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MIAMI VICE

THE GREAT MCCARTHY

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Written

by

Philip Reed

MIAMI VICE  
THE GREAT MC CARTHY

CAST

SONNY CROCKETT  
RICARDO TUBBS  
SWITEK  
ZITO  
CASTILLO  
GINA  
TRUDY  
IZZY MORENO  
LOUIS MC CARTHY

DALE GIFFORD  
VANESSA  
OPPONENT  
ROARKE  
NYMPHETTE  
PROFESSOR  
SAMMY  
ANNOUNCER  
JUDGE

SETS

INTERIORS:

COFFEE SHOP  
BATHROOM  
METRO RAIL STATION  
DOWNTOWN PRECINCT  
INTERROGATION ROOM  
GIFFORD'S OFFICE  
MEN'S CLOTHING STORE  
BOATHOUSE  
BARGE  
DANCE AREA  
POOL TABLE  
TABLES AND CHAIRS AREA  
BUFFET TABLE  
CASTILLO'S OFFICE  
CABANA  
GARAGE  
VANESSA'S BEDROOM  
VANESSA'S FRONT DOOR  
AND ENTRY

EXTERIORS:

METRO RAIL STATION  
OCEAN INLET  
PALM ISLE YACHT CLUB  
LOCKER ROOM  
MARINA  
BAYSIDE LAWN  
(MC CARTHY MANSION)  
WATERFRONT PARK  
BARGE  
RAIL  
DOCK  
BEACH CLUB  
POOLSIDE AREA AND BAR  
CABANA  
BEACH W/GATE ENTRANCE  
BISCAYNE BAY AND OPEN  
WATERS  
ST. VITUS DANCE

MIAMI VICE

THE GREAT MC CARTHY

TEASER

FADE IN

1 INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING - CROCKETT AND TUBBS 1

are wolfing down coffee in this greasy spoon cafe; Crockett absorbed in the sports page, munching on a juicy glazed donut.

TUBBS

(shaking  
his  
head)

You know what that's doing to your arteries, man...fried in all that fat....

CROCKETT

(talking  
to sports  
page)

How many games we gonna give away this season, guys?

(to Tubbs)

Three fumbles and four interceptions.

TUBBS

(ignores)

Now take this here bran muffin. It's got fibers, whole wheat grain, protein....

CROCKETT

(still  
disgusted)

Yeah...yeah....

As Tubbs bites into his bran muffin, frowns, spits it back into his napkin.

2 ANGLE - CUBAN MAN 2

His name is Izzy Moreno and he is a hyphenate -- bank robber/total loser. Havana's answer to Woody Allen. He steps into the greasy spoon, carrying an incinerated car as bag, shirt smeared with bright orange dye, looking around for a rest room.

3 TUBBS AND CROCKETT 3

Crockett spins on his stool, catches a glimpse of Moreno before he disappears in back ---

CROCKETT

Hey! It's that little crook, Moreno!

Tubbs nods. As they rise ---

TUBBS

And he was covered with bank dye.

They quickly move to the back bathroom.

4 BATHROOM 4

It is locked from within. Crockett and Tubbs finally kick the door in, blow inside. No sign of Moreno. Tubbs kicks the stall door open. Nothing. They both look to the open window. Moreno has escaped.

5 EXT. STREET 5

Crockett and Tubbs blow out onto the street from the coffee shop ---

TUBBS

(points)

There!!!

6 THEIR POINT OF VIEW - MORENO 6

running up the Metro Rail stairs as the rail cars pull into the station. Moreno, looking over his shoulder, hops onto one of the rail cars.

7 CROCKETT AND TUBBS 7

They don't have time to catch up with him.

CROCKETT

Come on!

They run over to the Ferrari, climb in ---

8 METRO RAIL 8

pulls out of station, as Moreno's face glides by us in one of the car windows.

9 ON FERRARI - FROM BACK WHEEL 9

as the black beauty peels out, burning a lot of rubber ---

10 THE CHASE 10

The Metro Rail above, being chased below by the Ferrari, which weaves in and out of traffic ---

11 THE FERRARI 11

Crockett and Tubbs crane their necks out of the windows to keep the rail car in their line of sight.

TUBBS

Crockett! Watch out!

Crockett swerves just in time to avert a motorcyclist crossing an intersection. Crockett's car spins about ninety degrees.

12 METRO RAIL STATION 12

The Ferrari screeches to a halt at the foot of the stairs, simultaneous to the rail cars pulling into the station. Crockett and Tubbs spot Moreno rushing down the stairwell, get out of the Ferrari, their guns drawn ---

TUBBS

Hold it right there, Izzy baby!

Moreno bounds back up the stairs to catch the train, but we see it has already left. Crockett and Tubbs run up the stairs to ---

13 THE PLATFORM 13

Crockett and Tubbs look around the platform. There is no sight of Moreno. He vanished into thin air. Crockett and Tubbs fan out, scope out the platform. Still no Moreno. Crockett, frustrated, kicks a garbage can ---

CROCKETT

Damn!

The garbage can tips over and rolls down the stairwell. A man's frightened scream echoes from within the can. Crockett and Tubbs look at each other, then down the stairwell ---

14

ON GARBAGE CAN

14

as it comes to an abrupt halt against a post, a dazed Izzy Moreno stumbles out. As Crockett and Tubbs head down the stairs to cuff him ---

TUBBS

(shaking his  
head)

Dear diary...What I did on my day  
off.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

15 INT. DOWNTOWN PRECINCT - CORRIDOR - DAY

15

Castillo fills in Crockett and Tubbs as they all head down the corridor ---

CASTILLO

It's his fourth felony fall. He's giving up everybody he's known since the sixth grade.

(beat)

One of those people he knows is Louis McCarthy.

Crockett reacts ---

CUT TO

16 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - ON IZZY MORENO

16

Moreno sits across the table from Crockett and Tubbs and Castillo ---

MORENO

So, I hop back into the van -- starter pistol in one hand, bag full of dough in the other, when the battery goes dead. Hey, life is hard and then you die, I can't deal with that. What burns me is when that dye bag explodes all over me.

(judicious)

I'm not saying yes or no, but I think your department would be showing a little class if it reimbursed me for my shirt, brand new Van Heusen.

(offers his  
dye-stained  
hands)

Look at all this...off the money.

CROCKETT

You'll get all the soap and water you need in the joint, Moreno. Tell us about Louis McCarthy.

MORENO

(wistful)

Oh, yeah, Louis McCarthy.

CONTINUED

MORENO (Cont'd)

(beat)

The man is truly a legend. Last year I decided to branch out a little bit, drove 174 keys up to New York for him.

(emphasizes to impress)

He sneaked 'em into the country by having his mules dress up like Maryknoll nuns. The man sums up the word 'imagination.' Dig it. Never smuggles the same way twice.

TUBBS

Why would someone with more than a third of a brain entrust 174 keys of coke to a gumwad?

MORENO

(not offended)

You mean me?

(off their looks)

Me and Louis, we're like this --

(crosses fingers)

CROCKETT

Don't tell me. Roommates from college?

MORENO

(grandly)

We move in the same social matrix....

TUBBS

Yeah, we know, you're both scumbags ...When are you supposed to take out his next wagon train?

MORENO

That's what I wanted to tell you -- See, McCarthy's got something coming in this weekend, wanted me to swing by Monday with the van to tell me where to make the pickup.

