

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

91. INT. HPD CRIMINAL IDENTIFICATION UNIT - FULL SHOT - 91.  
SCREEN - DAY

We see a specimen fingerprint on the screen being brought into focus. CAMERA PULLS BACK to GIRL ATTENDANT and Chin Ho in office with long rows of filing cabinets on either side of the room. A permanently fixed screen is on the wall in front. Desks, tables and chairs, a teletype in the corner. In the center, the Girl Attendant stands at the projector mounted on the table. Chin Ho is sitting near her. She CLICKS on an automatic scanner. It begins flashing comparison print cards, including name of criminal, right thumb, left thumb, full palm, on the screen beside the specimen print. It stays a second, and then another comparison card replaces it.

CHIN HO

(worried)

Bottom of the herring barrel.

The girl nods. The remaining print comparison cards flash by. The screen goes white beside the specimen print.

GIRL ATTENDANT

(to Chin Ho)

That does it. Nothing on any of them in our Hawaiian file.

A BELL RINGS in the corner of the room.

92. ANGLE INCLUDING TELETYPE MACHINE 92.

The girl turns toward the teletype machine.

GIRL ATTENDANT

That must be Washington answering our followup cable.

She crosses to the teletype, tears off the TWX. Chin Ho comes up beside her. She hands it to him.

CHIN HO

(reading to her)

"WASHINGTON TO H.P.D. AND HAWAII  
FIVE-O. IDENTIFICATION REQUEST NEGATIVE,  
EXCEPT FOR INDEX FINGER, RIGHT HAND..."

CUT TO:

93. EXT. MAUNA KEA TERRACE ADJOINING THE COCKTAIL LOUNGE - 93.  
ESTABLISHING - DAY

The terrace of green, soft grass and winding paths overlooks the magnificent beach of white sand and white spume. Lovely groupings of umbrellas, tables, lounging chairs abound.

94. MED. - MCGARRETT, KONO

94.

McGarrett is stretched out on a lounge, on a finger of the terrace jutting over the Pacific; Kono, in busboy's uniform, is by his side, carrying a tray with an empty glass. They are listening to the small transistor radio McGarrett's holding.

CHIN HO'S VOICE

(low, filtered, completes the Washington TWX)

"...NEGATIVE EXCEPT FOR INDEX FINGER, RIGHT HAND...CHECKED OUT AS SVEN JOHANSON, ALIAS CARL SWANSON, SECOND MATE, MERCHANT SEAMAN...EXPERT DIVER, BOAT-RIGGER...SIX MONTHS, CONCORD STATE REFORMATORY, FOR STABBING PETTY OFFICER..."

95. ANGLE - MARGI, GUESTS, MCGARRETT, KONO

95.

Margi, dressed for big game-hunting, comes out of the hotel entrance, moves across the terrace. A dozen tired husbands' eyes drink her in. She ignores them, continues toward the terrace entrance to the cocktail lounge, stops, as she sees the familiar figure of McGarrett beside Kono, in the distant lounge chair. She shades her eyes to make sure it's him, hesitates, tempted, hurries toward him.

MARGI

(calling)  
Harry!

96. ANGLE - MCGARRETT, KONO

96.

They both turn with a start. McGarrett smiles, waves. Kono bends, busies himself emptying an ashtray onto his tray.

CHIN HO'S VOICE (O.S.)

"...FOURTEEN YEARS CHINO FOR ROBBERY AND HOMICIDE. LEFT CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES 1956...NO RECORD SINCE. CHIN HO KELLY... FIVE-O...TO MCGAR..."

McGarrett flicks the hidden button of the radio. The ball game comes on. Kono exits.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

"...top of the sixth...home town club isn't making the fans happy tonight.. Sandy is winding up, here comes the pitch ...ball high and inside..."

97. MARGI COMES INTO SHOT

97.

MARGI

(over broadcaster's voice)  
What are you doing out here all by your lonesome?

97. CONTINUED

97.

MCGARRETT

(holding up the transistor)

Ball game.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

"...right down the middle, strike two..."

He flicks off the radio, pockets it.

MCGARRETT

Buy you a drink.

He gets up.

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)

Let's go inside. Getting nippy.

MARGI

(tense, shakes her head)

Can't. Just got the word. I wanted you to know. I'm late!

She turns and leaves.

98. ANOTHER ANGLE - MCGARRETT, MARGI

98.

He hurries after her as she makes a turn down a lovely terrace path.

MCGARRETT

Wait! Fill me in..!

99. ANGLE - QUAN LING'S BODYGUARDS

99.

