

(sore point)

I'm working on it.

**SOSA**

I guess you'll have to work harder, Tony.

They laugh, **nervously**. Sosa is a little more reserved with him than before -- in **tune with** the other men at the meeting.

**SOSA**

Tony, come, I want you to meet **some** friends of mine.

He smoothly guides Tony towards the group of men who rise.

**SOSA**

**This** is Pedro **Quinn**, chairman of Andes Sugar here...Tony Montana.

CONTINUED

167

CONTINUED

167

PEDRO QUINN

A pleasure, Mr. Montana.

Camera tracking through ad-lib introductions, the music assuming a faint martial stride.

SOSA

General Eduardo Strasser, Commander  
of the First Army Corps...Tony Montana.

The man is in civilian clothes.

SOSA

Ariel Bleyer, from the Ministry of  
the Interior...Tony Montana.

The cameras moving past Sosa's black aide, the Skull (who nailed Omar) silent behind his sunglasses, to an American-type in a Brook6 Brothers suit who stands.

SOSA

...Charles Goodson -- a friend of ours  
from Washington.

TONY

Hi....

GOODSON

How do you do, Mr. Montana....

He smells like a government guy. Sosa summons the black aide -- in a hushed voice.

SOSA

Nicky, have Alberto meet us in the  
living room.

The black aide goes.

SOSA

(solicitous)

Tony, come, please sit here.

Tony is shown a chair in the middle of the veranda, surrounded on all sides. There is a strained beat to the proceedings. Ernie and Chi-Chi hang around the edges.

He suddenly catches a glimpse of the sloe-eyed Gabriella moving with another woman past a window of the house. Then she's gone.

Sosa pulls up a chair right opposite Tony, almost touching knees.

SOSA

Tony, I want to discuss something  
that concerns all of us here....

CONTINUED

167 CONTINUED - 2

16

TONY

Sure, Alex.

SOSA

Tony, you have a problem; we have a problem... I think we can solve both our problems.

Tony waits.

SOSA

We all know you have tax troubles in your country -- and you may have to do a little time. But we have some friends in Washington who tell us these troubles can be taken care of ...~~maybe~~ you'll have to pay a big fine and some back interest, but there's no time....

Pause. Tony looks. The American guy, Goodson, shifts his gaze away.

TONY

And your problem, Alex?

Sosa looks around, stands up.

SOSA

Come , I'll show you.

Tony cautiously stands to follow him.

CUT TO

168 INSERT • INT. SOSA VILLA LIVING ROOM - DAY - VIDEOTAPE •  
MATOS STUDY

168

A "Phil Donahue-type" setting. A segment now in progress with the "Donahue-type" interviewing Dr. Orlando Gutierrez. (X)  
Gutierrez is a young charismatic man, very well dressed and polished in a South American manner who exudes a sense of enormous passion.

GUTIERREZ

...More than 10,000 of our people are being tortured and held without trial. In the past two years, another 6,000 have simply disappeared. And your government -- what does it do? It sells my government tanks, planes, guns, but not a word -- not-a whisper -- about human rights!

CONTINUED

168

CONTINUED

168

INTERVIEWER

I've heard whispers, Doctor Gutierrez, about the financial support your government receives from the drug industry in Bolivia.

GUTIERREZ

The irony, of course, is that this money -- which is in the billions, Jim -- is coming from your country. You are the major purchaser of our national product -- which of course is cocaine.

INTERVIEWER

So what you're saying Doctor Gutierrez is the United States Government is spending millions of dollars to eliminate the flow of drugs into our streets and at the same time is doing business with the very same government that floods those' streets with cocaine...that's a bit like robbing Peter to pay Paul, isn't it?

GUTIERREZ

(laughs)

Let me show you some of the other characters in the comedy, Jim...my organization just recently traced a purchase by this man ---

Gutierrez holds up a photograph -- insert the face on the TV screen, dour, ruthless.

GUTIERREZ

...here he is, the charming face belongs to General Cucombre, the Defense Minister of my country. Two months ago he bought a twelve million dollar villa on Lake Lucerne in Switzerland. Now if he's supposed to be the Bolivian Defense Minister, what's he doing living in Switzerland? Guarding the cash register?

Laughter.

169

TONY

169.

watching, touching his nose a lot, blowing it, hyped from the coke usage.

SOSA

... a Communist -- financed by Moscow.

170 GUTIERREZ

170  
(X)

holds up another photograph -- insert the face on the TV screen.

GUTIERREZ

(X)

...this is Alejandro Sosa. Interesting character. A wealthy landowner. Educated in England. Good family. The business brain and drug overlord of an empire stretching across the Andes. Not your ordinary drug dealer....

INTERVIEWER

(X)

What are you suggesting we do about this, Doctor?

GUTIERREZ

(X)

(passionate)

The United States Government has to stop supporting these fascist gangsters that are running my country, that is what your country has to do. You have to set a strong example by calling for the observation of fundamental human rights.

171 TONY

171

staring intently at him, reluctantly impressed.

GUTIERREZ

(X)

You Americans have no idea how important your country is as a symbol and a bastion of those rights. You have no....

Sosa flips off the television. The lights come on. He's alone with Tony.

SOSA

...he's scheduled next for 60 Minutes. He's going on French, British, Italian, Japanese television. People everywhere are starting to listen to him. He's embarrassing, Tony...That's our problem.

TONY

Yeah.

Sosa looks up.

CONTINUED

171

CONTINUED

171

The Shadow (seen before at the disposal of Omar) comes into the room, thin and quiet, his venomous eyes flicking over Tony. The Skull leads him in.

SOSA

You've met Alberto before?...

TONY

(remains seated)

Sure. How could I forget?

SOSA

Alberto, you know Tony Montana -- my partner from Florida.

CONTINUED

171 CONTINUED

171

**Alberto** nods icily, remains standing adjacent.

SOSA

(to **Tony**)

So you see **Alberto** here is going to help fix our problem. **Alberto**, you know, is an expert in the disposal business -- but he doesn't know his way around the States too well, he doesn't speak English, and he needs a little help...

(then)

Is that a problem, **Tony**?

**Tony** looks around the faces, then:

TONY

That's no problem, Alex....

Alex nods, pleased.

Hold on **Tony**. He blows his nose again.

CUT TO

172 INT. THE **LAUNDRY** RESTAURANT - MIAMI - NIGHT .

172

A millionaire's place, like "The Forge" on Arthur Godfrey Road.

**Tony**, **Elvira**, and **Manny** are shown to their table by the maitre d'.

**Tony**, a little loaded, intersects a group of people at another table and stops, putting his hand on a heavyset man's shoulder.

