

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

115. EXT. - ANITYA - NIGHT

115.

It's lit up like a Christmas tree. CAMERA DOLLIES IN TO stern top deck. Muumuus, saris, turbans, and wild, wild Hawaiian shirts, whirling to go-go MUSIC. CAMERA PANS TO a crazy half-rock 'n roll, half-conga line snaking around the deck and up a gangway to a lifeboat catwalk, as the DRUMS THROB, and we

CUT TO:

116. EXT. - WHARF - MED. - MOTOR LAUNCH - NIGHT

116.

THE CAMERA PANS from the launch's white hull where bold letters announce: MAUNA KEA REFRIGERATOR AND VENTILATOR SERVICE - PHONE: HARBOR 4-6000 to Andre at the wheel, kicking over the motor. Swanson, turned away, his suit jacket off, digs into the equipment compartment, comes up with a wet suit. McGarrett is standing at the stern, ready to flip the stern line from the mooring.

ANDRE
(above the throb
of the motor)
Cast off!

McGarrett reaches out and flips the stern line from the mooring. As he does so, he pulls the transistor from his pocket and in one motion tosses it onto the dock. The throb of the motor muffles the thud.

117. ANGLE - SWANSON

117.

As he puts on the top of the wet suit, he hears something, turns, looks around, doesn't see the tiny pocket radio in the darkness.

118. ANOTHER ANGLE

118.

MCGARRETT
(to Andre)
She's away!

The launch heads out toward the well-lit Anitya in the distance. Swanson takes over the wheel from Andre, as Andre dons his grey uniform-work-jacket, buttons it.

ANDRE
It fits like a glove. Where'd
The Man get my size?

CONTINUED

118. CONTINUED

118.

MCGARRETT
(reaching into the
equipment locker,
coming up with his
wet suit)
He doesn't miss a thing.

SWANSON
(calling in alarm to
McGarrett and Andre)
What's this?

McGarrett and Andre exchange a weary, sympathetic glance.

SWANSON (CONT'D)
Ships to port, starboard, closing
in!

McGarrett and Andre each move to opposite sides of the ship,
peer into the darkness. THE CAMERA PANS TO the black, inky
sea, where two boats' lights in the darkness close in on the
Anitya.

ANDRE
(to Swanson)
What kind of ships are they?

SWANSON
(to Andre)
Do I see in the dark?! How should
I know? Take the wheel!

119. ANOTHER ANGLE - DECK WELL

119.

Andre hurries forward, relieves Swanson, who comes into the
well, finds binoculars in an equipment locker. His hand
stays in his pants pocket gripping a gun. He glares ominously
at McGarrett, who's putting on his wet suit top.

MCGARRETT
(too calm)
They're going to the party, same
as us!

SWANSON
I don't think so.

He takes out his binoculars, looks through them.

120. ANGLE - OUT TO SEA - BINOCULAR VIEW PANNING

120.

The two trailing boats, only points of light and silhouettes
in the darkness continue on collision course with the Anitya.

121. MED. - SWANSON, MCGARRETT, ANDRE

121.

Swanson, hand tightening in his pocket, watches McGarrett with cat eyes. McGarrett turns away, tensely lights a cigarette, his eyes watching the boats moving ever closer.

ANDRE

(calling)

They're still coming!

SWANSON

What, are we blind?

One of the boats' lights looms up large and clear, almost upon them. The other is coming in fast. Suddenly, the forward boat veers off. The second boat, meanwhile, straightens, chugs past them in the distant darkenss. McGarrett inhales with relief.

ANDRE

(jubilant)

It's nothing! They're veering off! They see us!

Swanson looks at McGarrett a moment, turns away, heads for the cabin. McGarrett looks at his watch.

122. CLOSE - WATCH FACE

122.

It reaches 8 minutes to ten.

CUT TO:

123. EXT. - ANITYA'S FOREDECK - MED. - PAINTER STUDIO - MARGI AND QUAN LING

123.

Both a little happy, hand in hand, slip toward the cabin-studio, giggling in the dark, the two Doberman following behind, wagging their tails.

QUAN LING

(happily)

Darling, I'm nothing but a yard-goods salesman in search of a soul.

MARGI

You're the funniest man!

QUAN LING

Is that what I am?

(beat)

And you, my sweet...

MARGI

(shivering)

I'm cold! Hurry.

124. ANGLE INCLUDING ARMED SEAMEN

124.