They stand there, blocking McGarrett and Margi's way. McGarrett stops, looks up, startled; and for an instant is non-plussed. She sees it, pales, as the short oriental guard bows.

ORIENTAL GUARD

(indicating cocktail lounge)

Excuse us, please, not wish to trouble honorable lady, but Quan Ling waits...

MARGI

(to guard)

Yes.

(to McGarrett, low, concerned)

I'm sorry...do what they want!

She turns and hurries into the lounge.

CONTINUED

99. CONTINUED

99.

MCGARRETT  
(starts after her)  
Margi...I...

The hefty occidental guard puts a hand to McGarrett's chest, stops him.

OCCIDENTAL GUARD  
No hurry!

The skinny oriental guard stuffs a roll of bills in McGarrett's breast pocket.

ORIENTAL GUARD  
He not in hurry.

He thrusts a sparkling diamond stickpin in McGarrett's tie.

MCGARRETT  
(taking the wad from  
his breast pocket, looking  
at it)  
What's this all about?

OCCIDENTAL GUARD  
This girl, she Quan Ling's. Keep away,  
no?

MCGARRETT  
(clenching his fists)  
No!

The occidental moves in menacingly.

ORIENTAL GUARD  
Yes, Quan Ling's. You young man,  
plenty girls. Quan Ling old, need  
young girls.

He shoves another roll of bills into McGarrett's jacket pocket. McGarrett looks from the occidental to the oriental.

ORIENTAL GUARD (CONT'D)  
(beaming at him)  
Yes?

MCGARRETT  
(with a shrug)  
Well...whatever Quan Ling needs...

CONTINUED

99. CONTINUED

99.

WOMAN'S LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

(soft, feminine)

"Mr. Harry K. Brown, come to the front desk please...Mr. Harry K. Brown...!"

McGarrett turns, hears. The bodyguard bows again, grins. McGarrett in turn bows, grins. They're like two beamish boys. Then McGarrett moves away, toward the lobby door. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM IN CONTINUOUS ACTION.

100. INT. MAUNA KEA LOBBY - MED. - MCGARRETT, DESK CLERK - DAY 100.

McGarrett finishes signing his name on a form attached to a clipboard. As McGarrett returns the ball point pen to the pen holder, the clerk reaches under the counter and picks up a very large, sealed Manilla envelope; rubber stamp markings all over it read: "Special Delivery," "Registered," "Return Receipt Requested."

CLERK

(as he hands it to McGarrett)  
Here you are, Mr. Brown.

MCGARRETT

Thanks.

He takes it. The desk clerk moves away to sort a batch of mail.

101. ANGLE - ANDRE, SWANSON 101.

Andre comes up to McGarrett's left, Swanson to his right.

ANDRE

(low)  
This is it.

McGarrett looks at him in surprise, puts the mammoth envelope under his arm.

SWANSON

(indicating envelope)  
The Man says we open that together.

MCGARRETT

O.K. by me.

The three men turn, head toward the elevators.

102. ANGLE - NOAH, EMMA IN LOBBY

102.

Emma is dozing in an easy chair. Beside her, in another easy chair, Noah is reading the paper, puts it down, cranes, squints his near-sighted eyes at McGarrett and his companions, as we

CUT TO:

103. INT. MCGARRETT'S ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - METALLURGICAL X-RAY - DAY

103.

Through the lamp light behind, we SEE the huge X-ray of a safe beneath a link of heavy chain. Three cylinders have been carefully inked in on the empty safe section of the X-ray. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to McGarrett, Andre and Swanson studying the X-ray under a lamp as McGarrett talks on the phone, the receiver pulled away a few inches from his ear so they can all listen. Andre holds on to a glossy print of the inside of the crash compartment and chain locker; the open envelope visible on the table in b.g. Swanson listens, fingers a coil of new rope.

THE MAN'S VOICE

(filtered)

You've got exactly six minutes to get those cylinders.

MCGARRETT

Six minutes? You're out of your mind! It takes me twice that with good light on dry land and a standard box!

THE MAN'S VOICE

Mister...After six minutes, if Quan Ling doesn't show on that deck, the Skipper pulls the winch brake and drops chain back on that safe...that means on you!

MCGARRETT

Why not make it easy on ourselves?

THE MAN'S VOICE

Do what you're told!

MCGARRETT

Get yourself another box man!

THE MAN'S VOICE

I've put out half a million in juice up and down the line for those cylinders, and you're getting them for me!

CONTINUED

MCGARRETT

(outraged)  
How? I'm no Houdini!!