TONY

Hey, **Vic**, I watch your show everyday.

**Vic** -- who we saw before editorializing on television -- cranes his leonine white head of hair around with a patrician annoyance reserved for bores in restaurants.

VIC

Oh, is that so?

TONY

Yeah. Hey, you know that two hundred kilo DEA bust you was congratulating the cops for on the toob the other night?

VIC

Aren't you... **Tony** Montana?

CONTINUED



172 CONTINUED

172

TONY

(beaming now,  
ignoring Manny  
who comes to  
retrieve him)

Yeah, that's me.

The half-dozen rich people in the dinner party are intrigued.

TONY

(waves to them)

Hi folks, don't get up. Anyway, Vic, check it out. I heard like it was 220 kilos went down. That means twenty is missing, right? Ask your friends, the cops, about that -- and keep up the good work, Vic, but don't believe everything you hear, y'know what I mean? Okay, have a good dinner, nice to meet you people.

Waves farewell to them, pats Vic once more on the shoulder, and leaves them murmuring.

MANNY

(reproving)

Hey, Tony, that's not cool, he's got a lotta friends in....

TONY

I don't give a fuck. He's an ass-hole! Never fucking tells the truth on TV! That's the trouble in this country. Nobody fucking tells the truth!

Not caring if he's overheard, Tony seems to be in the grip of an anguish he does not understand.

CUT TO

173 TONY

173

sits with Manny and Elvira, who is dipping into a vial of coke in the purse in her lap. Another huge meal is being consumed, the best roast beef, bottles of red and white wine, cigars....

MANNY

...so what's the big mystery, what happened down there with Sosa?

TONY

Lot of bullshit, that's what. Politics. The whole world's turning into politics.

CONTINUED

173 CONTINUED

173

He pulls out his own vial under the table between eating and drinking.

MANNY

The one thing we always stayed out of was politics, Tony.

TONY

Yeah, so what do you think Emilio Rebenga was? Politics or what?

Manny remembers.

TONY

No free rides in this world, kid.

MANNY

So who's this guy you brought back with you, the guy who don't blink?

ELVIRA

What guy?

TONY

(to Manny)

You stay out of it. Run things down here. I'll be up in New York next week.

He takes a hit, unnoticed.

ELVIRA

(unheard)

What guy?

MANNY

(to Tony)

I don't like it.

TONY

You don't like it! It was you got me into this mess in the first place with that fuckin' Seidelbaum!

MANNY

What's Seidelbaum got to do with this?

Tony sighs, turning his attention to Elvira. He surveys the table with the bored satiety of a Roman Emperor, points to Elvira's untouched plate.

TONY

Why don't you eat your food, what's wrong with it?

CONTINUED

173

CONTINUED - 2

17:

ELVIRA

I'm not hungry.

She quickly does one nostril with a quick, practiced movement of her hand.

TONY

So what'd you order it for?

ELVIRA

I lost my appetite.

She does the other nostril. Tony looking at her. One beat. Two beats. He passes a silent burp.

MANNY

(trying to  
shift the mood)  
So what about the trial? I heard  
Sheffield thinks he can get a new  
postponement....

Tony, bleary-eyed now and drunk, continues to look at Elvira, then away, encompassing the restaurant.

TONY

(ignoring the question)  
Is this it? Is that what it's all about,  
Manny? Eating, drinking, snorting, fucking?  
Then what? You're fifty and you got a bag  
for a belly and tits with hair on 'em and  
your liver's got spots and you're looking  
like these rich fuckin' mummies in here?  
Is that what it's all about?

MANNY

It's not so bad Tony, could be worse....

TONY

(doesn't hear)  
...is that what I worked 'for? With  
these hands? Is that what I killed  
for? For this?

(turns his gaze  
stonily on Elvira)  
A junkie??? I gotta fucking junkie for  
a wife? Who never eats nothing, who  
wakes up with a quaalude, who sleeps  
all day with black shades on, who won't  
fuck me 'cause she's in a coma!

MANNY

(gently)  
Tony, you're drunk.

CONTINUED

173

CONTINUED - 3

173

TONY

...is this how it ends? And I thought I was a winner? Fuck it man, I can't even have a fucking kid with her, her womb's so polluted, I can't even have a fucking little baby!

Elvira reacts -- wanting to kill. She gets up and dumps her plate filled with food on him. Slop drips all over him.

ELVIRA

You sonufabitch! You fuck!

They got a black tie audience now. The waiter tipping around to clean up the mess. Tony slowly wiping the food off himself.

ELVIRA

How dare you talk to me like that! You call yourself a man! What makes you so much better than me, what do you do? Deal drugs? Kill people? Oh that's just wonderful Tony -- a real contribution to human history. You want a kid. What kind of father do you think you'd make, Tony? What kind of stories are you going to tell the kid before he goes to sleep at night? You going to drive him to school in the mornings, Tony? You really think you're still going to be alive by the time he goes to school, Tony? You're dreaming, Tony, you're dreaming!

The audience is hushed, involved, the camera moving over the faces of Vic and his rich friends.

Tony acidly quiet, looks around at the people, back to her.

TONY

Sit down before I kill you.

ELVIRA

...You think of yourself as a husband, too, Tony. But did you ever stay home without having six of your goons around all the time? I have Nick the Pig as a friend? What kind of life is that Tony? What kind of life is that?

CONTINUED

173

CONTINUED - 4

173

ELVIRA (Cont'd)

(in a softer  
tone)

Oh Tony don't you see? Don't you  
see what we've become? We're losers,  
honey, we're not winners, we're  
losers....

Silence. Tony's fury has passed. So has Elvira's. There's  
this awkwardness all of a sudden like two actors who forgot  
their lines.

TONY

(softly)  
Go on, get a cab home, you're stoned.  
(to Manny)  
Manny.

ELVIRA

No, I'm not stoned Tony. You're  
stoned. You're so stoned you don't  
even know it.

TONY

All right I'm stoned. Manny.

MANNY

(rising, trying  
to put his arm  
on Elvira)  
Come on, baby.

ELVIRA

No, no you stay right there Manny,  
I'm not going home with you...I'm  
not going home with anybody. I'm  
going home alone...

(staring at Tony)

I'm leaving you. I don't need this  
shit anymore.

Pause. She starts wobbling out. Past the silent  
spectators, their eyes moving between her and Tony.

Manny rises to follow.

TONY

Let her go! ..Another quaalude and  
she'll love me again.

Stumbling once, Elvira disappears out the door. Tony's  
eyes follow her. Pause.

