

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

20. INT. - MCGARRETT'S OFFICE - DAY - MED. SHOT - MCGARRETT, MAY 20.

McGarrett, his legs stretched across the open bottom drawer of his desk, his eyes staring up at the flaking, ornate ceiling, has the receiver to his ear. Another phone is ringing. May, holding a shorthand pad, picks it up.

MAY	MCGARRETT
Five-0.	
(beat)	
No, sorry, that's a local matter. Please contact the Honolulu Police.	We'll be perfectly willing to extradite to Massachusetts, but we want to see their D.A.'s brief.
(she hangs up. Still another phone rings.)	(beat)
Five-0.	And who ordered those three beach boys released from custody?...Cancel it!
(beat)	Five-0's booking them on those warehouse robberies...
Yes, we've been trying to get you.	And how it's inter-island!

May looks over at McGarrett, waits for him to hang up. He does.

MAY
(to McGarrett)
Chief Paul.

McGarrett nods. She clicks a button. He picks up the phone.

MCGARRETT
(into phone)
Hi, Chief! How's the action in Hilo?
(beat)
I'll bet you have your hands full. All those tourists snipping off orchids.

21. ANGLE INCLUDING POLICE WALL MAP 21.

As he speaks, McGarrett swings around in the swivel chair; his eyes move from the ceiling to a wall map behind him of the Islands where Five-0 Headquarters is labelled and pinpointed by a huge star. The local police agencies have lesser stars and their chief's name beside them. McGarrett's eyes come to rest on Chief Paul's name next to the star labelled Hilo on the eastern limits of the Islands.

CONTINUED

21. CONTINUED

21.

MCGARRETT

Any rumbles on the big Island?...
Not a thing, huh?...How about the
Mauna Kea?...Nothing there either?...
Yeah, something's cooking--wish I
knew. Soon's I get anything I'll
touch base with you...Right.

McGarrett hangs up, swings his legs from where they're
resting on the open bottom drawer, reaches for a pile
of letters with one hand, as his other swoops down into
the open drawer, comes up with a hard-boiled egg.

22. ANGLE INCLUDING CHIN HO KELLY

22.

Chin Ho, uniformed liaison from H.P.D., approaches with
Warnecke's M.O. in his hand. McGarrett is holding up
the egg, offering it to him. Chin Ho shakes his head.
McGarrett shrugs, bites into it.

CHIN HO

Nothing like a wholesome, leisurely
breakfast.

McGarrett grins, takes another bite, a sip of coffee.

CHIN HO (CONT'D)

(indicating)
Got the M.O. on Warnecke.

MCGARRETT

(as he chews)
Go.

May, typing in b.g. suddenly turns around.

MAY

(to McGarrett)
Chin Ho's right...you're an ulcer
type. Are you aware of that?

McGarrett nods, smiles.

MCGARRETT

From a long line of.
(indicating her pad)
I'll close up the Bunko file later.

She nods, exits. He takes another bite of his egg,
looks back at Chin Ho expectantly.

CONTINUED

CHIN HO

(reading)

John Warnecke aka John Zecky aka George Black. No previous Harry K. Brown. Three time loser. Expert safe-man--punch, peel, nitro.

MCGARRETT

Ladies' man Warnecke here?! Why?

As he finishes the last of his egg, McGarrett looks down at his desk where Warnecke's personal effects are spread out; monogrammed handkerchief, wallet, comb, pocket knife, nail file.

CHIN HO

I don't think he knew.

McGarrett nods, sips his coffee.

MCGARRETT

According to our tip, he was coming in blind. The syndicates have been shaking down their top men for this--whatever this is!

McGarrett gets up, coffee mug in hand.

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)

Well, one thing we know. We got the trigger. Nothing happens without the box man.

CHIN HO

You want to hear the rest of this?

McGarrett nods.

CHIN HO (CONT'D)

(continues reading)

Last known to be operating for Miami syndicate...paroled from Leavenworth 12 years ago for good behavior. Since then dropped out of sight, and clean, clean, clean--not even a traffic ticket.

