

HAWAII FIVE---O

"SIX KILOS"

teleplay

by

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FINAL DRAFT

September 13, 1966

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1. INT. - CONTROL TOWER - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - STANDARD
TEN-MILE, TOP-VIEW, RADAR SCREEN 1.

Super-imposed on the lighted, translucent map of the airport and adjoining geography are a dozen moving white flight patterns. As they approach, some of them circle, some move downward, turn sharply, arc.

OAHU TOWER OPERATOR'S VOICE

(o.s. low, flat, calm)

Oahu Tower to Flight 11...Clear to make straight-on approach on runway heading 25--Wind West, South-West 10. Altimeter reading, 2992...

(beat)

Tower to 16. Next right turn, intersection...Taxi to terminal.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO MCGARRETT, standing beside CONTROL TOWER OPERATOR at radar screen. Tower operator, wearing earphones, talking into mike, turns to McGarrett.

TOWER OPERATOR

It's yours.

McGarrett nods, picks up his binoculars perched on the radar console near the phone, focuses as we

CUT TO:

2. EXT. - HAWAII AIRPORT - DAY - ESTABLISHING 2.

The airport at its best on a balmy day--teeming with the color and bustle of an artery betwixt occident and orient. Flight 16 approaches the terminal, stops.

LOUDSPEAKER (o.s.)

Flight 16 now unloading at Gate 3.

3. FULL SHOT - BOEING 707 AND MOBILE STAIRWELL 3.

As the plane cuts its motors, a dark, lovely Hawaiian girl wearing a grass skirt, flowers in her hair, a string of leis looped around her arm, rides on the bottom stair of the mobile stairwell as two men wheel it into place against the Boeing's slender torso. The door opens; a stewardess appears, passengers begin to stream down.

4. CAMERA DOLLIES IN TO HAWAIIAN GIRL, PASSENGERS 4.

An elderly lady approaches. The Hawaiian girl moves up, puts a lei around her neck.

HAWAIIAN GIRL

Aloha!

The elderly lady smiles at her. Next, she puts a lei over a 19-year-old kid with a straggly beard and sunglasses.

HAWAIIAN GIRL

Aloha!

The 19-year-old, bored, above it all, nods, continues to chew his gum, walks past.

5. ANGLE - JOHN WARNECKE 5.

Warnecke, tall, look-at-me-rugged-handsome, runs a lascivious eye over the girl as he approaches. She circles him with a lei, gives him a bright smile.

HAWAIIAN GIRL

Aloha!

WARNECKE

(giving her another quick once-over)

Aloha yourself!

He reaches out, pinches her cheek, as we

CUT TO:

6. INT. - CONTROL TOWER 6.

BINOCULAR VIEW of Warnecke pinching the Hawaiian girl's cheek. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO MCGARRETT. He looks up from his field glasses, checks a mug shot in the palm of his hand, reaches for a phone on the radar screen console, picks up the receiver, hits a button on it.

MCGARRETT

McGarrett here! Plug me into broadcast.

(beat)

This is a Five-0 alert. Suspect disembarking. White linen suit, dark glasses, Panama hat... pick him up!

CUT TO:

7. EXT. - AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY - EST. 7.
8. INT. - CAB - DAY - MED. - LEE KEETO 8.

LEE
(into cab mike)
Lee Keeto to McGarrett Five-0.
Coming out now. He's all mine.

Lee hangs up mike, hurries out of cab toward Warnecke.

9. MED. - LEE, WARNECKE 9.

Warnecke, now carrying a suitcase, looks around, sees Lee approach in a wild Aloha shirt and cabby's hat, snaps his fingers at him.

WARNECKE
Cab!

LEE
Over here, Mister.

He hurries over; takes Warnecke's suitcase from him, throws him a big, broad smile.

LEE
Welcome to Hawaii!

WARNECKE
(bored)
Aloha, aloha, aloha.

Lee crosses to his cab, opens the door, waits for Warnecke to enter, shoves the suitcase in after him along the floor, closes the door, moves around to the front of the cab, gets in.

10. INT. - CAB - MED. - LEE, WARNECKE 10.

LEE
Where to?

WARNECKE
Princess Luilani Hotel

LEE
Luilani?
(shakes his head at Warnecke)
For a man like you? You can get better for less.

WARNECKE
Don't hustle me--drive!

Lee shrugs, starts up, pulls away.

11. EXT. - CAB - DAY - MED. STATUE 11.

CAMERA PICKS UP the cab approaching the gargantuan statue of King Kamehameha. A cluster of 12-foot leis circle his neck. The King's stone face is somehow beamish this day; his granite eyes a-twinkle.