CONTINUED

173

CONTINUED - 5

173

The whole room is watching him sitting there covered with food, the silence cathedral. He stands, wiping at the food and throwing several hundred dollar bills on the table, then looks up angrily at the staring millionaires.

TONY

You're all assholes. You know why?  
'Cause none of you got the guts to be  
what you want to be.

He wobbles against the table. Manny tries to help. Tony shakes him loose.

TONY

You need people like me so you can point your fingers and say 'hey there's the bad guy!' So what does that make you? Good guys? Don't kid yourselves. You're no better'n me. You just know how to hide -- and how to lie. Me I don't have that problem. I always tell the truth -- even when I lie.

He starts out, staggers.

TONY

So say good night to the bad guy...  
You're never gonna see a bad guy  
like me again.

He walks out, proud, Manny bringing up the rear. The room is empty for a beat -- an extended beat, the stage without its star -- and then the audience begins to buzz with horror and delight.

CUT TO

174

EXT. GUITERREZ' STREET - NEW YORK - NIGHT

174

A quiet East Eighties street. Two rich-looking male lovers stroll past with their dog. A moment of silence. Tony moves into frame.

Behind him, the Shadow (Alberto) moves towards a sedan parked along the curb, carrying an airline bag. Be slips under the car.

Tony looks:

135

ERNIE

175

down the street at the intersection of the avenue, surveying traffic, signals okay.

176 CHI-CHI

176

waits in Tony's sedan double-parked down the block.

Tony, feeling everything's okay, does a nervous, quick snort, paces next to the vehicle the Shadow disappeared under.

Ground level -- the Shadow, using a pen flashlight, removes the bomb from the bag. With subtly inexorable music, the camera frames and moves on the bomb -- wired, soldered, taped -- a malignant centipede in the long agile fingers of the Shadow, who delicately presses a tester. A glass button on the bomb now flashes red at soothing intervals as the Shadow winds a roll of black tape from the bomb to an axle of the car.

177 ERNIE

177

si-gnals.

178

TONY

178

sees it.

A cop car comes cruising off the avenue up the street,  
towards us,

Ground level -- the Shadow continues to wind his black tape  
trying to secure the bomb as tight as possible.

Tony hurries to the car, bends down.

TONY

(Spanish)

Psst! La Jara! Apaga.

(X)

The Shadow douses it and freezes in position.

Tony looks up just as the cop car pulls alongside, the  
passenger cop, a female, noticing him, saying something to  
her partner who eases the car to a halt.

Tony hurries out into the street, taking the initiative.

TONY

Hey officer, uh you haven't seen a  
little dog have you, a little white  
poodle, it's around here somewhere?  
Jesus my kid's gonna go crazy when  
he hears I lost 'im. Oh boy am I  
gonna be in trouble.

FEMALE COP

Why don't you check the ASPCA okay?  
They handle that stuff....

TONY

The ASPCA? What's that?... Jesus,  
that's not the place where they chop  
these dogs up is it?

FEMALE COP

(in a hurry)

Look it up in the Yellow Pages okay,  
buddy.

(signal to her partner,  
they drive off)

Tony looks at them go, takes another snort, walks over to  
the car, bangs on the hood several times.

TONY

Hey smiley, come on outta there,  
you're under arrest!

CONTINUED



178 CONTINUED

Pause. The Shadow, unsmiling, appears from under the car. gun drawn, glowing with perspiration. When he realizes it's a joke, his eyes blaze at Tony.

SHADOW

(Spanish)

What the fuck you doing!

TONY

(winks)

Hey that was close, hunh?

CUT TO

179 EXT. GUITERREZ' STREET - NEW YORK - DAY - EARLY NEXT MORNING 178 (X)

Ernie, Chi-Chi, and the Shadow huddle cold and uncomfortable in the sedan, waiting -- eating pizzas and drinking beers. The morning has come down ice cold.

180 INT. PHONE BOOTH - NEW YORK - DAY 180

At the phone booth up the corner, Tony -- unshaven, bleary-eyed -- is rapping on the phone.

TONY

...Yeah, yeah...nah, nah...you tell Sheffield 'keep his nose out of it, there's not gonna be no trial, I got everything under control, yeah...Have you heard from Elvira?

He waits, hangs up, snorts some more, impatient. He picks up the phone again, starts dialing. (X)

181 INT. TONY'S NEW YORK SEDAN - DAY 181

In the sedan, the Shadow peers over, angry, at Tony.

SHADOW

(Spanish)

What the fuck's he doing now! That sonufabitch....

182 INT. PHONE BOOTH - NEW YORK - DAY 182

In the booth, Tony, snorting another nostril, moves back and forth as the phone rings at the other end. Finally she picks up,

CONTINUED

182 CONTINUED

ELVIRA'S VOICE

182  
(X)

Yes?

TONY

Hello baby, how's Baltimore?..hey  
look Elvie, I been thinkin' 'bout us,  
you know and....

(X)

The phone goes dead. Furious he slams it back down, stalks  
back out to the sidewalk. (X)

183 OMITTED

183  
(X)

184 INT. TONY'S SEDAN - DAY

184

He gets in the driver's seat. The Shadow's next to him  
with the radio transmitter, Chi-Chi, in the back. Tony,  
seemingly unaffected by the weather, reaches for an open  
pint of ice cream, starts eating it with a plastic spoon.  
He alternates ice cream with coke through the scene, the  
dashboard of the car cluttered with cartons of half-eaten  
Chinese food. (X)

The Shadow, disgusted with all this mess, restrains himself,  
staring out at the street with a hate-filled expression,  
saying nothing.

CHI-CHI

(concerned)

Everything okay Tony?

TONY

Yeah roses. Where is this fuckin'  
guy? I don't got all day to piss  
away.

CHI-CHI

Probably fucking his wife.  
(eating pizza)  
Jeezus it's cold.

185 THEIR POINT OF VIEW THROUGH TONY'S WINDSHIELD - DAY

185

The door of the brownstone. No movement. Though now  
there's increasing traffic on the street and passing  
pedestrians.

TONY

...we oughta shoot him when he comes  
out the door, save a lotta bullshit.

186 INT. TONY'S SEDAN - DAY

186

CHI-CHI

What's so important about this guy  
anyway? What's he a Communist?

(X)

TONY

(snorting  
through  
his mouth)

Nah he's no Communist. He's a kinda  
symbol, that's what he is.

(X)

CHI-CHI

What the fuck's that mean -- symbol?

TONY

It's like when you die, your life  
meant something to somebody, y'know?  
It wasn't like you just lived it for  
yourself, but you did something for  
the rest of the human race too....