CROCKETT

That's just what you're gonna do.

MORENO

(fidgets)

There might be a little problem here, fellas.

CONTINUED



16 CONTINUED - 2

16

MORENO (Cont'd)

(off their  
look)

McCarthy knows I got busted.

TUBBS

How?

MORENO

I asked him to make my bail about an  
hour ago.

CROCKETT

And he said?

MORENO

(shakes his  
head)

Nada por nada.

Castillo, Tubbs and Crockett look at each other. Beat ---

CASTILLO

Let's see if we can't nail down this  
upcoming shipment.

MORENO

(the peanut  
gallery)Like looking for pee in the ocean,  
dudes.

TUBBS

(to Crockett)

Let's start looking for Maryknoll  
nuns, or the equivalent.

CUT TO

17 EXT. OCEAN INLET - NOON

17

The surface is smooth, blue, and glossy. From O.S. we hear  
the roar of dual Merc 1750s, and the screen is suddenly split  
in two by ---

18 A ROCKETING CIGARETTE BOAT

18

It's not Crockett. The racer explodes out of the frame.

19 ANGLE - CIGARETTE BOAT

19

moving like a seagoing missile as the driver bears down off  
a marker buoy, then, at the last instant he whips the wheel,  
taking the thirty-nine foot boat in an impossible kidney  
wrenching bank around the buoy.

20 PALM ISLE YACHT CLUB 20

Umbrella'd tables -- soft sun -- cool drinks and money. The place reeks of money. Two men sit at the prime table sippin' champagne and nibbling on caviar and toast points. One is:

21 LOUIS MC CARTHY 21

a handsome, impeccably dressed Irishman in his thirties, still with a touch of a Lower East Side New York accent. The boat belongs to him. The other:

22 DALE GIFFORD 22

One of Miami's growing legion of young, preppy financial planners to the drug trade.

MC CARTHY

Ummmm. He's got it ready now.

GIFFORD

It looks great, Louis.

From an unseen person at the next table comes another, less kind, evaluation.

TUBBS

'Looks' great is right. All flash and no dash.

The unsolicited comment makes McCarthy smile. First, because he recognizes an opening gambit and anticipates the game which will surely follow and, second, because he hears the texture of the streets in the sophisticated voice which is unusual and refreshing in this exclusive setting.

MC CARTHY

Are you talking about my boat.

23 MEDIUM - TUBBS 23

pops his head around the umbrella and with a wry smile:

TUBBS

Boat's okay -- setup's wrong.

MC CARTHY

Oh?

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

McCarthy's eyes twinkle. He is going to enjoy this. He instantly recognizes Tubbs -- not the man, because he's never seen Tubbs before -- but he recognizes another like himself. A guy from the streets, with enough money to get in the door, and enough sophistication -- although only a veneer -- to fit in.

24 ANGLE - GIFFORD

24

He, too, recognizes Tubbs. But, unlike McCarthy, it's for real, and it's not pleasant. He scrupulously avoids eye contact with Tubbs throughout the following conversation....

TUBBS

(looks to  
Gifford, then  
quickly back  
to McCarthy)

You're using twenty-two pitch props  
-- very impressive -- in the marina...

(then)

Out there --

(nods toward  
the open  
ocean)

The boat will porpoise ---

The roar of a second cigarette boat turns their heads.

25 CROCKETT IN BOAT

25

Busted around the corner...screaming past the yacht club  
-- around a channel buoy and back.

26 TUBBS, ET AL

26

TUBBS

Now that boat's set up right.

MC CARTHY

Yours?

Tubbs nods.

MC CARTHY

You're runnin' duel Mercs - 1200s at  
least.

TUBBS

1740s -- bored -- stroked -- ported,  
and relieved.

- 27 MEDIUM - OTHER BOAT DRIVER 27  
His name's C. W. Dawson and he doesn't like Crockett stealing the show. He puts the throttles to the wall.
- 28 WIDE MARINA 28  
Dawson does a spectacular series of turns -- crashing through and over his own wake, jumping clear out of the water. The engines whine as the props lose contact with the water.
- 29 MEDIUM - CROCKETT 29  
He's impressed by the other driver -- but not too impressed. He's slams the throttles forward.
- 30 WIDE MARINA 30  
Crockett does a trick of his own.
- 31 TUBBS, ET AL 31  
McCarthy's impressed.

MC CARTHY

See you got yourself a hotshot driver.

TUBBS

He's a wild man, alright, totally gonzo...but he wins.

MC CARTHY

That's C. W. Dawson he's playin' with -- Dawson's the best speedboat racer on the eastern seaboard.

TUBBS

Until now.

MC CARTHY

(extending his hand)  
Louis McCarthy...but you already know that.

CONTINUED

TUBBS

(smiling)

Yes, yes I do.

(shaking his  
hand)

Richard Taylor.

MC CARTHY

I like you style, Mr. Taylor...but  
the answer's no.

TUBBS

Are you sure you know the question?

MC CARTHY

Why, to race...isn't that why you're  
here? Isn't that what you want?

TUBBS

I'm here for a lot of reasons,  
Mr. McCarthy. I have many wants,  
and even more needs.

MC CARTHY

As do we all.

Tubbs pauses -- then:

TUBBS

But, yes -- I heard about your  
little winner-take-all race, and  
from what I've seen, the pickin's  
look easy.

MC CARTHY

I'm sorry, but it's a closed race --  
no ringers.

Tubbs smiles.

TUBBS

I'm surprised -- I heard you were a  
'sportin'' man.

McCarthy laughs.

MC CARTHY

And where did you hear that?

TUBBS

Danny Wilson, in Philly. The Mole  
from Westchester.

CONTINUED

McCarthy appraises Tubbs for a beat -- then his smile and chuckle returns.

MC CARTHY

My daddy was a 'sportin'' man -- I'm a businessman.

TUBBS

Uh, huh...me too.  
(stands)

MC CARTHY

If it was up to me, I'd enjoy having you in our race, but, unfortunately the others are more...ah...selective.

TUBBS

I understand -- it's never wise to play off the wall with strangers....

MC CARTHY

Exactly so.

TUBBS

...no matter what kind of game you're playin'.

They hold each other's eyes for a beat.

MC CARTHY

If you're not doing anything, why don't you come by Sunday and see our 'little' race. Bimini and back.

TUBBS

I might do that.

Shaking hands.

MC CARTHY

Look forward to seeing you.

McCarthy watches Tubbs pause to make an aside to a pretty waitress. Whatever he says makes the girl laugh. Tubbs then continues on.

GIFFORD

(casually)

You might be able to do business with him, Louis.

McCarthy shrugs then pops the caviar in his mouth and signals for another bottle of champagne.

32 EXT. CIGARETTE BOAT - CROCKETT AND TUBBS

32

As Crockett blasts away from the yacht club, spraying a rooster tail over the docked yacht. He wheels the sleek cigarette past the sumptuous homes on the exclusive inlet.

CROCKETT

Were my eyes deceiving me ---

TUBBS

Nope. It was Gifford.

Crockett kicks the cigarette into overdrive, throwing Tubbs back against the seat. The million dollar homes flash by, as ---

CUT TO

33 INT. GIFFORD'S OFFICE

33

As Crockett and Tubbs, secretary led, stroll into the fancy office. When the secretary bows out:

GIFFORD

Here! You have to come here!