THE MAN'S VOICE

(equally harsh)  
I paid for a Houdini! Now deliver!

MCGARRETT

What's wrong with putting a gun to  
Quan Ling's head and making him open  
his own safe?

THE MAN'S VOICE

(scornful)  
You fool! Would I bring the lot of you  
out here if I could skin Ling that easy?  
That old bird's cut it with the worst  
scum in the Far East. You kiss up to  
him or you shoot him!...You don't scare  
him!

(beat)  
Any other questions?

MCGARRETT

(hesitating, making up his mind)  
When do we hit?

THE MAN'S VOICE

Ten tonight! And hear this! None  
of you move out of that room 'til  
jump-off time!...And that means you,  
Harry K. Got that?

MCGARRETT

I got it.

There's a CLICK on the other end. McGarrett looks at the  
receiver a little startled, slowly hangs up.

SWANSON

(indicating X-ray, puzzled)  
That's the hit?

MCGARRETT

You heard The Man.

ANDRE

What's in them?

CONTINUED

MCGARRETT

All we know is they're heavy-grade  
celluloid--sealed and waterproofed.

SWANSON

(confused, sarcastic)

Celluloid?! What is this, a joke?

MCGARRETT

Better not be! I've got to go in  
there and nitro that box.

ANDRE

Nitro on celluloid?

MCGARRETT

That's why I'm hollering! I've got  
to eyedropper that nitro, so I blow  
the door without tearing those cylinders  
apart!

SWANSON

How come you don't burn that box?  
Or peel it?

MCGARRETT

(scornful)

In six minutes?!

ANDRE

(to Swanson)

Carl, drop it! He does his job; you  
do yours.

Swanson nods, looks back up at the cylinders under the  
light.

SWANSON

What's in them? What?

They all shake their heads.

SWANSON (CONT'D)

(guessing)

Gold! Has to be!

MCGARRETT

(looking at him pityingly)

Bullion is '\$32 an ounce. At our  
prices, he's losing a fortune

CONTINUED

McGarrett looks toward the 8 X 10 print Andre is holding. Andre places it under the light. They all peer at the crash compartment and massive coils of anchor chain.

ANDRE

Might be diamonds.

MCGARRETT

(shaking his head)

Diamonds? In waterproof containers?  
Under thirty tons of chain? Uh-uh.

He stops, looks at Andre, then at Swanson. He knows, and almost at the same moment, they know, too.

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)

H, of course! Uncut H!  
(slapping the X-ray)  
Two-kilo cylinders--six kilos! In  
pure heroin, that's a cool forty million!

SWANSON

(his face beatific in a  
mystic smile)

He needs an army...a big army.

ANDRE

(shaking his head)

I'd be afraid of them, too.

MCGARRETT

Don't think he isn't. You heard--  
the Skipper's the only one in on it.

Andre lights up his Meerschaum, studies the 8 X 10 and the mountain of chain with awe.

ANDRE

Whoever thought of that chain locker  
is a genius.

SWANSON

Beautiful! Where do you find better  
protection?

MCGARRETT

Customs, T-Men, your own guards,  
other Mothers...Nobody goes digging  
under thirty tons of rusted anchor  
chain!

SWANSON

(suddenly alarmed)

How did The Man find out? How?

103. CONTINUED

103.

MCGARRETT

Good question!

Swanson's eyes grow wide and luminous as he flicks his rope angrily and snaps a half-dozen bow-line knots into place.

SWANSON

It's a trap. I feel it.

ANDRE

What would anybody get out of it?

We're just working stiff!

(beat)

He's got to have a man on board!

MCGARRETT

Doesn't wash.

(indicating 8 X 10 glossy)

When Quan Ling goes down to get some junk, he bolts that waterproof hatch

--He's all alone when he opens that safe.

McGarrett gets an idea, studies the X-ray's perforated edge.

104. CLOSE - X-RAY EDGE

104.

It reads: "HONG KONG BOAT AND DRYDOCK, LTD."

105. ANGLE - TRIO

105.

They all peer at the edge with McGarrett.

MCGARRETT

There's your answer. He or his man figured it down to the crash compartment...

SWANSON

And then had it X-rayed, joint by joint, when she was in drydock.

MCGARRETT

(nods, half to himself)

The Man sure wants that H!

CUT TO:

106. INT. HOTEL ROOM JOHN - MED. - MCGARRETT - NIGHT

106.

The door is locked. McGarrett turns on the water in the sink as he sits on the edge of the tub, takes out his transistor radio, flicks the hidden button and, bending close to the faucet to muffle the sound, speaks into the tiny speaker.

