

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

- 60. EXT. - MAUNA KEA HARBOR ESTABLISHED 60.
- 61. INT. BOAT SHED - DAY 61.
- 62. FULL - MOTOR LAUNCH, CHIN HO KELLY, PHOTOGRAPHER,
LAB CREW 62

TWO LAB MEN pull in the empty motor launch we saw the quartet using, quickly half-hitch it to pier mooring. The PHOTOGRAPHER squeezes off a strobe shot.

CHIN HO
(to lab crew)
Okay, let's go.

- 63. ANGLE - TWO LAB MEN 63.

The two labmen bend to a large lab case resting on the dock, open it. The taller of the men takes out spray powder, scotch tape, dusting brushes; the shorter, a specimen bag. They step into the boat. While the taller of the lab men begins spraying the wheel with dusting powder, the shorter of the men begins picking up cigarette butts, fishing sinkers, hooks, tossing them into the specimen bag.

- 64. ANGLE - SHORTER LAB MAN 64.

He notices a boat rental card stuck in the floorboards up forward. Picks it up, looks at it, turns to Chin Ho.

- 65. ANGLE - INCLUDING CHIN HO 65.

SHORTER LAB MAN
You might want to see this.

He holds the boat rental card up to Chin Ho.

- 66. CLOSE - CARD 66.

It reads: "KAWAIHAE BOAT RENTALS. This is to certify the undersigned is an all-day charter for twin-engine Launch Number 3, (signed) Andre Maurac."

- 67. ANGLE - MEDIUM - CHIN HO, SHORTER LAB CREW MAN 67.

CHIN HO
(to Short Lab Man)
Get a blow-up of the handwriting for H.P.D. and Washington.

The Shorter Lab Man nods. Chin Ho tosses the boat rental card into the specimen bag. As he does so, his eyes glimpse a small transistor radio beneath the seat once occupied by McGarrett.

67. CONTINUED

67.

CHIN HO
(indicating)
What's that?

The shorter lab man looks over to where he is pointing. Chin Ho steps into the boat, grabs up the radio, flicks it on. MUSIC comes out.

68. MED. CLOSE - CHIN HO, RADIO

68

Looks the radio over, hits a concealed switch behind the radio, Suddenly the MUSIC CLICKS OFF and McGarrett's voice comes over.

MCGARRETT'S VOICE (filter)
McGarrett to Five-O...Target--Anitya, repeat--Anitya, anchored off Kawaihae. Notify Coast Guard. Do not, repeat, do not inform Skipper until ship's registration is investigated and we find out who and what's aboard...Still don't know what we're hitting or who's behind it--but The Man phones. Trace calls, that's top priority! We have to find out who he is!

CUT TO:

69. EXT. HILO POLICE STATION - MED. CHIN HO KELLY, CHIEF PAUL, CHOPPER AND PILOT.

69.

Chin Ho is carrying an attache case as he walks out of the Hilo Police Station with CHIEF PAUL, crosses to the squat Hilo chopper with the Hawaii Five-O emblazoned on it's side in block print.

CHIEF PAUL
Tell McGarrett I'll stay on top of it.

CHIN HO
(nods)
Holler when you get something, Chief Paul.

CHIEF PAUL
The minute!

Chin Ho climbs into the chopper beside the pilot, nods O.K. to him, waves so long to the Chief; the Chief waves back as the chopper lifts off the grass town square and we

CUT TO:

70. EXT. SUBSTATION HAWAIIAN TELEPHONE CO - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

70

71. INT SWITCH ROOM - MED.--PHONE ENGINEER

71.

A red signal light flashes on the switch panel. The ENGINEER immediately picks up one of a battery of phones.

CONTINUED

71. CONTINUED

71.

MAUNA KEA OPERATOR'S VOICE
(through filter)
Mauna Kea operator. This is the
trace on trunk four.

TELEPHONE ENGINEER

Right.

He hangs up, crosses to the trunk four switches, studies the wipers that engage the bank contact, takes out the narrow 4-inch-long "busy tool," slips it into a switch; turns it, ...studies the wipers that are engaged in bank contact on trunk four, makes a note on the pad, steps back to the phone, lifts the receiver, hits a button.

TELEPHONE ENGINEER

(into phone)

Police trace. Point of origin,
group 20 and 42. Conversation
now on the line.

CUT TO:

72. INT. HILO POLICE STATION - SWITCHBOARD - MED. POLICE SERGEANT, CHIEF PAUL - NIGHT 72.

SWITCHBOARD SERGEANT wears earphones, is pulling and plugging in jacks. Chief Paul is behind him.

CHIEF PAUL

Get Lee Keeto on the hot line.

Sergeant pulls a jack and plugs in.