Crockett and Tubbs make themselves at home on opposite corners of the huge oak desk. Their disdain, the disrespect in their attitude, cuts into Gifford. Everything they do makes him bristle; they know it and take perverse pleasure in keeping his nose in the dirt. They don't like the man.

TUBBS

Why not here?

CROCKETT

Young Giff is worried about his reputation.

TUBBS

As a financial planner or as our informant?

Gifford is furious. He wants to end this humiliation.

CROCKETT

His reputation as a first-class weasel is still very much intact.

(to Gifford)

Why didn't you ever tell us about McCarthy?

CONTINUED

33

CONTINUED

33

GIFFORD

I've given you people plenty -- four of my clients in the last six months. All of them you've made good on.

TUBBS

That's why you're sitting in the office, Giff, and not punkin' with the brothers in steel city.

CROCKETT

Laundering money can still get you a few years, remember, Chump?

GIFFORD

I never offered you McCarthy because as far as he let's me see, he's clean.

TUBBS

(to Gifford)

Let's see his books.

CUT TO

34

OFFICE - LATER

34

Tubbs flips open the folder. It's lists of items and what they cost. Tubbs lets out an impressed whistle.

TUBBS

Twelve hundred on shoes -- twenty-three hundred on restaurants! And this is for a week...a week. He spends more in a month than I make in a year....

He flips the page.

CROCKETT

(to Gifford)

You got the IRS to buy this package?

Gifford nods, "yes."

TUBBS

...and they believe that all this income is from a men's clothing store?

GIFFORD

A very exclusive, very expensive, and, profitable men's store.

TUBBS

What's this item?

CONTINUED



Both Crockett and Tubbs notice a subtle, but distinct change. They have been cops too long not to see it and not to know what it means. That's the entry Gifford didn't want them to see -- the question he was hoping they wouldn't ask.

GIFFORD

That? Ah....

Crockett laughs.

CROCKETT

Why, Giff old son, you're skimmin' from Louie McCarthy.

Gifford affronted.

GIFFORD

I am not -- that's not for me. That for...Vanessa?

TUBBS

(amused)

Who?

GIFFORD

McCarthy's...ah...girl friend. She runs the shop for him. It's her account.

CROCKETT

Does, ah, he know about this.

The look on Gifford's face answers the question. McCarthy doesn't know about it. Crockett and Tubbs exchange knowing looks. It's very obvious to them, that Gifford and Vanessa, whoever she is, are playing their own game.

TUBBS

How much is in that account?

GIFFORD

With investments -- 200 hundred...  
200 hundred and fifty thousand.  
Something on that order.

Again, Tubbs and Crockett exchange looks.

CUT TO

35 INT. CROCKETT'S CAR

35

They are driving.

CROCKETT

Vanessa must be some -- ah...lady to get Gifford to go into McCarthy's pocket for her.

TUBBS

Must be.

(beat)

Incidentally, I could use a new suit.

CROCKETT

(understands  
his meaning)

Why you?

Tubbs reaches over and fingers Crockett's lapel.

TUBBS

(the way he emphasizes the first syllable, denotes how ridiculously he views the suggestion)

Please.

CUT TO

36 INT. MEN'S CLOTHING STORE - MEDIUM - VANESSA

36

She makes her entrance down a wide staircase. She's a cafe-au-lait knockout -- no she's in the class above knockout. But more than her looks, what grabs the eye and holds it, is the aura of sex that moves with her. Not cool and detached -- but hot and wet. And Vanessa's on the prowl. Which makes her all the more exciting, because to see her is to know that "you" could be the one -- those eyes could stop on "you"... that need she has could be "yours" to satisfy.

37 MEDIUM - TUBBS

37

Thunderstruck. She's looking at him. All that heat -- is coming right at him!

38 MEDIUM - CROCKETT

38

He looks from Vanessa to Tubbs and back to Vanessa. He can see what's happening.

The store is elegant, understated. Fresh fruit and cheese on a table with a chilled bottle of white wine. The few displays are very tasteful. Vanessa approaches Tubbs.

VANESSA

(smiles)

Mister Taylor. I am Vanessa.

What follows is a little dance. Friendly banter on top; evaluation underneath. Both Tubbs and Vanessa are aware and amused that they are in this la-dee-da Miami upscale store, talking shit like two rich folk. Just that alone is enough to create immediate symbiosis.

TUBBS

Thanks for fitting me in on such short notice.

(re Crockett)

My associate, Sonny Burnett.

VANESSA

(nods)

Sonny...

(to Tubbs;

grins)

Let me guess...your closet is about the size of this store ---

TUBBS

Roughly.

VANESSA

-- And you're in desperate need of about three or four more sports jackets to fill out the back rack.

TUBBS

(grins)

Preferably linen.

CROCKETT

(to Vanessa)

He hasn't bought anything in over four hours. He's starting to get dizzy.

VANESSA

We'll straighten you right out. Follow me.

TUBBS

Great.

As she leads them to a nearby rack ---

CONTINUED

39

CONTINUED

39

VANESSA

(to Tubbs)

I detect an accent....

TUBBS

I'm from a little place north of here  
-- you may have heard of it...  
Manhattan.

VANESSA

(grins)

Isn't that near the Hamptons?

As they both fix on each others eyes, through the  
laughter ---

DISSOLVE TO

40

CLOTHING STORE - LATER

40

Vanessa and Tubbs stand before a mirror. She is adjusting  
the shoulders of a jacket which Tubbs is now trying on.  
Crockett stands off to the side, smoking a cigarette,  
getting restless. Vanessa stands back a step; looks Tubbs  
up and down.

VANESSA

I love to see good clothing worn  
right.

She steps forward, rubs her hands over Tubbs' chest,  
smoothing the imaginary creases. Tubbs reacts.

VANESSA

(to Crockett)

What do you think?

CROCKETT

(sarcastic)

I'm overwhelmed.

Vanessa calls to the back of the store.

VANESSA

Julio?

A small Cuban man steps forward.

VANESSA

Fix Mr. Burnett here a drink.  
Anything he wants.

CONTINUED

As Julio steps to Crockett, takes his order, Vanessa continues her hands-on appraisal of Tubbs's sports jacket, as we move closer on the two of them ---

VANESSA

How long do you two intend to dally in our town?

TUBBS

We're here for a private offshore boat race at Turnberry this Sunday.

VANESSA

Participants or spectators?

TUBBS

Why watch when you can participate?

VANESSA

Mr. McCarthy is in that race.

TUBBS

Who?

VANESSA

He owns this shop. You'll have to meet him.

(beat)

Why don't the two of you come for lunch tomorrow?

TUBBS

Hey, Sonny, how are we fixed for lunch tomorrow?

CROCKETT

I had plans to watch you buy some new ties, but I think I can break it.

Tubbs and Vanessa look at each other, excited by each other.

VANESSA

Then it's a date.

Crockett rolls his eyes, as we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

41

EXT. BAYSIDE LAWN

41

Behind the McCarthy mansion we pick up on the gazebo where Crockett and Tubbs, McCarthy and Vanessa are standing, having finished an elegant lunch that the servants are beginning to clear ---

TUBBS

(pours one  
more glass  
of wine)

This Mavro Daphne is sensational.

MC CARTHY

I have to import it. You can't find any down here.

TUBBS

There was one restaurant in New York where I was able to get it. Lovely wine.

McCarthy looks to Tubbs, impressed ---

VANESSA

(to Tubbs)

If it's that lovely, let me have a sip.

