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MAGNUM, P.I.

SOMETHING BORROWED, SOMETHING BLUE

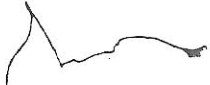
Written

by

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MAGNUM P.I.

SOMETHING BORROWED, SOMETHING BLUE

ACT ONE

FADE IN

EXT. ROBIN'S NEST ESTATE GROUNDS - DAY

PAN the estate grounds to discover Magnum lounging in the sun in a lawn chair near the front gate, within striking distance of the mail box. He's reading a book. Over this, we hear:

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

Being a private investigator is not as glamorous as movies and television lead you to believe. Sure, there's a lot of action and adventure in the life of a p.i., but you never hear about the weeks between cases, or the days where there's nothing more to do than to sit in the sun with a good book and wait for the mail to arrive. And being a grown man, I don't often hang out, waiting for the mailman...

EXT. ROBIN'S NEST GATE AND ROAD

The mailman pulls up, his brakes SQUEAK noisily as he stops.

MAGNUM

He looks up with a grin reacting to the O.S. BRAKES.

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

(continued)

...unless I'm expecting a package.

NEW ANGLE - MAGNUM, HIGGINS ON THE APPROACH

As Magnum crosses toward the mail box, Higgins approaches with the lads.

HIGGINS

Secure the postal box, lads.

Barking, the dogs dash forward, cutting Magnum off from his objective. He shoots Higgins a dark look.

MAGNUM

Alright, Higgins, what's the big idea?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HIGGINS

I must say, Magnum, you're behaving like a schoolboy who's never received any mail. You've been camped out here for days, waiting for God knows what...

MAGNUM

I have not been camped out. I've been catching up on my reading.

HIGGINS

Some tawdry pulp fiction, no doubt.

Magnum self-righteously waves the book in Higgins' face. It's DAVID COPPERFIELD by Charles Dickens.

MAGNUM

Does this look like tawdry pulp fiction?

HIGGINS

(taken by surprise)
David Copperfield? I'm sorry, Magnum. It appears I've misjudged you.

MAGNUM

You misjudge me a lot, you know.

Higgins moves to the mail box, followed by Magnum. The lads growl at Magnum suspiciously, he flashes them a grin.

HIGGINS

I had no idea that you were capable of understanding proper English.

MAGNUM

There you go again.

As Higgins opens the box, Magnum crowds in trying to see the mail, which Higgins shields with his body.

MAGNUM

C'mon, Higgins, what'd I get?

HIGGINS

What precisely are you expecting? It couldn't be money, you haven't had a paying client in weeks.

Sorting the mail, Higgins sticks a package under his arm. Magnum grabs for it --

MAGNUM

That package. It's mine.

NEW TWO SHOT

Higgins suffers a patently patient look at Magnum, who is suddenly crestfallen when he sees that --

MAGNUM

It's for you.

He hands it back. Turns away, a broken man.

MAGNUM

I don't understand it. I was sure it was going to be here today.

Higgins, heading back toward the house, asides:

HIGGINS

You might check the postal box more thoroughly.

Magnum leaps back to the mail box, finds a package. It's his! The one he's been waiting for. Then quickly, he's off toward the guest house, but not without a parting scowl:

MAGNUM

That was a rotten trick, Higgins.

HIGGINS

(with a wry smile)

I'm sorry, Magnum, I couldn't resist.

MAGNUM

(calls back)

You're a real sadist, you know that.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - DAY - MAGNUM

bounds in, down the stairs, and lands on the couch by the coffee table, on which is a typewriter, typing paper, mug full of sharp pencils, and various dictionaries, thesaurus and almanac. He tosses Dickens on the table, and rips open the package. Over the above, we hear:

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

If I've learned one thing living on Robin Masters' estate, it is that the pen is mightier than the sword. With a pen, you can educate, communicate, entertain. You can make a significant social contribution. And you can make a lot of money.

The package now open, he holds the contents like a prize. It's a book entitled: HOW TO WRITE A BESTSELLING HOW-TO BOOK. He LAUGHS with delight, and begins thumbing through it.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

For some time, I've been considering writing the definitive manual for world class private eyes. Well, the time has come. I've realized that I can't go on tailing unfaithful husbands forever. I'm going to teach others how to do it. I'll write this terrific book. And I can lecture. I mean, why not?

He picks up Dickens, and peels off the dust jacket, revealing a different book: SO YOU WANT TO BE A PRIVATE EYE? BY LUTHER GILLIS. Magnum regards it disdainfully, then tucks it back inside the dust wrapper, like hiding dirt under the carpet.

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

If Luther Gillis can do it, so can I. But I'll do it with a lot more class than some second string St. Looey gumshoe. Just listen to this title:

Magnum picks up and reads from a sheet of typing paper:

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

SO YOU WANT TO BE A WORLD CLASS PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR? BY THOMAS MAGNUM, P.I. Now I ask you, doesn't that just leap off the page at you?

He considers it a beat, frowns, then puts it down. Slides behind the typewriter, and rolls a fresh sheet into it --

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

I know what you're thinking. My title sounds a little like his. But all books about being private investigators are bound to sound similar. Just the same I'll give mine a touch more class...

He adjusts the paper, moves it back and forth, pulls and tugs until it is just perfect. Then poised to type the first letter, he's jarred by the phone. He glares at it. It rings again. He answers it gruffly.

MAGNUM

What do you want?

INT. KING KAMEHAMEHA CLUB - BAR AREA - DAY

Rick is on the phone. Behind him at the bar, are two YOUNG LADIES giggling over fancy Hawaiian drinks. One is a gorgeous blonde, the other a not-so-gorgeous brunette. Through the following, they keep looking to Rick.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RICK

Thomas, I just met two absolutely gorgeous creatures, and I got us lined up with them for this afternoon. Wait'll you see 'em...

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

MAGNUM

Rick, I'm kinda busy right now.

RICK

(rolling on)

And tell you what, I'm gonna let you have the brunette. She's great...

Rick smiles to the brunette, who smiles back, revealing a gold tooth.

MAGNUM

I appreciate that, but I'm really busy.

RICK

Okay, you're busy. Think of this as a favor. I don't mind threesomes, but I want to give Vicky here my undivided while you show Janet the sights, okay?

MAGNUM

No. The answer is no.

Rick reacts, tries not to show it, waves to the girls who return the wave. He turns to the phone earnestly:

RICK

C'mon, Thomas, be a pal. What could be so important that you can't take a few hours?

MAGNUM

I can't tell you. But trust me, it's important. Let's do it later.

RICK

Whatever happened to striking while the iron's hot?

MAGNUM

Sorry. Gotta go. Have fun.
(hangs up)

RICK

Wait a minute, Thomas...Thomas?...

RICK

reacts to the dead line, controls the urge to smash the receiver down, then with a weak smile turns to the girls.

BACK TO MAGNUM

Poised over the typewriter again, getting back into it.

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

I know, I know. I should have probably gone over and spent a few hours with Rick and those girls. It would've been fun, but this is important. I'm starting a new career here. I can't leave right when the creative juices are flowing...

The phone rings again. Magnum sighs. It rings again. He stares at the phone guiltily. It rings again. He's certain it's Rick. Considers and answers...apologetically --

MAGNUM

Rick, I know how you feel, but...

INT. ISLAND HOPPERS OFFICE - DAY

Covered with grease, a wrench in one hand, TC holds the phone carefully, trying not to get it too dirty.

TC

Listen up, Thomas, this is TC. Can you get over here right away?

INTERCUT CONVERSATION

MAGNUM

(suddenly irritated)

No, I can't.