CONTINUED

106. CONTINUED

106.

MCGARRETT

(low, taut)

McGarrett to Five-0. Get this...call off the patrol boats! Don't intercept.. Repeat, don't intercept! The heist has to happen! H aboard. Notify T-Men... Repeat, H aboard. Stay with me! I want it, and I want the big Mother who's trying to muscle in, before he floods the Islands.

He flicks the hidden button on the radio, pockets it, turns off the water, steps out of the john.

107. INT. HOTEL ROOM - MED. - TRIO - NIGHT

107.

McGarrett emerges from the john. Andre, in an easy chair, is puffing nervously on his Meerschaum, trying to read the paper. Swanson is playing with his rope, staring out over the lanai into the night.

ANDRE

(to McGarrett)

What time you got?

SWANSON

You only asked five times.

ANDRE

I'm talking to Harry.

MCGARRETT

(checking his watch)

Nine-fifteen.

The two men go back to their paper and rope. McGarrett anxiously gazes at them, then at his watch, paces up and down, strides out to the lanai. He looks over at his companions. They're absorbed in themselves and their activities.

108. ANGLE - MCGARRETT, TERRACE LUAU

108.

Below, guests are enjoying a festive luau around an open fire. A suckling pig is being barbecued on a gigantic spit, the flames spurting up from the dripping grease. The Luau Leader, in colorful array is leading them in a tipsy round of The Hawaiian Wedding Song.

GROUP

(singing)

"Ke Kali, Nei Au; Ke Kali Nei Au."

109. ANGLE - KONO

109.

Kono is busy wheeling a cart around the group, bussing. McGarrett tries to catch his eye, almost does, but just then Kono turns to his cart. McGarrett fingers his lighter, looks about. Swanson and Andre are oblivious. He leans over the lanai, waits for a pause in the SINGING, tosses the lighter near Kono. As it hits, the crowd breaks into APPLAUSE AND LAUGHTER. Kono hears nothing. His cart full of glasses and dishes, he starts to wheel it across the grass toward the kitchen.

110. ANGLE - MCGARRETT

110.

Desperate, McGarrett leans over to catch his eye.

111. ANGLE - SWANSON, ANDRE

111.

Swanson has taken out his Tarot deck, starts dealing. He stops mid-card, stares out toward the lanai. His eyes grow murderous. He drops the deck, picks up his knotted rope, races across the room. Andre turns, stares, drops the paper, gets up, starts after him.

112. ANGLE - MCGARRETT, SWANSON

112.

Swanson comes up behind McGarrett, still leaning over the rail, grabs him by the collar, pulls him backwards across the lanai into the room, as he sends his knotted whip across McGarrett's body.

MCGARRETT

(guarding his wrist band)

The nitro!...Swanson!

113. ANGLE INCLUDING ANDRE

113.

He grabs Swanson's whip hand.

ANDRE

You crazy loon!

Swanson flails out, pushes Andre against the wall.

SWANSON

I saw him! He was warning, signalling!

McGarrett takes advantage of Swanson's diversion with Andre to twist around and gain his feet, belts Swanson with the hand that doesn't have the wrist band. Swanson reels back.

114. ANGLE - ANDRE

114.

ANDRE  
(pulling a gun)  
All right, cool it, both of you!

SWANSON  
(in rage, to Andre)  
He was motioning to the busboy! I  
tell you I saw with these two eyes!  
I saw! Kill him!

MCGARRETT  
(with contempt)  
Who dug up this meathead?

SWANSON  
You don't say anything! N-o-t-h-i-n-g!

MCGARRETT  
I waved back to a busboy on the  
terrace---and look at him!

SWANSON  
Suddenly he's so friendly with the  
kitchen help!? Why?

MCGARRETT  
Suddenly! The kid fixed me up with a  
couple of cute waitresses--smart little  
operator.

ANDRE  
(amazed, shaking his  
head--to McGarrett)  
Never turn off, do ya?

SWANSON  
(outraged)  
You believe him?!

ANDRE  
Swanny, will you please? Why else  
would he wave at a kid?

SWANSON  
I know! I don't go out on the  
boat with him! Never!

ANDRE  
Not now! We're jumping off any  
second!

SWANSON  
Not me!

CONTINUED

114. CONTINUED

114.

ANDRE

All right, call the whole thing off!  
See what The Man says!

SWANSON

(it sinks in)  
I don't get off this island!  
All right...we go. But if anything  
happens--anything!  
(pointing to McGarrett)  
First, I shoot you!

He pulls the rope taut, as we

FADE OUT