One of them is a short, squat Moroccan; the other a large, beefy Swiss. Margi and Quan hurry past these two impassive armed seamen, standing watch; and disappear into the cabin, the dogs with them.

125. INT. - CABIN, PAINTER'S STUDIO - MED. - MARGI, QUAN LING, 125.
DOGS - NIGHT

Quan Ling turns, locks the hatch door. The studio itself is done in Japanese style; screens, tatami mats, lovely scroll paintings and calligraphy are tastefully hung about.

QUAN LING
(to Margi)
Hot Saki?

Margi nods eagerly, crosses to the hot Saki, warming on the charcoal stove.

MARGI
(as she goes)
Let me!

She puts down her purse, blocks it from Quan Ling with her body, reaches in for something, moves about the stove, turns around in a moment and presents Quan with a tiny lacquered tray on which are two cupfuls of Saki. He takes one; she takes the other.

QUAN
How do you Americans say? Down
the hatch!

She laughs as he pours it down, pretends to sip her own. He slips over, puts his arm around her. Suddenly his face is very flushed, the beads of perspiration roll down. He shakes himself, grins, bends to kiss her, as we

CUT TO:

126. EXT. - LAUNCH, ANITYA IN B.G. - MED. - GROUP - NIGHT

126.

Andre at the wheel cuts down his engines. The boat is virtually drifting toward the yacht. McGarrett and Swanson, both dressed in wet suits, lungs and masks are seated near the ship's rail, starboard side. Andre looks at his watch.

127. INSERT - WATCH, HAND

127.

It reads four minutes to ten.

128. MED. - GROUP, ANITYA

128.

Andre nods at McGarrett and Swanson. They move their masks and snorkels into place, silently go over the starboard rail, disappear in the water. Andre revs up the motor, cruises up to the open below deck hatch of the giant Anitya, shuts off his motors completely.

129. MED. - ANDRE, ANITYA, SEAMEN

129.

ANDRE
(calling to the Anitya)
Ahoy Anitya!

He throws a rope to the seaman at the open supply hatch, who nods, catches it, ties the boat down.

130. ANGLE - WATCH OFFICER

130.

The WATCH OFFICER, a tall Sikh with a small beard, hurries over, a revolver dangling in his belt holster.

WATCH OFFICER
(calling, in a
British accent)
What do you want?

ANDRE
Got a call your forward reefer
was out!

WATCH OFFICER
Wait there!

He steps to a nearby wall phone, cranks it.

WATCH OFFICER (CONT'D)
Mora here. Man from Mauna Kea
Refrigeration...wants permission
to board.
(beat)
Righto!
(hangs up; to Andre)
Come up!
(pointing forward)
It's the meat locker!

131. ANGLE - ANDRE

131.

He looks at his watch.

132. CLOSE - WATCH

132.

It's one minute to ten.

133. LONG - ANDRE

133.

He shoulders his large tool box, hurries onto the Anitya. The Watch Officer gazes after him.

134. EXT. - ANITYA, PROW AND ANCHOR CHAIN - LONG

134.

In the darkness we hear MUSIC, and catch a glimpse of a flashing hand, a swinging torso in the stern of the ship. The prow is deserted except for the two guards standing watch in front of Quan Ling's studio. Meanwhile, along the ship's left and right anchor, two black figures are seen climbing hand over hand toward the hawser. They move quickly. CAMERA ZOOMS IN CLOSE TO McGarrett reaching the hawser, working his way up over the rat-guard, stealthily peering over the rail toward Quan Ling's Moroccan and Swiss guards.

135. ANGLE - SWANSON ON RIGHT ANCHOR, MCGARRETT ON LEFT

135.

He, too, is at the rail. As the two seamen are diverted for a moment, whispering to each other, McGarrett waves his hand to Swanson. Barefooted, in their wet suits they both shoot onto the deck, duck low, race for the Moroccan and the Swiss on watch. McGarrett gets the beefy Swiss with a karate chop. Swanson slams the Moroccan with a blackjack he pulls from his weight belt. They both fall to the deck.

136. ANGLE - DOOR

136.

McGarrett starts pulling the beefy one to the cabin door, knocks once. Margi opens up. The dogs spring forward, growling, ready to leap. Margi hits her whistle. They fall back, playfully wrestle with each other.

MCGARRETT

(indicating inside
cabin)

Is he out?

MARGI

(following his eyes)
See for yourself. That Saki
worked like a charm.

Swanson comes up, dragging the Moroccan after him. McGarrett lets him go in the cabin first, follows with the beefy Swiss guard.