TC

(ignoring it)

The van is in pieces and I need some parts to get her purring. If you'll just get 'em for me, I can finish up in time to pick up my clients at the hotel this afternoon...

MAGNUM

TC. I'm tied up right now.

TC

It'll only take twenty minutes.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MAGNUM

(getting pissed)
I can't do it! I'm really involved
in something right now.

TC

What's with you, Thomas? It's not
like I'm asking you to pay your gas
bill. I just need a small favor.

MAGNUM

I'm sorry, TC. But I really can't.
Call Rick. He's at the club, I just
talked to him. Okay? Bye.

The line goes dead in TC's hand. He reacts, and slams down
the receiver.

MAGNUM

Releasing a heavy sigh of frustration, he settles back at the
typewriter, trying to recall where he was. Suddenly, the
INTERCOM crackles to life with Higgins' voice:

HIGGINS' VOICE

I say, Magnum, are you quite done
with Mr. Masters' typewriter?

Magnum leaps up and to the intercom with a SCREAM!

MAGNUM

(yells into intercom)
No! I am not done with the type-
writer! And I won't ever get done
if you don't let me work!

HIGGINS' VOICE

Perhaps if I showed you how to operate
it? It's really quite simple.

MAGNUM

I know how to work a typewriter.

HIGGINS' VOICE

That is a relief In any event, I
shall be needing it soon to type up
some recipes for the Honolulu Thespians
Society Cookbook.

MAGNUM

You'll have it, I swear. Now go away.

HIGGINS' VOICE

No need to be cross.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MAGNUM

(shouts)
I'm not cross!

But Higgins is already gone. He frowns. Turns off the intercom, then crosses to the phone to tuck it under a couch pillow, before sitting back at the typewriter, as:

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

I was beginning to understand writer's block. It has nothing to do with being intimidated by a blank sheet of paper. It's dealing with all the disturbances that keep you from concentrating on the work at hand.

He sits behind the typewriter again, squirms around getting comfortable. Then concentrates on sitting up straight --

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

A lot of people don't realize how important posture is when you're typing. Probably more so than when you're standing or walking. You can get back problems if you slouch.

Now satisfied with his posture, his hands hover over the keyboard. He concentrates for several beats --

MAGNUM

Now where was I?...oh, yes...

He begins to type. He types one sentence, and pulls the paper from the machine, reads it aloud, with authority:

MAGNUM

Be a world class private investigator
by Thomas J. Magnum, P.I.
(admires it, then)
That's much better.

He quickly rolls another sheet of paper into the typewriter. He stares at it. And stares at it. Glances to the pillow covering the phone. Did it ring? No. He just wants it to. Back to the blank paper. Several beats. It's a standoff. Finally, he gets up, starts toward the refrigerator.

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

I decided to have lunch first. That way I wouldn't have to stop and eat later when I was really into it.

As he starts taking food from the refrigerator, we CUT TO:

EXT. ESTATE - NIGHT

Higgins escorts a lovely brunette airline stewardess named SHERRY NELSON to the guest house. She walks stiffly, her lips pressed tightly to maintain her deteriorating composure.

HIGGINS

I'm not at all certain that Magnum is here. I haven't seen him all afternoon. Not that that's been a hardship, but when he's around he's nuisance enough so that you always know where he is. He doesn't answer the intercom, but still...

(a beat)

Ah, here we are.

Higgins opens the door to the guest house. As they enter:

INT. GUEST HOUSE - TOWARD THE DOOR - NIGHT

It's completely dark. Higgins reaches in for the light as:

HIGGINS

I say, Magnum, are you here?

Higgins and Sherry enter, survey the guest house --

THEIR POV - MAGNUM

is sound asleep bent over the typewriter. He's surrounded by empty beer bottles, crumpled potato chip bags, and dirty lunch dishes. He stirs and groans at the light, then at them.

HIGGINS AND SHERRY

HIGGINS

My, God, Magnum....

Higgins dashes down the stairs to him. Sherry trails behind.

MAGNUM

(waving him off)

It's alright, Higgins, I'm okay.

But Higgins' only concern is the typewriter. As he brushes some crumbs from the machine:

HIGGINS

What in God's name are you doing to Mr. Masters' typewriter?

MAGNUM

Nothing. I haven't done anything to Robin's precious typewriter. I just fell asleep while I was working.

NEW THREE SHOT

Higgins picks up one of the dozens of snack wrappers, holding it distastefully between two fingers --

HIGGINS

Accomplished a lot, I see.

Magnum ignores him, and turns to Sherry who's painfully waiting her turn.

MAGNUM

Hi, Sherry, what're you doing here?

She opens her mouth to answer, but can't. Instead, her eyes fill with tears, and she throws her arms around him --

SHERRY

Oh, Tom...

-- and begins to weep. Magnum exchanges a look with Higgins. And instinctively comforts her:

MAGNUM

Hey, what's the matter? You don't have anything to cry about. You're getting married in a couple days. You should be happy...

HIGGINS

Perhaps she's changed her mind about getting married after all.

MAGNUM

(ignoring him)
I've picked out this terrific wedding present. I haven't bought it yet, but I picked it out. You're gonna love it.

Leading her to the couch, he swipes Higgins' breastpocket handkerchief and dabs at her tears --

MAGNUM

Sit here, and pull yourself together so you can tell me what's wrong.

(as she calms a bit)

That's better. Do you want some tea or something? A drink maybe.

SHERRY

(shakes her head, then, sobbing)

J-Jerry's...d-dead...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MAGNUM

(reacts, then)
Oh, Sherry... What happened?

SHERRY

...car ac-cident...hit and run...

MAGNUM

When?

SHERRY

...just a f-few hours ago... he was
crossing...the hotel parking lot...
and somebody...ran him down...killed
him... and...and just drove away...
(falling apart)
Oh, Tom...what am I going to do?...I
loved him so much...

MAGNUM

(holding her)
Is there anything I can do?

SHERRY

(thru the tears)
T-they...uh...want me to...to look
at...to identify him....but I don't
think...I mean...I just couldn't...
...would...would you?...please?...

MAGNUM

I'll take care of it. Don't worry.

Through her sobs, she smiles gratefully, then:

SHERRY

Can I stay here tonight?...I can't...
I...I don't want to be alone...

MAGNUM

Sure you can. C'mon...

He gentles her to her feet, and toward the bedroom.

SHERRY

You're sure it's... no trouble?

MAGNUM

Of course it's no trouble.

INT. MAGNUM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Entering, he flips on the light, then sits her on the bed.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MAGNUM

Try and get some sleep if you can.

As he turns to go, she takes hold of his arm.

SHERRY

I'm sorry...I didn't have anyone else
to turn to...

MAGNUM

It's okay. What are friends for?
(a beat)
If you need anything, anything at
all, I'll be in the other room.

Off her grateful nod, he exits and closes the door.

INT. MAGNUM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - HIGGINS

Higgins is poking through Dickens, and discovers that it's really Luther Gillis' book inside the dust jacket. He looks up quickly when Magnum re-enters the room. He doesn't give away his discovery; it would be inappropriate.

MAGNUM

Poor kid. Just before the wedding.

HIGGINS

Tragic. Who was the chap?

MAGNUM

I don't know. I never met him.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - DAY

As an ASSISTANT CORONER pulls back the sheet from a corpse, ANGLE moves with it to PICKUP Magnum as he regards the body.

MAGNUM

That's him. Jerry Conrad.

As the body is redraped and returned to the locker, ANGLE SHIFTS to INCLUDE Lt. Tanaka who walks up beside Magnum.

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

You're probably asking yourself how
I could identify a man I'd never met.
Simple. Sherry showed me his picture.