McGarrett takes a sip from his mug of coffee; still holding it, strides over to the map, pokes at the Island of Hawaii and the Mauna Kea.

CONTINUED

22. CONTINUED

22.

MCGARRETT

This has got to be big. Warnecke doesn't budge under a million dollar score. A box man like that at the Mauna Kea? There's nothing in that hotel I couldn't open with a cheese cutter.

CHIN HO

(skeptical)

Yeah, maybe, but today's boxes are tougher babies than when you were the big hit man for the O.S.S.

MCGARRETT

Mostly I used keys.

He's already picked up Warnecke's wallet, leafs through the transparent partitions of driver's licence, credit cards, looks over at Chin Ho.

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)

I want the book on Warnecke.

He turns, gazes down at the Mauna Kea registry card where the \$10,000 was once clipped. He picks it up, stares at the inked-in top lines labelled, guest and home address. PUSH IN AND HOLD FULL SCREEN INSERT: Now clearly we read inked-in printing: HARRY K. BROWN, 12 SUNVIEW TERRACE, KANSAS CITY, MO.

SMASH CUT

23. INT. - LOBBY - MAUNA KEA - INSERT-REGISTRY CARD IN HAND 23.

As it signs the name, Harry K. Brown on the bottom of the inked-in registry card we saw previously. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the same white-suited, sun-glassed figure that emerged from Flight 16, but as THE CAMERA HOLDS ON THE FACE, we see it's Steve McGarrett.

24. ANGLE INCLUDING DESK CLERK 24.

McGarrett offers the card to the desk clerk, who hurries over, takes the card, looks at the name, smiles.

DESK CLERK

Welcome to the Mauna Kea, Mr. Brown.
We held your room for you.

He hits a silver bell.

CONTINUED

24. CONTINUED

24.

DESK CLERK

The boy will show you up.

A short, wiry East Indian-garbed Filipino boy is there instantly, takes the room key from the desk clerk, picks up McGarrett's bag, waits silently while McGarrett leisurely lights a cigarette. CAMERA PANS TO ESTABLISHING SHOT - MAUNA KEA LOBBY. Bellhops in East Indian dress, the guests in a potpourri of saris, kimonos, and tropical linens, --the International Set coming and going.

25. ANGLE INCLUDING DOGS, BODYGUARDS, QUAN LING

25.

Flanked by two bodyguards, a tall, muscular occidental and a short, agile oriental, Quan Ling strolls into the lobby from the corridor shops. Handsome, bearded, his carriage artistocratic, he is of Japanese, Chinese, Indonesian and Malayan lineage. At the moment, he is dressed in the oriental Dun-Som and Foo, the pajama-like blouse and trousers, and cloaked in a lavish silk gown, the Cheung-Som. He carries a swagger stick and wears the traditional round skull-cap, the Bok-Mo. Virile, in his 60's, he's friendly, lascivious and very scrutable, but with a dimension of cruel yet controlled fury. He holds two magnificent Doberman Pinschers on a leash.

QUAN LING

(in Japanese
to dogs)

Heel!

The dogs fall back on their haunches. The guards also stop and lean unobtrusively against a pillar.

26. ANGLE INCLUDING MARGI BILLINGS 26.

Quan Ling pretends to window-shop a lobby haberdashery, as he reaches over ostensibly to rub and pat the neck of one of his Doberman Pinschers, but in reality to smile at a tall, long-limbed, curvaceous blonde with a full, sensuous mouth and drifting eyes, who's studying some jewelry in an adjacent window. She sees him and, with an air of superiority, smiles back, then returns to her jewelry. McGarrett, who's lighted up and taken a deep drag, motions to the bellhop. They start across the lobby.