137. ANGLE - ANDRE

137.

He appears on deck shouldering the large tool box, peers, sees McGarrett dragging the Swiss, smiles, nods, puts down his tool box in front of the cabin, waves, disappears. McGarrett drops the Swiss inside the cabin, turns, grabs the tool box, pulls it in, closes the door.

138. INT. - STUDIO CABIN - MED. - MARGI, MCGARRETT, SWANSON 138.
GUARDS, QUAN LING - NIGHT

Quan Ling is lying on a tatami mat, snoring blissfully. McGarrett immediately drops his tool box, reaches inside for the tape, hands the roll to Swanson as the two of them begin taping the mouths of the guards. Margi grabs up some rope, begins working with McGarrett lashing the beefy guard's wrists behind his back.

MARGI
(as she works)
How're we doing?

MCGARRETT
Ask me later.

CUT TO:

139. INT. - BELOW DECK SWITCHBOARD PANEL 139.

The panel has a formidable array of dials and switches marked: Generator, Port Generator, Standby Generator, Battery Power, Ammeter, Volt Meter, etc. Andre takes a quick gaze about, pulls pliers and tape from his pocket, steps behind the control panel with it's incredible bird's nest of wires; starts ripping them out, splicing them, reconnecting them.

CUT TO:

140. INT. - STUDIO CABIN - MED. - GROUP - NIGHT 140.

The guards now lying face down, taped and lashed. Margi begins pulling off her clothes, stripping down to her bathing suit. McGarrett steps to the hatch that leads directly into the crash compartment and chain locker below, opens it.

141. ANGLE INTO CRASH COMPARTMENT AND CHAIN LOCKER 141.

The compartment and the huge, bunched-up links of chain clearly visible. McGarrett reaches down, shoulders the tool box, climbs down into the crash compartment, disappears.

142. ANGLE - SWANSON, MARGI 142.

The two of them lift up the sleeping Quan, put his arm around each of their shoulders, walk him toward the hatch.

QUAN LING
(the happy sleepwalker,
singing in Japanese)
"Row, row, row your boat, gently
down the stream. Merrily, merrily,
merrily, merrily, life is but a dream."

143. INT. - CRASH COMPARTMENT - MED. - MCGARRETT

143.

He puts down the tool boxes, reaches into the top one of them, takes a butane lamp, finds a book of matches in his pocket, strikes one, then another, lights the lamp with the last of his matches, tosses away the book as he secures the butane lantern in some planking along the ship's bulwark. He then climbs back up the ladder through the hatch.

144. INT. - CABIN STUDIO - MED. - GROUP

144.

McGarrett appears up out of the hatch, folds Quan over his shoulder. Quan begins to giggle in his sleep. McGarrett climbs back down the ladder into the crash compartment with him, followed immediately by Margi and Swanson.

145. INT. - CRASH COMPARTMENT, CHAIN LOCKER - MED. - SWANSON

145.

He stops on the ladder, reaches up, bolts down the watertight crash compartment hatch.

146. MED - MCGARRETT, MARGI, QUAN LING

146.

McGarrett and Margi prop the sleeping Quan Ling against a bulwark. Margi continues to strip down to her bikini. McGarrett removes the top shelves of the two tool boxes, takes out two bars of laundry soap and a large flashlight lantern, batteries, places them near the chain locker hatch. McGarrett bends to the chain locker hatch, opens it. All we see are twisted links of coiled anchor.

147. CLOSE - SIGNAL BOX

147.

The switch points read: Engine Room, Slow Ahead, Full Forward, Reverse, For Skipper's Use Only. Swanson's HAND MOVES INTO SHOT, pulls the toggle switch all the way down to FOR SKIPPER'S USE ONLY. Immediately, the DING, DING, DING IS HEARD ABOVE OFF SCENE.

CUT TO:

148. EXT. - STERN DECK - LONG SHOT - MUSIC, DANCING COUPLES

148.

The DING, DING, DING pulsates through it.

149. MED. - SKIPPER, GIRLS

149.

The Skipper is a tall, distinguished Italian. A dark Hawaiian and a blonde American girl are flirting with him on the sidelines. He cocks his ear as he hears the DING, DING, DING.

SKIPPER

(easily)
Of course I'll take you marlin
fishing...but one at a time.

CONTINUED

149. CONTINUED

149.

They laugh.

HAWAIIAN GIRL

What's that noise?

SKIPPER

(to Hawaiian girl)
I'll go take care of it...then
we'll dance.

