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MAGNUM, P.I.

CHEAPSHOT

Written

by

George Lee Marshall

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#58708

MAGNUM, P.I.

CHEAPSHOT

CAST

THOMAS MAGNUM
HIGGINS
RICK
TC
AGATHA

HILLARY BARNES
JACK ASHCROFT
GERALD CHURCH
"SHARK" MULLEN
GUS
KARL

SILENT:

BODYGUARDS
"BUNKY" MC CLOWNE
CROQUET PLAYERS
HOOD

SETS

INTERIORS:

ROBIN'S NEST
WINE CELLAR
DINING ROOM
STUDY
GUEST HOUSE
KITCHEN
WAREHOUSE
HALLWAY
MEZZANINE

EXTERIORS:

JUNGLE
TRAIL
DEER TRAP
CAMPSITE
ROBIN'S NEST
ESTATE LAWN
SIDE LAWN
GATE HOUSE
GREENSWARD
MAIN HOUSE
MAIN GATE
DRIVEWAY

STOCK:

TC'S CHOPPER
FERRARI ON HIGHWAY

VEHICLES:

VW RABBITT
FLATBED TRUCK
ROLLS ROYCE
JAGUAR
CHOPPER
VAN
FERRARI
AUDI
LUXURY CARS

MAGNUM P.I.CHEAPSHOTACT ONE

FADE IN

1 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY 1

Primitive, hostile-looking, with heavy tropical foliage. Long beat of silence. Then suddenly, in the distance, there is the short but bloodcurdling shriek of a pig.

2 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY - CLOSE ANGLE ON GUS AND KARL 2

as they crouch in the foliage, nervous, poised and expectant. Both men are straight from American Sportsman with camouflage hats, khaki hunting suits, and thirty-thirties with telescopic sights. They speak in urgent whispers:

KARL

What the hell -- ?

GUS

Shhhhh! That wasn't faraway...get ready!

KARL

I've been ready for two hours.

GUS

Yeah, well just stay down, keep your finger on that trigger, and empty out if you see him.

KARL

You're kidding. There won't be anything left of him.

GUS

He's fast and he's clever. We'll only get one chance to ---

They react to the sound of brush being thrashed a short distance away, as if something is moving through it.

3 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY - GUS AND KARL'S POINT OF VIEW - A CLEARING 3

From out of the foliage runs something large and hairy, and it is moving too fast at close angle for us to tell what it is.

4 EXTERIOR - GUS AND KARL 4

They raise up and fire in the direction of the sighting. They rapidly pull the thirty-thirty levers and fire constant rounds until the guns are emptied. Long beat. They stare in stunned silence as they see:

5 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY - CLOSE ANGLE ON WILD BOAR 5

lying lifeless on the ground. We now see that the clearing is sort of a crude campsite, with a fire and lean-to.

GUS

A pig! A damn ---

From behind them comes a frightening sound that falls between the guttural roar of an angered animal, and the war whoop victory shout of Mark Gastineau. Terror-stricken, they turn, look behind them and up at:

6 EXTERIOR - KARL AND GUS' POINT OF VIEW - A "CREATURE" 6

leaping from tree. Free-falling, nostrils flared, still giving out with the wild yell. It's a fleeting and violent close look that we get of this "throwback," a gigantic half-human, half-animal "thing" with matted hair, scraggly beard and filthy appearance. However, he is given a more human than animal by the fact that he is wearing old practice shorts and the remnants of a T-shirt. As his angry screaming face fills the screen, and just before impact:

MAGNUM'S VOICE

(cry of pain)

Aggggggghhhhhhhhhhh!

CUT TO

7 EXT. THE ESTATE LAWN - DAY - CLOSE ANGLE ON MAGNUM 7

Kneeling, he holds his left thumb between his teeth, in agony. He looks at the hammer that he holds in his right hand as if the hurt was all its fault, and throws it down. Pull back as he gets up and hops around, blowing on and nursing the damaged thumb.

HIGGINS' VOICE

A moment to be recorded....

8 EXT. THE ESTATE LAWN - DAY - NEW ANGLE 8

to see that Higgins stands nearby, holding blueprints and a framer's transit. They stand in the midst of wickets and posts that denote a half-completed six-wicket croquet court.

CONTINUED

HIGGINS

The first serious injury in the history of croquet.

Magnum stops, gives Higgins a look.

MAGNUM

Only because nobody was ever asked to be so precise with a stupid stake before!...

Higgins goes to the stake, kneels to take a measurement.

HIGGINS

The Royal and Ancient Britannic Croquet Association has demanded such preciseness for centuries... Eighty-eight...point four.

He gives Magnum a look, then starts to correct the angle.

MAGNUM

I'm going to lose a thumbnail, and you're worried about one point six degrees? Higgins, come on, we're talking about a bunch of old rich guys in white suits and sneakers, running around, hitting a little wooden ball...not the 'Super Bowl'!

HIGGINS

You're confusing your lawn games. Bowling is, indeed, the simple sport enjoyed by elderly gentlemen on pub greens. Croquet, however ---

MAGNUM

I know how to play croquet! And this court's set up wrong. You're short three wickets and a poison stick.

HIGGINS

The participants in this tournament do not play the nine-wicket, two-stake, obscene bastardization of the game, commonly referred to in this country as... 'Crow-kay.'

MAGNUM

Oh, right. Sorry. The Annual Island Classic is 'big-time' stuff.

HIGGINS

An understatement. This greensward will be graced by the finest champions

8 CONTINUED - 2

8

HIGGINS (Cont'd)
in the civilized world...and the least
I can offer them is a precise ninety-
degree angle.

MAGNUM
The very least. Do you get burned
at that stake if it's a little
ittybit off?

HIGGINS
Magnum, there are established rules
in every form of human encounter.
Once we become lax regarding those
rules, even in the relatively
unimportant game of croquet, all of
civilized behavior itself suffers.

With total concentration on the stake, he gives it one
swift expert tap with the hammer.

HIGGINS
(continuing)
A perfect ninety....

MAGNUM
Forgive me, Higgins. I had no idea
that I was giving my thumb to a
cause as important as civilized
behavior. It feels better already.

There is the sound of a large truck. Magnum smiles at the
burning Higgins. They turn to see:

9 EXT. THE MAIN GATE - DAY

9

where a large flatbed truck loaded with lawn chairs is
pulling through. Just as it makes it through the gate, and
starts slowly up the drive, a VW Rabbit convertible wheels
in at high speed.

10 EXT. THE VW RABBIT - DAY - CLOSE ANGLE ON HILLARY BARNES

10

reacting in a panic as she sees the truck in front of her
and as she madly swerves to avoid it. We see that Hillary
is midtwenties, a pretty and wholesome-looking ash-blonde.

11 EXT. THE RABBIT AND THE TRUCK

11

The car swerves, narrowly missing the back of the truck,
and sliding to a stop in a beautiful hibiscus bed. The
truck grinds on up towards the main house, its driver
oblivious to the incident. A bit shaken, but unhurt,
Hillary shuts off the engine as Magnum and Higgins arrive

CONTINUED

11

CONTINUED

11

on the scene. Hillary has that friendly open manner that makes you feel like you've always known her.

HILLARY

Listen, I know it was all my fault.
I pulled in way too fast, but ---

MAGNUM

Never mind that. Are you okay?

HILLARY

(glancing to
side, sheepishly)
Oh, sure, I'm...I'm fine....

Magnum follows her look, down to the left rear side of the Rabbit, where Higgins kneels, sadly accepting the fact that the wheel sits directly on what was a magnificently beautiful hibiscus bush. He has lost a dear friend.

HIGGINS

There were only two thriving 'Mauve
Queen' hibiscus in the entire
islands...now there is one....

HILLARY

I'm really sorry....

With a slow burn, Higgins looks up accusingly at Magnum.

MAGNUM

What? No! Higgins, she's not here
to see me.

(to Hillary)

Would you please tell him that we've
never met?

HILLARY

No, we haven't...but you must be
Thomas Magnum, right?

Magnum winces resignedly, as Higgins speaks sternly to Hillary:

HIGGINS

Young woman, whatever your business
with Magnum, I must insist that it be
conducted somewhere other than on this
estate. Now, as to the damages ---

HILLARY

Mr. Higgins, wait. I'm here for
the tournament....

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED - 2

11

She hands him her invitation, which Higgins takes, reads with irritation and suspicion.

HILLARY

(continuing)

I'm sure the paper will pay for replacing the bush....

Higgins is surprised, embarrassed, and suddenly very gracious.

HIGGINS

No, that's...that's hardly necessary, Miss Barnes. An unavoidable accident. Thank you for coming.

He hands back the invitation. Hillary is solicitous.

HILLARY

Thank you. This is a very big assignment for me. I was speeding because I was late. I hope I haven't missed anything.

HIGGINS

Actually you're the first arrival. I'll show you to your quarters.

MAGNUM

Wait a minute...paper?

HIGGINS

Yes, Magnum, as in newspaper. It may come as a shock to you, but the press considers this weekend's tournament a most newsworthy event. Miss Hillary Barnes is a feature reporter for The Islander. She ---

Suddenly there is the sound of a car horn blasting out the first few notes of "Rule Britannia". They all look in the direction of:

12 EXT. THE MAIN GATE - DAY - ROLLS ROYCE AND JAGUAR

12

The chauffeur-driven Rolls bounces through the gate at high speed and right on its bumper is a Jag sports coupe. The Jag occasionally makes contact with the Rolls bumper, as both cars barely make it around the curve, and madly head up the drive. An arm sticks out of the back car, waving a bottle of champagne.

13 MAGNUM, HIGGINS AND HILLARY

13

as they watch the spectacle. Higgins is defensive and embarrassed, as Magnum quietly gloats:

MAGNUM

First of the 'finest champions in the civilized world'? I'm only guessing, but they did take the curve at a precise ninety-degree angle.

HIGGINS

Undoubtedly 'Bunky' McClowen and Elliot Barrington-Bass. Rowdy lads, in their leisure, granted, but all business on the greensward.

MAGNUM

Right...not the sort of guys who'd want civilized behavior to suffer.

HIGGINS

Miss Barnes, would you excuse me for a moment?

HILLARY

Of course, Mr. Higgins...and once again...thank you for letting me cover the tournament.

HIGGINS

Of course.

With concern, Higgins moves hurriedly in the direction of:

14 EXT. THE MAIN HOUSE AND GATE - DAY

14

where the cars have come to a screeching halt, and two men in traditional British-sporting dress have climbed out. They lock arms and do something vaguely resembling a cross between an Irish jig and breakdancing. As Higgins approaches, they throw up their arms and rush in his direction. One of the men, unsteady on his feet, falls.

15 MAGNUM AND HILLARY

15

Magnum is giggling. Hillary looks disgusted.

HILLARY

Magnum...Is there somewhere we can talk in private? I'd hate to be wasting a weekend on this stupid tournament for nothing.

He stops giggling, looks at her strangely.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

15

HILLARY

I'm here to see you....

On Magnum's surprised reaction:

CUT TO

16 INT. GUEST HOUSE - KITCHEN AREA - DAY

16

Magnum stands, opening two cans of beer.

MAGNUM

Glass, Hillary?

HILLARY'S VOICE

Pass? Did he say pass? Okay, but think fast!

Magnum is turning with the cans when he sees Hillary, across the room, "fading back" with his old football. She lets go with a "bullet." Magnum, in shock, madly juggles the beer cans, pushing them to his chest in an effort to extend his hands for the ball. Beer sloshes out on his shirt, as the football bounces off his chest. Hillary laughs, comes across and takes a beer. Magnum's expression tells her that he fails to see the humor.

HILLARY

(continuing)

Okay, sorry, that was dirty. I mean, who ever heard of a quarter-back who could catch?

As Magnum wipes beer off his shirt, he looks at her with surprise.

HILLARY

(continuing)

You called signals for Annapolis in the Sixties, right? With five brothers around, I had to watch a lot of football...even the Army-Navy game.

MAGNUM

(pleased)

You saw me play on TV?

HILLARY

Army, twenty, Navy, seven. You were intercepted three times and sacked four...the fourth took you off on a stretcher just before the half.

MAGNUM

(indignant)

Hey, come on, that was the worst day of my career. You have seen the...

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED

16

MAGNUM (Cont'd)

Look, Hillary, you obviously wanted to talk to me about something else besides my quarterback status.

Hillary looks at him for a beat. She seems reluctant to continue as she wanders over to a far chair and sits. Magnum plops down on the couch. She gently tosses him the football, and as they talk, the tossing continues between them.

HILLARY

Okay...are you acquainted with the Polynesian Sasquash Legend?

MAGNUM

(beat, smiles)

Bigfoot? Yeah, we're acquainted. I mean, we've played tennis a couple of times...but I'm really great friends with the Papuan Volcano God.

Angrily, she fires a "bullet," which Magnum barely catches.

MAGNUM

(continuing)

Hey, will you cut it out? There's lots of valuable stuff in here. Higgins would kill me if anything got broken ---

HILLARY

Then take what I'm saying seriously! There have been two separate sightings on the Hana Coast this week!

Magnum is surprised and impressed by Hillary's strong attitude. Quietly, he puts the ball down and waits.

HILLARY

(continuing)

Now...I work for a very sweet, understanding guy. Gerry Church.

MAGNUM

Gerald Church? I know that name. He's a buddy of Higgins'.

HILLARY

And owner-publisher of The Islander, and a fanatic croquet player. How else do you think this tournament gets two pages in the Sunday edition? Gerry wants to give me a shot at a big story, and he says I can follow up on the Hana sightings...but I need the help of a...professional....

CONTINUED

MAGNUM

(beat, near
laughter)

Me? You want me to go to Maui and
look for Bigfoot?

HILLARY

No! Gerry does...he won't let me go
alone...and since he'd heard about
you being a PI from Higgins, he said
I could talk to you while I was out
here. I mean, you find missing people
all the time, right?

MAGNUM

Missing people, Hillary, not missing
Bigfeet...foots. Forget it!

HILLARY

Why? Listen, all I need is a high-
priced baby-sitter. I'll find
Bigfoot, and you'll get paid one and
a half times your normal fee, and
expenses. The paper's authorized it.

MAGNUM

The expenses shouldn't be much, since
there's no hotels or restaurants on
the Hana Coast. There's nothing there
but ---

HILLARY

There may be a story that could give
me the by-line of the year...and I'll
give you the headline...'Bigfoot:
Man, Myth and Magnum.'

MAGNUM

(beat)

Promise not to use the headline, and
I'll consider it...Okay, look,
there's a guy I know that might fly
us down there...but he'll want his
going hourly rate, and he'll ask for
it ---

HILLARY

In advance, yeah, I know. TC's
already got a check. He was so
excited about getting a paying job
with you that he didn't even ask
where we were going....

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED - 3

16

Hillary smiles at the embarrassed Magnum. We hear the sound of the chopper:

TC'S VOICE

(disgusted)

The Hana Coast! I am not getting out of this copper!

CUT TO

17 EXT. TC'S CHOPPER - DAY - ESTABLISHING - STOCK

17

in flight, as it flies over the Pacific.

MAGNUM'S VOICE

TC ---

TC'S VOICE

I've heard enough stories about that place to stay away from it!

18 INT. THE CHOPPER - DAY

18

Magnum and TC in the front, with Hillary, a camera with telescopic lens and case, and a Nagra recorder in the back. Magnum speaks confidentially to TC, as much as the rotor roar allows:

MAGNUM

Come on, TC, you don't believe that 'Bigfoot' stuff?

TC

I believe the verified accounts about people who went into that Hana Jungle and never came out...and then there's the skeletons they've found on the beach.

MAGNUM

Skeletons?

TC

Torn apart at the joints...with teeth marks on the bones.

Magnum gives TC a look of concern, as Hillary, oblivious to the conversation, points out the window, excited:

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED

18

HILLARY

There it is! That's the reef, and the black sand beach where the sightings were reported. Can you put down anywhere near there?

TC

Lady, I can put it down, and I'll be waiting at the controls, to take it back up...fast!

Magnum says with sincerity and a bit of drama:

MAGNUM

Right, TC. Good idea. If we're not back in three hours...get the hell out of here and report us missing.

Long beat. TC takes on a "had" look, then sighs and turns the controls.

19 EXT. THE CHOPPER - STOCK

19

in downward bank.

CUT TO

20 EXT. JUNGLE - A TRAIL - DAY

20

Hillary leads the weary and equipment-laden Magnum and TC up a trail that disappears behind them. Magnum stops to get his bearings. TC pulls up behind him, out of breath.

TC

Maybe this's what happened to all those people. Bigfoot didn't get them. They hiked themselves to death!

MAGNUM

Listen, Hillary, I'm sorry, but we've been at this for three hours, and we've covered almost all of the uninhabited area ---

HILLARY

Come on, we're not looking for the sort of thing that steps out with a handshake, and says, 'Hi, welcome to Hana.' Of course, he's going to be hard to spot. But if I can get just one good picture....

CONTINUED

20

CONTINUED

20

She looks at the sweaty and disgruntled pair, says with hard-to-turn-down plead:

HILLARY

(continuing)

Just another thirty minutes? Please?

Then I promise I'll give it up.

Beat. TC and Magnum look at each other. TC slaps a mosquito on his arm, sighs and says:

TC

Why not? What's another half hour?

Just one more pint of blood.

Magnum and TC pick up the equipment, and start out again, led by Hillary.

21

EXTERIOR - DAY - CLOSE ANGLE - "THE CREATURE"

21

suddenly appearing in the jungle. What portion of his face that we can see peering through the heavy foliage appears to be smiling.

22

EXT. THE JUNGLE TRAIL - DAY

22

as Hillary, Magnum and TC push their way through the underbrush. Suddenly a gigantic hairy arm reaches out and yanks Hillary off the trail and out of sight. Her scream quickly stops. Magnum and TC, a few feet behind, react:

MAGNUM

Hillary!

They charge to the spot, look into the foliage, find nothing. TC sees something, nudges Magnum, points:

TC

Down there!

23

EXT. THE JUNGLE TRAIL - DAY - MAGNUM AND TC'S POINT OF VIEW

23

Several yards away, "The Creature" emerges onto the trail, carrying Hillary. He looks back for a second, then takes off running.

24

MAGNUM AND TC

24

as they react and start after him.

25 EXT. THE JUNGLE - DAY 25

as Magnum and TC run along, searching for another glimpse of "The Creature." Suddenly they are yanked end up, snared by a "guerilla deer trap," last seen in Viet Nam. As they dangle helplessly, upside down, they see:

26 EXTERIOR - TC AND MAGNUM'S POINT OF VIEW - "THE CREATURE" 26

with Hillary, upside down. "The Creature," with a big smile, sets down the apparently unharmed Hillary, and starts toward the guys.

27 EXT. THE "DEER TRAP" 27

as "The Creature" advances on Magnum and TC with a crazed gleam, drawing a knife. He taunts them, barely missing on a couple of swipes.

28 CLOSE ANGLE - MAGNUM 28

The expression of recognition on his face is indescribable:

MAGNUM

Ashcroft?

TC

What??

MAGNUM

Jack Ashcroft.

TC

Are you crazy? That thing's an animal!

MAGNUM

Right. Jack Ashcroft.

Hillary has advanced into the scene. "The Creature" turns and takes her in his arms.

MAGNUM

(continuing)

Cheapshot, stay away from her!

ASHCROFT

(quietly,
smiling)

Sorry, Magnum...it's been a long three months since I kissed my fiancée. The blitz is on!

CONTINUED

28

CONTINUED

28

He puts a passionate kiss on the willing Hillary. They embrace lovingly, as Magnum and TC watch in stunned silence.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

29

EXT. THE JUNGLE - DAY

29

Magnum and TC still hang suspended upside down, three feet above the ground. Ashcroft is having a grand old time spinning Magnum around and around.

MAGNUM

Ashcroft, stop it! Let us down!

ASHCROFT

(grinning)

You haven't changed much...still crying about me spinning your head around, just like in the Army-Navy games.

MAGNUM

Yeah, well, you seem about the same yourself...still setting up blindsides! Isn't this a rather elaborate stunt just to put one more sack on me?

HILLARY

Magnum, you have to promise to listen to Jack's story before he cuts you down.

MAGNUM

I have to -- Hillary, I want to hear your story! Why did you go through all that 'Bigfoot' routine ---

HILLARY

If I'd told you that it was Jack Ashcroft who needed your help, would you be here?

MAGNUM

My help? 'Cheapshot' Ashcroft wants my ---

TC

Hey, can we continue this discussion right side up? All the blood, the mosquitos didn't get is all in my head!

HILLARY

Sorry, TC. He has to promise.

MAGNUM

No!

TC

Hey man, come on! We can't just hang here ---

CONTINUED

MAGNUM

For days, TC! Days, before I
promise to help Jack Ashcroft ---

Ashcroft falls to his knees and roughly grabs Magnum's face with both hands. The pain is obvious as Magnum stares eyeball to eyeball with the angry hairy face that quietly but menacingly states his warning.

ASHCROFT

She didn't say 'promise to help.'
She said you had to listen...And you
are gonna listen, you weak-gutted,
pocket-passin', prissy little q.b.,
or I'm gonna put body blocks on you
till you fall outa this trap in
pieces!

MAGNUM

Ashcroft, this is not a football
field!

ASHCROFT

You're damn right! I got a real-life
problem, and you're here because I
trust you...I don't like you, but I
trust you.

MAGNUM

I'm one up on you, 'Cheapshot'...I
don't like or trust you!

ASHCROFT

Okay, 'cute boy,' enough! If that's
the way you want to play it...I'm
callin' in my marker right now!

Beat. This stops Magnum. His expression changes to
resignation, as he says quietly:

MAGNUM

Cut us down...I'll listen.

Ashcroft grins, gets up, and with one quick expert swipe of
his knife on each line, Magnum and TC fall in a clump on
the ground. As they shake their heads, trying to pull them-
selves together, TC looks at Magnum in confusion. Ashcroft
stands directly over Magnum, congenial and smiling.

ASHCROFT

Now that's the old T. Magnum I
remember best...layin' at my feet,
tryin' to figure out what happened.
Let's have lunch, for old time's
sake...my treat?

29 CONTINUED - 2

29

Magnum stares up at him, burning. TC, and now even Hillary, look a bit lost, confused by what is apparently a most complex relationship between the two men.

CUT TO

30 EXT. THE CAMPSITE - DAY - CLOSE ANGLE ON FIRE

30

Something is cooking on a rough rack...it's hard to say what it is....

TC'S VOICE

Hey, if he took the money from those guys, let him suffer the consequences....

31 EXT. THE CAMPSITE - NEW ANGLE

31

Magnum and TC sit near the fire. Magnum is inspecting the broken remnants of the two .30-.30s we saw in the first scene.

MAGNUM

TC, let me handle this, okay?

TC

No. What's that monster got on you that makes you suddenly willing to get mixed up with big-time gamblers for him?..That 'marker' he mentioned?

Magnum looks up at TC for a beat. He is evasive, pensive.

MAGNUM

It happened a long time ago. It's not important now.

TC

It's important enough for you to sit here unguarded, when we could be hightailing it for the chopper. And, since I'm sitting here as well, I think I've got a right to know ---

HILLARY'S VOICE

Would you gentlemen like to start with soup or salad?

They look up to see that Hillary stands a few feet away, holding a variety of wild fruits, and tropical plants. Ashcroft emerges out of the trees, carrying something soft and soupy in a crude wooden bowl. It might be poi...it might be anything.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED

31

MAGNUM

Ashcroft, will you just finish giving me the details so we can get out of here?

TC

(looks at
meat,
suspiciously)

Yeah, I...I'm not hungry.

Ashcroft gets the message, charges over to the cooking meat, rips off a big chunk, and holds it up to TC.

ASHCROFT

It's pig! Pig, okay? I've had to live a crazy life out here for the last six months, but I am not a cannibal! Got it?

MAGNUM

So where are the guys who brought these rifles?...

Beat. Everyone, including Hillary, waits for an answer. Ashcroft changes the subject.

ASHCROFT

Those guns any good to you for evidence?

MAGNUM

No. No, because the only fingerprints that would be left on them are yours. Ashcroft, why did you mangle the rifles? Didn't you think about the fact that you could use them out here?

ASHCROFT

No bullets...and I was mad. I told you, those guys were 'hit men.'

TC

So what'd you expect? I mean, it's bad enough that you took a payoff from the syndicate, but ---

HILLARY

Come on, it's not like it was the NFL Championship. Who cares about the lousy Pro Bowl?

MAGNUM

Guys with big money on quarterbacks passing percentage.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED - 2

31

ASHCROFT

You got it. Hey, I'd already kicked butt in twelve of those all-star laughers, and 'Shark' Mullen offered me a chunk...just to lay off that little hotshot wimp Ramsey and let him have big day in the air.

MAGNUM

I watched the game...there's still doubt that Ramsey will ever play again.

ASHCROFT

I gave Mullen the money back. Every damn penny!

MAGNUM

Ashcroft, people like 'Shark' Mullen are not into refunds! Why did you double-cross him?

HILLARY

You obviously have no concept of the linebacker mentality.

MAGNUM

Hillary, I don't even conceive of using the word 'mentality,' for this particular linebacker.

ASHCROFT

(quietly
vicious)

No...you 'Little Lord Fauntleroy's' back there in your pocket, with all that protection. You don't know what it's like to be really pumped up....

Ashcroft is beginning to do just that, as he builds into a frenzy.

ASHCROFT

(continuing)

Did you ever once get pumped up, Magnum? Huh? Pumped, pumped, pumped! So it was a dumb, pointless game, but it was still a game, and I suddenly realized it was my last one ...And there was that overrated little pretty boy Ramsey, not behind his Super Bowl offensive line, but behind a bunch of old fat has-beens that didn't care what happened to him!...

CONTINUED

Now totally into his "pump," with wild eyes and flaring nostrils, he grabs the huge piece of meat off the rack, slings it several yards, and charges through, straight at Magnum, as if he were the helpless quarterback in the open.

ASHCROFT

(continuing)

All I had to do was just give 'em a sling and walk through 'em. And there he was! That overpaid little nuthin', shakin' all over! I had to have him! Mess up his face, bust his head ---

He's right on top of Magnum, totally "pumped." Magnum rolls out of the way, and ready for anything, when Ashcroft stops just short of pouncing on him. Long beat. TC and Magnum appear stunned, as Ashcroft calms down. Hillary, on the other hand, smiles proudly, appearing to understand the "linebacker mentality." Ashcroft turns away, says quietly:

ASHCROFT

(continuing)

Yeah, well, you're right...it was too late to give the money back. Mullen and the syndicate lost big bucks on Ramsey's bad day....

MAGNUM

(beat, quietly)

They'll keep sending more guys after you, now that they've found you.

ASHCROFT

I know...I thought this had to be the safest place in the world, but.....

Magnum sighs, says with philosophical resignation:

MAGNUM

No...no, there is somewhere safer... and a lot less primitive....

Hillary smiles knowingly. TC looks at Magnum in disbelief.

MAGNUM

TC, Higgins is very busy right now...Maybe he won't notice...one extra guest?

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED - 4

31

TC

I don't believe I'm listening to this.

Magnum looks up at Ashcroft, who gnaws on a piece of the pig, spits out some skin, and returns the stare.

HIGGINS' VOICE

I assure you that such blatant irregularity could not escape my attention....

CUT TO

32 EXT. THE ESTATE LAWN - DAY - CLOSE ANGLE ON HIGGINS

32

kneeling, meticulously measuring a wicket. Lots of dapper white sneakered feet stand around him.

HIGGINS

No...it's spot on....

He rises, and we discover that a dozen or so tournament players, male and female, stand waiting, with mallets poised; Higgins addresses them in an official manner.

HIGGINS

(continuing)

Ladies and gentlemen. Mr. McClowen's protest, contending that wicket four is off by two centimeters cannot be substantiated. I'm sorry, Bunky... Mr. Barrington-Bass's victory is official, and he leads after the first match.

The group applauds politely. Feature the two men seen arriving earlier. "Bunky" McClowen is pouting. Elliot Barrington-Bass gives him a gloating grin.

HIGGINS

(continuing)

Ladies and gentlemen, there will now be a brief tea break, after which we shall begin the second round of play. Agatha?...

Agatha emerges out of the group, holding two small colored cards. We now see others in attendance, not dressed in white. Agatha addresses them all.

CONTINUED

32

CONTINUED

32

AGATHA

Everyone please have you cards ready. Pink is for the 'Players' Tea' in the parlor. Yellow is for guests, in the courtyard. Follow me, please.

All follow the "tea director" to the main house. Higgins watches them go, looking a bit harried and embarrassed. He moves over to a well-tanned, well-preserved man of about fifty, who stands at the side of the greensward, jotting down some notes. We shall soon learn that this is Gerald Church. He wears heavy bifocals. Higgins speaks with a bit of awkwardness.

HIGGINS

Gerry, that...that little 'protest' matter...I'm terribly sorry.

CHURCH

It won't be in the article, Jonathan, I promise you...and I'm the one who should be apologizing, for pulling Miss Barnes away on another assignment. She should be back by now.

HIGGINS

It's our good fortune to have such a knowledgeable reporter as a replacement. What a pity that you couldn't make this year's tournament field.

CHURCH

(sadly)

Yes, well...no more serious play for me, I'm afraid.

He touches his bifocals, but Higgins' sympathetic expression suddenly changes to a glare, as his eye catches:

33

EXT. THE MAIN GATE - HIGGINS' POINT OF VIEW - TC'S VAN

33

is pulling through. It stops inside the gate.

34

EXT. THE VAN AND GUEST HOUSE

34

as a flustered and unhappy Rick rushes to the driver's side, carrying a clipboard. He is surprised to see that Magnum is behind the wheel, and that Hillary sits in the front beside him. They are both as we saw them before... "jungle filthy."

CONTINUED

- 34 CONTINUED 34
- RICK
- Thomas, where've you been? Higgins is really ticked! I'm ticked!...I'm doing your job.
- (beat)
- Hey, where's TC?
- 35 EXT. THE LAWN - VAN POINT OF VIEW 35
- as Higgins and Church hurriedly move towards it.
- HILLARY'S VOICE
- Oh, no! Look!
- MAGNUM'S VOICE
- Hillary, just stay calm, okay?...
- 36 EXT. THE VAN AND GATE HOUSE 36
- Rick still at the driver's window.
- MAGNUM
- (continuing)
- I can handle Higgins.
- From the back of the van comes the low guttural sound of:
- ASHCROFT'S VOICE
- Who's Higgins?
- RICK
- Who said that? Thomas, what's going on?
- Rick moves to the back door of the van.
- MAGNUM
- Rick, no, wait a minute!
- 37 EXT. THE VAN - ANGLE ON BACK 37
- Rick opens the doors. His eyes widen. He is petrified.
- MAGNUM'S VOICE
- Rick!
- Ashcroft's big hairy arms easily reach out and lift Orville into the van and out of sight. The doors close.
- 38 EXT. THE VAN AND GATE 38
- Magnum wheels around to go to Rick's aid, but Hillary nudges him as Higgins and Church arrive at the driver's window.

CONTINUED

38

CONTINUED

38

MAGNUM

Higgins! I can explain why I'm late....

Higgins waits.

MAGNUM

(continuing)

Yes. I can. It's very simple....

CHURCH

(calmly)

Jonathan, I'm afraid I'm responsible for Mr. Magnum's tardiness... You are Mr. Magnum, yes?

MAGNUM

(surprise)

Right....

CHURCH

Gerald Church...

(to Hillary)

Glad you're back. I was beginning to get worried. Any problems?

HILLARY

What? Oh, no, Gerry. None.

CHURCH

(to Higgins)

I suggested to Hillary that she ask Mr. Magnum to go along on her assignment. An interview with an informant on a drug dealing story. I didn't feel she should go alone.

HIGGINS

No, of course not...The interview must have been at a very bad location, judging from your appearance.

MAGNUM

Look, Higgins, I'll just go shower and change, and get on the gate, okay?

HIGGINS

Speaking of the gate, where's Rick? He's been covering your security detail instead of attending to the catering of this evening's dinner.

CONTINUED

38

CONTINUED - 2

38

MAGNUM

Oh, I, uh...I think I saw somebody
pick him up. 'Bye, Higgins.

Magnum hits the gas and speeds away up the drive. Higgins
watches the departure with suspicion. Church is expression-
less.

HILLARY'S VOICE

Of course Gerry knows about Jack....

CUT TO

39

INT. THE WINE CELLAR - DAY

39

But it is very dark, as we can just make out that it's
Magnum and Hillary coming down the stairs.

HILLARY

(continuing,
whispering)

He's ready to publish the story and
expose 'Shark' Mullen, as soon as
we're sure it's safe.

Magnum turns on the light, then rushes over to the cellar
window and opens it. Both continue in whispers.

MAGNUM

Hillary, you don't get a whole
syndicate by just exposing Mullen.
They'll still come looking for Jack.

HILLARY

No. Listen, he's got the names of
the big Chicago contacts. Nobody
would dare touch him after we finger
those guys.

The window now open, Magnum reaches his arms to the outside
to assist Ashcroft, who barely manages to squeeze through
the window. After he's inside:

ASHCROFT

Wait a minute...Pee Wee....

He reaches outside and easily pulls the unconscious Rick
through the window. Holding him like a potato sack:

ASHCROFT

(continuing)

I didn't touch him! He went limp
when he saw me, and he's been out
ever since. What do I do with him?

CONTINUED

39

CONTINUED

39

MAGNUM

Put him down! Why didn't you just leave him in the van?

ASHCROFT

I didn't know if he could be trusted....

Ashcroft plops Rick down in a corner near the window, looks around to see the many casks and bottles:

ASHCROFT

(continuing,
happily, loudly)

All right! Things are lookin' up!
Chug-a-lug time, Magnum. Loser
takes a forearm shiver.

Ashcroft reaches for a bottle of wine, but Magnum grabs his arm.

MAGNUM

No! Ashcroft, don't touch those ---

Ashcroft reacts violently, yanking his arm away and grabbing Magnum by the shirt.

ASHCROFT

Grab my arm again...do it! I would love to have a reason to crack what few ribs I left you at Navy!

MAGNUM

(yanking away)

Will you please hold your voice down before you bring Higgins down here?

ASHCROFT

Who the hell is this guy Higgins??

There is a shaft of light, as the door opens at the top of the stairs.

HIGGINS' VOICE

Magnum?

MAGNUM

That's Higgins! Move!

They all three disappear behind the wine shelves, and there is a long beat. We hear the sound of a face being gently slapped and Magnum whispering urgently:

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED - 2 39

MAGNUM

(continuing)

Rick? Rick, come on, snap out of
it! Here, take these!

40 HIGGINS AND THE LADS 40

as they move down the stairs, and Higgins looks around.
After a long beat, Higgins is surprised to see:

41 RICK 41

as he appears from behind the shelves, carrying several
bottles of wine. He is still groggy, but convincing.

RICK

Hey, Higgins....

HIGGINS

Rick, what are you doing here?

RICK

Picking out wines for tonight's
dinner. With this inventory that
can take a while.

HIGGINS

I could have sworn that I heard
several voices down here...including
Magnum's.

RICK

Really? Nope...must have been me
talking to...myself....

Trying not to show his panic, he notices:

42 THE LADS 42

who sniff and follow a scent around behind the wine shelves.

HIGGINS' VOICE

Well, when you see Magnum, please
remind him that he is expected to
provide security at the Players'
banquet....