27. ANGLE INCLUDING QUAN, DOBERMAN PINSCHERS, MARGI 27.

Suddenly, one of the Dobermans Quan is patting BARKS savagely, breaks away, races across the lobby; his mate follows suit, streaks ahead of him. The larger Doberman leaps for the bellhop carrying McGarrett's suitcase. McGarrett, now instinctively the cop, shoves the bellhop out of the way. The bellhop's knees bump the suitcase; he almost falls as McGarrett meanwhile sweeps around, hits the dog mid-air, throws him to the ground on his side.

28. ANGLE INCLUDING GUESTS, QUAN LING, GUARDS 28.

Guests turn, freeze, stare. Quan Ling frantically waves his swagger stick; his guards come running to his side as he shouts:

QUAN LING
(with Japanese
accent)

Down! You hear me, you stupid
hounds? Down! Down!

29. ANGLE FAVORING MCGARRETT, SECOND DOBERMAN: GUESTS IN B.G. 29.

The second Doberman meanwhile crouches; growls, leaps for McGarrett. The Five-0 head sidesteps, but the dog grazes him, forces him to fall back on one hand. McGarrett pulls a gun. Several guests fade back. There is a series of muffled shouts.

30. ANGLE - MARGI AT JEWELRY STORE 30.

She spins around in shock, puts her hand to her mouth and frantically blows on a tiny, concealed dog whistle.

31. ANGLE - DOGS 31.

They both miraculously fall back, lie down at the foot of a nearby lobby sofa.

32. ANGLE - QUAN, MARGI 32.

Quan comes racing over as McGarrett, still on the ground, quickly ducks his gun. The crowd in b.g. is all a-buzz.

YOUNG GIRL

Did you see that?

FATHER

Stay away from those dogs!

MIDDLE-AGED HAWAIIAN MAN

Those Doberman are killers! I say shoot 'em!

QUAN LING

(Japanese accent -
as he helps McGarrett up)

You are all right?

MCGARRETT

(brushing himself off -
examining a rip in his sleeve)

No broken bone...

MARGI

(taking his arm,
peering at the tear)

Let me see that.

33. CLOSE - ARM 33.

An exact duplicate of the Cindy tattoo we saw earlier on Warnecke is visible through the ripped sleeve.

34. ANGLE - MARGI 34.

MARGI

(relieved)

You'll live.

CONTINUED

34. CONTINUED

34.

QUAN LING

(disturbed, at
6's and 7's)

I'm most sorry... This has never happened before. They're pedigreed Dobermans -- the best-trained in all Hong Kong, I assure you... in the entire world! I don't know how it could happen -- I don't. Please, if there 's anything I can do...

MCGARRETT

(caustically)

Try shots for distemper!

35. ANGLE INCLUDING ELEVATOR

35.

He strides toward the elevator. The bellhop is waiting in front of it, ramrod straight, with McGarrett's suitcase. He sees him coming, turns, hold the elevator door for him.

36. INT. ELEVATOR - MED. - MCGARRETT, BELLHOP, MARGI

36.

As they both get in and the bellhop presses the panel of buttons, Margi hurries toward them, enters. McGarrett, playing his role, throws her a come-hither leer. She ignores it. The door closes. The elevator starts up. The bellhop turns toward McGarrett.

BELLHOP

Say, Mister, that was something!
That was really something! I
could've been dead...!

McGarrett looks over at Margi, preens with a big-time Charlie smile, as he answers the bellhop:

MCGARRETT

Nothing, kid.

MARGI

(reaching into her purse,
pulling out a wallet)
Isn't this yours?

She hands the wallet to McGarrett. Tipping his hat, he gives her a warm grin.

MCGARRETT

Hey, what do you know about that?
Thanks.

CONTINUED

36. CONTINUED

36.

She gives him a quick smile, turns away. He starts to pocket his wallet, stops.

MCGARRETT

You know, there's a reward comes with this wallet.

She looks over at him, a trifle startled. He grins down at her.

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)

Me.

Margi smiles in spite of herself, looks him over quickly, likes what she sees.

MARGI

(archly--indicating his arm)

Cindy got there first.

McGarrett laughs, shakes his head.

MCGARRETT

(as he pockets wallet)
She's ancient history.
(in there trying)
Some beach out there!

MARGI

(backs him off, turns away)
Uh huh.

MCGARRETT

Hon, we're in Paradise! How's about roasting a few marshmallows together.

She stifles her smile, says nothing; the elevator stops.

BELLHOP

Your floor, Mr. Brown

The door opens. He starts out, looks over at her, smiles. She doesn't respond.

MCGARRETT

Any night! You bring marshmallows, I build fire!

He exits. She stares after him, interested, disturbed.

CUT TO:

37. INT. HOTEL ROOM - MED. - MCGARRETT, BELLHOP 37.

The opposite of the Luilani--spacious, beautifully decorated in local motifs. The bellhop puts the suitcases on the rack, crosses toward the drapes.

38. ANGLE - DOOR 38.

Kono, dressed in a busboy's uniform, wheels in a cart, laden down with pineapple. McGarrett looks up at him, smiles. They exchange quick nods, as Kono takes a silver service of freshly sectioned pineapple from the cart; places it on a nearby table.

KONO
Compliments of the management, sir.

He motions with finger toward the phone and the goose necked lamp.

KONO (CONT'D)
(mouths)
Bugged.

McGarrett gives him the "O.K." high sign. Kono nods, turns and wheels his cart out.

39. ANGLE - BELLHOP 39.

He's finished pulling the drapes, exposing a luxurious lanai and a picture-window view of a beautiful curve of rock and white sand; moves toward McGarrett.

BELLHOP
(to McGarrett)
Anything else, sir?

MCGARRETT
(shaking his head)
Here you go.

McGarrett pulls out a dollar bill, tries to hand it to the bellhop.

BELLHOP
(backing off, embarrassed)
Please, no...After what you did...I
couldn't...I just couldn't...

MCGARRETT
(shrugs)
Suit yourself.

CONTINUED

BELLHOP

(as he goes)

Anytime you want anything, Mr. Brown,
you just ring.

McGarrett nods. The bellhop starts out the door. As he does, NOAH, in his 60's, skinny, wearing thick horn-rimmed glasses, strawhat, dacron jacket and a dangling Brownie, puts his fingers to his lips, motions with a big grin for the bellhop to be quiet. The bellhop shrugs, exits, as Noah darts his head inside the door.

NOAH

Harry! Noah! What's this about
fighting off mad dogs with your
bare hands? Hey, you decent?

He gestures into the corridor.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Guess who?

EMMA, in her 60's too, and portly, rushes in, starts to throw a bear hug around McGarrett, stops.

EMMA

(shaken)

That's not our Harry!!

Noah moves up, peers into McGarrett's face with his confused, nearsighted eyes.

NOAH

But the man at the desk said Harry
K. from K.C.!

MCGARRETT

Lots of H.K.'s in K.C.

EMMA

(still embarassed)

This never happened to us before.

NOAH

It's quite a coincidence!

MCGARRETT

(trying on a grin)

Yeah, isn't it!

EMMA

Well, we're pleased to have made
your acquaintance, anyhow.

CONTINUED

39. CONTINUED

39.

NOAH

Sure are. You're still a hometown boy. What line you in?

MCGARRETT

(moving them toward the door)
Hardward. Sorry...I'm meeting people.
(beat)
Another time...

EMMA

We'll look for you!

40. ANGLE INCLUDING DOOR

40.

McGarrett nods, smiles. As they retreat and he closes the door behind them, he clicks it locked, breathes a sigh of relief, turns toward his suitcase.

41. ANGLE - BATHROOM DOOR

41.

Suddenly the bathroom door opens. CARL SWANSON enters, gun in hand. He's a tall, weather-beaten Norwegian seaman in his 30's, with a long, esthetic face that betrays his fascination with the occult; his mystic bent. He's forever looking for signs and reading the stars or the Tarot cards. At the moment, however, a more practical matter is on his mind.

42. ANOTHER ANGLE

42.

He crosses to McGarrett, who's bending over his suitcase, unstrapping it, puts a gun in his back.

SWANSON

Reach!
(as McGarrett's hands go up)
Over there!

He motions toward an easy chair near the phone.

MCGARRETT

What do you think you're...

SWANSON

(interrupting)
Sit!

McGarrett sits down on the easy chair. Swanson steps to the suitcase, pulls it the rest of the way open, while he keeps his gun trained on McGarrett. With his free hand he begins rummaging around inside the suitcase, throwing shirts, socks and trousers to the floor. The PHONE BEGINS TO RING. McGarrett turns, starts to reach for it.

CONTINUED

SWANSON

Leave it alone!

He crosses to McGarrett, puts the muzzle to his head as he picks up the receiver, holds it two or three inches from McGarrett's ear.

SWANSON (CONT'D)

You better have good answers.

THE MAN'S voice, a low, flat mechanical voice spills into the room over the phone...

THE MAN'S VOICE

(harsh, through filter)

What happened to you, Brown?

MCGARRETT

(hard)

Tell that punk gungel to drop that barrel and fast!

THE MAN'S VOICE

(exploding)

I'm not paying top dollar for sass!

MCGARRETT

Call him off!

THE MAN'S VOICE

I want to know where you were!

MCGARRETT

I missed the 11 o'clock plane!

THE MAN'S VOICE

(irate)

Why?

MCGARRETT

(with disgust)

I stopped for a couple of drinks... met up with a kitten, and...it got late...figured I'd sleep over and fly up in the morning. What's so terrible?

THE MAN'S VOICE

Who was the kitten?

MCGARRETT

Oh, come on!

THE MAN'S VOICE

(furious)

Her name!

MCGARRETT

Cynthia...Cynthia Fredericks.

THE MAN'S VOICE

Address?

MCGARRETT

On Kalakaua Street, 2162...or
64...it's in my book.

He takes out his little black book, looks it up.

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)

2164--upstairs, front right. Her
phone number is 119-252. She's got
dimpled knees. Happy?

THE MAN'S VOICE

(sarcastic)

Ecstatic! Your story better check
out! Meanwhile, stay in your room!
And allow me to clue you in, Mr.
Harry K. Brown...I'm paying for a
box man--not a swinger. I own you
for the next week. Step out of line
again and you're a dead man!

There's an AUDIBLE CLICK. The Man hangs up. Swanson, who's
holding the phone, also hangs up, keeps his gun pointed at
McGarrett as he steps back, takes the remaining contents
out of the suitcase, dumps them on the floor, thumps quickly
on the bottom and sides for hidden compartments.

SWANSON

Don't turn around until you hear
the door close.

Swanson backs toward the door, slips out, closes it behind
him. On DOOR SLAM

CUT TO:

The arrow a white wake; the arrowhead a motor launch zooming
out of the Mauna Kea harbor.

44. MED. - LAUNCH

44.

We see ANDRE MAURAC at the wheel. He's a balding, round little Frenchman in his late 50's, a master electrician by day, a tough, hardened criminal by night, yet with a mothering, nervous quality. The sort of man who could kill with his bare hands, then weep copiously. At the moment he's puffing on a Meershaum as he controls the boat. THE CAMERA PANS INTO the well of the boat, where Seaman Carl Swanson, who held the gun on McGarrett, is sitting playing solitaire with his Tarot cards on the covered bait tank.

45. ANGLE INCLUDING MCGARRETT

45.

Swanson frowns at his cards, looks suspiciously over at the Five-0 chief. McGarrett's slumped on a seat against the rail, smoking a cigareete, listening to MUSIC on a small pocket transistor radio beside him, studying Margi with surprise and interest -- the girl in the lobby with the dog whistle. She at first doesn't see him, as she looks out across the water at the hotel disappearing in the mist. Finally, she senses his eyes, looks toward him, smiles. There's an unabashed eagerness and musk to it which she immediately dampens.