12. INT. - CAB - MED. - LEE, WARNECKE 12.

LEE
(pointing to the statue in b.g.)
You came at a good time! It's King Kamehameha Day! Big doings!

Warnecke gives the statue a glazed pass.

WARNECKE
(Rubesville)
Yeah.

LEE
(reading it)
You don't like the King, my friend? What do you like? Nobody knows this rock like me. If you want...

WARNECKE
I don't want! The hotel...how's about it?!

CUT TO:

13. INT. - HOTEL ROOM AT THE LUILANI - DAY - MED. - WARNECKE 13.

A third-rate room--dingy furnishings by Goodwill. His suitcase unopened on the luggage rack, Warnecke has his jacket off and his feet up on a kitchy bamboo desk. CAMERA DOLLIES IN CLOSE TO WARNECKE sipping a drink; a tattoo of a voluptuous girl with the "aristocratic" name of Cindy visible on the inside of his forearm. As he drinks, he reaches over with his free hand, picks up a hat from the bed, begins fanning himself with it.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

14. INT. - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT - TRAY 14.

There are several half-eaten sandwiches on it, an empty bottle of Scotch. CAMERA PANS TO WARNECKE. He's tilted back on his chair, anxiously studying his watch. He slugs down some more Scotch. A neon sign in b.g. alternately flashes "Learn to Hula" and "Girls--Girls--Girls"--drenches the room in ghostly blue or ghastly red. There's a KNOCK on the door. Warnecke starts, slowly returns his chair to the floor.

CONTINUED

14. CONTINUED

14.

WARNECKE

Who's there?

LUILANI BELLHOP

Room service.

Warnecke crosses to the door, opens it on the chair, sees it's the bellhop, pulls off the chair, opens the door all the way. The bellhop enters with a letter and a clipboard in his hand.

LUILANI BELLHOP (CONT'D)

Special Delivery Registered.

He extends the clipboard to Warnecke.

LUILANI BELLHOP (CONT'D)

(pointing to a line)

Sign here.

Warnecke signs quickly, gives the boy back his clipboard, takes the letter, hands him a quarter. The boy looks at it, frowns but says nothing, goes. Warnecke closes the door after him, tears open the envelope. There's a small key inside with an attached number tag. He pockets the key, throws the envelope in the wastebasket, drains his drink, slaps on his hat, hurries out.

15. EXT. - DOWNTOWN HONOLULU STREET - NIGHT - MED. - WARECKE 15.
WARNECKE

The Luilani Hotel is visible in b.g. AS THE CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM walking across the darkened street towards a doorway and a blue neon sign which reads: Island Tour Bus Company.

16. INT. - BUS TERMINAL - NIGHT - MED. - WARNECKE 16.

He crosses to a wall of metal lockers, takes the key out, looks over at the locker numbers, crosses to the right locker, opens it, pulls out a briefcase.

17. MED. CLOSE - 17.

He looks around to make sure nobody's watching, unzips the briefcase. Before he has a chance to open it, KONO STEPS INTO SHOT, gun in hand, presses the muzzle in Warnecke's back.

CONTINUED

17. CONTINUED

17.

KONO

(low, taut)
Freeze. All right--against the locker. Come on, get them high!

WARNECKE

(furious)
What is this?

KONO

I said high!

Warnecke, still hanging on to the briefcase, raises his arms higher, leans toward the locker, suddenly flips his leg and arm around, throws Kono to the ground, pulls his gun from a shoulder holster in one cat-like movement. He unflicks the safety; is about to open fire when a bullet smashes him back against the lockers.

18. WIDER ANGLE

18.

As Warnecke crumples to the ground, McGarrett, his gun smoking, STEPS INTO SHOT crosses to Kono, helps him up as he keeps his eye on the fallen Warnecke.

MCGARRETT

You all right?

Kono, too tense to speak, just nods. The two Five-0 men both look at Warnecke as they slip their revolvers back into their shoulder holsters.

KONO

(recovering, but still shaken)
Talk about close...That was it!...
Thanks, Steve...I...I...

MCGARRETT

(with an embarrassed shrug)
O.K., O.K., you owe me one.

19. ANOTHER ANGLE

19.

McGarrett and Kono cross to the dead Warnecke, bend down to him as the CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON his body, PANS TO his head, to the bunched-up jacket sleeve revealing the Cindy tattoo we saw earlier, and HOLDS IN CLOSE ON WARNECKE'S HAND, stretched across the open briefcase, his fingers reaching toward a thick stack of one hundred dollar bills. They're clipped to a hotel guest registry card--the name, Harry K. Brown", inked in below the large Gothic type: "Welcome to the Mauna Kea."

FADE OUT: