ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

115. EXT. - ANITYA - NIGHT

It's lit up like a Christmas tree. CAMERA DOLLIES IN TO stern top deck. Muumuuus, 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

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

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

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
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!

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.

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

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 darkness. 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

It reaches 8 minutes to ten.

CUT TO:

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

AND QUAN LING

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

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, 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

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

It reads four minutes to ten.
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.

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.

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!

He looks at his watch.

It's one minute to ten.
133. LONG - ANDRE

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

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

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

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

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

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
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

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

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

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

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

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

McGarrett appears 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

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

146. MED - MCGARRETT, MARGI, QUAN LING

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

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

The DING, DING, DING pulsates through it.

149. MED. - SKIPPER, GIRLS

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.
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.

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:

Starting up, churning water.

CUT TO:

Reversing, right hawser paying out.

Last shackle coming out, painted in heavy red.

CUT TO:

We see the last of the chain CL\ANGING 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.
154. CONTINUED

Start time!

MCGRASSETT

SWANSON

(looking at his watch)

Six minutes!

155. CLOSE - SWANSON’S WATCH

It reads 10:14.

156. ANGLE - MCGRASSETT

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 its 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 - MCGRASSETT

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.

MCGRASSETT

(as he works)

Time?

SWANSON

(off scene)

Two minutes!

McGarrett nods, continues to work.

158. ANGLE - SWANSON, MARGI

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.
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!

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.

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.

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
MARGI

Harry, no!

MCgarsett

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!

MCgarsett

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

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.
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!

Their eyes both distend. Margi shudders.

CUT TO:

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?

He moves toward a small dry cell battery.
CONTINUED

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.

ANOTHER ANGLE

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.

MED. - SWANSON

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

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

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

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

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

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 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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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:
183. **CLOSE SHOT - NAUTICAL MAP**

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.**

**SUANSON**
(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, SUANSON**

McGarrett looks around in the fog, anxious, tense.

**SUANSON**
What are you waiting for? Pull speed! Head in!

McGarrett nods. Then throttles her up.

185. **EXT. SEA - LONG**

The running lights flick on. The motor launch speeds through the darkness.
186. EXT. BOAT SHED - LONG - MOTOR LAUNCH

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 its motors.

187. INT. - SHED - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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.

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?!
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?

MCGARRET

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 Svjanson toss their guns in the water.

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.
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!

SUANSON
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.

They bend to the fallen Quan Ling.

Thanks kid. We're even.

McGarrett removes Quan Ling's wallet, straightens.

McGarrett turns to the policemen holding the trio.

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.

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