43 BEHIND THE SHELVES 43

as the lads see Magnum, Hillary and Ashcroft. Magnum
pathetically tries to "shoo" them away, but the dogs begin
to show their teeth and quietly growl.

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED

43

HIGGINS' VOICE

(continuing)

Eight o'clock sharp...and coat and tie is mandatory...Lads?

Zeus and Apollo appear just ready to let out with a ferocious bark when:

44 CLOSE ANGLE - ASHCROFT

44

shows his teeth and quietly growls back at them.

45 THE LADS

45

They slowly back away, turn and split.

46 THE CELLAR - HIGGINS AND RICK

46

as the lads round the corner on the run, and hurry to Higgins' side. Higgins goes over to Rick, takes the wine bottles and inspects them. Rick waits for the worst.

HIGGINS

Excellent selections. Come, lads.

He turns and goes up the steps, the lads following. With a deep sigh of relief, Rick goes after them. As soon as the door closes, Magnum, Hillary and Ashcroft appear from behind the shelves.

MAGNUM

(whispering)

Ashcroft, don't leave here under any circumstances. And stay back there out of sight, in case Higgins changes his mind about my wine choices.

HILLARY

Bye, baby...this'll soon be over.

She gives him a big, loving kiss, as an embarrassed Magnum looks the other way. After the kiss, she and Magnum hurry up the stairs and out. Ashcroft watches them go, listens as the lock is thrown on the door, then says quietly:

ASHCROFT

When it is over...the butler's mine!

CONTINUED

46

CONTINUED

46

He makes a violent gesture with his forearm, then smiles, takes an exotic-looking bottle of wine, smashes the top off on a cross beam, and chug-a-lugs it. Close angle on the bottle to his lips, the expensive wine running down his cheeks and neck.

DISSOLVE TO

47

INT. ESTATE DINING ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ANGLE ON BOTTLE OF WINE

47

A waiter's hand picks it up and pours just the right amount into a glass.

HIGGINS' VOICE

The symbol of every Island Tournament, since Sir Walter Claymore hosted the initial event in 1872....

Pull back to discover that the waiter is pouring the wine for Gerald Church, who sits at a long table with Hillary, Agatha, and the dozen players seen earlier on the greensward. Higgins stands at the head of the table holding an antique croquet mallet. Magnum stands to one side of the room, dressed in coat and tie, and Rick is to the other side, occasionally directing a waiter. The table is empty, except for the centerpiece and wine glasses.

HIGGINS

(continuing)

The 'Sandwich Mallet'...One can only imagine the terrible embarrassment experienced by Willie Aspinall, as he used this very mallet in that first event...viewed by a most regal gallery...taut with the excitement of the final day...and with only the red crown wicket left before being named champion...poor Willie came up three ball dead...giving birth to the most celebrated Maxim in the game...'When you're three ball dead, you're a bum.'

The crowd laughs appreciatively and applauds. Magnum and Rick glance at each other in confusion, waiting for the punch line. When the applause subsides:

HIGGINS

(continuing)

And now, players, the first day will conclude with the traditional one hour practice session, followed by

CONTINUED

HIGGINS (Cont'd)

the joining of hands and the singing of 'Goodnight Greensward'. Shall we all go outside?

Talking amongst themselves, the guests all start leaving the room. Hillary goes over to Magnum, says in a low tone, with some anxiety and concern:

HILLARY

I want to go check on Jack.

MAGNUM

Hillary, no. He's fine. What can hurt him in the wine cellar?

RICK'S VOICE

What can hurt that guy anywhere?

Rick joins them, speaks low.

RICK

(continuing)

Unless you're using bullets...Icepick recognized the thirty-thirties...what was left of them.

MAGNUM

So who'd he sell them to?

RICK

Do you know how many guns Icepick's boys move in a week? But he remembers a Mullen connection...A few nights ago, at a party at 'Shark's' place, a couple of Chicago 'pros,' Karl Iancoli and Gus Trios asked about thirty-thirties...said they wanted to go deer hunting.

HILLARY

It's enough of a Mullen tie-in to prove Jack was right.

MAGNUM

Rick, listen, I really appreciate all this help for nothing. I mean, covering so fast for me this afternoon, and now ---

RICK

For you? Forget it, Thomas. I just want that gorilla on my side!

CONTINUED

HILLARY

(smiles)

Don't be afraid of Jack. He's really a pussycat.

RICK

Yeah, well, I don't want to be the unfortunate mouse that pussycat gets mad at! I gotta go see to these old codgers' bedtime snacks.

Rick leaves, and Hillary pleads to Magnum once again.

HILLARY

Please give me the key. I just want to whisper down the stairs and ask him if he's all right.

MAGNUM

And he'll yell back in a voice that the whole Island could hear. Hillary, look, he may be a pussycat to you, but to everybody else, he's an animal on the loose, who really enjoys hurting people.

HILLARY

No, not people. Just quarterbacks.

MAGNUM

Thanks. No wonder you remembered that Army-Navy game so well. It was your boyfriend that sent me off on that stretcher.

HILLARY

Are you kidding? I was nine years old at the time. No, we met in a children's hospital, just last year. Some of the Pro Bowl players made the usual thirty-minute 'P.R.' visit, and I was sent to cover it ...Jack stayed with those kids all day...and went back everyday he was here...so I asked him out to dinner. I wanted to do a story on it, but in his own gentle way, he said he'd rip off my ears if I did.

MAGNUM

(beat)

Yeah, well, sorry, but I'm having trouble getting an image of a humble 'Cheapshot' Ashcroft, lover of little childre ---

Suddenly there are two gunshots from outside. Magnum and Hillary react and head for the door.

- 48 EXT. THE GREENSWARD - NIGHT 48
Some of the players practicing on the lighted court head for the house screaming. Others hit the dirt. Higgins looks around for the source of the shots.
- 49 EXTERIOR - NIGHT - CLOSE ANGLE - ASHCROFT 49
out on the lawn, looking terrified and very drunk. Another shot. He reacts, staggers out of frame.
- 50 EXT. THE MAIN HOUSE - NIGHT 50
as Magnum rushes out of the house, looking around. Hillary stops on the porch. There is another shot, and screams from the players. Magnum reacts in disbelief as he sees:
- 51 EXT. THE GREENSWARD - NIGHT 51
A big lumbering, staggering figure is heading for the wickets, just out of the light...but it has to be Ashcroft. Higgins stands in the midst of the players who, are all on their stomachs, screaming.
MAGNUM'S VOICE
Ashcroft, stop!
- 52 HIGGINS 52
as he reacts to the approaching figure.
HIGGINS
Oh, my God!
- 53 HIGGINS' POINT OF VIEW - ASHCROFT - NIGHT 53
as he comes into the light, wild, drunk, frightened, disoriented, giving out with his infamous yell. He grabs the all-important ninety-degree stakeout of the ground, breaks it in half, and holds the two pieces like daggers, ready for anyone who might come near him.
- 54 EXT. THE GREENSWARD - NIGHT 54
Another shot, which hits the tree near where Ashcroft stands. He yells louder, grows wilder. Magnum arrives, tries to restrain him, but Ashcroft slings him aside, and might pounce on him, except that there is another shot. Ashcroft turns to stagger away, but trips over a wicket and falls.

- 55 EXTERIOR - NIGHT - CLOSE ANGLE - ASHCROFT AND AGATHA ON GROUND 55
- lying side by side. Agatha looks up into the wild eyes of the screaming "creature," has one fleeting moment of knowing how Fay Wray felt, and faints. Ashcroft jumps up and runs, still screaming.
- 56 EXT. THE GREENSWARD - NIGHT - NEW ANGLE 56
- Magnum leaps over the terrified players, and takes off after him. Higgins runs to the unconscious Agatha's aid, tries to lift her up and carry her to safety, but the action is leaving him behind. He gently puts her back down on the ground and says:
- HIGGINS
Forgive me, Agatha....
- And takes off in the direction of the:
- 57 EXT. MAIN HOUSE AND SIDE LAWN - NIGHT 57
- From the back, Ashcroft, half running, half staggering. Magnum in pursuit. Then we see Hillary, and then Higgins. Ashcroft disappears onto the patio.
- 58 INT. THE STUDY - NIGHT - ANGLE ON FRENCH DOORS 58
- They burst into a million pieces as Ashcroft crashes through them. Unhurt, he stands in the room, howling his rage. Magnum comes through the doors, gun drawn.
- MAGNUM
Ashcroft, stop!
- Hillary and Higgins arrive at the door as well, see:
- 59 CLOSE ANGLE - ASHCROFT 59
- He is suddenly quiet...drained. He sways, and his eyes begin to close. He manages one word, under his breath:
- ASHCROFT
Half time....
- Then his eyes roll upward, and he falls straight at us.

60

NEW ANGLE - THE STUDY

60

Ashcroft lies on the floor, out of it. Higgins, shocked and furious, looks at Magnum, waiting for an answer. Hillary runs to Ashcroft. On Magnum's reaction and Ashcroft's snore:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

61 EXT. ESTATE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

61

RICK'S VOICE

Run a check on all these plates??