MARGI

I was afraid you weren't going to make it.

(quickly, earnestly)

I'm glad you did.

McGarrett smiles, turns off his transistor.

MCGARRETT

The Man had to protect his investment. I'm expensive, Margi.

46. ANGLE - SWANSON

46.

SWANSON

(jealous, as he sees the interplay between them)

We're all expensive.

He lifts a card from the deck, stares at it angrily, slaps it down.

SWANSON (CONT'D)

Always the black Tarot!

CONTINUED

46. CONTINUED

46.

Margi and McGarrett look at each other, smile.

SWANSON (CONT'D)

(catching it out of
the corner of his
eye)

Why are you smiling?

47. ANGLE INCLUDING ANDRE

47.

ANDRE

(edgy)

Swanny, not today!

SWANSON

(to Andre)

Run the boat! Swanson's the name!

(to Margi and McGarrett)

You two know each other, no?

MCGARRETT

No, what's it to you?

48. ANGLE FAVORING SWANSON

48.

He suddenly puts down the deck on the bait tank, reaches across the well, grabs McGarrett's hands, opens them palm upward, stares down at them.

SWANSON

Safe men have burn marks!

49. INSERT: MCGARRETT'S HANDS

49.

Powerful, they've seen work, and are indeed pitted with burn marks.

MCGARRETT

(holding them out)

Yeah, O.K., what's new?

SWANSON

(throwing McGarrett's
hands away)

Not enough!

MCGARRETT

You count 'em?

SWANSON

(angrily)

I've seen box men's hands!

CONTINUED

49. CONTINUED

49.

MCGARRETT

(with derision)

I know the kind. They do real good knocking over ten-cent stores.

SWANSON

Big shot! I don't like big shots!

50. ANGLE - ANDRE, PROW

50.

ANDRE

(with a sigh)

Here we go! O.K., get it over with, Carl. Check his birthday, look at his lifeline...

Andre suddenly slows the motor, veers the launch toward some nearby kelp beds.

SWANSON

(to Andre)

Funny, Mr. Maurac--funnee. You don't know anything. The cards are all dark...and..

MARGI

(annoyed)

Will you please stop it?!

SWANSON

(mimicking her)

Stop it! Stop it! Is that all you can say? Why should I? The cards don't lie! Black is for death! And this!...

He picks up a black Valet, holds it up, shakes it at her.

SWANSON (CONT'D)

...means Informer!!

MCGARRET

(turning to Swanson angrily)

Swanson, if you're running this show, I'd just as soon walk right now!

CONTINUED

ANDRE

(to McGarrett)

Nobody's walking!

(to Swanson)

Carl, let me tell you something...
I'd rather have the box man around
than you! I've had it with your
cards and your kooky signs!

(to McGarrett)

Don't listen to him! He's a
diver and a rigger, the same as
I'm an electrician. He's running
nothing!

MCGARRETT

Then who is?

ANDRE

The Man.

MCGARRETT

Yeah, I got that. Where's he?

ANDRE

(low)

We don't know. He never shows.

MCGARRETT

(suspicious)

Somebody gives orders.

ANDRE

He does -- phones...sends letters-
Registered, Special Delivery...

MARGI

(scared)

He's around...he knows everything
that's going on.

SWANSON

I don't like it!

ANDRE

That figures.

CONTINUED

50. CONTINUED

50.

SWANSON

(ignoring him)
Always before I'm trusted. Why
doesn't this one trust me...why?

MARGI

Carl, who cares?

ANDRE

(eyes aglow)
Ten thou down is trust enough for
me! And the payoff -- once in a
lifetime!!

MARGI

(a hungry smile
on her face)
This is the big one! No more
sleazy deals...no more cheap dives!
Cannes! Portofino! St. Tropez!...
S'long fans!

SWANSON

But why doesn't he show himself?!

ANDRE

(as he throws the
anchor overboard--
to Swanson)
You never quit! Didn't your people
tell you? This is a Blue Chip
operation all the way!