TANAKA

Friend of yours, Magnum?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MAGNUM

A friend of a friend.

TANAKA

How well did you know him?

MAGNUM

Not well.

ANOTHER ANGLE - HALLWAY

As Magnum and Tanaka move from the body storage room --

TANAKA

This friend of yours...uhm...

MAGNUM

Sherry Nelson.

TANAKA

That's right. Sherry Nelson. I expected her today to make the I.D.

MAGNUM

Strange as it may seem, she didn't want to remember her fiance looking like so much raw hamburger.

TANAKA

He is pretty banged up. He got dragged a ways. Lousy hit and run, and with a stolen car yet.

MAGNUM

Have you turned up anything?

TANAKA

Nothing. No witnesses, not a thing to go on. I just hate cases like this. Conrad's not the only victim. I mean your friend, that poor woman...

MAGNUM

When'd you develop a heart, Lt.?

TANAKA

Policemen are human, too, Magnum. I was the one who had to tell her. It broke my heart. Sad, real sad. Just two days before the wedding. You know this Conrad long?

MAGNUM

You already asked me that. And the answer is still no. Are you fishing for something?

NEW ANGLE ON THE TWO

TANAKA

I'm no fisherman, Magnum. I'm a sports fan.

(turning to go)

You know, the Pirates are playing here next month. I might be able to promote some seats. Wanna go?

MAGNUM

What's it gonna cost me?

TANAKA

The usual. Beer and hot dogs.

MAGNUM

Uh-uh, not if you bring cousin Bert again. Last time he ate twelve hot dogs and drank three six packs. Do you remember how much that cost me?

TANAKA

(walking away,
grinning)

Plenty.

EXT. MORGUE PARKING LOT - DAY

As Magnum gets in the Ferrari and drives off, we hear:

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

No matter what he said, Tanaka was fishing. But for what? My little voice told me I was going to find out soon whether I wanted to or not.

As Magnum pulls out, a black late model sedan pulls out after him. ANGLE does not reveal the driver.

EXT. ROBIN'S NEST - ROAD AND GATE - LOW ANGLE - DAY

Magnum pulls in and the gate closes behind him. The black sedan slows, stops long enough for the CAMERA to PAN UP to the driver: an eye-stopping brunette, the kind you see only on magazine covers and not in everyday life. Early thirties, she's dressed in dark colors, a trim black hat with a scant veil perhaps. This is ALEX HAMMOND. An air of mystery and danger about her. As she drives off, we

CUT TO:

EXT. OAHU CEMETARY - GRAVESITE - DAY

A small group has gathered around the gravesite as JERRY CONRAD, Sherry Nelson's fiance, is laid to rest.

CLOSER

Magnum is with Sherry, giving her moral as well as physical support. Her eyes are bloodshot from crying. But she still has tears left for today.

Lt. Tanaka is present. Perhaps only to pay his respects, but Magnum eyes him like he's intruding.

CAMERA also finds two men, dressed in suits, RICHARD LAMB and RICHARD WATT. Lamb is taller, more bookish. Watt is younger, more compact and agile. They're appropriately somber.

The MINISTER prays over the casket as it is lowered into the grave by several attendants. Over all of this, we hear:

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

I've never liked funerals. They make me uneasy. It's not because I'm faced with my own mortality, but because they make me feel powerless. It doesn't matter who you are, or how strong or God-fearing, or what good a person you are, death always wins. And sometimes it's just not fair.

(beat)

To this day, I can still feel the rage I felt at the unfairness of my father's death. I was only eleven. He was only thirty-eight. I guess I'm still angry about it...

The MINISTER'S AIDE, a youth, approaches the mourners with a sacramental vessel filled with dirt, and each mourner drops a handful onto the casket in the grave.

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

Something else that bothers me about funerals are the mourners. You can't be sure about their motives. I knew why Sherry and I were there, but I didn't know about anybody else.

EXT. GRAVESITE - ANOTHER ANGLE FAVORING MAGNUM AND SHERRY

The service over, Magnum escorts Sherry back toward his car. The two men in suits follow. Lt. Tanaka mosies after them.

LAMB

Oh, Miss Nelson.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Magnum and Sherry turn as the two men approach. They're quite different, yet there's something the same about them.

LAMB

Miss Nelson, I'm Mr. Lamb and this is Mr. Watt. We were friends of Jerry's. We worked together --

WATT

-- in San Francisco. We flew in for the wedding this morning and learned about poor Jerry. I can't tell you how sorry we are. He was a --

LAMB

-- wonderful guy. We're all going to miss him.

SHERRY

Thank you.

Lamb hands her his business card, and Watt does likewise.

WATT

If there's anything we can do --

LAMB

-- please don't hesitate to ask. We'll be here a few days to tidy up some details for the company and --

WATT

-- we'll see you before we go back.

SHERRY

Thank you.

She extends her hand and Lamb grasps it warmly for both of them. Then with a nod to Magnum, they move off with a cursory glance to Lt. Tanaka who now approaches.

NEW ANGLE - THREE SHOT

TANAKA

(approaching)

Forgive this intrusion, Miss Nelson.

MAGNUM

Sherry, you remember Lt. Tanaka.

TANAKA

I just want to express my sympathies.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SHERRY

Thank you, Lt.

TANAKA

Were those men friends of yours?

MAGNUM

Why don't you go ask them?

With a look to Tom, she hands Tanaka their business cards.

SHERRY

They worked with Jerry in San Francisco. Why? Is something wrong?

TANAKA

No, no. Just curious.

MAGNUM

Curious about what, Lt.?

TANAKA

Just curious.

MAGNUM

I see.

(taking the cards
back from Tanaka)

If there's nothing else...

TANAKA

Of course. Again, my sympathies.

As Tanaka wanders away, Magnum eyes him a beat, then walks Sherry to the Ferrari as:

SHERRY

Why were you so rude to him?

MAGNUM

Me? I wasn't rude. He was.

SHERRY

I thought he was just being nice.

Magnum shrugs and helps Sherry into the Ferrari, and they drive off, passing a familiar black sedan. Over this:

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

Maybe Sherry was right. Maybe Lt. Tanaka was just being nice. Maybe I was keyed-up and overly sensitive because of the way funerals make me feel. And maybe my little voice was just acting paranoid.

EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

Magnum parks and as they enter the apartment house:

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

I know there are days when I get into trouble from listening to my little voice. It's been wrong before...but not often.

The instant that they enter, a young, well-dressed Chinese man named HO CHAN climbs out a second story window on the side of the building, and drops twelve feet to the ground. With a hurried glance around, he crosses the street, and --

ACROSS THE STREET - NEWS STAND

As he takes a position at the news stand to keep an eye on Sherry's apartment, CAMERA PUSHES down the street to a parked black sedan.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - ALEX HAMMOND

takes it all in.

INT. SHERRY'S APARTMENT

The door opens and they enter. As they react, CAMERA takes in her apartment. It's been ransacked by an expert -- and we

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

EXT. SHERRY'S APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

As Chan watches from the magazine stand, two police cars pull up to the apartment house. Lt. Tanaka and THREE UNIFORMED POLICEMEN get out. As they head for the apartment entrance, CAMERA pushes down the street to the black sedan --

INT. BLACK SEDAN - ON ALEX

Still watching. She pops the glove compartment and a mobile phone drops into view. Her hand goes to it, and we go to:

INT. SHERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

While Sherry sits, looking beaten and in shock, Magnum straightens some of the overturned furniture.

MAGNUM

Think, Sherry. You must have some idea of what they were after. This isn't the work of a common burglar. Who ever did this was looking for something specific.

(holds up a slit
throw pillow)

I mean they looked everywhere.

She stares at the pillow lifelessly, then with an effort:

SHERRY

Tom, we've known each other a long time. When have I ever had anything valuable? What could I possibly buy on a what a stew makes that would make someone do this?

Magnum shrugs, drops the pillow and picks a framed photo off the floor. The glass is cracked. He hands it to her:

MAGNUM

An old boyfriend, maybe, somebody who didn't want you to get married?

SHERRY

No. This is Jerry without his beard.

MAGNUM

He sure looks different without it. I'd never have recognized him at the morgue if you'd shown me this picture instead of the one in your wallet.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SHERRY

He grew it about four months ago. I didn't really like it, but he said it was good for business. Made him look older, he said...I guess it did...

During her speech, ANGLE adjusts to INCLUDE door in b.g. where Lt. Tanaka and his men appear. She trails off as Tanaka knocks and enters. She clutches the photo to her.

TANAKA

What happened, folks? Looks like somebody had quite a party here. Is anything missing?

MAGNUM

Not that she can tell, Lt.

TANAKA

They sure went to a lot of trouble to not get anything. Miss Nelson, what kind of valuables you keep here?

MAGNUM

We were just discussing that. Sherry doesn't have anything valuable.

TANAKA

Magnum, you don't mind if the lady answers for herself, do you?

Magnum shrugs, and Tanaka crosses to sit beside Sherry.

TANAKA

You've been through a lot, Miss Nelson, and I know it's a bad time for this. But I want to help if I can, if you'll let me.

Sherry nods her willingness to let him help.

TANAKA

Any ideas who might've done this, or what they were after?

SHERRY

(hopelessly)

No, none.

Tanaka pulls out a color photostat and unfolds it. Magnum tries to get a good look at it as Tanaka shows it to Sherry.

TANAKA

Ever seen this before?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SHERRY

No. What is it?

TANAKA

It's a photostat enlargement of an extremely valuable stamp, perhaps the only one of it's kind in the world. It's worth a fortune.

MAGNUM

(reaches for the photostat)

What's this got to do with Sherry?

TANAKA

Forgive me for breaking it to you like this, but your fiance, Jerry Conrad, stole this stamp from a client of his in San Francisco.

SHERRY

You're lying! Jerry wasn't a thief.

TANAKA

I'm sorry, but he was. A thief and a con artist. His rap sheet reads like a cheap crime novel...

Suddenly, Sherry drops Jerry's picture and begins beating on Tanaka with her fists, screaming!

SHERRY

Stop it! Stop it! You're lying!

Magnum grabs and holds her, as much to restrain as to comfort her. She bursts into tears in his arms.

MAGNUM

(gently)

Sherry...Sherry...take it easy... it's okay...it's okay now...

The phone rings, and DANO, one of the POLICEMEN, answers it.

TANAKA

I'm sorry, Miss Nelson...

DANO

Lt. It's for you.

TANAKA

...I'm truly sorry. Excuse me.

As Tanaka moves to take the call, Sherry settles a little.

CLOSE TWO SHOT

MAGNUM

I'm sorry, too, Sherry...

SHERRY

(tearful laugh)

Me, too. Look at your shirt. I've gotten it all wet again.

MAGNUM

It's okay. It's wash and wear.

SHERRY

Do you think it's true, about Jerry?

MAGNUM

Tanaka has no reason to lie to you.

(adds quickly)

But that doesn't mean Jerry didn't love you. I'm sure he loved you.

(off her tearful smile)

Now, it's a cinch you can't stay here. Whoever's after that stamp will be back. They probably think you have it now that Jerry's dead. You're coming to the estate with me. Go pack whatever you need.

She nods gratefully, and exits with Jerry's picture. Magnum glances to the photostat of the stamp in his hand, then --

NEW ANGLE - INCLUDES TANAKA AND POLICEMEN

With the photostat, Magnum crosses to Tanaka who has finished his call, and is now discreetly looking out the front window.

MAGNUM

Mind if I hang onto this, lieutenant?

TANAKA

Help yourself. I got more.

(beat)

I just got a tip that as you two entered the building, somebody was seen climbing out that window...

He indicates side window, Magnum looks, and Tanaka continues:

TANAKA

And right now, he's across the street keeping an eye on us.

Magnum folds the photostat into his shirt pocket, then also carefully peeks through the curtains at --

THEIR POV - DOWN ANGLE ACROSS THE STREET

Peering over a magazine, Chan watches the apartment house.

RESUME MAGNUM AND TANAKA

As they ease away from the window --

TANAKA

Ever seen him before, Magnum?

MAGNUM

No, but I think we should invite him to coffee and have a friendly little chat. I'll extend the invitation, and you guys back me up.

TANAKA

Uh-uh, Magnum. I don't handle police business like that.

MAGNUM

But this time you will.

TANAKA

And why will I?

MAGNUM

Because you want to catch him. Just look at that guy. He's no amateur. One whiff of gendarmes and he's gone with the wind.

DANO

He's got a point, Lieutenant.

Magnum grins, as Tanaka shoots Dano a reprimanding look.

EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE AND STREET - FAVORING CHAN - DAY

Under Chan's watchful eye, Magnum and Sherry, carrying a flight bag, exit the apartment house. He helps her into the Ferrari. Then in a voice loud enough for Chan to hear:

MAGNUM

I'll go get us a paper.

As Magnum approaches the news stand, Chan turns toward the magazines, trying to disappear. Magnum selects a paper, then steps up beside Chan and clamps a hand on his arm.

MAGNUM

Hi, can we talk?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Without warning, Chan does a spinning back kick, sending Magnum reeling backwards into the news stand which collapses under the impact. The VENDOR screams angrily:

VENDOR

HEY! What the hell you guys doin'?

Chan bolts out of there. Magnum recovers and gives chase, as Tanaka and his men leap into the pursuit from across the street, cutting off one avenue of escape for Chan.

VENDOR

Come back here! Who's gonna pay damages?!

NEW ANGLE

Chan doubles back from the cops, heads straight for Magnum, who readies himself, only to be knocked back into the vendor. Chan beats it down an alley, as Magnum helps the vendor to his feet, and races after Chan with:

MAGNUM

Excuse me.

MAGNUM

Barrels down the alley, looking for Chan, but the guy has vanished. Magnum slows down, opting for caution rather than speed. When suddenly from a blind corner, Chan leaps upon him. Magnum gets in a couple of solid licks, but ultimately is no match for him. A combination of round house and front kicks takes the fight out of Magnum. He goes down heavily!

CHAN

bolts again, but this time right into the business end of Alex Hammond's Baretta. He freezes --

NEW ANGLE

Chan throws a kick at her, but -- incredulously, as Magnum watches from his nearby prone position -- she catches his foot mid-air with one hand, and tosses him backward, much to Magnum's bewilderment. She takes careful aim at Chan's head, and he slowly raises his hands.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Tanaka and his men arrive to put the arm on Chan.

TANAKA

Book him, Dano.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

As Dano cuffs Chan and begins reading his rights to him, Chan protests angrily in CHINESE, nearly drowning him out. Alex lowers her Baretta as Tanaka helps Magnum to his feet.

TANAKA

(enjoying it)
Magnum, had I known how good you were going to be, I'd have never resisted your making the approach.

MAGNUM

Thanks a lot.

He groans a little as he rises, hating himself for showing his pain. His eyes are on Alex, who returns his gaze.

MAGNUM

I think we both owe some gratitude to this lovely lady here.

Alex slowly holsters the Baretta under her black designer jacket. Tanaka taps his forehead absent-mindedly --

TANAKA

Oh, you haven't met yet. Magnum, this is Alex Hammond. She's a big-time insurance investigator from the mainland. She's the one who tipped us off about this guy climbing out the window. Could be a big break --

MAGNUM

(eyes on Alex)
Could be, Lieutenant.
(then, to her)
Hi, I'm Thomas Magnum.

ALEX

Yes, I know.

MAGNUM

You're very good. But I guess everybody tells you that.

ALEX

Not everybody. And I take it as a real compliment from you.

MAGNUM

From me? Why?

ALEX

You're a p.i., and a good one.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MAGNUM

(pleased, but
puzzled.)

Do we know each other from somewhere?

ALEX

No, not exactly.

TANAKA

What she means is that she knows all
about you, including your friends,
habits, shoe size, you name it.

Magnum tries for a stern inquiring look but it hurts and he
winces. A hint of a smile flits across Alex's lips.

ALEX

It's my business to know.

Before Magnum can pursue it, there's a sudden outburst in
CHINESE from Chan as Dano and the others struggle him away.
Magnum winces, a headache looming up into his eyes.

TANAKA

Get him outta here, Dano.

MAGNUM

(holding his head)

What's he yelling about?

TANAKA

Don't look at me. I'm Hawaiian.
That sounds Greek to me.

MAGNUM

It sounds like Chinese.

ALEX

It is. He's saying that he wants to
know why he's being arrested, that he
was just minding his own business
when some crazy man accosted him for
no reason. He means you, Magnum.

MAGNUM

Never again.

NEW ANGLE - FAVORING MAGNUM AND ALEX

as they move from the alley, trailing Tanaka and the others.

MAGNUM

I guess you're here after the missing
stamp.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ALEX

The 1856 half-cent Blue British Guiana. Yes, I'm here to find it. And so are some other people.

MAGNUM

Like this Chinese guy?

ALEX

Perhaps. And others.

MAGNUM

What others?

ALEX

I'm not really free to discuss it.

MAGNUM

(nods, then)

Lt. Tanaka says it's worth a fortune. How much is that exactly?

HARD CUT TO:

INT. ROBIN MASTER'S ESTATE - STUDY - CLOSE ON HIGGINS

HIGGINS

My God, Magnum, the ha'-penny Blue British Guiana of 1856! Have you any idea what that stamp is worth?

ANGLE OPENS TO INCLUDE Magnum and Sherry as Higgins crosses to a locked glass cabinet, not hearing:

MAGNUM

I know exactly what it's worth.

As Higgins unlocks the cabinet and withdraws several large leather-bound, gold-embossed stamp albums, he drones on:

HIGGINS

It was only discovered a few years ago. Before that time, the rarest stamp in the world was the one-penny black on magenta British Guiana minted in the same year of 1856.

(selects an album,
thumbs thru it)

One of the two magenta stamps known to exist was sold at auction in 1970 for an undisclosed sum to a New York collector. The catalogs place its value at \$850,000. Ah, here we are.

He crosses to them with the album --

FAVORING HIGGINS

HIGGINS

(continuing)

That very stamp curiously enough has been traced back to a British school boy named L. Vernon Vaughn who sold the stamp in 1873 for seven shillings, that's roughly 84 cents.

He shows them the stamp album. Magnum humors him because he wants something. Sherry is genuinely interested.

HIGGINS

There is the historic black on magenta 1865 British Guiana...

INSERT - THE STAMP ALBUM

The magenta British Guiana is on a page by itself, encased in an archival mylar sleeve, with a card telling its history.

HIGGINS O.S.

This, of course, is a limited edition facsimile reproduction which I gave to Mr. Masters on his last birthday.

RESUME SCENE

MAGNUM

That's very nice, Higgins.

HIGGINS

I understand that the Blue stamp is identical except for the color and its being a ha'-penny, and then of course its value which, I'm told, is in excess of...

MAGNUM

...one million dollars.

HIGGINS

Precisely. How'd you know?

Magnum unfolds the color photostat blowup of the Blue Guiana and shows it to Higgins.

HIGGINS

Why, that's it! Where'd you get this?

MAGNUM

From Lt. Tanaka. I'm sort of helping him, unofficially of course...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HIGGINS

I say, Magnum, I'd love to add this to Mr. Masters' collection.

As he starts to put it away, Magnum pulls it back.

MAGNUM

I don't know. This is a limited edition, and hard to come by. The talking I had to do to get this.

HIGGINS

(understands too well)

What is you want, Magnum? The tennis court for a week, or what?

MAGNUM

Sherry needs a safe place to stay until this blows over.

HIGGINS

Of course.

(to Sherry)

You're welcome to stay here so long as you understand that I don't have time to socialize. I'm on deadline with the Thespians cookbook. It's for charity.

SHERRY

Thank you. I won't be any trouble.

Grinning, Magnum hands the photostat to Higgins. Then, leading Sherry from the study:

MAGNUM

C'mon, let's go get your stuff.

Higgins stops Magnum dead in his tracks with:

HIGGINS

By the way, I've taken the liberty of retrieving Mr. Masters' typewriter.

MAGNUM

What did you do with my work?!

HIGGINS

If you mean that droll one-page manuscript you've been slaving over, I corrected the spelling and left it with the empty potato chip bags.

Magnum turns and races from the room. Sherry follows.

INT. GUEST HOUSE

Magnum races in and finds the title page that had been in the typewriter. He looks at it.

INSERT - TITLE PAGE OF HIS BOOK

Higgins has crossed out "INVESTIGATER" and spelled it correctly as "INVESTIGATOR."

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

It was a tiny spelling mistake, an obvious typo. The kind of mistake that God created editors for...

NEW ANGLE

as Sherry descends the stairs and crosses to him:

SHERRY

What is it, Tom?

He begins shuffling papers to conceal his title page.

MAGNUM

Oh, nothing, nothing at all.

SHERRY

It must be important, the way you took off from there. Let me see.

MAGNUM

(wants to show her)
Well, if you insist.
(finds the page,
hands it to her)
I'm writing a book.

SHERRY

Oh, Tom, that's wonderful.

MAGNUM

You really think so?

SHERRY

Yes. I've always wanted to write a book about my experiences as a stewardess. How far are you?

MAGNUM

Actually, I just started...
(gets idea)
...but this'll give you an idea of what it's going to be like.

He reaches for DICKENS, pulls off the dust jacket and finds:

INSERT - DAVID COPPERFIELD

MAGNUM O.S.

HIGGINS!

His scream carries us through the CUT TO:

INT. ESTATE - STUDY

Higgins is at the desk, recipe cards are spread everywhere. Magnum bursts in, causing the cards to take flight in every direction. Higgins' efforts to contain them are fruitless.

MAGNUM

(hotly)

All right, Higgins, where is it!?

HIGGINS

Look what you've done, you bloody inconsiderate nincomp...

MAGNUM

(overriding)

Where is it?!

HIGGINS

Where is WHAT?!

Magnum throws DAVID COPPERFIELD on the desk.

MAGNUM

The book that was in this jacket!

Higgins' glare softens. Condescendingly reaching into a drawer for the Luther Gillis book, he hands it over with:

HIGGINS

The other day when I suggested that you were reading tawdry pulp fiction, I was wrong. This is simply too atrocious to be so dignified.

Magnum takes it and starts to leave, but Higgins continues:

HIGGINS

If you're planning a book like it, my advice is to not waste the paper.

MAGNUM

My book's going to be better.

Higgins' response is a belly laugh. Magnum storms out.

EXT. HONOLULU HOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Alex Hammond wanders around the parking lot, taking polaroids of the accident sight, trying to determine from where in the area someone may have witnessed the accident. She spots a nine year old Hawaiian boy with a ball and bat in an adjacent grassy area. His name is MANNY, and he's watching her. She raises the camera and takes his picture.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING THE BOY

He starts to take off, but she calls to him:

ALEX

Hey, wait a minute. Don't you want to see your picture?