62 INT. THE STUDY - NIGHT

62

Rick and Magnum are at the desk, going over the list attached to the clipboard seen earlier at the gate. Ashcroft sits quietly on the couch.

MAGNUM

No, not all of them. Look, we know that some of the cars that came in this afternoon are clean...you, Church, me....

RICK

Very funny! And what about the twenty-five others? No thanks!

MAGNUM

Rick ---

RICK

Thomas, I'm getting out of here before Higgins gets back from surveying the damage. I suggest you do the same!

MAGNUM

I have to interview every one of the croquet players. Come on, Rick. That's why I need you to run down the car registrations.

RICK

And I do? Sorry, Thomas, enough's enough. I have to work tomorrow.

He starts out. Ashcroft moves directly into his path, towering over him, menacingly looking down at him.

ASHCROFT

Can you do your job in traction?

Rick looks up, shaking, trying to force a smile.

CONTINUED

RICK

I almost forgot you were here...almost!
Hey, what's the matter with me? I love
checking plates.

MAGNUM

No, forget it, Rick. It's not worth
giving in to that sort of tactic.

ASHCROFT

(tensing)

Run that by me again? What's your
problem?

MAGNUM

You, Ashcroft! Why didn't you stay
in the cellar, like I told you to?

ASHCROFT

Hey! You don't call my signals!
You got that? Maybe I got lonesome,
maybe I got hungry...maybe I got
tired of waiting for you to get off
your soft ---

MAGNUM

What you got was drunk! Look at
this place! Higgins is trying to
convince his guests they weren't
attacked by King Kong!

ASHCROFT

Yeah, well one of those guests knows
who I am, security man...The one who
started takin' potshots at me! I
was safer out on Hana...at least I
was lookin' after myself.

MAGNUM

You know what, 'Cheapshot?' I don't
think you wanted to leave that jungle.
Hillary talked you into it, didn't
she? I mean, you were having fun,
right? Strangling pigs and figuring
out ways to knock off all the guys
who might come after you?

RICK

Thomas, I...I don't think Mr. Ashcroft
wants to be antagonized right now.

MAGNUM

No, he's never liked taking hits.

ASHCROFT

Keep it up, Magnum. I'll rip out your liver.

MAGNUM

You still don't think you've done anything wrong, do you? Everybody's just supposed to take whatever you dish out, and go right on helping you dodge bullets, because you'll rip out their liver if they don't. What about Hillary? She loses her liver if she burns your toast some morning?

ASHCROFT

(ready to
blow)

Time to quit...last call!

MAGNUM

Will you cut it out, Jack?! You're a forty-year-old battering ram with a two year old's way of settling things. For once, take some responsibility for your actions, and think about somebody else besides yourself.

ASHCROFT

(beat, smiles)

Yeah...I should have learned from you years ago...in Nam.

Long tense beat. Magnum is furious, finding it extremely difficult to not go for Ashcroft, who stands poised and waiting...and hoping for it.

HIGGINS

Is there a possibility that the two of you may kill each other?

The moment relaxes a bit, as a very sad and weary Higgins moves across to the destroyed patio doors, and stands looking down at them. He speaks quietly, with a war raging inside.

HIGGINS

(continuing)

I'm only asking to watch....

MAGNUM

Higgins, wait a minute ---

CONTINUED

HIGGINS

A minute? Magnum, I've waited twelve years for my chance to host the Annual Island Classic...now 'Bunky' McClowne is passing a petition to have this entire tournament voided...and then there's the matter of explaining all the damages to Mr. Masters...particularly to his beloved wine cellar....

ASHCROFT

Ah, come on! I drank a few damn bottles, that's all...and I only drank the old ones.

HIGGINS

Yes...one dated to 1885...Magnum, why...why on this, of all weekends, did you elect to invite...Homos Cro-Magus?

Ashcroft isn't sure what he's been called, but he certainly didn't care for the first part.

ASHCROFT

That's it! The butler's history!

Before Magnum can stop him, he takes a punch at Higgins, who deftly dodges it. Unfortunately, Orville doesn't, and is out cold. Magnum runs to Rick's aid. He looks up at Ashcroft, and has now really had it! Surprisingly, Ashcroft backs off.

ASHCROFT

(continuing)

Hey, no, I didn't mean to hit Pee Wee. I wanted him!...The butler. That turkey's bad news.

Higgins furiously starts to dial on the telephone.

HIGGINS

Yes, well, my news is going to get worse. There's been quite enough violence here this evening. This... man should be in jail.

MAGNUM

Higgins, no! Church told you about the mess that Ashcroft's in. Somebody was shooting at him.

CONTINUED

HIGGINS

And at my guests. I'm sorry, but no matter how well intentioned, you and Gerry will not stop me from notifying the police.

MAGNUM

Even if one of our guests fired the shots?

HIGGINS

That's preposterous. It was obviously an intruder ---

MAGNUM

That's preposterous. Higgins, we had four security guards covering the outside of the estate tonight. None of them saw or heard anything.

Long beat, as Higgins looks at Magnum, then puts down the phone.

HIGGINS

I'm going to suffer further disgrace by accusing one of the tournament field of trying to....

MAGNUM

Higgins, I just want to talk to them, ask them what they saw...
(sincerely)
I'll be careful....

HIGGINS

(resignedly)
Please start with Elliot. He likes to be in bed by nine during important matches....

MAGNUM

And will you please stay by the phone? Hillary may call, and ---

ASHCROFT

Hillary? Where the hell is she?

MAGNUM

Ashcroft, will you relax? She and Church went down to check out The Islander archives...maybe find some old article that could link one of the players with a criminal element....

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED - 5

62

Higgins closes his eyes, sits slowly down at the desk.

MAGNUM

(continuing)

Come on, Higgins, do you want everybody cleared or not? Ashcroft, when Rick comes to, I suggest that you ask him very politely if he'll do you a favor, and get on checking out those plates.

ASHCROFT

(sheepish)

Yeah...but then I want some way to go down to that newspaper. I don't like bein' away from Hillary right now.

MAGNUM

No! For the last time, if you want help, you play by somebody else's rules.

ASHCROFT

Which means?

MAGNUM

Which means you stay in this room...
With Higgins.

Higgins and Ashcroft look at each other. There is venom but resignation on both sides. On Magnum's look of concern for the unfortunate pairing:

CUT TO

63 INT. THE GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT - ANGLE TO STEPS

63

as a faceless player walks haughtily up the stairs to go out.

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

It can't mean much in croquet, but it can sometimes be the only edge in a football game...the home field advantage....

They player goes up the stairs out of frame and we hear the door slammed shut.

64 MAGNUM

64

on couch, his feet on the table, a beer by his side, a pad and pencil on his lap. He is pensive.

CONTINUED

67 CONTINUED

67

HIGGINS

The lads are getting upset.

ASHCROFT

Upset? Hey, you want to see 'em really upset? Well, you let those mangy devils make one move in my direction, and you're gonna see their heads mounted over that mantle!

Beat. Higgins studies Ashcroft. Much as he dislikes him, he finds him rather fascinating.

HIGGINS

(interested)

You actually relish in this image of yourself as a raging primitive, don't you?

ASHCROFT

(thrown by
the question)

I would relish gettin' the hell outa here!

HIGGINS

Relying solely on instinct to survive.

Ashcroft turns and looks at Higgins. After a beat, he seems more interested in the conversation.

ASHCROFT

Seek and destroy, Higgins. Hit 'em before they hit you and taste their blood. Eye of the tiger, man.

Higgins regards Ashcroft as if he were a laboratory specimen. Then:

HIGGINS

Fascinating. Especially so since I once had a rather close look at 'the eye of the tiger.' And, in fact, did find it a rather chilling experience.

ASHCROFT

Yeah? When?

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED

64

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

(continuing)

It could be the last straw for Higgins when he found out that I'd made every one of 'the finest champions in the civilized world' walk over to my place for their interview...but I needed any edge I could get...because he was right...how could any of them possibly be a professional hired killer?..They wouldn't even play 'kill' on the croquet court....

We hear the door open and someone start down the stairs.

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

(continuing)

And could anybody with an expert eye for the centimeter setting of a wicket hold a rifle, even for the first time, take seven shots at something as big as Ashcroft...and never come within feet of him?

The steps have stopped. Magnum looks up to see:

65 MAGNUM'S POINT OF VIEW - "BUNKY"

65

in his nightshirt, carrying his mallet, glaring down at him.

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

(continuing)

'Bunky McClowen' with a contract to get 'Cheapshot?' It was going to be a long night....

CUT TO

66 EXT. THE ESTATE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

66

Early morning, if stock available.

HIGGINS' VOICE

Mr. Ashcroft, please. You've been pacing for hours....

67 INT. THE STUDY - DAY

67

Higgins sits at the desk with a book. The lads are at his side, their heads low, but quietly growling. Ashcroft is pacing the room with big lumbering steps.

CONTINUED

HIGGINS

1948. Mandalay. During Burma's annual uprising for independence -- Rory Woodridge, Ollie Freebairn-Smith and I had been out on 'point' one evening, and were stumbling back through the jungle, exhausted, when we came upon her. A 750-pound Bengal tiger...There she stood, blocking our path...majestic...immovable.