Tony snorts another line -- seen through the rearview  
mirror.

CHI-CHI

(nods his head  
somberly)

Yeah?

TONY

Me, I wanna die fast. With my name  
written in lights all over the sky.  
Tony Montana. He died doin' it.

CHI-CHI

Whatcha talking 'bout Tony, you  
ain't gonna die.

TONY

(doesn't  
hear him)

...So I'll end up in a coffin. So  
what? The cockroach fires the bullet's  
gonna end up in a coffin just like me.  
But I lived better when I was here.  
And that's what counts.

Pause.

TONY

(nervous,  
to Ernie)  
Ernie, what time?

CONTINUED

186 CONTINUED - 2

ERNIE

Ten to.

TONY

(opening  
his door)

I gotta call Manny.

He starts out the door. The Shadow barks out something in  
preemptory Spanish.

SHADOW

(Spanish)

Sit down!

TONY

Hey, you don't tell me what to do,  
you,...

CHI-CHI

Tony, he's coming!

187 EXT. MATOS' STREET - DAY

Tony looks around, sees:

Matos coming out the door, briefcase in hand.

Tony gets back in the car.

188 THROUGH TONY'S WINDSHIELD - DAY

Matos gets into his sedan a quarter block down from his  
front door.

189 INT. TONY'S SEDAN - DAY

Tony staring.

The Shadow, most excited of all, like a panther that just  
spotted his prey, eyes alive for the first time.

190 THROUGH TONY'S WINDSHIELD - DAY

Matos sits there warming up his car, looking back at the  
brownstone.

191

INT. TONY'S SEDAN - DAY

191

SHADOW

(Spanish,  
excited)  
...The UN -- right in front of it.  
In the daylight. That's the way  
they want it.

Tony breaks **open** a fresh vial.

TONY

(English)  
Hey okay I don't give a shit where,  
okay, you can blow him up when you  
like okay, just tell me okay -- when  
you like.

The chatter comes out jagged, irritating the Shadow who  
doesn't understand Tony's English anyway.

SHADOW

(Spanish; to  
Chi-Chi)  
What's **he saying!** You tell him **stay**  
inside thirty metres of the car, **okay**  
-- no **more** you just stay inside  
thirty metres.

TONY

(English)  
Hey okay I heard you the the first  
time. One time **okay**. Just tell **me**  
one time.  
(snorts)

SHADOW

(Spanish)  
I tell you thirty metres **okay!** You  
understand, **madre de dios, why this**  
hop-head is driving!

CHI-CHI

Okay, **okay**.

TONY

(English)  
Okay, okay, cool it willya all right.

192

THROUGH TONY'S WINDSHIELD - DAY

19

**Matos** pulls his car out of the parking space.

Tony puts his car in **gear**, prepares to **pull** out when:

CONTINUED

192 CONTINUED

19

Matos stops his car, backs up -- in the direction of his front door.

TONY

What the ---

Matos comes to a halt, double-parked, honks.

193 INT. TONY'S SEDAN • DAY

19

T O N Y

(to Chi-Chi)

What's he doing? Where's he going?

194 MATOS' BROWNSTONE • SIDEWALK • DAY

19

The wife opens the door, steps out -- followed, moments later, by two schoolchildren, books in hand. Matos waves to them to come along.

195 INT. TONY'S SEDAN • DAY

19

Tony looks astonished, back at Chi-Chi.

TONY

What the fuck! You said the wife took 'em in the other car.

CHI-CHI

She did boss. She did it every fucking day, I swear!

196 THROUGH TONY'S WINDSHIELD • DAY

19

The two children are now climbing in the back of Matos' sedan, the wife getting into the passenger seat. They drive off.

197 INT. TONY'S SEDAN • DAY

19

Tony, upset now, goes to his vial, snorts, turns sharply to the Shadow.

TONY

Hey chico, no fuckin' way! No wife, no kids! We hit this fuckin' guy we hit him alone okay.

CONTINUED

197 CONTINUED

SHADOW

(Spanish)

No! Mr. Sosa says we do it now.  
We do it. Co.

He has the strength of a born psychopath, brooking no other reality but his own. He stares a hole through Tony who gives way to his intensity, going into a slow angry burn at himself, putting the sedan in gear and going after Matos, muttering to himself.

TONY

...aw fuck this, this fuckin'  
asshole!

Chi-Chi, in the back, looks on worried.

198 NEW YORK STREETS - DAY - FOLLOWING MATOS' SEDAN

through Manahattan, towards the UN.

The Shadow making the final adjustments on his decoder. He now sticks a key in it. A red light pulses at intervals.

Tony, driving, glances, the tension building in him, he does another giant snort.

Matos' sedan, swerving out into traffic to pass a car, has a near collision with an insane bus driver and has to brake suddenly, angling into a deep pothole, shaking the car and honking angrily after the bus.

The Shadow goes nuts, peering over the dashboard to see if the bomb came loose.

SHADOW

(to himself,

Spanish)

Madre de dios, my bomb! -- don't you  
fuckin' fall, my little baby!

Perspiration starting to break out on his forehead.

Tony also feels the sweat coming on.

TONY

(muttering)

...this is fuckin' crazy, man, this  
is sloppy doing it this way, you  
don't do it like this....

He honks furiously at a cab that tries to cut him off.

199 INT. TONY'S SEDAN - DAY

199

Tony, intense at the wheel, sneezing, his nose running.

SHADOW

(equally tense,  
in Spanish)  
You're losing them! There! That  
street, they go that street!

TONY

I see 'im! I see 'im!

SHADOW

(Spanish)  
Thirty metres! Thirty metres! Go!  
Go!

TONY

Shut the fuck up!

Honking like a madman and accelerating past a truck....

TONY

...what am I doing? What the fuck  
am I doing here?...

200 THROUGH TONY'S WINDSHIELD - DAY

200

Mato's sedan pulling off at 47th and Second Avenue heading  
for the United Nations building which now appears at the  
end of the street.

201 INT. TONY'S SEDAN - DAY

201

SHADOW

(Spanish)  
Okay, now...now. Right here.  
Easy. Easy!

The decoder.

Tony snorts.

TONY

(muttering)  
...Aw fuck you, you fuckin' vulture....

The Shadow in stark profile.

His finger depresses the first key of the decoder.

202 UNDER MATOS' CAR - DAY

202

The bomb -- pulsing red light.



203 THROUGH TONY'S WINDSHIELD - DAY

The Gutierrez sedan pulls off the sidestreet into the thick of First Avenue traffic -- approaching the striking facade of the United Nations. (X)

204 INT. TONY'S SEDAN - DAY

The Shadow is in a full sweat.