He stops and turns back. Approaching, she holds the polaroid snapshot out to him.

ALEX

Here, you can have it if you want. It's just now developing itself.

MANNY

(taking it)

Lemme see.

She crouches down to watch the developing picture with him.

ALEX

Oh, look, it's gonna be a good one.
(beat, then)
My name's Alex. What's yours?

MANNY

Manny. What kinda name is Alex?

ALEX

It's actually Alexandra. I guess my dad wanted a son. Like you maybe.
(tousling his hair)
Do you play around here a lot?

MANNY

All the time. My mom works at the hotel. How come you're taking pictures of the parking lot?

ALEX

I'm just trying to figure out what happened in that accident a few days ago.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MANNY

You mean where that guy got killed?

ALEX

Uh-huh. Did you see it?

MANNY

Nah. Are you the cops?

ALEX

I'm an insurance investigator.

MANNY

Is that like a private eye?

ALEX

Sort of.

MANNY

Would it help if I saw the guy who stole the car in the accident?

ALEX

Sure would. C'mon, let's get some ice cream and talk.

MANNY

(hesitating)

I can't. My mom says I don't go nowhere with strangers.

ALEX

I meant just to the hotel. And we'll go ask her first. Okay?

Manny smiles, and as he leads her to the hotel, we go to:

ELEVATED DOWN ANGLE FROM HOTEL WINDOW - ALEX AND MANNY

Someone watches them cross the parking lot toward the hotel. ANGLE PULLS BACK just inside the window to reveal a man's hand parting the sheer curtains. As he drops them, we go to:

NEW DISCREET ANGLE - THE MAN

whose face we do not see, crosses to a night stand to find a gun in the drawer. As he affixes a silencer on the barrel, we hold for a beat, and

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY - ESTABLISHING - STOCK

Over this, we hear:

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

I don't know how Robin Masters and other writers do it. I really don't. It seems that the minute you decide to begin writing, life throws things at you that need more immediate attention. The sooner the missing stamp was found, the sooner I could get back to the typewriter. And if I came away with a percentage of the recovery fee, that wouldn't hurt. One thing for sure, I knew Lt. Tanaka would appreciate my help...

INT. SQUAD ROOM - LT. TANAKA'S CUBICLE - TIGHT ON MAGNUM
as he reads a report on Lt. Tanaka's desk.

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

And as long as I was helping out, I knew Lt. Tanaka wouldn't mind if I got myself current on the case.

TANAKA'S VOICE

Magnum!

NEW ANGLE ON THE TWO - TANAKA

comes in with some papers and grabs the report from him.

MAGNUM

Oh, hi, lieutenant. I was just reading the coroner's report...

TANAKA

Snooping into police business is a jailing offense, you know.

MAGNUM

I wasn't snooping. I have a client to protect, and after my help this morning, I thought we could share information.

TANAKA

Okay. What do you have for me?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MAGNUM

You first. Tell me about this Chinese guy.

TANAKA

His name is Ho Chan. He doesn't speak English, so we're having a time with him. What we got so far is that he's a courier, and he gave twenty thousand dollars to Conrad as a down payment on the stamp. He says he didn't know it was stolen. He went to Sherry's apartment to recover his employer's money.

MAGNUM

Who's his employer?

TANAKA

We're working on it.

MAGNUM

Did he trash Sherry's apartment?

TANAKA

He says no. But I got the fingerprint boys checking it out.

MAGNUM

Let's run him through Five-O files...

Tanaka thrusts a sheet at him --

TANAKA

I just did. He's clean.

(beat, then)

Now, what information do you have?

Magnum hands the Five-O report back...

MAGNUM

One more thing first, lieutenant. Are you done with Jerry Conrad's personal effects?

TANAKA

Sure, but we don't have any next of kin to release them to.

MAGNUM

Well, Sherry would like to have them.

TANAKA

She's not next of kin, Magnum.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MAGNUM

She was his fiance.

Tanaka shakes his head in the negative.

MAGNUM

Please, lieutenant. It means a lot to her. She loved him so much. It's all she has now to remember him by.

With a sigh, Tanaka takes a release form from his desk and fills it out as:

TANAKA

Okay, okay, take 'em. You're breaking my heart.

He hands Magnum the release, and Magnum heads out the door:

MAGNUM

Thanks, lieutenant. I know she'll remember you in her prayers.

TANAKA

Wait a minute. You said you had some information to trade.

Magnum pokes his head back in the cubicle for:

MAGNUM

I don't yet. But I will soon. And you'll be the first call I make.

And he's gone. Tanaka stares after him and we go to:

EXT. KING KAMEHAMEHA CLUB - ESTABLISHING - DAY - STOCK

INT. KING KAMEHAMEHA CLUB - LIQUOR CELLAR - DAY - RICK

Rick is taking inventory. Moving cases of booze, counting, writing figures on a clipboard. He's not happy. The KNOCK at the open door makes him frown. He concentrates harder on his numbers and doesn't answer. Behind him, Alex enters:

ALEX

Excuse me, Mr. Wright.

RICK

(without looking)

Hang on a minute, willya?

(as he finishes)

Okay, what is it?

He looks up and sees her. As his demeanor changes, we go to:

NEW ANGLE - TWO SHOT

RICK
Well, hello, what can I do for you?

ALEX
(approaching)
I'm sorry to bother you. The bartender said you were back here.

RICK
No bother. What's on your mind?

ALEX
I need your help. I understand you're well connected on the Island. I need information of a confidential nature.

RICK
Who says I'm well connected?

ALEX
I've heard that you often run down this kind of thing for Thomas Magnum.

RICK
I shoulda known. How'd he con a nice kid like you to chase information for him. Well, you can tell him the answer is NO. He's worn out his welcome around here.

Rick goes back to moving cases of booze --

ALEX
This has nothing to do with Magnum.

RICK
He didn't send you?

ALEX
No. I just took a chance. Will you help me? I'll be glad to pay you.

RICK
Pay? Now I know for sure that Magnum didn't send you. Who are you anyway?

ALEX
My name is Alex Hammond...

She hands him her card, and he stops working to look at it.

RICK
Insurance investigator, huh?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ALEX
Yes, and I'm looking for a car thief.

RICK
You want a car boosted?

ALEX
I'm after a particular booster. He stole a car three days ago and killed a man in his hurry to get away.

RICK
I read about that.

ALEX
There's an enormous claim involved, so I have to locate the car thief.

RICK
(considers, then:)
Okay. I'll help you. On one condition.

ALEX
Name it.

RICK
You let me buy you dinner tonight.

ALEX
Tomorrow night, and it's a date.

RICK
Done.

They shake on it. Rick gets the clipboard to take notes:

RICK
What do you know about this guy?

ALEX
A kid who saw him testing car doors in the parking lot just before the accident says that he's Hawaiian but real pale. White hair, white eyebrows, pink eyes. He's albino.

NEW ANGLE - ON RICK

He puts down his pencil. He doesn't need notes after all.

ALEX
You know him.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RICK

I know of him. His name is Kamuela 'The Kaz' Searles. They call him the Kaz because everytime he's behind the wheel it's a kamikaze mission. He's an accident looking for someplace to happen. I wouldn't mess with him.

ALEX

I can take care of myself.

Rick looks at her, knows she means it, then crosses to the phone and dials a number.

EXT. POLICE STATION - ESTABLISHING - DAY - STOCK

INT. SQUAD ROOM - LT. TANAKA'S CUBICLE - DAY

Tanaka looks up from his desk as Watt and Lamb approach:

LAMB

Lt. Tanaka?