Before Tubbs can react, Vanessa takes his wrist, moves his wineglass closer to her lips ---

TUBBS

(watching)

Why not bring the bottle.

MC CARTHY

(charming  
smile)

Please do.

McCarthy leads Crockett across the wide lawn toward the boathouse. Tubbs, a beat behind, lifts the wine bottle. Vanessa puts her hand on his upper arm, lets it slide down to his elbow. Their eyes meet.

VANESSA

Thank you for coming.

Tubbs nods. The two follow McCarthy and Crockett.

42

CROCKETT AND MC CARTHY

42

approaching the dock where Dawson, crew and mechanics, all in coveralls, are working on McCarthy's power boat ---

CROCKETT

After that beautiful lunch, I hate to talk business.

MC CARTHY

(smiles)

But ---

CROCKETT

(returns the smile, then)

We've been left about thirty keys short by a long-time supplier up north. That's why we came down here.

McCarthy shakes his head, breaks into a charming chuckle.

MC CARTHY

And somewhere along the way, my name came up.

CROCKETT

I wouldn't be wasting your time for thirty keys...We brought cash for 150.

Crockett and McCarthy stop at the boat, look down at the moment Dawson throttles the twin engines to a roar ---

MC CARTHY

(turns to Crockett)

I'd like to, Sonny...but caution is a religion with me.

(both hands lift in semiexplanation)

And I don't know you.

CROCKETT

(beat)

Anything I can do to change that? References?...

As Tubbs and Vanessa pull up ---

MC CARTHY

(to Crockett)

No...

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED

42

MC CARTHY (Cont'd)

(to Crockett  
and Tubbs)Please stop by my party tonight.  
Both of you ---There is a studied, indecisive response from Crockett and  
Tubbs as we:

CUT TO

43 EXT. WATERFRONT PARK - DAY

43

A meditative Castillo sits at a bench, brown bag lunching,  
flanked on either side by Crockett and Tubbs.

CROCKETT

McCarthy won't do business with us.

Castillo tosses a bread crumb to some nearby pigeons.

CASTILLO

(faint smile)

The man's got character.

CROCKETT

I've got a hunch he's bringing the  
dope in during tomorrow's boat race.

CASTILLO

(shakes his  
head)DEA has monitored every race  
McCarthy's been in for the last four  
years. They gave it up six months  
ago. He was always clean.

CROCKETT

Since when is DEA the burning bush?

TUBBS

We gotta get in that race and hook a  
tail to McCarthy's boat.

CASTILLO

(shrugs)

Then do it.

CROCKETT

Slight problem. It's a rich man's  
derby. \$25,000 ante. Winner take  
all.

CONTINUED



43

CONTINUED

43

CASTILLO

Don't look to me.

CROCKETT

(grins)

You only pay if you lose.

TUBBS

The alternative is to get a helicopter up there to keep tabs on McCarthy's boat ---

CASTILLO

(shakes head)

Not enough probable cause to get that authorized.

(stands)

See what you can do about getting in the race, let me handle the money.

Off Crockett's nod ---

CUT TO

44

INT. CIGARETTE BOAT - NIGHT - CROCKETT AND TUBBS

44

chugging up the intracoastal at an even pace, both dressed in coveralls. We stay on the two for a couple of beats, as they take in the passing, glittery scenery. Finally ---

TUBBS

Let's pick it up. This might take some time.

CROCKETT

Ever hear of a speed limit.

(beat)

Getting anxious to see Vanessa?

TUBBS

(suddenly  
defensive)

What's that mean?

CROCKETT

It means you're getting distracted by this lady....

TUBBS

Anything but.

CONTINUED

44

CONTINUED

44

CROCKETT

Hey, I've been there, too, partner.  
Some stunner steps into the picture,  
all of a sudden you forget what  
planet you're on.

TUBBS

(snide)

Why don't you let me handle it,  
coach.

CROCKETT

(pointed)

That's what I'm suggesting.

A tense moment between the two. As a minor concession,  
Crockett speeds up the boat ---

CUT TO

45

INT. BOATHOUSE

45

Completely dark, except a shaft of moonlight slants into  
the boathouse as the dock side door opens and silhouettes,  
Crockett and Tubbs, stepping in. Closing the door behind  
them, they each turn on a flashlight, lower themselves into  
McCarthy's boat, begin to softly tap at the internal sides  
of the boat -- the stern, the engine housing, etc. ---

TUBBS

Not an inch of hollow space.

CROCKETT

My hunch was that McCarthy built in  
some extra compartments.

TUBBS

Don't see any. How 'bout underneath?

CROCKETT

(shakes head)

No. These babies hit a wave when  
you're racing, they fly eight feet  
out of the water. Everybody can see  
the bottom.

(beat)

He's not smuggling on this boat.

After a few more taps, they both give up.

TUBBS

Let's get out of here.

As they climb out of the boat ---

CUT TO

46

INT. BRIGHLTY LIT BARGE - NIGHT

46

anchored a distance offshore -- a bash is in full swing. The sound of live music and gay laughter spill out onto the water.

47

ON BARGE - CROCKETT AND TUBBS

47

now dressed to the nines, look on from the periphery, taking in the full scene -- two hands play across the room from each other -- one, an Ellington combo; the other, a funkadelic-like soul band. Waiters balance trays of champagne through the massive crowd ---

TUBBS

What the simple folk do.

CROCKETT

At a couple hundred grand a crack.

Two arms and a body press envelop Tubbs from behind. It's Vanessa ---

VANESSA

It's not polite to talk money at Louis' parties.

Tubbs loosens the grip, guides her around himself ---

CROCKETT

What does one talk about at Louis' parties?

VANESSA

Louis...How about some champagne?

TUBBS

Love it.

Vanessa stops a passing waiter who is carrying a tray of champagne. She hands a glass each to Crockett and Tubbs. As she raises hers for a toast ---

VANESSA

To new friends.

As they drink ---

VANESSA

I don't know what it is, but I have the happy feeling I've known you both for a long time.

CONTINUED

TUBBS

I like that.

CROCKETT

Does big Louis lay it out like this every time he entertains?

VANESSA

He's cut back considerably.

(smiles)

He's down to only two bands.

Under which, Gifford steps over ---

GIFFORD

(nods)

Richard, Sonny.

(then)

Vanessa, you look delicious as usual.

VANESSA

Thank you, Dale.

GIFFORD

May I borrow you for a dance?

VANESSA

(to Crockett  
and Tubbs)

The bar's over there.

(then points  
in another  
direction)

Behind that crowd, Louis's holding court. I'll see you soon.

Gifford extends a hand, which Vanessa takes. Crockett and Tubbs watch as Vanessa and Gifford move to the dance floor ---

CUT TO

standing beside the pool table, addressing a large group, which includes his boat racing cronies. He punctuates his story with waves of his hand-turned pool cue ---

LOUIS

(to the  
group)

You remember Manny. Manny Rojas?.. Tall, kind of handsome, very double-knit, looked like an insurance salesman.

CONTINUED

LOUIS (Cont'd)

(takes a shot;  
ball sinks;  
chalks up)

Actually, he owned a chain of jewelry  
shops throughout Dade County.