CUT TO:

73. INT. MAUNA KEA CORRIDOR - MED - LEE, KONO - NIGHT 73.

Lee wears a rakish white Mauna Kea gym jacket with Masseur written on the back, strides around the corridor "L" carrying a towel and rubbing ointment. He pretends to stop and light a cigarette. THE CAMERA PANS with Lee's eyes to Kono. Kono, in his busboy's white uniform, carrying an ice bucket of champagne, stands before the door of Room 407. He knocks.

KONO

(calling out)

Room Service!

There is no reply. He hits the door harder. There is still no answer. Kono looks around. There are no guests visible in the corridor. He takes out a passkey, inserts it. Lee tightens his hand on his gun, concealed under his towel.

74. ANGLE - KONO, LEE 74.

Kono pushes the door open, moves in, Lee right behind him.

75. INT. ROOM 407 - MED. KONO, LEE - NIGHT 75.

They enter. Kono flicks on the light. Lee grips his gun.

76. POV SHOT 76.

The room is empty; a window is open; the curtain flaps in the night breeze, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

77. INT. FIVE-0 HEADQUARTERS - CLOSE SHOT - IDENTIFICATION FORM IN TYPEWRITER - DAY 77

The typewriter keys hit on a line above the round black blobs of fingerprints: FIVE-0 TO FBI, WASHINGTON, D.C. FINGERPRINT AND IDENTIFICATION DIVISION. URGENT REQUEST FOR ANY AND ALL INFORMATION ON SUSPECTS..."

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal May typing, WIDENS to include DARKROOM LAB MAN, Chin Ho.

The DARKROOM LAB MAN approaches, nods to May, hands Chin Ho half-dozen glossy prints. The HPD liaison officer, a receiver nestled against his shoulder, takes them, nods okay to the lab man, who exits.

78. CLOSE SHOT 78.

CHIN HO

(into phone)

What happened on the trace, Chief?

As he listens, Chin Ho looks over the pix. They are individual telephoto shots of Margi, Swanson and Andre in the motor launch. He lays them on the desk, picks out three, reaches over and hands them to May, points to the identification memorandum she is typing. May nods, understands, takes the memorandum from the typewriter, begins pasting the telephoto shots on to the memo.

79. ANGLE FAVORING CHIN HO 79.

CHIN HO

(into phone)

I don't get it. He was on the phone, but he wasn't there?

(beat)

How could he tap a trunk line?.... Certainly knows what he's doing--that means he could cut into any extension in the house! We could trace him 'til Messiah comes!

(beat)

It's Deadendsville...Yeah, O.K., later.

He hangs up.

CUT TO:

80. EXT. LILIUOKALANI PARK, HILO - MED. - GROUP, BOY - DAY 80.

The quartet is standing in front of the memorial commemorating the dead in the huge tidal wave that inundated the city in 1960. To one side is a beautiful Japanese garden; in front of the memorial is a fantastic orchid garden displaying the city's most renowned exports--orchids and anthuriums. Behind them looms the snow-capped 14,000-foot peak of Mauna Kea itself. A small, bare-footed Hawaiian BOY approaches with his cart full of orchids.

BOY
(calling)
Hilo orchids!! A-1 Super-size!!
Fresh cut! Twenty-five cents!
(to McGarrett)
Orchid for the lady?

MCGARRETT
You bet you--a double A-1, super-
duper size!!

The boy grins, hands McGarrett an orchid. McGarrett takes it, flips him the quarter. The boy nods and is off.

81. ANGLE - MCGARRETT, MARGI 81.

He puts the orchid in her hair.

MCGARRETT
(repeating the refrain)
From Harry K. with love.

She laughs.

ANDRE
I'm no kill-joy, but...

SWANSON
(finishing it for him)
Let's get the shopping over with!
We all know where to go.
(glares at McGarrett
and Margi)
Back at five bells--10:30, uh? Not
later, understand?

MCGARRETT
(back at him)
If you don't see us, we'll be in
the park--necking.

Andre laughs. Swanson fights down the urge to take a poke at McGarrett. His eyes merely widen as he nods in slow anger. McGarrett and Margi trot off; Andre heads in the opposite direction, as we

CUT TO

82. EXT. HILO HARDWARE STORE - ESTABLISHING 82.

CAMERA PUSHES THROUGH WINDOW TO INSIDE STORE. There's the usual potpourri of tools, gardening equipment, wire, nuts and bolts. Andre is standing before the long counter with his shopping cart already containing two large bars of laundry soap, batteries and a flashlight lantern. The clerk behind the counter hands him a pre-packed wooden shipping crate. He starts to stow it in the cart. It's heavy, black stencilled markings read: JOHNSON MARINE POWER DRILL AND SAW.

CUT TO:

83. INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - MED. - SWANSON, SALESMAN - DAY 83.

CAMERA PANS PAST tennis racquets, golf clubs, jackets sweaters, sneakers, topsiders, shoes, cleated and otherwise, on display; gleaming knives, compasses, sterno cookers and sport's diver's and pilot's watches, and HOLDS ON the skin diving and scuba equipment section where a tall, thin Australian salesman is holding a mask and lung before a disdainful Swanson.

CUT TO:

84. EXT. VOLCANO HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAY 84.

We see it cantilevering out over the lip of Kilauea crater, smoke licking at it through the crater's gaping mouth from the churning depths of molten lava below.

85. INT. VOLCANO HOUSE - MED. - MCGARRETT, MARGI 85.

They are in the Observation Point restaurant. Guests from every corner of the world are visible at tables around them. However, they sit off by themselves at a scenic forward window, lingering over coffee and a last cigarette.

MCGARRETT

(looking down)

The crater's edge--where we all live.

MARGI

Blup, blup, blup, blup...It just sits there, waits, and bubbles.

MCGARRETT

If you've seen one volcano, you've seen them all.

Margi smiles, looks at him. He feels her warmth, lets it happen.

MARGI

(softly)

Harry, what's your real name?

MCGARRETT

Don't.

CONTINUED

85. CONTINUED

85.

MARGI.

(withdrawn, confused)

But why?

MCGARRETT

Tomorrow, next week, one of us
might get fingered. The less we
know about each other the better.

MARGI

Not us! You know I'd never...

MCGARRETT

I don't know, blue eyes, and
neither do you.

MARGI

(still disturbed)

Some people trust people.

MCGARRETT

Let's start with you.

MARGI

I don't mind. What do you want to
know?

MCGARRETT

For openers, I can't figure you on
this operation.

MARGI

Why, there's more to a caper than
box men and gunsels.

MCGARRETT

Like what?

MARGI

(amused)

Tell you this much--I'm circus.

MCGARRETT

(thinking)

Acrobat...no, that's part of
Swanson's bit.

(beat)

Bareback rider?

MARGI

(playfully)

On a heist?

MCGARRETT

I'm trying.

MARGI

(helping him)

Animal trainer.

CONTINUED

MCGARRETT
(surprised)
You?

MARGI
My act was a show stopper!

MCGARRETT
(it dawns)
Dogs?!
(beat)
You were in the lobby!

MARGI
(nods)
I have to work on them every
chance I get.

MCGARRETT
(curious)
Work on them?

MARGI
(nods)
One dog's lullaby is another's war
cry. When the time comes, I can't
miss. Those Doberman are trained
killers.

MCGARRETT
(puzzled)
But you weren't even near them.
She reaches into her purse and pulls out a tiny dog
whistle, holds it up for him to see.

MARGI
It's all a matter of mating calls,
but then what isn't?
They both smile. McGarrett, ever playing the ladies' man,
quietly reaches for her hand.

86. ANGLE INCLUDING DELIVERY MAN 86.

As he does so, the figure of the DELIVERY MAN looms up in
front of them. He's tall, thin, dressed in a loud Hawaiian
shirt, sporting a black leather wrist band, poised near their
table, looking out of the observation window, smoking a
cigarette. McGarrett stiffens. Margi senses it, follows
his eyes. CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON delivery man's wrist band.

87. MED. - MCGARRETT, MARGI 87.

MCGARRETT
(to Margi)
Don't go 'way.
She squeezes his hand, nods. As McGarrett gets up, the
delivery man moves away. He follows.

88. INT. MEN'S ROOM - VOLCANO HOUSE - MED. - MCGARRETT, 88.
DELIVERY MAN - DAY

McGarrett enters, falls back against the door, reaches
behind him, locks it.

88. CONTINUED

88.

The delivery man is standing at the towel above the sink pretending to dry his hands, watching McGarrett through the mirror. McGarrett nods. The delivery man returns it, begins unstrapping his black leather wrist band. Slowly, carefully, he pulls it from his wrist.

89. CLOSE - WRIST BAND

89.

Taped to the inside of the band is a small vial of nitro. McGarrett extends his own hand. The delivery man presses the band with the nitro down against McGarrett's wrist, holds it in place while McGarrett straps the band down on his own wrist.

CUT TO:

90. INT. MAUNA KEA HEALTH CLUB - MASSAGE BOOTH - MED. - LEE, MCGARRETT

90.

Lee, in his role as a masseur, pulls the curtain on the booth for privacy. He bends to his customer. It's McGarrett. Between slapping and kneading flesh, the two men converse in low, laconic tones.

MCGARRETT

(loud, indicating)

Right shoulder.

(low)

What about the Anitya?

LEE

(working the right shoulder)

British registry. Home port, Hong Kong. Owned by local textile king, Quan Ling. Lives on boat.

(beat)

Nothing of value known to be aboard.

MCGARRETT

That private army is there for a reason. Order all units on alert. The clock's starting to tick! Dress rehearsal's tomorrow. Tell the Coast Guard I'll let them know what and when, if I can. But either way, I don't want any gunplay in our harbor. This heist has to be stopped cold. Board and seize as soon as we move.

LEE

I'll pass the word.

Lee begins to crack his boss's spine, as McGarrett groans in tortuous pleasure, and we

FADE OUT