SHADOW

(Spanish)

...okay, okay, nice 'n' easy...at the corner... when he pulls up at the corner.

His finger hovering around the second key of the decoder.

Chi-Chi in the back, leaning forward across the seat. (X)

TONY

(muttering)

Two kids in the car, Jesus Christ!

205 UNDER GUTIERREZ' CAR - DAY

The bomb -- jarred by -a bump, pulsing red light. (X)

206 THROUGH TONY'S WINDSHIELD - DAY

Gutierrez' sedan inches its way out of the traffic and eases along the curb. (X)

207 INT.. TONY'S SEDAN - DAY

Tony honking his way through traffic after them, building to a climax with himself. 20'

TONY

(muttering)

...bunch of fuckin' vultures. You don't have the guts to look 'im in the eye when you kill him, you gotta hide, you fuckin' vulture.

Honk, honk.

SHADOW

Shut up!

CHI-CHI

(suddenly panicked)

He's gonna get out! Hurry up, hurry  
the fuck up!

CONTINUED .

207

CONTINUED

20'

TONY

(ignoring all  
the commotion)

...makes you feel good, hunh?

Killing the wife and the kids. Big  
man. Well fuck you! What do you  
think I am? You think I'd kill two  
kids and a woman. Well fuck that!  
I don't need that shit in my life.

His face twisted in agony, he reaches down and snaps his  
Baretta free from his ankle holster. He swings it around  
sharply, levelling it on the Shadow.

TONY

You die, motherfucker!

The Shadow glances over at Tony, astonished. Tony pumps  
two shots point-blank into him, blowing his face off and  
smashing him against the door of the moving sedan, blood  
and brains splattering the windows and the seat covers.

CHI-CHI

Oh Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ!  
What the....

Tony swerving the sedan back across the Avenue, the traffic  
around them honking and moving along at its normal pace as  
the Shadow's body slumps down out of sight, another Monday  
morning traffic accident with blood and brains splattered  
up against a passenger window and nobody really sees...  
except a six-year-old girl in an adjacent vehicle; she  
wonders momentarily, then dismisses it.

TONY

(continuing  
to mutter)

...so what'd you think I was, hunh?  
A fucking worm like you! I told you  
don't fuck with me! I told you no  
kids! You shoulda listened to me you  
stupid fuck!

CUT TO

208

OMITTED

2c  
(X)

209 EXT. JFK AIRPORT - THAT NIGHT

205

Planes roaring.

210 INT. JFK AIRPORT

21c

Chi-Chi waiting in a busy lounge covering Tony on the phone;  
Tony's still wearing the same clothes with patches of blood  
on them.

TONY

Ernie? Where the fuck you been?

ERNIE'S VOICE

I had a delivery. Tony, everything  
go okay, whatsa ---

T O N Y

Puck no? Where the hell's Manny? I  
been calling all over.

ERNIE'S VOICE.

I don't know, Tony. He's been gone  
last couple of days. Didn't say  
nothing.

TONY

What! Where! I left that sunufabitch  
in charge! What the hell is going  
on here, can't I trust anybody  
anymore.

ERNIE'S VOICE

I don't know, Tony, he just took  
off, y'know, he didn't say nothing...  
you all right?

TONY

No, I'm not all right. I'm pissed  
off! And when I 'get there I'm gonna  
kick some ass all over the fuckin'  
place!

ERNIE'S VOICE

When you coming back, Tony?

TONY

Tonight!

(repeating  
to himself)

Where the hell is that cocksucker?  
I can't trust nobody no more. You  
think just 'cause I'm a nice guy....

ERNIE'S VOICE

Uh, Tony, your mama called. Gina's  
gone. She got to see you right away.

CONTINUED

210 CONTINUED

210

TONY  
Gina's gone? Where! Oh fuck!..Tell  
her I'll be there tonight. Okay?

ERNIE'S VOICE  
Right.

TONY  
(about to hang  
up, pauses)  
uh -- how 'bout Elvie -- did she call?

ERNIE'S VOICE  
(a beat)  
No.

TONY  
Yeah, okay, okay...listen if she  
calls, tell her I love her, okay?

ERNIE'S VOICE  
Yeah, okay Tony.

Tony hangs up. A moment of despair. Then he snorts  
another spoon and snaps back.

CUT TO

211 EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

211

Plane taking off.

CUT TO

212 EXT. TONY'S MANSION - THAT NIGHT

212

Tony drives up in a white Corniche (the red Jaguar having  
been shot to shreds earlier in Lopez's attempt on Tony's  
life) with Chi-Chi, jumps out in the same bloodstained  
clothes, rushes in.

213 INT. TONY'S MANSION - NIGHT

213

Ernie meets them at the door.

TONY  
Hear from Manny?

ERNIE  
No Tony. Your mama called again.  
She gotta see you. And Sosa's been  
ringing every half-hour on the eleven  
line. Tony, he sounds pissed, he....

CONTINUED

213 CONTINUED

213

TONY

Yeah, yeah, yeah...Chi-Chi, get him  
on the line. In the office.

Chi-Chi goes.

TONY

What about Elvie -- anything?

Ernie shakes his head.

TONY

You keep trying Manny. I need that  
cocksucker, you hear, I need him here!  
Okay?

ERNIE

Right, Tony.

Tony stalks off, towards his office.

214 INT. TONY'S OFFICE

214

Amid his computer space games and half-dozen televisions  
and stereos, Tony picks up the ringing phone.

TONY

Yeah? Hi. Mami.

The other phone is ringing. Her voice on the phone sounds  
hysterical and angry. Not really listening, Tony breaks  
open a new vial, pours the entire vial of coke out across  
the desk into a thick quarter-moon pattern. He snorts.  
Chi-Chi signals he's got Sosa on the other line.

TONY

(into the phone)

Yeah, all right. I hear you. No  
problem, okay. I'll be there!

He hangs up, snorts, then pushes the button Chi-Chi indicates.  
The telephone should be the latest in gimmickry.

TONY

... so whaddaya say Alex?

Pause. The voice at the other end is very controlled, very  
cold.

SOSA'S VOICE

So what happened Tony?

CONTINUED

TONY

(casual)

Oh we had some problems.

SOSA'S VOICE

Yeah I heard.

TONY

How'd you hear?

SOSA'S VOICE

'Cause our friend gave a speech today  
at the UN. He wasn't supposed to  
give that speech.

TONY

(shrugs)

Yeah, well, your guy Alberto was a  
piece of shit, he didn't do what I  
said so I cancelled his fuckin'  
contract.

Pause at the other end.