Chuckling, enjoying his own story, he sights and nods to  
Crockett and Tubbs who, drinks in hand, have joined the  
spectators ---

LOUIS

Anyway, Manny always wanted to be  
exciting, so he got into racing, laid  
out 100 grand for a boat, picked up  
a crew from who knows where -- South  
Podunk -- and bought into our very  
first race here; Bimini and back.  
Remember -- this was fourteen years  
ago.

(holds out  
glass as  
waiter fills  
it with  
champagne)

Race starts. Manny's guys take off.  
(shakes  
head)

They never came back.

Audience laughter.

LOUIS

Poof -- 100 grand worth of boat.

More laughter.

LOUIS

Despite Manny's assertion it got  
sucked up by the Bermuda Triangle,  
the Coast Guard came up with the  
boat two years later in Galveston --  
completely stripped.

In the midst of the crowd's laughter, McCarthy banks the  
eight ball and sinks it.

LOUIS

(to Opponent)

Game.

OPPONENT

I didn't even get a shot.

CONTINUED

McCarthy turns, shakes hands with Crockett and Tubbs.

MC CARTHY

Glad you could make it.

CROCKETT

(nod toward  
the pool table)

This another one of your high-stake enterprises?

MC CARTHY

As high as you wanna take it.

CROCKETT

Really?

(shrugs)

How about your race tomorrow.

(off McCarthy's  
incomprehension)

I want in.

McCarthy half smiles, measures Crockett a beat, then ---

MC CARTHY

And if you lose?

Crockett pulls out one of two keys from his pocket, dangles them ---

CROCKETT

My Ferrari.

MC CARTHY

(to the crowd)

I can win a ride in his Ferrari?

Laughter ---

CROCKETT

The pink slip's in the glove compartment.

McCarthy waves acceptance. A pea jacketed Latino racks the balls. The crowd hushes.

MC CARTHY

(confident,  
smiles to  
Crockett)

I'm the host. I'll break.

He shoots the break brilliantly -- hitting only one ball, which snuggles up against the pack. Crockett steps up, chalking his stick, then hits the cue ball, opening up the pack, sinking the ball in the corner pocket. McCarthy's only slightly surprised ---

49

## MONTAGE - THE GAME

49

Crockett sinks shot after shot, punctuated by the sound of live rock music -- Midway through the game, Vanessa joins Tubbs, looks on... Finally, Crockett banks the eight ball. The gallery applauds. McCarthy extends a gracious hand. Crockett nods, moves to where Tubbs and Vanessa are standing.

TUBBS

(to Vanessa,  
re Crockett)

He obviously had a wasted youth.

CROCKETT

I got a free lunch now and then.

(beat; to  
Tubbs)

By the way, don't party too hard tonight.

(off Tubbs'  
incomprehension)

We're racing tomorrow.

TUBBS

All right!

VANESSA

That's wonderful!

(excited;  
kisses both  
Crockett and  
Tubbs on the  
cheek)

CUT TO

50

## ANOTHER PART OF BARGE - LATER

50

where a cluster of tables and chairs are -- where guests, among them Crockett, have their attention turned to an attractive Latino girl, her back to camera, is moving from one table of delighted guests to an adjoining one, which happily anticipates her arrival. A man at the table folds a hundred dollar bill lengthwise, places it at table's edge, where it protrudes three inches ---

51

## REVERSE ANGLE - THE LATINO GIRL

51

Dancing over, she lifts her skirt and, with snugly rolling thighs, enwraps the hundred dollar bill. Inch by inch, it disappears to a round of applause. She regains the bill, drops her skirt. Passing Crockett, she moves to the next table.

CROCKETT

Would you take a check?

Crockett transits to ---

52 AN ELABORATE BUFFET TABLE

52

He picks up a plate and follows in line behind none other than Izzy Moreno ---

CROCKETT

(mimics floor  
wax commercial)

'Cop a plea in the morning; entertain  
guests that night.'

MORENO

(looks up;  
shrugs)

You know me -- America's guest.

(bites into a  
piece of sushi;  
mmmmm's; to  
Crockett)

These canapes are terrific.

CROCKETT

That's raw fish, pal.

As Moreno gulps ---

CROCKETT

Oh, and by the way, Iz man, I hope  
you don't have any ideas about  
getting conversational with McCarthy  
about us, or you'll be trading all  
this in --

(waves his hand  
over food)

-- for those delicious fried eggs  
and mustard sandwiches they serve in  
the joint.

MORENO

(insulted)

Cop you guys to McCarthy? How low do  
you think I am?

CROCKETT

You could win a limbo contest on  
tiptoes.

Crockett moves off ---

CUT TO

53 AT THE RAIL - TUBBS AND VANESSA

53

They stand at the periphery of the action, leaning on the  
rail, looking out at the Miami shoreline on the water.

CONTINUED



53

CONTINUED

53

VANESSA

Sweet Miami....

She turns around, leans back against the rail, looks out at the party.

VANESSA

(invoking the party; a sudden ennui)

Why would a good little black girl from Baltimore, who never ate in a restaurant till she was eighteen years old, find all this a tremendous bore....

TUBBS

I don't know. Maybe it's time to make it all interesting again.

VANESSA

I'm working on it.

(off Tubbs' confusion)

I tried to convince Louis to do business with you guys.

(beat)

He said he would consider it.

TUBBS

Why did you do that?

VANESSA

To keep you around a little longer.

(takes his hand)

Dance with me.

54

DANCE FLOOR - TUBBS AND VANESSA

54

now dancing close, to a slow Ellington tune, protected by the press of dancing bodies about them. Looking up into his eyes, Vanessa leans closer, kisses Tubbs softly, lingeringly. Tubbs extends the passionate kiss, deeply. It could continue indefinitely, but for the sound of a woman's continuous scream. Everything stops. There is a rush of guests, following the scream, to the leeward rail.

55

TUBBS AND VANESSA

55

push themselves through to join Crockett at the rail. All look down to see ---

56 A FLOATING MALE BODY 56  
face down in the water.

57 CROCKETT 57  
lies flat under the rail, extends his arm, grasping the  
victim's coat by the sleeve. He pulls the body close to  
the barge, turns it over in the water -- it is Gifford.  
McCarthy arrives next to Crockett, sees Gifford's body.

MC CARTHY

(turns about)

Somebody call the police. Immediately.

Crockett catches Tubbs' eye ---

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

58 EXT. DOCK - DAWN

58

The nightclub/barge is docked. A murder aftermath scene in progress. Atmosphere is subdued. Most of the revelers are wilted and hung over as they fend off police interrogation. On cut, a loaded body bag on a stretcher is being carried down the gangplank by two uniforms who pass ---

59 CROCKETT AND TUBBS

59

still undercover, as they are questioned by a ramrod straight uniform cop, Roarke, who seem to recognize Crockett's face. Behind this trio, a couple uniforms question McCarthy and Vanessa ---

ROARKE

Did you speak to the victim at this time?

CROCKETT

No, he just walked past me and onto the dance floor.

Roarke writes this down, then looks to Crockett's driver's license.

ROARKE

(trying to remember)

Sonny Burnett. I know that name.

McCarthy looks up with interest. A tense moment.

CROCKETT

You're probably confusing me with Sonny Burnett, the romance novelist....

ROARKE

(snaps)

You're the sonafabitch that got away from me on I-95 last week. I clocked your plates!

Under which, Castillo has arrived on scene, passes Crockett and Tubbs without any sign of recognition ---

ROARKE

Ran 'em down, came up with a big zero...but suspected of everything.