She nods. He moves away to a nearby phone on a girder.

150. ANGLE - SKIPPER AT PHONE

150.

He cranks the phone.

SKIPPER

Skipper. Wind's coming up and
we're drifting...Reverse engines,
release winch brake, pay out the
remainder of the right anchor.

(beat)

Yes, all the way.

The skipper carefully checks his watch.

CUT TO:

151. EXT. - SHIP'S SCREW - FULL SHOT

151.

Starting up, churning water.

CUT TO:

152. EXT. - SHIP - LONG SHOT - SHIP - NIGHT

152.

Reversing, right hawser paying out.

153. CLOSE - HAWSER

153.

Last shackle coming out, painted in heavy red.

CUT TO:

154. INT. - CRASH COMPARTMENT AND CHAIN LOCKER - CLOSE - CHAIN 154.

We see the last of the chain CLANGING out as the final links
suddenly tighten against their mooring on the locker bottom.

CAMERA PANS TO the trio working on the partially assembled
marine saw and drill. McGarrett hears the chain go tight,
stops, looks, checks his watch.

CONTINUED

154. CONTINUED

154.

MCGARRETT

Start time!

SWANSON

(looking at his watch)

Six minutes!

155. CLOSE - SWANSON'S WATCH

155.

It reads 10:14.

156. ANGLE - MCGARRETT

156.

He gets up, crosses to the open hatch of the chain locker, takes up the flashlight lantern, sticks his head inside, hooks the lantern onto one of the tightened links, clicks it on; it floods the area with light. He then pulls off a sheet metal covering revealing the face of the safe with it's dials and tumblers. He reaches back, takes up a bar of the laundry soap, begins rubbing it around the crack on the face of the door, sealing it. As he works, THE CAMERA PANS TO Margi and Swanson finishing the assemblage of the marine saw and drill. Swanson is connecting up the power saw to the wet cell, still remaining in the tool box. Margi clicks the swivel with the drill bit into place. Swanson now moves over to an "X" chalk mark in the middle of the crash compartment, kicks the switch, starts drilling into the top floorboard, as Margi reaches into the tool box for wet suit pants, begins working into them.

157. ANGLE - MCGARRETT

157.

He's finished sealing the safe door. He breaks off a hunk of the soap, builds up two little mounds of soap in the seal.

MCGARRETT

(as he works)

Time?

SWANSON

(off scene)

Two minutes!

McGarrett nods, continues to work.

158. ANGLE - SWANSON, MARGI

158.

The drill has bitten through the floorboards. Swanson pulls the drill out, clicks the saw into place, hits the switch, puts it into the drill hole, begins cutting a wide arc. The boat begins to rock in the ground-swell.

159. ANGLE - MCGARRETT

159.

He takes out a special wallet, carefully extracts a percussion cap and the roll of fine wire, puts the wire down while he buries the percussion cap carefully in the soap mound he built up.

MCGARRETT

Time?

SWANSON

Three minutes, ten seconds!

160. FULL SHOT

160.

A wave suddenly rocks the boat. McGarrett ducks his hand with the wrist band as he grabs onto the side of the hatch. He and Swanson fall back, stick their hands out for support. Quan Ling rolls over against the bulkhead. His eyes flash open; he looks around, smiles, closes them again. As the flashlight goes bouncing against the chain, the TINKLE of breaking glass is heard. The light goes out, throwing the chain locker bottom into semi-darkness, lighted only by the butane lamp in the crash compartment.

161. ANGLE - MCGARRETT

161.

MCGARRETT

The light's out!

He reaches up for the flashlight, brings it down. The lens of the bulb is smashed. He looks at it, throws it in a corner.

162. MED. GROUP

162.

MARGI

What are we going to do?

SWANSON

(looking at his watch)
We've had it!

MCGARRETT

Lighter! Matches! Anything!

SWANSON

Near that nitro? You're insane!

MCGARRETT

I didn't come this far to be stymied
by any busted flashlight! Come on!

CONTINUED

162. CONTINUED

162.

MARGI

Harry, no!

MCGARRETT

If you don't touch it, it won't
go off! Get it!

Margi now in her wetsuit pants, crosses to the sleeping Quan Ling, pats his pockets, reaches in, pulls out a gold lighter steps over to McGarrett, hands it to him. He flicks on the lighter, sets it on the safe door against one of the dials, takes up the wire, snaps it in two, attaches each of the ends with the points of the percussion cap that stick out of the mound. Another wave rocks the boat. The lighter starts to slide. He grabs it, steadies it.