SOSA'S VOICE

... My partners and I are pissed off.

TONY

Hey Alex, no big deal. There's  
plenty other 'Albertos'. so I'll  
deliver the goods next month.

SOSA'S VOICE

(suddenly angry  
and letting  
Tony know)

No! We can't do that. They found  
what was under the car, Tony. And  
our friend's got security now up the  
ass. And the heat's coming down hard  
on me and my partners. There's not  
gonna be a next time. You blew it,  
you fuckin' dumb cocksucker!

TONY

Hey, you don't talk to me like that!  
Who do you ---

SOSA'S VOICE

(simultaneous)

I told you a long time ago, you little  
fuckin' monkey, not to fuck me and....

Tony holding the mouthpiece away from his ear and talking  
at it like it was a face.

CONTINUED

214 CONTINUED

214

TONY

Who the fuck you think you're  
talkin' to, hunh! Whatta you think  
I am? Your fuckin' slave! You don't  
tell me what to do, Sosa. You 're  
shit! You want a war, you got it?

Slams the phone down.

TONY

The fucking nerve of that guy!

In the cavernous silence of the *room*, he listlessly turns (X)  
to another line of coke.

CUT TO (X)

215 EXT. MIAMI STREETS - NIGHT

215

Tony in the backseat in his white Corniche staring straight  
ahead. Ernie driving, Chi-Chi with him.

216 EXT. MOTHER'S HOUSE - SOUTHWEST MIAMI - NIGHT

216

The bulletproof white Corniche pulls up, Ernie and Chi-Chi  
getting out first, checking the street, Tony following  
quickly.

TONY

(to Chi-Chi)

You try Manny again. Gimme five  
minutes.

He hurries towards the house.

217 INT. MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

21:

Mama is angry and ravaged with worry, made weaker than previously, as if overwhelmed by events.

MAMA

...she got a place of her own, she don't tell me where. One day I follow her in a taxi. She goes into this fancy house in Coconut Grove.

TONY

The Grove? Where'd she get that kinda money?

MAMA

You! You were giving her the money, what do you think -- don't you see what you do to her, don't you....

TONY

I never gave her that kinda money.

(X)

MAMA

Yes, you did! One time one. thousand. dollars you gave her!...

(X)

TONY

Mama, was there a guy with hex?

(X)

MAMA

I don't know, there was this other car in the driveway. I know if I went in there, she'd kill me, she's like you, she....

(X)

Tony's face filling with the old wrath, he grips his mother by the shoulders.

TONY

Where's this house, tell me!

MAMA

Four hundred something. Citrus Drive. Four hundred nine. You gotta talk to her Tony, she don't listen to me anymore. She says to me 'Shut up! Mind your own business.' Exactly like you do to me. Ever since you come back, she's been getting this way.

(X)

He turns to leave but she clings to his arm.

CONTINUED



MAMA

Don't you see what you do to her?  
Don't you see? Why do you have to  
hurt everything you touch, why do  
you....

TONY

(shakes himself  
loose, turns on her)  
No! You know why she left, Mama?  
Not 'cause of me. 'Cause of you

MAMA

Me?

TONY

Yeah, it's you drove her nuts with  
your nagging and bitchin'.

MAMA

(interrupting)  
Nagging and bitchin'? I only demand  
a little respect and dignity in this  
house, is that why I am nagging and  
bitchin'?

TONY

(continuing)  
...and you did the same thing to  
me. I wasn't this, I wasn't that --  
never good enough for you. I never  
felt nothing from you, Mama --  
nothing!

MAMA

(interrupting)  
...because I was putting food on the  
table, because I suffered for both  
*of you....*

TONY

First time I ever needed you, where  
were you? . . .

MAMA

Where was I?

TONY

...when I was in that Army jail in  
Cuba, rotting my ass off, not once.  
I hadda come out into the fuckin'  
streets to find out my mother and my  
sister are gone from my house, they  
left the country not one word, one  
letter, that's right. Where were you?

CONTINUED

217

CONTINUED - 2

217

MAMA

(interrupting)

You !..sin verguenza. From the time  
you were five, you gave me heartbreak  
and humiliation and shame....

(X)

TONY

That's right! That's right. What  
did you expect!,,

MAMA

(interrupting)

...that's what you brought into this  
house. If I were to listen to you,  
you would convert my house into your  
gangster headquarters....

TONY

...What do you expect now? To be  
loved? You got no love *in* you, Mama.  
What *do* you think Papi left for? And  
Gina? At least I didn't walk around  
with my head hanging down between my  
legs my whole fuckin' life. Like Papi  
-- like the way you made Papi feel.  
I made something outta my life. I'm  
somebody and I'm proud of it.

(X)

MAMA

(interrupting)

Somebody? You're proud? You're a  
nothing. You're an animal! (Escoria!)

(X)

Tony storms out of the door as Mama pursues.

MAMA

God help me, what have I done to you?  
You were a beautiful baby. I used to  
watch you sleep. So beautiful. How?  
How, Dios Santo, did you become such  
a monster, such an ugly little monster....

(X)

As Tony slams the door, we hold a beat on her face -- as  
if she had finally answered her own questions.

218

EXT. MOTHER'S HOUSE

218

Tony stomps into his white Corniche, Ernie discreetly  
closing the door and getting in with Chi-Chi as Mama rips  
open her door in b.g. and stands there staring from the  
doorway -- weeping and staring across the dark. Tony  
takes a strong hit of coke. The car whistles off.

CUT TO

219 EXT. HOUSE - COCONUT GROVE - THAT NIGHT

21'

Tony in the backseat of the Corniche with Chi-Chi studies the house from across the curb. It's quiet, rich, suburban, not calling attention to itself.

CONTINUED

219

CONTINUED

21

**Tony**, seething, snorts another line of coke laid out on the crystal bar dividing the backseat, and rewed, goes.

TONY  
(to Chi-Chi)  
Wait here.

He approaches the front door, listening, the hand sliding into his pocket. Inside a wistful Billy Joel song plays over the stereo. He rings a buzzer, waits.

Hold the pause. The door opens casually. Standing there is Manny -- with a towel around his waist.

MANNY  
(surprised)  
Tony? .

Tony stares, stunned.

Gina now comes into view behind Manny -- in a bathrobe, a big smile of welcome for her brother.

GINA  
Tony!  
(eyes suddenly  
moving downward  
in alarm)

Tony with his Baretta pointed at **Manny**, his expression filled with loathing.

Manny smiles easily and shrugs, the gesture drawing Tony over the edge.

MANNY  
Hey Tony, c'mon we was....

The gun fires.

GINA  
Tony! No!