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED

59

CROCKETT

I'm as clean as new money, Officer.

ROARKE

Yeah, I bet you are, cowboy.

60 VANESSA AND MC CARTHY

60

cross Crockett and Tubbs as they are released by the uniforms, head toward a waiting limo ---

MC CARTHY

(to Crockett)

Hope all this doesn't alter your plans for this afternoon's race.

CROCKETT

(grins)

All what?

McCarthy nods, takes Vanessa by the hand, heads off, as Tubbs watches her. Roarke tears off a citation, hands it to Crockett ---

ROARKE

Here. Sorry for the delay.

CROCKETT

What's this?

ROARKE

Speeding ticket.

Crockett can't believe it ---

CUT TO

61 INT. FERRARI

61

Crockett and Tubbs, as they accelerate across a causeway -- Crockett crumbles up ticket, throws it in backseat ---

CROCKETT

Cracker cop.

TUBBS

(laughing)

You play, you pay.

A beat, then ---

CROCKETT

Speaking of which -- what game was Gifford playing, to get himself knocked off?

CONTINUED

61

CONTINUED

61

TUBBS

Poor slob.

CROCKETT

(shrugs)

He was a snitch and a thief.

(afterthought)

And he went to Yale.

TUBBS

McCarthy pull the trigger on him?

CROCKETT

He had all kinds of reasons to. One, Gifford was an informant. Two, he was putting it to McCarthy's old lady.

TUBBS

Gifford and Vanessa? No way.

CROCKETT

C'mon, how do you think she got Gifford to fatten her private bank account using McCarthy's stash?.. Thank you notes?

TUBBS

Okay, okay....

They drive in silence for a minute. All calm.

TUBBS

(looking out window)

I gotta have that woman.

CUT TO

62

INT. CASTILLO'S OFFICE

62

Castillo looks up from his desk, where Crockett and Tubbs are now standing ---

CASTILLO

Gifford was hit with a single .25 caliber, hollow point, in the back of the head. Left hand twist rifling.

TUBBS

A Baretta?

CONTINUED

CASTILLO

(nods)

How does this affect your cover?

TUBBS

We think we're still pretty secure.

CROCKETT

McCarthy's expecting us in his race today.

CASTILLO

(reacts)

How did you pull that one off?

TUBBS

(re Crockett)

You're looking at Miami Fats here.

CROCKETT

How we doing on the money?

CASTILLO

(exhales)

Downtown doesn't have enough confidence in your racing ability.

CROCKETT

Dammit!

As Crockett and Tubbs exasperate, figuring out where to turn next ---

CASTILLO

(sly)

Why don't you pay a visit to Gina and Trudy. Maybe they'll lend you the money.

TUBBS

(puzzled)

Why?

CASTILLO

They're pulling down some moonlighting college professor on a one-key deal.

Crockett and Tubbs now realize the implication.

TUBBS

(to Crockett;  
re Castillo)

I like this man's style.

CUT TO

63

INT. CABANA - DAY

63

Gina and Trudy are dressed in flimsy beach outfits. Trudy peruses a suitcase full of money, stacking it neatly, making sure it's all there, as Gina conceals her weapon by putting on a terry cloth robe over her bikini.

GINA

(presenting  
herself  
to Trudy)  
Does it show?

TRUDY

The extra five pounds?  
(then)  
You're fine.

There's a knock on the door. Gina and Trudy exchange a look; give each other the high sign. Gina opens the door, is surprised to find Crockett standing before her, dressed in a waiter's uniform, carrying a tray of iced teas.

CROCKETT

(all smiles)  
Care for a little refreshment,  
ladies?

TRUDY

What the hell are you doing here?  
The deal's going down in five  
minutes.

CROCKETT

There's no such thing as too much  
backup.

GINA

(miffed)  
We got plenty of backup, Crockett.  
Now get out of here.

CROCKETT

(sets down  
iced teas)  
Enjoy.

After his exit ---

GINA

You'd think we were rookies.

TRUDY

No, just female.

CUT TO

64 EXT. BEACH CLUB - POOLSIDE

64

Crockett, as the waiter, steps up to the well at the outdoor bar where Tubbs is sitting, checking out the beautiful ladies. Switek is the bartender.

TUBBS

(a bikinied  
knockout  
catching  
his eye)

How much would it cost to join a club like this?

Under which, Crockett steps over ---

CROCKETT

(sotto)

Any minute now.

(to Switek)

I didn't see Zito.

SWITEK

He told Castillo he could swim.

65 ANGLE - LIFEGUARD CHAIR

65

Perched above the water at the poolside, Zito postures as a lifeguard. At present, he is leaning over, trying to impress a seventeen-year-old bikinied Nymphette.

ZITO

...I wound up saving three lives that day.

NYMPHETTE

(dubious)

I didn't see you here Monday.

ZITO

It was in the early morning --

(as if  
remembering)

Did I say Monday..? I meant Sunday.

CUT TO

66 BACK TO POOLSIDE BAR

66

Switek shakes his head, still annoyed.

SWITEK

I was the one on my high school swim team.

Crockett clicks his tongue twice, indicating to Tubs and Switek that the deal is going down.



67 WHAT THEY SEE - COLLEGE PROFESSOR

67

A shaggy-looking fellow in dirty white linen jacket and jeans, carrying a briefcase, steps to the cabana. He knocks twice and enters.

68 INT. CABANA

68

The deal is in progress. Gina and Trudy look on as the Professor opens up his briefcase, inside of which are three keys of coke.

PROFESSOR

(stoned grin)

This stuff is so good I've made it a requirement for my Philosophy 101 class.

GINA

I don't know how to break this to you, Professor ---

PROFESSOR

(alarmed)

Not a problem with the money?

GINA

(flashes  
her badge)

No...You're under arrest.

69 EXT. POOLSIDE

69

The Professor bolts from the cabana, makes a run in one direction, stops short when he spots ---

70 CROCKETT, TUBBS AND ZITO

70

coming at him from the bar ---

CROCKETT

(holds out  
badge)

Hold it! Police!

71 THE PROFESSOR

71

takes off in another direction, only to confront ---

72 ZITO

72

who has hopped down from the lifeguard chair, also with his badge pulled out.

73 GINA AND TRUDY 73

They grab the Professor from behind. He kicks Tubbs and temporarily shakes them. He makes a mad break for a nearby gate.

74 THE GATE 74

The Professor runs through this gate, which leads to the beach.

75 THE BEACH - CHASE 75

as all of the vice officers barrel through the gate in pursuit of the Professor, who is now thirty yards down the sand. Switek and Zito are having trouble running in the sand, fall behind. Finally, Crockett, remembering his old football days, lunges for an ankle tackle. The Professor eludes it, but is slowed long enough for Gina and Trudy to jump him. As all converge on the girls, who are now sitting on the Professor ---

TUBBS

(passing  
Crockett)

Number 88 is making a comeback.

TRUDY

Cuff him, Switek.

As Switek and Zito attend to putting the cuffs on the Professor, an out-of-breath Crockett turns to Gina and Trudy.

CROCKETT

You girls look worn out. Take the afternoon off. Have a drink. We'll tie this up for you.

Crockett reaches for Gina's briefcase full of cash. Gina pulls the briefcase back.

GINA

What's up, Crockett?

CROCKETT

I need some good faith money on short notice. Castillo sent us.

GINA

I know. He called.