MCGARRETT

(thoughtfully)
Yeah, The Man doesn't take any
chances. I like that!

51. ANGLE - KELP BEDS, ANITYA IN B.G.

51.

Andre suddenly turns off the launch motor. It drifts
toward the nearby kelp beds. The Anitya, a beautiful
teak luxury yacht, is visible to starboard.

52. ANGLE FAVORING SWANSON

52.

SWANSON
Why are we stopping?

ANDRE
You'll find out!
(to them all)
Fishing rods! Bait up!

They all hurry for their fishing rods, standing vertically in cleats along the launch's cabin. Swanson pulls out his rod, crosses to the bait tank, opens it. They all gather around, reach in for anchovies.

53. ANGLE - MARGI, MCGARRETT

53.

Margi hangs back. McGarrett pulls one out. It squirms around in his hand as he baits the hook, hands her the baited rod.

MCGARRETT
(to Margi)
From Harry K...with love.

She laughs, gives him her rod in exchange. He reaches for another anchovy.

54. ANGLE - SWANSON

54.

He sees it, smolders in jealousy as he savagely jams an anchovy on his hook. Andre reads it, smiles.

ANDRE
All right, cast your lines
starboard!

55. ANGLE - SWANSON, MARGI, MCGARRETT

55.

They move to the starboard end of the launch. McGarrett is first to draw back his rod, cast.

MCGARRETT
(calling)
Low deck!

It spins out neatly.

56. ANGLE INCLUDING ANDRE, ANITYA

56.

As their lines hit the water, Andre reaches into his pocket, takes out an envelope, tears it open. It contains a sheaf of three-dimensional blueprints of the Anitya -- all the gangways, staterooms, hold, chain locker, clearly labelled. He goes over to each of them, hands them the blueprints. They stare at them in surprise.

57. LONG SHOT - ANITYA, GROUP IN F.G.

57.

ANDRE
(indicating Anitya)
Look up everybody! That's our
mark...The Anitya!

SWANSON
(approving for once)
Now, there's a ship, not a floating
piece of tin! Teak--hand-finished!
Even her name...
(to Margi)
You know what Anitya means?

MARGI
(suppressing a
sarcastic remark)
No, tell me.

SWANSON
It is the Buddhist principle for
motion, change.

ANDRE
(pointedly)
People, if you look at the crow's
nest, the forecastle Paint cabin
and aft, you'll see Sikh warriors,
a Samurai, a French Legionnaire...

MARGI
(scared, flip)
Nothing like an international flavor..

ANDRE
They're part of a private army that
stands watch around the clock.
According to The Man, the entire
Hawaiian police force couldn't
take her.

SWANSON
But we can!?

ANDRE
We will!

MCGARRETT
(indicating blueprint)
And what's this for?

ANDRE
Orient the blueprint to the ship,
and then memorize every passage,
every foot of her, fore and aft!

58. MED. - GROUP

58.

They begin to look from the ship to their blueprints with awe.

MCGARRETT

When do we go?

They all shake their heads.

MCGARRETT

(vexed, annoyed)

Big secret,..All right, at least tell me what we're after!

ANDRE

We don't know.

MCGARRETT

(suspicious, angry)

Come on! You checked me out! I'm clean!

SWANSON

(with his schizy, mystic smile)

Ask The Man..!

ANDRE

(wry)

He'll tell us -- when he's good and ready.

McGarrett turns, stares at the ship, puzzled, shakes his head.

MCGARRETT

What he needs is a couple of platoons of paratroopers! What did he import me for? I don't get it! Ship's boxes come with zippers. Any local yokel will open the best of 'em for a nickel.

SWANSON

(indicating Anitya)

Look!

They all turn with darting eyes.

59. ANGLE - ANITYA

59.

Quan Ling suddenly comes out of the foredeck Painter, begins walking the deck with his two Doberman Pinschers, as we

FADE OUT