Tony fires a second time.

Manny slowly slumps downward against the doorjamb, eyes on **Tony**, terribly surprised.

Tony holds the gun, staring down, separated from himself.

Manny lies at his feet, dead.

CONTINUED

219

CONTINUED • 2

2:

GINA

Manny!

She goes down to her knees, stunned out of her mind, shakes him.

GINA

Manny!

She looks up, insanely, at Tony, her eyes huge with disbelief.

GINA

You killed him?

Shaking her head at him incredulously.

GINA

We got married just yesterday. We were gonna surprise you.

Tony stands there, doubly stunned by the news.

GINA

Manolo, oh Manolo, what'd he do?..  
What'd he do?

She hugs his corpse tightly to her breast and makes horrible strangled sounds with her throat.

Chi-Chi hurrying up to Tony, worried somebody's *seen the* shooting. Ernie follows.

CHI-CHI

Tony, come on. We gotta get out of here.

(to Gina)

Come on baby...Gina!

Suddenly she goes berserk.

GINA

Nooooooooooooo!

And shoving Chi-Chi aside, launches herself on Tony, screaming incoherently like a madwoman, trying to kill him. She beats him around the head, the chest, scratches furrows of flesh from his face. He stands there, oblivious, numbed.

Chi-Chi and Ernie have a demon on their hands. They manage at last to yank her off Tony, kicking and continuing to scream.

220 EXT. NANNY'S HOUSE • NIGHT

22

Lights coming on in the houses around the neighborhood.

Chi-Chi and Ernie, desperate now, drag her forcefully along the pavement into the Corniche. She continues to scream.

ERNIE

(to Chi-Chi)

Get the body!

Tony, back at the door, looks down again.

The eyes of Manolo staring sightlessly.

Chi-Chi runs back, grabs Tony.

CHI-MI

Tony!

Pulls him. Tony snaps out of it.

TONY

Yeah!

He goes. Chi-Chi lifting Nanny's body, hauling it.

Tony getting into the Corniche, Ernie pinning Gina against the front seat. Chi-Chi propping Manny into the driver's seat with him. The car roars away.

The camera closing on Gina as she looks through the glass partition of the Corniche, at the slumped head of Manny in f.g., the music surging unexorably.

GINA'

Manny!..Manny! No!

CUT TO \*

221 MIAMI STREETS • NIGHT

22:

The white Corniche whistles by like a hearse heading for hell.

222 EXT. TONY'S MANSION GROUNDS • THAT NIGHT

22:

It goes roaring by the front gate and up the driveway, gravel flying.

The camera curving to reveal two sedans inching up the shadowed street, towards us, their lights out. The cars stop. Eight men emerge silently, blending into the shadows. of the trees.

223

INT. TONY'S MANSION - NIGHT

22

Tony, scratches across his face, strides through the front door into the marble foyer. Another Marielito is waiting for them at the door.

(X)

Ernie and Chi-Chi are almost carrying Gina, who is numb with shock.

CHI-CHI

What do we do with her Tony?

TONY

Do what? Where? Put her upstairs.

Put her in my bedroom.

(to Gina)

It'll be all right, pussycat, you'll see everything'll be okay, I'll take care of you....

She looks up at him through her stupor and spits in his face. Chi-Chi and Ernie pull her away -- as Tony stares, upset but passive. They trundle her up the stairs. Tony turns and walks away.

(X)

224

INT. TONY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

224

Tony slumps on his couch. A haze of coke rises off the velvet like a snow scene painting on a Christmas card. Oblivious to the dust, he cuts open a fresh plastic kilo 'bag of coke and spreads the entire pound out across the black marble coffee table.

Ernie and Chi-Chi come in.

(X)

CHI-CHI

We got some pills into her, she's cooling down.

(X)

Tony pays no attention, Ernie and Chi-Chi noticing the pile of coke.

(X)

Flashing his silver tooter, Tony snorts a truly giant amount in a large pendular swing of his elbow across the length of coffee table.

Pause as he lets it sink in.

CHI-CHI

(worried)

Boss, what we gonna do now?

TONY

Do? We're gonna war that's what we gonna do. We gonna eat Sosa for breakfast. We're gonna close that fucker down.

CONTINUED

224 CONTINUED

224

Ernie and Chi-Chi sharing a look.

(X)

CHI-CHI

(X)

(eyeing  
the coke)

Hey Tony, why don't you go easy on  
that stuff, hunh?

Tony looks up at him, focuses. The eyes are uncompromising.

Ernie, a little scared of him now, turns away. Chi-Chi follows. (X)

Tony starts on another trek along the coffee table.

CUT TO

225 EXT. TONY'S MANSION GROUNDS - LATER THAT NIGHT

225

The Bengal tiger paces his spot, restless.

A monsoon-like wind blows through the trees on the estate.

The monkeys listen quietly.

The f lamings flutter.

...Then there's a burst of loud music from the stereo speakers on the balcony -- a Billy Joel song, something smooth and easy about the high times and how fast they go...

...and we see Tony, in long shot, throw open the terrace doors and stagger out onto the balcony, overlooking his estate.

..On a closer angle, we track him to the edge of the balustrade. He's done so much coke now he's practically catatonic; staggering and muttering to himself.

TONY

(insensate)

... Jesus fuckin' Christ whatsa matter  
with me, get a hold of y'self now  
these cocksuckers gonna run over you  
let 'em try I bury the cocksuckers....

His point of view -- panning his estate. The dark emptiness echoes back at him. The wind rustling the treetops. Tony shaking his head at himself, He starts to cry.

CONTINUED



225

CONTINUED

22

TONY

...Ooooh **fuck** Manny, how the **fuck** did I **do** that? How the fuck!..oh Manny, Manny...**you** were there for me, you were the one, Manny, you understood, always understood... well what the hell happened, hunh? What the hell happened to us?...

In far **b.g.** now, behind Tony, on the video monitors in his office we see:

The main gate and guard shack -- a Marielito crosses into view, checks the gate, turns. **Suddenly two figures spring** out at him. One of them garrotting the Marielito. He struggles. (X

Another monitor **now** reveals **two** more **figures moving into the** interior of the guard shack. They knife the other Marielito

**A third monitor. carries another image of shadows moving** through the trees on the estate.

On the balcony, Tony is oblivious to it all, spent, almost incoherent.