ASHCROFT

(excited)

'Strong-right-formation. Black-n-Blue, Slip-45!'

HIGGINS

I beg your pardon?

ASHCROFT

Defense audibles, Higgins. Black-n-blue designates the number of casualties.

Higgins looks totally confused. Ashcroft drops down onto the edge of a chair directly across from him.

ASHCROFT

Don't you see? That was the cat's defensive set. I bet you tried to read her, didn't you? Tried to get into her head.

HIGGINS

Possibly. I don't really recall.

ASHCROFT

I know your type, Higgins. You're a 'quarterback' if I ever met one. You tried to outthink that tiger, but I know what was ticking in her heart.

HIGGINS

And what, pray tell, was that?

ASHCROFT

Instinct! She let the play develop. Didn't take the fake. Waited to see who had the ball, before she attacked. Am I right?

CONTINUED

HIGGINS

(uncomfortably)

As a matter of fact, that's almost exactly what she did. Initially, she stood her ground...as we split off in three different directions.

ASHCROFT

(wrought up)

Okay, so now I'm standing there, waiting for the ball carrier. Hoping in my heart it's the quarterback, because if I put the big hurt on him, your offense falls apart -- And when he starts across that line of scrimmage, he's mine! I can see the terror in his eyes.

HIGGINS

Rather outside the rules of good sportsmanship...not to mention civilized behavior.

ASHCROFT

Did you try and tell that to the tiger?...So, how'd the play turn out?

HIGGINS

(almost offhanded)

What? Oh, yes, well...I'm afraid poor Freebarin-Smith paid the ultimate price in defense of King and country....

ASHCROFT

All right, baby. Eat 'em alive. Deeeeee-fense!

Higgins starts to react with shock and disgust, but Magnum bursts through the doors, very excited.

MAGNUM

Higgins, did Hillary call during the night?

HIGGINS

No. Magnum? What ---

MAGNUM

Elliot Barrington-Bass is now a master of the bastardized nine wicket game. We played this morning, after I talked to the last player.

CONTINUED

67 CONTINUED - 4

67

ASHCROFT

You been out knockin' balls around??

MAGNUM

No, Ashcroft, Elliot did the knocking.
'Killed' me forty feet into the bushes.

Magnum holds out a broken pair of bifocals.

MAGNUM

(continuing)

Higgins, the players are all in the
clear.

Higgins inspects the glasses.

HIGGINS

They're Gerry's...extreme near-
sightedness. It's grown worse in
recent months, and ---

MAGNUM

I found these and some shell casings
in a shrub, right in the area where
those shots came from.

HIGGINS

(beat)

With all other suspects gone, you
accuse Gerry Church? Magnum ---

RICK'S VOICE

I'm afraid he's right, Higgins....

All turn to see Rick, just coming in.

RICK

All the plates checked out lily
white with DMV, so I decided, 'what
the heck,' I'll run TC's van and
Church's Mercedes through.

MAGNUM

Rick. You ran a check on TC?

RICK

Don't worry, Thomas, he's clean...but
Church's car is leased from an outfit
that serves as laundromat for some
big-time gambling currency...a company
owned by 'Shark' Mullen.

Beat. Ashcroft charges for the door.

CONTINUED

67 CONTINUED - 5

67

MAGNUM

Hold it! Where do you think you're going?

ASHCROFT

That slime Church is a dead man! He's got Hillary somewhere, and I'm going after her!

MAGNUM

No!. That's what they want you to do. They're using Hillary to get to you.

ASHCROFT

They got me!

MAGNUM

Will you just hold on?! We have to figure out where they are. Then we'll call the police and ---

ASHCROFT

No police!...and no quarterbacks!

As Ashcroft tries once again to exit, Magnum again blocks his way. Ashcroft's had enough by this time and, with a bloodcurdling roar, he throws a thundering forearm shiver into Magnum's chest which knocks him over an end table and dislodges the Cloissone vase...which shatters on impact.

68 THE LADS

68

as they quietly leave the room.

69 THE FIGHT

69

Ashcroft heads toward the door, but this time fails to notice Rick as he grabs the "Sandwich Mallet" off its mantle resting place.

HIGGINS

(horrified)

No! Rick, not the 'Sandwich Mallet.'

Rick pauses, realizes, tosses the mallet aside and charges Ashcroft, head down like an overmatched bull, catching the much bigger man around his knees and taking him to the carpet. Ashcroft is furious now and, so, picks up Rick above his head and tosses him across the room into the

CONTINUED

glass-encased bookshelves...which disintegrate on impact. Books trickle out onto the "unconscious remains" -- Magnum is up now, and slugs Ashcroft with three powerful crosses which send him backpedalling into Higgins...who flounders, head over heels, through his chair and to the floor...out cold as Ashcroft lands heavily on top of him. Now, "Cheapshot" glares at Magnum, grits his teeth and blasts forward..."blitzing to kill the quarterback." Ashcroft collides with Magnum, crashing him into the "Matisse" and demolishing the frame.

Sandwiched by Ashcroft's weight, Magnum takes three powerful body blows, followed by an old-fashioned haymaker -- Barely conscious, Magnum moves instinctively...just in time to avoid Ashcroft's crushing overhead blow, which explodes through the panelled wall. Then, Magnum sinks to the floor after Ashcroft's next shot -- Ashcroft bolts for the door and out.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

70 EXT. THE ESTATE - DAY - ESTABLISHING 70

MAGNUM'S VOICE

(weakly)

Higgins?...

71 INT. THE STUDY - DAY 71

Or what's left of it. The destruction we saw at the end of act three...Blitzkrieg. Higgins lies supine under a chair. Magnum sits awkwardly slumped near the door, rubbing his ribs, his head, everything...pain city. He tries to struggle to his feet, as he sees:

72 THE LADS 72

Appollo cautiously pushes the door open with his nose, and he and Zeus come in, go to Higgins. Their friendly lickings and whimperings have no effect on the master.

73 THE ROOM 73

As Magnum watches them, says sarcastically:

MAGNUM

Thanks, guys....

Their licking is now beginning to bring Higgins around.

HIGGINS

Yes, lads...good show. Did you finish him off?

MAGNUM

Higgins, they left the room!..and so did Ashcroft....

Magnum helps Higgins to his feet. They turn to free Rick, who we now see is partially hidden beneath a cascade of fallen books at the base of the demolished case. Rick is very motionless.

HIGGINS

Good God, Magnum...he's dead.

MAGNUM

Rick?

CONTINUED

Still no response. In a panic, Magnum grabs him up and shakes him.

MAGNUM

Rick???

Nothing. Magnum slings Rick down on the floor, climbs across him, and starts giving him fast, hard CPR.

RICK

(half
dazed)

Ashcroft, no more please! I've done everything you asked.

MAGNUM

Rick, it's me!

Rick slowly opens his eyes, looks around cautiously.

RICK

Is he gone?

HIGGINS

Yes...perhaps for some time, I fear....

RICK

You fear? Fear is having him around! Three times I look at that guy, three times I'm out cold. It doesn't pay to be nice to people.

MAGNUM

Rick, that company of 'Shark' Mullen's. What's the name of it?

RICK

Who's 'Shark' Mullen?

MAGNUM

Rick!

RICK

Okay, all right...pineapple...it's a warehouse...'something' fruit....

Higgins is looking around the room. The devastation is sadly beginning to dawn on him.

HIGGINS

No...please...this has to be a terrible...terrible...dream....

73

CONTINUED - 2

73

RICK

Dreamfruit! Dreamfruit warehouse.
Killua Beach.

HIGGINS

I'll call the police.

MAGNUM

No. Higgins, Ashcroft's out of his
mind. If the police show up, he's
just liable to try and take them
on.

HIGGINS

(still looking
around)

Then I'd best call...Mr. Masters....

MAGNUM

If you haven't heard from me in two
hours, then call Tanaka. Give him
everything. The warehouse location,
an ID on the....

He pauses. Long beat. Higgins and Magnum look at each
other. The thought is almost more than Higgins can bear:

HIGGINS

No...please...not the Ferrari....

Magnum bolts out of the room.

CUT TO

74

EXT. THE MAIN HOUSE - DAY

74

Magnum comes running out of the door, to see:

75

EXT. THE DRIVEWAY - DAY

75

There sit the luxury cars of the guests, the Ferrari, the
Audi and the 'Jimmy,' all safe and sound.

76

MAGNUM

76

on is expression of realization.

TC'S VOICE

(angrily)

Where's my van?

CUT TO

77

INT. THE GUEST HOUSE - DAY

77

Magnum is hurriedly putting his gun in the back of his belt, and looking for the Ferrari keys. TC is pursuing him, very hot under the collar!

MAGNUM

TC, I'll get your van back, okay?

TC

No! No, it's not okay! You borrow it for two hours to sneak in the 'Wild Man of Borneo,' you don't bring it back last night, you don't answer my phone calls this morning, and then after I take a cab all the way out here ---

MAGNUM

(angrily,
topping him)

TC, I've got more important things to find than your van!