SWANSON (off scene)

Five minutes!

MCGARRETT

All right.

Sweating, he carefully unstraps the wrist band, then gently bracing himself with his knees he peels back the adhesive tape on the inside of the wrist band, takes out a tiny vial of nitro and an eyedropper below it from the band. A wave rocks him. He steadies himself, rides it. With his pinky, he makes a convex, volcano-like hole in the second soap mound near the percussion cap and wire. Then inserting the eyedropper into the vial of nitro, he sucks up a quarter eyedropper-full of the liquid, very delicately begins dripping it into the second soap hillock. Another wave rocks the boat. The lighter starts slipping. He catches it with his elbow, holds it in place as he works to drop out the last of the nitro.

SWANSON (off scene)

Six minutes!

MARGI (off scene)

Get out, Harry, get out!

CUT TO:

163. EXT - SHIP'S STERN MED - SKIPPER, DANCING COUPLES IN BG 163.

The skipper checks his watch, looks around, puzzled, turns toward a nearby seaman on watch.

SKIPPER

(to seaman)

Quan Ling come up here?

The seaman shakes his head. Alarmed now, the Skipper strides toward the forecastle cabin.

164. INT. - CRASH COMPARTMENT - MED. - MCGARRETT - MARGI 164.

He's finished dripping in the nitro, very carefully pulls his head out of the hatch, puts the eyedropper and vial back into the wrist band, hands it to Margi who comes up. She steps away, strapping it onto her own wrist. Then with his one elbow still supporting the lighter, he reaches over, grabs it, holds it up, turns away from the open hatch, takes up the two ends of the wire leading from the percussion cap. Suddenly the SHIP'S ALARM GOES OFF OVERHEAD. THE SIREN WAILS, followed by SOUNDS OF RUNNING FEET AND SHOUTS.

SEAMAN'S VOICE

What's going on?

FIRST MATE'S VOICE

Battle stations.

SKIPPER'S VOICE

Up here! Painter's cabin! Painter's cabin!

165. ANGLE - SWANSON, MARGI 165.

Their eyes both distend. Margi shudders.

CUT TO:

166. INT. SHIP - SWITCH PANEL - MED. - NIGHT 166.

He stands at the main switch of the instrument panel. He pulls the switch down. The panel goes up in a series of popping, short circuits. Smoke rises as the entire ship is plunged into darkness and Andre ducks OUT OF SHOT. There are MORE FOOTSTEPS, guests crying out in alarm.

1ST WOMAN GUEST (O.S.)

The lights!

1ST MAN GUEST (O.S.)

What's happening?

2ND WOMAN GUEST (O.S.)

Robbery? What kind of robbery?

2ND MAN GUEST (O.S.)

Where are they? What'll they do to us?

167. INT. CRASH COMPARTMENT - ANGLE - MCGARRETT 167.

He moves toward a small dry cell battery.

CONTINUED

167. CONTINUED

167.

MCGARRETT

Duck!

Swanson cuts off the saw, ducks down. Margi also flattens. McGarrett presses the wires against the positive and negative battery leads. There is a small explosion and a flash of smoke in the chain locker.

SKIPPER

(bellowing, off scene)

They got the guards! They're
down there! Pull the winch brake!
Drop chain! Drop chain.

McGarrett swiftly ducks his head back into the chain locker, shoves the safe door out of the way, digs around, hunting for the two-kilo cylinders. The chain begins to creak.

MARGI

Come out!

He tosses out one cylinder, then another. The chain starts clanking. A loop starts dropping down. He flings the last one out, jerks his head out and clear of the locker as the links go smashing down.

168. ANOTHER ANGLE

168.

They all look at each other in relief. McGarrett snaps out of it first.

MCGARRETT

(to Swanson)

Start that saw! They'll be coming
through that hatch any minute!

Swanson starts up the saw. McGarrett carefully gathers up the three cylinders, heads over to the tool box, takes out a water-proof bag, slips them inside, pulls on the draw strings, puts it on the floor.

169. MED. - SWANSON

169.

At the saw, we see him working in a hole below the floorboards, cutting into the ship's bottom itself. Water's oozing in. Margi, meanwhile, finishes putting on her wet suit top, reaches for the lung in the tool chest.