TANAKA

Yes. Can I help you?

WATT

I'm Mr. Watt, and this is Mr. Lamb.

TANAKA

Oh, yes, I saw you at the funeral.

LAMB

That's right. We work for the same insurance company that...

WATT

...poor Jerry used to work for. We need to see his personal effects...

Tanaka glances from one to the other, somewhat amused by this verbal ping pong:

LAMB

...to locate any insurance files so we can tidy up any loose ends...

WATT

...for the company. You understand.

TANAKA

Ah, I'd love to help, gentlemen, but Conrad's fiance, has already claimed his personal effects.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Lamb and Watt sigh heavily in unison. Finally:

LAMB

Where can we find...

WATT

...Miss Nelson?

EXT. KING KAMEHAMEHA CLUB - ESTABLISHING - DAY - STOCK

INT. KING KAMEHAMEHA CLUB - LIQUOR CELLAR

Rick is still chest deep in inventory when Magnum bounds in, all jovial and friendly. Rick is not happy to see him; he continues working and Magnum follows him around as:

MAGNUM

Hi, Rick. What're you doing?

RICK

What's it look like I'm doing? I'm taking inventory. And I'm real busy.

MAGNUM

You're the manager of the club. You shouldn't be doing stuff like this. Where's Paolo?

RICK

I fired his butt. I caught him massaging the inventory figures to cover up his pilfering. The audit's coming up and I don't know what I got in stock. So, if you don't mind...

He swings a case around and nearly hits Magnum with it --

MAGNUM

I can see you're busy so I won't take long. I just need you to...

RICK

(overriding)

Whatever it is, the answer is NO!

MAGNUM

C'mon, Rick. It's just a tiny little favor.

RICK

NO! I already did you a favor today and you were lucky to get that.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MAGNUM

You're still angry about the other day. I can tell. I'm sorry but...
(pause, then)
What favor today?

RICK

A friend of yours, Alex Hammond, needed some information, and I helped her. But only as a favor to you.

MAGNUM

What'd she want?

RICK

There you go, pumping me like I'm the tourist bureau or something. I gotta tell you, Thomas, I'm really tired of our relationship. I'm constantly running down plates for you, getting stuff from Ice Pick, risking my life to solve YOUR cases, and the only time you come around is when you want something. It's time you understood that in life, the door swings both ways, or it don't swing at all.

Rick turns back to moving cases, and Magnum stands there a beat, soberly considering what Rick has said. Then, he pitches in, helping to move the cases, as:

MAGNUM

Look, Rick, I'm really sorry about the other day. You want these all over there?....

Rick nods warily, Magnum sets the case there, and continues:

MAGNUM

I'll make time for those girls.

RICK

It's too late. They're gone.

MAGNUM

Well. See, I offered.

RICK

That's not good enough. You have to do something for me once in awhile.

MAGNUM

Anything you want.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RICK

Pay your bar bill.

MAGNUM

(moving a case)

There must be something else...

RICK

Okay, what were you doing the other day that was so important that you couldn't take a few hours?

MAGNUM

I can't tell you.

RICK

See what I mean, Thomas. It's a one way street with you. I can't talk anymore right now, I'm real busy with this inventory, and...

MAGNUM

(overlaps)

Okay, okay, I'll tell you. I'm writing a book.

Rick's reaction is to laugh. Magnum frowns.

MAGNUM

What's so funny?

RICK

You writing a book. That's funny. What's it about, how to place out of the money in the annual surf ski race?

MAGNUM

It's about being a world class private investigator.

Rick laughs again, almost drops the case he's carrying.

MAGNUM

Sure, you can laugh now, but it's gonna be great. You wait and see.

RICK

Of course I can't wait. I can't wait to tell TC. He's gonna love this.

MAGNUM

Now wait a minute, Rick. This was in confidence. I wanna keep it under wraps for awhile.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RICK
(suppressing
a laugh)
I don't blame you. I would too.

MAGNUM
So, tell me what you told Alex.

RICK
Give me one good reason.

MAGNUM
One hundred thousand dollars. That's
the recovery fee up for grabs on this
missing stamp that's worth a million.
If I'm instrumental in helping to
locate it, then I could split my
share of the money with my contacts
who enabled me to find it.

RICK
Why didn't you say so in the first
place?

EXT. ROBIN'S NEST - ESTABLISHING - STOCK - DAY

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - SHERRY - DAY

Conrad's personal effects are spread out on the bed and she's
methodically searching through them. She jumps when there's
a knock at the door. Followed by:

HIGGINS'S VOICE
Sherry, it's Higgins.

Closing Jerry's briefcase, she crosses to and opens the door:

SHERRY
Yes?

HIGGINS
There's a Mr. Lamb and a Mr. Watt at
the gate to see you. Shall I let
them in?

SHERRY
Oh... I'd rather not. Could you tell
them that I'm, uh, taking a bath, and
that I'll, uh, call them later.

HIGGINS
They said it's important. Something
about the missing stamp.

As Sherry struggles with the decision, we CUT AWAY TO:

EXT. HONOLULU STREET - MOVING SHOT - MAGNUM - DAY

As Magnum drives through traffic, we hear:

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

Every good private investigator has to develop good contacts. And in my book, I'll explain exactly how it's done. I knew Rick would dial his finger to a stump to find out who was in the market for a million dollar stamp. And maybe, just maybe, he'd find out who Chan is working for. Rick may have his faults, but he always comes through. You can't buy that kind of loyalty. But something nagged at me. I didn't like him helping Alex Hammond. She had no business using my contacts.

EXT. LOW INCOME RESIDENTIAL STREET - MAGNUM - DAY

Driving down the street, Magnum spots the address --

MAGNUM'S MOVING POV - THE HOUSE

where the Kaz lives. Not in great repair, with a car parked in the front yard. A garage attached to the house.

MAGNUM

casually drives on by, stops a few doors away. Then pulling his gun out, he races to an alleyway behind the houses, as:

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

If this guy was really as dangerous and crazy as Rick said, there was no sense in tipping him off. Also, I didn't know if Alex was inside, and I certainly didn't want her to get hurt.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - MAGNUM

races to where the Kaz lives. He flattens against the garage and peers in through a dirty window:

MAGNUM'S POV - INSIDE THE GARAGE - ND CAR

Covered with a tarp. The front end is obviously dented --

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

The car in the garage was covered, and I'd bet it wasn't just to keep the dust off. The front end was banged up like it'd been in an accident. I wouldn't be surprised if it was a hit and run.

EXT. GARAGE & HOUSE - MAGNUM

makes his way to the backdoor and eases inside.

INT. HOUSE - MAGNUM

His gun in the lead, Magnum crosses the small kitchen to the short hallway leading to the living room --

HIS POV - HALLWAY AND INTO LIVING ROOM

Approaching the living room, we sight a pair of legs sticking into the doorway. ; It's a body.

MAGNUM

reacts, slides along the wall and looks into the room --

HIS POV - THE LIVING ROOM

Empty, save for the Kaz, whose lifeless eyes stare up at the ceiling, a bullet hole in his chest; his hand gripping a .45.

MAGNUM

cautiously enters the room, approaches the body --

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

Well, somebody had gotten here before me, and whatever information the Kaz had was blown away with him...

POV ANGLE ACROSS GUN BARREL FROM INSIDE CLOSET - MAGNUM

The coat closet door is slightly ajar and someone aims a gun at Magnum as he checks the body --

MAGNUM

checking the body --

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

The body was still warm, so he'd only been dead a few minutes...

He sniffs the Kaz's .45 --

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

His gun had been recently fired. I wondered who he'd shot at...and where Alex Hammond was...