TONY

...I said to you, Manny, I said I never go crazy and you said, I **would** you sonofabitch and you **was** right... those were the good **days** hunh, we was crazy back in those days, we'd do anything, you and **me**, we was on the **way up**, nobody nothing **coulda** stopped us cause we were the best hunh -- **the fucking best....**

As Tony turns **and starts back through the terrace doors into** his study, the camera glides around to a view of a hook flying up and catching the balustrade. A shadow starts climbing up as:

TONY

...we still are Manny, we still are -- see, I'm gonna wipe out all them **fuckers** out there, I'm gonna run the market, I'm gonna be King Cocaine you hear me, you buy you **buy from me** -- Tony Montana. Covers of all the **magazines. Fan mail. Television** stars, movie stars, shooting stars -- he's **a** star....

226

INT. TONY'S MANSION - OFFICE

226

As he crosses into his office, the camera moves to reveal Gina standing there half-dressed in the doorway, her eyes blazing with hatred.

Tony sees her.

She steps forward, offering her body almost naked to her brother.

GINA

Is this what you want Tony?...

Tony shocked.

GINA

You can't stand another man touching me. So you want me Tony, is that it? Well here I am ---

She fires the Baretta we now see in her hand.

The bullet grazes Tony in the leg, snapping him from his catatonia as he goes reeling across the floor behind his desk. She fires again. Again.

GINA

I'm all yours Tony, I'm all yours now.

Bullets ripping into the desk. She advances, offering her sex, methodically shooting out the clip at rhythmic intervals.

GINA

Come and get me Tony. Before it's too late.

He spins across the run away from the desk, trying to put distance between them. She sees him scurrying, turns, an expression like a demented angel.

GINA

Come on Tony, fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!

Advancing on him, firing. The furniture tearing up, the chair spilling, television sets and computer toys shattering, Tony squirming away, hit again in the thigh, shocked, scrambling over to the terrace windows. Her next shot shatters the window and as Tony ducks again to the side, we see outside onto the terrace behind him:

CONTINUED

226

CONTINUED

22

A young Columbian punk no more than twenty -- one of the hitters -- is crouched there, reacting to the broken window. He doesn't hesitate, turning his machine gun on Gina.

Gina is torn to pieces by the firepower -- blown across the room, spine severed and dead before she hits the floor.

Tony sees it, yells something, in the same instant swivels to knock the barrel of the machine gun aside. The punk is taken by surprise, not having seen Tony, and Tony now runs him backwards across the balcony and hurls him over the balustrade.

The punk lands in one of the shallow pools on the grounds at the base of the balcony.

Tony, from above, grabs up the punk's machine gun and empties the whole clip into the figure thrashing in the pool below.

Ernie runs into view on the far side of the pool, spots Tony, yells up ---

(X

ERNIE

(X

Tony, they're everywhere! Get outta here!

Ernie suddenly wheels, hit in the face, by a burst of silencer bullets.

(X

We catch a brief glimpse of Sosa's black aide, the Skull, moving quickly along the wall of the house -- directly underneath the balcony on which Tony stands.

Tony, tossing the empty machine gun aside, wildly runs back into his office to get more guns, crosses to Gina corpse. It takes him by surprise. He comes to a dead stop, kneels, looking questioningly in her face.

TONY

(gently)

Hey Gina come on, you still angry at me? I didn't mean to kill Manny, I was.. I was.

Running his hands along her face, trying to rouse her, gently lifting her eyelids. Blood's running out of her mouth in rivers.

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(X)

TONY

Come on Gina, get off the floor.  
You're all dirty now, you need a  
bath.. Mami's gonna be angry baby  
-- ooh is she gonna be mad at me!..  
Come on open your eyes my baby,  
open your eyes...give me a smile.

There's been a steady pounding and calling now on the door  
of the office. Tony finally hears it, looks up, then over  
at the monitors.

(X)

One of them reveals Chi-Chi standing there outside the door  
pounding it.

CHI-CHI

Boss ! Hey boss. Open up!

On the monitor we see Chi-Chi suddenly spin and open fire  
down into the foyer. Return fire decimates him. A grenade  
goes off, blows him up against the door.

TONY

Cheeee!

He now seems to come out of his catatonia, runs to his  
sideboard, hauls out a rocket shoulder-fired rocket  
launcher and straps an Uzi across his shoulder. He looks  
up at the monitor.

On the monitors, the hitters are now darting across the  
foyer and coming up the left and right hand stairs.

Three of them are already huddled outside the door, around  
the corpse of Chi-Chi, motioning to-each other, laying a  
grenade at the base of the door to blow it out.

Tony loading his rocket, ihtends to beat them to the punch,  
talking to himself.

TONY

So you wanna play hunh, say hello  
to my little friend here.

(X)

Karroooooomph!

The rocket tears down the door and blows the Columbian  
punks off the landing into the foyer. It sounds like  
Armageddon, one of the hitters screaming, smoke billowing  
wildly.

Tony, at the height of his mad glory, steps out at the apex  
of the stairs, firing his machine gun and yelling.

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TONY

Whores! Cowards! You think you  
can kill me with lousy bullets hunh?

(X)

He fires now. Left. Right.

A hitter tumbles down the left-hand stair.

CONTINUED

Another hitter tumbles down the right-hand stair.

**TONY**

Who you think I am? I kill all you  
fuckin' assholes. I take you all to  
fuckin' hell!

Left. Right

Another hitter drops, screaming, off the stairs into the  
pool below.

A grenade goes **off**. Tony is hit again, but keeps on firing  
away. Laughing like a madman.

**TONY**

You need an army you hear! **An** army  
to kill me!

Behind him we see the remainder of the pound of cocaine go  
up in a burst of **wind**, whipping around the office in auras  
**of white**. It is a ghostly effect out of which now appears  
the face of the Skull moving from the terrace towards  
Tony's back with a sawed-off shotgun.

**TONY**

Ha ha ha ha ha! You whores, you  
scum, I piss in your faces !!!!! Ha  
ha ha ha ha!!

**The** Skull, **now inches from Tony's** back, pulls the trigger  
and blows Tony's spine out his belly.

Tony crashes forward over the bannister into the interior  
swimming pool below.

**He floats** quietly face down in the lit blue waters.

As the titles begin their crawl up, the music theme is  
expressive salsa with a dash of gaiety.

The camera moving off Tony to catch the reflection of the  
lit sculpture on the surface of the still waters. It says:

"THE WORLD IS YOURS"

And so, for the brief moment, it was.

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Our camera now distancing itself from the **body in the pool**, panning past the dream villa, past the shambles and the wealth, past the hitters **pillaging and looting and drawing that obscene word "Chivato" in blood on the outside walls**, past the stacks of cash blowing across the floor like leaves in autumn, with the looters running after it across the busted door with the tropic wind blowing down Coconut Grove -- to the Miami skyline across Biscayne Bay

THE END