CUT TO:

170. INT. CABIN STUDIO - MED. - SKIPPER, OFFICERS, GUARDS, SEAMAN 170.

While a seaman holds up a lantern, the two guards are being untied in b.g. The skipper stands over the hatch with two of his officers, both brandishing sledge hammers, taking turns slamming into the water-tight hatch leading to the crash compartment.

171. ANGLE INCLUDING SECOND MATE 171.

The SECOND MATE rushes up with a bull horn. The skipper motions for his two officers to stop pounding. He aims the bull horn at the hatch.

SKIPPER
(through bull horn)
We know you're down there! You're trapped! There's no way out!

CUT TO:

172. INT. CRASH COMPARTMENT AND CHAIN LOCKER - MED. - GROUP 172.

SKIPPER (O.S.)
(through bull horn)
Come out, one at a time! Hands over your heads! And if you do anything to Mr. Quan Ling you will be shot where you stand! You hear?

As the Skipper's voice reverberates, Margi, in terror puts on her mask. Swanson continues to saw. McGarrett looks over at Swanson after the Skipper has finished yelling, and the sledge hammers come slamming down again.

MCGARRETT
(as he dons his suit,
to Swanson)
Hold it! That saw's getting hot!
I'll relieve you in a second.

CUT TO:

173. EXT. ANITYA AND LAUNCH - MED. - ANDRE 173.

In the confusion, shouldering his tool box, he comes striding onto the motor launch. No one is about. He unties her, lets her drift away, then kicks over the motor and with no running lights, disappears.

CUT TO:

174. INT. CHAIN LOCKER - MED. - GROUP 174.

McGarrett is now at the saw. He cuts around, almost completing the circle. Water begins gurgling up.

CUT TO:

175. INT. CABIN STUDIO - MED. - SKIPPER, OFFICERS, GUARDS 175.
IN B.G.

The sledge hammer comes down on the hinge, part of it begins to give. The officers begin slamming down harder.

CUT TO:

176. INT. CRASH COMPARTMENT AND CHAIN LOCKER - MED. - GROUP 176.

As the pounding overhead continues and grows more ominous McGarrett is sawing. Swanson gets the water-proof bag with the cylinders, ties it to his waist, crosses over to the almost completed circle, begins to jump on it. It cracks. He steps off, with one foot kicks it all the way off and into the water.

MCGARRETT
(calling)
Margi!

Margi hurries over, puts her mouthpiece into place. Swanson reaches down into the nearby tool box, pulls out the knotted rope, hands it to Margi. She grabs hold at her knot. McGarrett throws the saw to one side, jerks his own mouthpiece into place, grabs hold of his knot. Swanson, holding onto the lead knot, curls his head, starts down through the hole as the water rises into the cabin.

CUT TO:

177. INT. CABIN STUDIO - MED. - NIGHT 177.

The hammer comes down; the hinge gives way; the Skipper bends, pulls the hatch away as he reaches for his gun, FIRES at McGarrett standing over the hole.

178. ANGLE - MCGARRETT 178.

As the bullets spray around him, the rope grows taut. He too, tucks his head under and disappears into the water. The sea rises in the cabin, oozes toward the still sleeping Quan Ling.

CUT TO:

179. EXT. MOTOR LAUNCH - MED. - ANDRE - NIGHT 179.

The launch is standing by without lights. In the distance the tiny silhouette of the now dark Anitya is barely visible in the moonlight. Andre checks his watch, takes out a light on a long, water-proof cord, drops it down over the side. It goes spinning out of sight. He clicks a switch on the end of the water-proof cord.

CUT TO:

180. MED. - GROUP - UNDERWATER 180.

The trio, hanging onto the rope, Swanson in the lead, home in on ultra-violet light, pulsating deep in the water. As they approach, Swanson takes the cord from the rope, sends it spinning up through the water, over the side.

181. EXT. LAUNCH - MED. - ANDRE 181.

He hears the slap of the rope, looks around, sees it, grabs it, pulls it over toward the launch's ladder then up out of the water.

182. MED. - GROUP 182.

Moments later, Swanson, Andre and then McGarrett come up over the side, pull off their mouthpieces and gasp for breath. Swanson is the first to recover, begins to dance around the boat, slaps Andre on the shoulder as he laughs hysterically.

SWANSON

We did it! We got it! Here!
Look! Look!

He pulls the water-proof bag from his belt.

MARGI

Harry, it happened! Jackpot time!

She moves toward McGarrett. He flings his arms around her. Swanson comes over, throws his arms around both of them. They laugh as Andre crosses to them.