(beat,
cooler)

But I will...First, I have to find the Ferrari keys. Will you please help me look?

TC looks at Magnum for a beat, realizing that he's very upset. He says quietly:

TC

Like I said before...that must be some kind of marker.

Magnum reacts, then turns back to his search.

TC

Hey, fine, forget it. I'll send you a bill for the van.

MAGNUM

Bobby Traynor....

TC turns back to him, ready to listen. The story is very hard for Magnum, as he tells it, matter-of-factly, while continuing the car key search.

MAGNUM

(continuing)

We were like brothers when I first got to Nam...before I met you and Rick...just out of a routine patrol,

CONTINUED

MAGNUM (Cont'd)

we got hit from three sides at once. Bobby was on point, so the Cong grabbed him right away....

He finds the car keys, but stands motionless, continuing the story, almost emotionless, and more to himself than to TC:

MAGNUM

(continuing)

That night, when they went to work on him, I could hear his screams....

TC

(quietly)

Hey, forget I asked, all right?

MAGNUM

(continuing;
ignoring)

I kept trying to go in after him, until the C.O. put a guard on me ...Okay, so who shows up in the middle of this nightmare, but Jack 'Cheapshot' Ashcroft...wired to the limit there, just like on the field...So, he listened to Bobby's moaning for a little while, and then just grinned and disappeared ...about fifteen minutes later, he was back....

TC

(beat,
stunned)

He actually brought this guy Traynor out?...

MAGNUM

What was left of him...just dumped Bobby in my lap...didn't say anything...just looked at me and left...I'll have your van in a few hours, TC. It's wherever he and Hillary are....

Magnum heads up the stairs. TC watches him go, void of expression.

CUT TO

78 EXT. THE FERRARI ROLLING ON BEACH HIGHWAY - DAY - ESTABLISHING 78

But we can see that it's Magnum at the wheel.

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER
When you get right down to it, maybe
Ashcroft was more honest than most
of us....

79 EXT. THE FERRARI - DAY - CLOSE ANGLE ON MAGNUM 79

as he drives, occasionally looking at the side of the road,
but pensive.

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER
(continuing)
He wore that instinct we call
survival right out there on his
forearm shiver, where everybody
could see it, all the time...most of
us hide it away, until we have to use
it...showing it all the time is not
considered in the 'best interest of
civilized behavior'....

Something catches his eye, and he reacts to:

80 EXT. 'DREAMFRUIT' WAREHOUSE - MAGNUM'S POINT OF VIEW 80

As he draws closer to it. No cars and no one in sight.
It's a nice clean place that seems to be closed...at least
today.

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER
(continuing)
But it was beginning to dawn on me
that my survival instinct was just
as animal as Ashcroft's, when I
decided to use it...and that in just
a few minutes...in order to save
'Cheapshot'...I was going to go one
on one with a lot of linebackers...
and probably have to be 'Cheapshot'....

81 EXT. 'DREAMFRUIT' WAREHOUSE - DAY 81

As the Ferrari pulls into the gravel parking lot. All is
quiet. After a moment, Magnum pulls around to the:

- 82 EXT. BACK OF THE WAREHOUSE - MAGNUM'S POINT OF VIEW 82
 There they sit...TC's van and Church's Mercedes...and a black Cadillac with a custom plate on the back that reads, 'Bigfish.'
- 83 EXT. MAGNUM IN THE FERRARI - DAY 83
 As he reacts to the sight, comes to a quick stop several yards from the building, gets out, and cautiously makes his way on foot.
- 84 EXT. THE WAREHOUSE - DAY 84
 Magnum creeps along the wall until he spots an opening in the service doors, and bends over to wriggle his way through. It's a tight squeeze, but he makes it ---
 CUT TO
- 85 INT. THE WAREHOUSE - HALLWAY LEADING TO MEZZANINE - DAY 85
 as Magnum advances slowly...at one point, he stumbles on loose pieces of PVC plastic pipe, but catches himself before he falls. He stops to listen. Certain that he has gone unnoticed, Magnum continues on.
- 86 THE WAREHOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HOLD ROOM - MAGNUM'S POINT OF VIEW 86
 A dilapidated space cluttered with moldy boxes and damp, spartan furnishings. Jack and Hillary sit back to back in two chairs, tied together, in the middle of the room. Jack's head sags. He is barely conscious. But a wizened-looking hood hovering sadistically over Jack and Hillary isn't taking any chances.
 He pulls a hypodermic needle from his lapel pocket and readies Jack's massive forearm for another injection. Hillary pleads.
- HILLARY
 No more! Please!
- 87 UP ON THE MEZZANINE 87
 Magnum raises up over the railing above, as two bodyguards enter. He watches as "The Shark" steps forward and sticks a gun in Ashcroft's ear.

CONTINUED

- 87 CONTINUED 87
- THE SHARK
- You've caused me a lot of problems,
you know that, Jack? Well, now I'm
here to see that you pick up the tab.
- 88 ON MAGNUM 88
- as he leaps from the upper railing with a magnificent
yell...falling through the air in slow motion. "The Shark"
tries to fire at Magnum, but is flattened by him instead
and snaps off an errant shot that strikes:
- 89 BODYGUARD #1 89
- dead center in the chest, spinning him out through his
window amidst a shattering spray of glass...while:
- 90 BACK INSIDE 90
- Magnum rises, lifts "The Shark" by his skinny lapels and
rattles his brains with a monstrous right hook. "The
Shark" is sent reeling into the second bodyguard, who helps
break his fall. The bodyguard then whirls and swings a
full right uppercut that knocks Magnum backward. But
that's only the beginning, as he moves in with jabs...
left-right-left...step-by-step, driving Magnum back into
a wide supporting timber. All but beaten, Magnum somehow
ducks the bodyguard's last punch and the big thug's fist
ricochets off the petrified timber. Then:
- 91 MAGNUM 91
- mounts a stunning comeback, beginning with a set of
punishing body blows to the bodyguard's midriff, setting
him up for an uppercut, which leaves the guy dazed and
disoriented. Every punch Magnum throws is more mindless
than the last, until a huge left cross ends it. Then,
breathing hard now, he notes:
- 92 THE WIZENED HOOD 92
- trying to skip out, unnoticed. Magnum spins and takes the
guy with a flying tackle. However, there's no fight. The
creep fell on his own hypodermic.
- 93 "THE SHARK" 93
- has reached his feet now and is heading for the door. But,
neither does he make it, as Magnum leaps out of nowhere to

93 CONTINUED

93

confront him. With the growl of a man possessed, Magnum jumps "The Shark." But then:

CHURCH'S VOICE

(sharply)

Mr. Magnum, I believe that'll be quite enough.

No response as Magnum continues his barrage, so Church fires two shots into the air. That gets Magnum's attention.

94 FAVOR CHURCH

94

as he stands there in the gloomy warehouse, his pistol trained on Magnum...squinting slightly.

CHURCH

Perhaps you'd best help Mr. Mullen to his feet now. And drop your weapon.

Grudgingly, Magnum pulls "The Shark" up out of the debris and drops his .45....

And then, as Church squints into the gloom, Magnum's face gradually splits into a small smile. Suddenly, Magnum shoves "The Shark" aside and dashes for the darker bowels of the warehouse.

THE SHARK

Shoot him! What's the matter with you?

Church, squinting, fires wildly, several times. "The Shark" grabs the gun from Church and begins to stalk Magnum.

MAGNUM'S VOICE

(from distance)

Ashcroft, green, forty-two, green forty-two!

(whatever it is)

95 ANGLE ON HILLARY AND JACK

95

as they struggle with their bonds.

HILLARY

What's he saying?

CONTINUED

95 CONTINUED

95

ASHCROFT

(fighting off
drug haze)

Green forty-two. That's middle
linebacker blitz. That's me.
That's my number!

And, with one final mighty grunt, Cheapshot is able to snap the bonds, which restrain he and Hillary. Then he races over toward where:

96 THE BODYGUARD

96

has regained his senses and is staggering toward the dead haole guard's weapon. Ashcroft takes him out with a clip from behind at the knees and two forearm shivers to the back of the head.

97 ANGLE ON CHURCH

97

as he realizes things don't look so great for his team and makes for the exit. But a flying tackle from the off side by Ashcroft puts him down as well.

98 ANGLE ON MAGNUM AND "THE SHARK"

98

Magnum's hiding behind some old pineapple crates. As "The Shark" advances forward cautiously with the .45, Magnum times it just right and pushes over the crates, burying the thug underneath.

TIME CUT TO

99 NEW ANGLE - SLOW PULL BACK FROM MAGNUM AND HILLARY AND ASHCROFT

99

seated amid the moldy crates and boxes, gazing on the pile of foes lying strewn and unconscious around him. The further back we pull, the more mayhem there is exposed... and the smaller Magnum and the others become in the frame.

ASHCROFT

(in great
spirits)

See how much fun you missed playing
quarterback all those years.

Magnum nods to Ashcroft and as we continue pulling back, the sound of police sirens are heard.

TAG TO FOLLOW