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MIAMI VICE

THE GREAT McCARTHY

Written

by

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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