ANDRE

(as he heads for the
ship's wheel)
We'll have our wing-ding later.
Get that light! Pull the anchor
up!

He starts kicking over the motor, as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

Under a ship's light, thirty miles out at sea, a pen follows around the coast of Hawaii, stops at Coral Cove beyond Hilo, marks an "X" there. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL McGarrett, Swanson and Andre bending over the map. They're all in street clothes again.

SWANSON
(jubilant, yet
showing irritation)
How much further?

MCGARRETT
(looking out over
the ocean)
There's the light now!

ANDRE
(to McGarrett)
All right, take over. Cut to
half-speed and circle.

McGarrett nods, starts working the ship's wheel. Andre steps to the radio.

ANDRE (CONT'D)
Coral Cove Station...Sierra Alpha,
Eight, Niner, Four...Come in,
please. This is motor launch one...
Whiskey Tango, eight, niner, six
zero, standing by for berthing
instructions -- over!

THE MAN'S VOICE
(over radio)
This is Coral Cove Station to
Whiskey Tango, eight, niner, six
zero...Proceed to Yamashita
Shipyards, boat shed two...
Repeat, boat shed two. Over and out.

184. ANGLE - MCGARRETT, SWANSON

184.

McGarrett looks around in the fog, anxious, tense.

SWANSON
What are you waiting for? Full
speed! Head in!

McGarrett nods. Then throttles her up.

185. EXT. SEA - LONG

185.

The running lights flick on. The motor launch speeds through the darkness.

186. EXT. BOAT SHED - LONG - MOTOR LAUNCH 186.

The large, white sign reads: YAMASHITO SHIPYARDS, SHED TWO, on a dark wooden shed that cantilevers out over the water. The launch approaches, heads in, cuts it's motors.

187. INT. - SHED - NIGHT 187.

The launch's light illuminates the rustic salt and barnacle-covered shed, throwing crazy shadows from concrete pilings and wooden log moorings and supports.

188. MED. - GROUP 188.

Swanson throws a rope over the tie, pulls the boat in, as Andre, standing forward manipulates the swivel of the ship's light, sends the beam racing around the boat shed, suddenly stops it.

ANDRE

There it is.

189. ANGLE - BOAT LOCKER 189.

A triangular wooden boat locker appears in the right-hand corner of the shed, fastened with a heavy lock. They all turn and look.

ANDRE

(to Swanson)

Move!

He reaches into his pocket, grips his gun.

190. ANGLE - MCGARRETT, MARGI 190.

McGarrett looks around anxiously. Margi, now in skirt and blouse and tweed jacket, comes up, slips her arm through his.

MARGI

Afterwards...will I see you again?

He nods.

ANDRE

(flashlight in hand)

Come on!

191. FULL - GROUP 191.

Swanson, holding the waterproof bag with the three cylinders has already leaped onto the dock. He, too, has his hand in his pocket gripping his gun. Andre follows him, then McGarrett jumps off, turns and helps Margi. Swanson and Andre wait for them.

The four of them approach the boat locker. McGarrett's hand, too, is in his pocket, holding his gun. Margi bends, reaches into her jacket pocket, finds a key, brings it out, slips it into the lock, springs it open, pulls back the creaking, shallow boat locker lid. Andre plays the light inside.

193. MED. - OPEN BOAT LOCKER - GROUP

193.

Below, in the bottom of the locker are four airline envelopes, with each of their names on them, attached to four black attache cases. Margi takes hers, opens it. It's loaded with stacks of twenty-dollar bills. She bends and quickly counts the stacks in jubilation; then checks the envelope. They all visibly relax. Swanson takes his hand out of his gun pocket. So does Andre.

MARGI

(as she checks)

My airplane tickets! Everything's
the way he said it would be!

McGarrett and Swanson reach down for their attache cases.

ANDRE

Wait!

He motions to Swanson.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

He paid off...So do we.

McGarrett grabs up his attache case anyway, then turns from the locker, gun in hand.

MCGARRETT

Speak for yourself! Don't move--
any of you!

(to Swanson)

Drop that! Right there!

SWANSON

He'll kill you, and I'll be glad!

MCGARRETT

Drop it, I said!

Swanson drops the waterproof bag with the cylinders,

ANDRE

Harry, what are you doing?!

CONTINUED

MCGARRETT

You think I about got my head
pounded in for a few measly bucks,
while Mr. Man walks off with the
millions?! Not me!

(beat)

All right, what are you waiting for?
Take your wad and split! Go on!