CONTINUED

75

CONTINUED

75

CROCKETT

I'll have it back to the office for  
you in a couple hours.

(off her  
reluctance)

Trust me.

GINA

(reluctant,  
but giving up  
the briefcase)

I'm responsible for this money,  
Crockett. My salary for the next  
ten years might cover it.

CROCKETT

I know that.

Contrary to her own common sense, Gina hands him the brief-  
case.

GINA

Make sure you get it back.

Crockett kisses her lightly on the cheek.

CROCKETT

Count on it.

Crockett and Tubbs walk away. We stay on ---

TRUDY

(thinking)

Gina, what the hell were you thinking?

GINA

So I'm a pushover for blonds.

CUT TO

76

EXT. FERRARI

76

as Crockett and Tubbs step in.

TUBBS

(skeptical)

Now all we gotta do is win that  
race, champ.

CROCKETT

Got that covered. Sammy picked up a  
turbo that will fit the cigarette  
mill perfectly. It'll give us  
another twenty knots.

CONTINUED

76

CONTINUED

76

TUBBS

And he'll be able to do that in two hours?

CROCKETT

Let's hope so.

CUT TO

77

CLOSE ON SAMMY

77

in jeans and a T-shirt splattered with grease, cigarette pack rolled into the sleeve, beer in hand, and a mischievous grin ---

SAMMY

Let's do it, guys!

Pull back to reveal Sammy standing in front of the cigarette slung on a davit inside a garage, addressing Crockett and Tubbs.

78

BEGIN MONTAGE

78

An intercutting of images, two diametric moods -- close and urgent on the three grimy men, laboring on the boat -- And the casual, relaxed atmosphere of the yacht club, as the well-manicured spectators filter in, getting ready for the race ---

79

GARAGE

79

Tubbs hands Sammy a wrench. Sammy pulls out carburetor, hands it to Crockett ---

80

YACHT CLUB

80

McCarthy and Vanessa are greeted by his racing cronies as they enter the club.

81

GARAGE

81

More intense work on the boat ---

82

YACHT CLUB

82

McCarthy, excusing himself, breaks from the group and moves off ---

- 83 YACHT CLUB - CASTILLO 83  
moves into spectator area, seats himself, looks out onto  
the water ---
- 84 EXT. WATER - COAST GUARD BOAT 84  
Switek sits beside a Coast Guard officer. Switek peers  
through binoculars ---
- 85 GARAGE 85  
Sammy is an artist with machinery. All three men are now  
drenched with sweat ---
- 86 THE YACHT CLUB 86  
Banners and bunting are strewn across the water. It's  
getting closer to race time. Uniformed crew members are  
filtering down to the water.
- 87 INT. GARAGE 87  
The work on the cigarette is near completion. Tubbs checks  
his watch ---

CROCKETT

How much time we got?

TUBBS

Twenty minutes.

Both Crockett and Tubbs look to Sammy.

SAMMY

(wipes sweat  
from face  
with his  
T-shirt)

We ain't gonna make it.

Crockett and Tubbs exchange worried looks ---

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

88 EXT. BISCAYNE BAY - WIDE ANGLE 88

Four speedboats are circling dizzily at sixty mph, now and again coming close to collision as they flirt with a ribbon strung between two buoys -- the starting line. Each three-man crew is suited in its individual color, with matching face-enclosing helmets. To either side of the racing lane, yachts, sailboats, and launches, small and large ---

89 EXT. YACHT CLUB - LOCKER ROOM 89

McCarthy exits the locker room in his suit and helmet. "McCarthy" is emblazoned on his side.

90 THE DOCK 90

McCarthy heads for his boat, waves to Vanessa in the crowd.

91 MC CARTHY'S BOAT 91

inside which, two crew members are sitting, waiting for the man. The boat, Number 6, is bright yellow. The crew and McCarthy are decked out in orange. McCarthy climbs into the boat, joins the other circling boats in the bay.

92 EXT. YACHT CLUB - VARIOUS SHOTS 92

-- The lawn of the club is filled with spectators sitting beneath umbrellas, drinking champagne; a festive air.

-- Moving about inconspicuously, checking his watch, Castillo's glance searches for Crockett and Tubbs' boat.

-- Beautiful people toast the races and cheer.

-- Flags wave, waiters hustle to keep glasses full.

-- McCarthy and his crew rev their engines, as do the other racers.

-- Lines are cast off.

-- The crowd cheers them on.

93

EXT. SMALL YACHT - ANNOUNCER

93

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

The race will begin with a flying start. Anyone who crosses the line early by so much as an inch will have to circle back and start again.

Flag in hand, standing on the bridge of the yacht at the microphone, he bends from the microphone, leans toward one of the race judges ---

ANNOUNCER

Where's the number five entry?

JUDGE

(shrugs)

Start without him.

Announcer turns back to the microphone, raises his flag ---

ANNOUNCER

(into mike)

Gentlemen, ready? Boats ready?

A beat, then he whips the flag down to his knees.

94

THE BAY - VARIOUS SHOTS

94

- The five circling boats gun for the starting line.
- They cross between the buoys one by one, roaring, head for open waters.
- The boats at full speed, more near misses.
- McCarthy and his crew out nerve another boat which veers and stalls. McCarthy pushes his throttle full forward and steers toward the start/finish line.
- As the last boat crosses, we hear the O.S. distant growl of yet another onrushing boat.

95

STARTING LINE

95

Crockett's boat, twenty seconds late, roars through the starting line.

96 OPEN WATERS - LONG SHOT 96

Roostertails, roaring engines, colorful boats, all heading east toward the Bahamas.

97 EXT. OPEN WATER - LATER 97

As the pack of boats approach Bimini to make the turn around the island, McCarthy's yellow boat is bringing up the rear, some seventy-five yards behind Crockett's boat.

98 INT. CROCKETT'S BOAT 98

Tubbs glances over his shoulder, keeping tabs on McCarthy's boat ---

TUBBS

He can move faster than that!!

CROCKETT

Why is he giving this race away?

Tubbs turns over his shoulder again for another look -- No number six boat.

TUBBS

Hey!! He ain't there! He's disappeared.

They round the opposite end of Bimini Island. Crockett points ahead to his left ---

CROCKETT

He ain't there because there he is!

TUBBS

He didn't pass us!

ZITO

How the hell did he get out in front?

All three men are looking in all directions for an explanation.

CROCKETT

He's got two boats, that sonofabitch!  
Two identical boats! Two number sixes!

TUBBS

(points)  
Then the dope's in that one!

CONTINUED



98 CONTINUED

98

CROCKETT

Gotta be!! And Louis himself, McCarthy is behind the wheel. Which he wasn't on the leg out!

TUBBS

We got this sucker. Now let's win this race!

CROCKETT

Damn straight! I got twenty-five grand on the line!

99 CROCKETT'S BOAT

99

flies off a wave, kicking in the turbo ---

DISSOLVE TO

100 OPEN WATERS

100

It's now a two-man race, McCarthy in his number six boat, still leading the number five boat (Crockett) by a hundred yards. The start/finish line is some three miles away. Crockett's boat starts closing the distance between them, bouncing intermittently out of the water.

101 SERIES OF SHOTS

101

As Crockett's boat draws abreast of the number six boat, McCarthy's Biscayne Bay comes clearly in view. It's a neck-and-neck sprint to the finish line. At the last moment Crockett's boat breaks into a twenty-yard lead, crosses the finish line.