Margi looks up at McGarrett with frightened admiration.

MARGI

Are you for real?

MCGARRETT

Get going, sweetheart.

Swanson and Andre reach for their attache cases. McGarrett
bends for the waterproof bag. A voice echos through the
shed.

QUAN LING

(off scene, in clear,
rich American tones)

'Fraid not, Harry! That revolver--
into the water! Now! I have a
Thompson trained on you and your
friends.

McGarrett tenses, doesn't move.

QUAN LING'S VOICE

Harry!

McGarrett reaches his arm over the side of the dock, lets
go of his gun. It falls into the water.

QUAN LING'S VOICE (CONT'D)

That goes for the rest of you!

Andre and Swanson toss their guns in the water.

194. ANGLE - QUAN LING

194.

A figure steps from behind the concrete piling, crosses
to where he's picked up by the beams of the motor launch and
Andre's flashlight. Suddenly we see Quan Ling, his
oriental dress freshly changed, holding his Thompson.

QUAN LING

(to Margi)

The six kilos, please.

She looks at him in shock, bug-eyed.

CONTINUED

QUAN LING
Yes, love...The yard goods
salesman.
(indicating the heroin)
Please!

She bends down, takes up the bag, hands it to him.

QUAN LING
(to Margi)
Thank you. As pretty as you are, I
never wanted to set eyes on you or
your friends again.
(to McGarrett, harsh)
I kept to my bargain...you should
have kept to yours!

MCGARRETT
(ignoring him)
I don't get it. You robbed your
own ship! Why?

QUAN LING
I did more than that! I allowed
myself to be half-drowned, rushed
ashore by a speedboat, my stomach
pumped...!

MARGI
(still dazed)
I don't get it.

QUAN LING
Because, my dear, I'm neither a
textile king nor any other kind of
oriental potentate...Just a poor
tailor from Lincoln, Nebraska.

MCGARRETT
(glancing about,
keeping him talking)
Bag man for an international dope
ring!

QUAN LING
And tired of it.
(beat)
You're smart, Harry...too smart!

SWANSON
(catching on)
You set this up to fool your bosses.

CONTINUED

QUAN LING

(nods)

It was that, or get picked up by
Customs. I knew sooner or later
they had to spot me contacting
local Mothers.

MCGARRETT

(admiringly)

You made it look good. I'll say
that for you.

QUAN LING

If I hadn't, that would be the
end. They'd find me, believe that!

MCGARRETT

And you wanted those six kilos
free and clear.

ANDRE

(puzzled)

How did you know we wouldn't shoot
you?

QUAN LING

Why should you? You're pros--the
best! You don't take unnecessary
risks, and I was dozing harmlessly
in a corner.

(beat)

I'm sorry I can't return the favor.

ANDRE

(panicked)

We won't open our mouths!

SWANSON

We did nothing!

(pointing to McGarrett)

It was him! Kill him!

QUAN LING

(cold, pointed)

You all know who I am!

ANDRE

We'll work for you! We'll do
anything!....anything!

QUAN LING

Face the wall.

MCGARRETT

(stalling)

Wait, the girl...she...

CONTINUED

QUAN LING

All of you!

They turn around, McGarrett the last. Quan Ling raises his Thompson. McGarrett spins around, flings his attache case at Quan, who jerks back involuntarily. McGarrett leaps for him. The Thompson begins sputtering as McGarrett and Quan grapple for it. Quan swings the butt into McGarrett's head, dropping him, brings the Thompson down to finish McGarrett off when A RIFLE SHOT IS HEARD. Quan Ling suddenly crumples, rolls over. McGarrett's foot stops him from toppling into the water. The shed is suddenly alive with light. Kono, his shotgun smoking, steps INTO SHOT, followed by Lee, T-Men, Coast Guard officers policemen. They swarm around Andre, Margi and Swanson.

195. ANGLE - MCGARRETT, KONO

195.

They bend to the fallen Quan Ling.

MCGARRETT

Thanks kid. We're even.

McGarrett removes Quan Ling's wallet, straightens.

196. ANGLE - GROUP

196.

McGarrett turns to the policemen holding the trio.

MCGARRETT

Book them in Hilo on a Five-O
warrant.

They lead Andre, Swanson and Margi out. At the door Margi turns. She and McGarrett look at each other.

MARGI

(bitter)

From Harry K. with love.

Suddenly there are tears in her eyes. McGarrett starts to say something, thinks better of it. They lead her away, as we:

FADE OUT.

THE END