102 CROCKETT'S BOAT

102

Zito throttles down as Crockett circles the boat back toward ---

103 THE YACHT CLUB

103

The spectators applaud. Crockett and Tubbs take off their helmets, wave as though accepting the plaudits. Castillo has caught the signal from Crockett. McCarthy's boat pulls up alongside Crockett. The two men send across the space of water, shake hands ---

CONTINUED

103 CONTINUED

103

MC CARTHY

I thought you were a pretty good pool player, but this is downright embarrassing.

Suddenly McCarthy frowns at the sight of two approaching small Coast Guard boats plus two launches, in one of which Castillo rides. The Coast Guard boats pull alongside McCarthy. Off McCarthy's look of shock, we ---

DISSOLVE TO

104 EXT. ST. VITUS DANCE - NIGHT

104

Crockett, Tubbs, Gina and Trudy are sitting on the deck, sipping drinks, listening to music as Elvis sleeps peacefully in the corner ---

CROCKETT

I'm sharing the winnings with all of you. And, I might add, you all deserve it. Gina and Trudy for sponsoring me, Tubbs for being part of the crew, and Zito -- aw, the hell with Zito.

TUBBS

Hundred and fifty thousand, cut four ways...thirty-seven grand apiece.

TRUDY

(eyes go wide)

I don't want to believe it.

GINA

(a touch skeptical)

We know you're generous, Crockett, but what made you decide this?

CROCKETT

Castillo helped, actually.

TUBBS

Oh yeah?

CROCKETT

He reminded me that all monies derived in the line of duty shall be contributed to the Police Benevolent Fund...

(raises his beer)

You're all philanthropists!

CONTINUED

104

CONTINUED

104

Off the general groan, Crockett sets down his beer, offers a hand to Gina ---

CROCKETT

Come on. Let's stop the anguish.

GINA

It's damn real.

Crockett motions with his head, indicating for Gina to join him -- She takes his hand. The two begin to dance. Tubbs watches a beat, then stands ---

TUBBS

(to Gina  
and Crockett)

Hey, you two.

(off their  
look)

See you tomorrow.

(to Trudy)

Good night, Trudy.

Tubbs slings his jacket over his shoulder. As he passes the alligator ---

TUBBS

Night, Elvis.

Tubbs disembarks ---

CUT TO

105

INT. BEDROOM

105

Vanessa is sitting up in bed, browsing through a fashion magazine. Next to the bed are two goblets, bottle of champagne in a bucket. The doorbell rings. Not reacting, she continues to turn the pages. After another ring, she gets up, puts on a short filmy robe, checks herself out in the mirror.

106

THE FRONT DOOR

106

opened from within, reveals Tubbs ---

TUBBS

Hi.

CONTINUED

106 CONTINUED

106

VANESSA

(with a  
teasing smile)

Took you longer than I expected.

TUBBS

I still can't find my way around  
this damn town.

As he steps into the entry hall, she closes the door behind him, turns to him -- she wraps both arms around his neck. They kiss. She pulls back, takes his hand, guides them both up the stairs ---

CUT TO

107 INT. BEDROOM

107

Vanessa hands Tubbs a goblet, half fills it with champagne. As she pours for herself ---

TUBBS

Two goblets. You were expecting me?

She clinks his glass, smiles knowingly.

DISSOLVE TO

108 SERIES OF DISSOLVES

108

Tubbs and Vanessa in bed, moving under a lacy coverlet in the lowly lit room, making love. As the music plays over ---

DISSOLVE TO

109 INT. BEDROOM

109

Vanessa, now sitting up in bed, grabs the bottle of champagne from the bedside table, turns it upside down. It is empty. Vanessa groans.

TUBBS

It doesn't matter.

(kisses her)

I couldn't get higher than I feel  
right now.

VANESSA

I was starting to think it was my  
imagination. What took you so long  
to come around?

TUBBS

I wanted to, but I couldn't.

CONTINUED

VANESSA

(embraces him)

You're here now.

(beat)

I haven't felt this good in a long,  
long time...I feel so free.

TUBBS

Because of McCarthy?

VANESSA

(smiles)

Not at all. Louis is a sweet man.  
I'm gonna miss him.

TUBBS

Don't miss him too much.

VANESSA

I hope you'll see to that.

TUBBS

Yeah, you won't be free for long....

VANESSA

(looks away)

I was referring to something else.

Tubbs notices a pained look that has crossed her face.

TUBBS

Must have been bad.

VANESSA

Yeah, it was. I was being black-  
mailed. But I've taken care of it.  
It's resolved now.

TUBBS

Who?

VANESSA

I don't want to talk about it.

Vanessa doesn't respond, lights a cigarette. Tubbs senses  
the implication of what she's saying, begins to press,  
loses his facade ---

TUBBS

There's only one way I know to resolve  
blackmail and it's pretty final.

VANESSA

You do what you have to.

Suddenly the full impact hits Tubbs; he turns on her ---

CONTINUED

TUBBS

It was Gifford that was putting the squeeze on you, wasn't it?

She hesitates, as if to deny this, then shrugs casually in confession.

TUBBS

How did you kill him with all those people around last night?

VANESSA

(now annoyed)

What difference does it make? He was a pest. He was making my life miserable, demanding more and more of me. I got rid of him and that's the end of it. I'll never think of him again.

TUBBS

That's the end of it?..Vanessa, you killed a man.

VANESSA

So what are you, an Eagle Scout? We all swim in the same mud here.

Vanessa snuggles close to him, strokes his chest. Tubbs stares at the ceiling, motionless ---

VANESSA

(purring)

Come on, let's talk about something else. We should go away together. How about Monaco?

After a long beat ---

TUBBS

I came here tonight to make a confession, hoping it wouldn't change things between us.

VANESSA

You're married.  
(considers;  
then shrugs)  
I can live with that.

TUBBS

No, I'm not married.  
(long beat)  
I'm a cop.

CONTINUED

VANESSA

(doesn't  
believe it)  
That's very funny.

She looks at him, waiting for it to become a joke. When it  
doesn't ---

VANESSA

(amused)  
You are a cop.  
(impressed)  
That's pretty good. It makes me  
like you more.

TUBBS

(explodes)  
Don't you realize, girl, I'm a cop,  
and you just confessed to murder?!  
Doesn't that mean anything to you?!!

VANESSA

(supremely  
confident)  
Not much. Everybody's got their price.  
For you it'll be a pleasure to pay it.

Tubbs leans away from her, picks up the bedside phone.

VANESSA

(alarmed)  
What are you doing?

TUBBS

Calling Homicide.

VANESSA

Richard, wait.  
(urgent)  
You can't do this to me. I know you  
love me.

TUBBS

My feelings are beside the point.

She embraces him, pulling out all her feminine wiles.

VANESSA

Sweetheart, please...We can have it  
all. Every night like tonight. It'll  
be wonderful.

TUBBS

I'm afraid I can't, Vanessa.

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED - 4

109

A long look between the two of them. Tubbs dials the last number.

TUBBS

(into phone)

Homicide...This is Detective Tubbs.  
Get somebody over to 4277 Bayshore  
Drive right away...I'll wait.

He hangs up the phone, looks at Vanessa. She stares daggers at Tubbs ---

VANESSA

(cold as ice)

You bastard.

As Tubbs bows his head, we....

FREEZE FRAME

FADE OUT

THE END