ALEX'S VOICE

Hold it right there, Magnum.

Magnum stiffens and slowly turns to see --

NEW ANGLE

as Alex emerges from the closet, her gun trained on him:

ALEX

What are you doing here?

MAGNUM

Would you mind not pointing that thing at me, please?

(off her hesitation)

C'mon, you know I didn't kill him. I just got here. But I don't know that you didn't.

ALEX

I was too late, too.

(lowers her gun)

You haven't answered my question. What are you doing here?

MAGNUM

Rick told me where you were. I just thought you might need some help.

ALEX

You thought wrong.

Magnum shrugs, and putting his gun back into his waistband:

MAGNUM

Look, Alex, this is my territory. I can be real helpful to you. If we work together, we can probably...

ALEX

(overriding)

I work alone.

MAGNUM

We don't have to split the recovery fee down the middle. I'd settle for less, say, a third.

ALEX

I don't get a recovery fee. I'm on salary. I get paid whether I recover the stamp or not.

MAGNUM

Well, what if I recover the stamp?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ALEX

That's between you and the company.
But you won't.

MAGNUM

How can you be sure?

ALEX

Because I intend to. So, don't get
in my way. You might get hurt.

Magnum can't help himself. He chuckles. Alex is not amused. With a disparaging look at him, she holsters her Baretta. He suppresses his chuckle, then looking around for the phone --

MAGNUM

You seen the phone? I want to report
this to Lt. Tanaka.

ALEX

I've already done that.

Off Magnum's disappointment, we go to:

INT. ROBIN'S NEST ESTATE HOUSE - SHERRY'S GUEST ROOM - DAY

While Sherry watches them closely, Watt and Lamb comb through Jerry Conrad's personal effects. Finally --

LAMB

It's not here. And I was so sure...

WATT

...that it was going to be.

As Watt and Lamb both direct their attention to Sherry:

WATT

Are you sure that Jerry didn't...

LAMB

...tell you where he hid that stamp?

SHERRY

I didn't know anything about this
until the police told me. I still
don't believe that Jerry was capable
of doing any such thing.

WATT

You're absolutely right. That's why
it's important to find the stamp...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

LAMB

...and return it discreetly to clear his name. Jerry meant as much..

WATT

...to us as he did to you.

Sherry crosses to the door and opens it for them, and:

SHERRY

I'll certainly keep my eyes open for it and let you know if it turns up. I'd like to clear his name, too.

LAMB

(exiting)

Thank you, Sherry...

WATT

...we'll stay in touch.

She closes the door after them, leans against it with a sigh.

EXT. ESTATE - LAMB AND WATT

walk to their car as Higgins watches from the front door in b.g. He cannot hear their conversation:

LAMB

Do you believe she's telling the truth?

WATT

No. But then, does she believe us?

LAMB

It doesn't make any difference, does it, Mr. Watt?

WATT

No, it doesn't Mr. Lamb, as long as we stick to her...

LAMB

...like flies to fly paper, Mr. Watt.

They turn and wave goodbye to Higgins, who returns the wave, and enters the house. Lamb and Watt get into their car and as they drive off, CAMERA PUSHES UP to a second story window. The curtain is slightly parted and Sherry is visible --

INT. SHERRY'S ROOM

Standing by the window, watching them leave, Sherry is on the phone in mid-conversation:

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SHERRY

Yes, that's right...tell our mutual friend to be prepared. Delivery will be today. Very soon.

She hangs up, and moving from the window, she quickly throws a few essentials into a flight bag. Finally, she picks up the framed photo of Jerry with the cracked glass. An old love letter is on the bed beside it. She slides the photo out of the frame and turns it over. Taped to the back, in a plastic sleeve is --

INSERT - THE BLUE BRITISH GUIANA STAMP

RESUME SHERRY - CLOSE

She slides the stamp out gently and, with a glue stick, she replaces the cancelled stamp on the old love letter with the Blue British Guiana. Admiring her work a beat, she then kisses the stamp, and smiling to herself, she puts the envelope into her flight bag. Then returning the photo to the frame, she leaves it on the bed with Conrad's other belongings.

Moving to the phone, she touch-tones a number, then:

SHERRY

Hello. I'd like a taxi right away please...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

INT. ROBIN'S NEST - ENTRY HALL STAIRS - DAY - HIGGINS

On his way up, Higgins encounters Sherry who's on her way down, her flight bag in hand.

HIGGINS

I say, Sherry, I was just on my way up to ask if you'd learned anything from those two chaps.

SHERRY

Not really, but they do want to help.

Higgins glances to her bag.

SHERRY

I'm going to the airport. I called the airlines to let them know where I'd be for a few days, and they asked me to substitute on an overnight to Los Angeles, and I said okay.

HIGGINS

Is that wise under the circumstances?

SHERRY

Don't worry. I'll be fine.

Before he can say anything, she bounds down the stairs, turning back at the front door for:

SHERRY

My taxi'll be here any minute. Tell Tom I'll be back in a few days.

With that, she exits, leaving Higgins staring after her.

EXT. ROAD LEADING TO ROBIN'S NEST - DAY

A short distance from the estate, a TOURIST is off to the side of the road. The hood of his car is up and he's working on the engine. As a taxi passes, he watches it drive up to Robin's Nest. He has curly hair, glasses and a mustache.

TOURIST'S POV - ROBIN'S NEST ENTRANCE

The taxi stops, honks his horn. The gate opens and Sherry exits to the taxi, and the gate closes behind her.

BINOCULAR POV ANGLE - SHERRY AND TAXI

Sherry gets into the cab, being watched through binoculars.

INT. CAR - ANGLE ACROSS LAMB AND WATT TOWARD ROBIN'S NEST

They're parked some distance away in the other direction. Lamb has binoculars to his eyes. Watt is at the wheel.

LAMB

Let's go. She's on the move.

EXT. ROAD - TAXI

makes a U-turn in front of Robin's Nest and heads back toward town, and back toward the stranded tourist. In the distant b.g., Lamb and Watt begin to follow.

THE TOURIST

looks up from the engine as the taxi approaches, and quickly steps into the road, waving his arms. The taxi stops, and he crosses to the front passenger side and opens the door --

LAMB AND WATT

pull over, puzzled. Lamb hoists the binoculars to his eyes.

INT. TAXI - THREE SHOT

TOURIST

(with a lisp)

Hi, I'm in a world of trouble. My rental pooped out on me and I gotta get back to town. How about a lift?

CABBIE

Up to the lady. It's her dime.

TOURIST

(to Sherry)

Please. I'll pay the whole fare.

SHERRY

(not thrilled)

Okay. Get in.

TOURIST

Thanks, lady, thanks a lot.

Getting in, he pulls a gun from under his shirt and jams it into the cabbie's side. Sherry is horrified to hear:

TOURIST

Hope you don't mind, but I'll get car sick if I don't drive. Out!

LAMB AND WATT BINOCULAR POV ANGLE - THE TAXI

The cabbie jumps out, and the taxi speeds away!

LAMB AND WATT

exchange a look, and Watt hits the gas.

THE CABBIE

sees Lamb and Watt approach and flags them down. He runs to the driver's side. Watt pokes his head out for:

WATT

What happened?

CABBIE

That crazy haole stole my cab, said he'd get sick if he didn't drive.

Watt suddenly floors it, and peels out after the taxi, nearly knocking the cabbie over. He shakes a fist after them:

CABBIE

Dumbjack haoles!
(heavy sigh)
Wihlene was right. Shoulda done that pineapple business with her brahs.

INT. TAXI - TRAVELING SHOT

Sherry holds on for dear life as the taxi rips along --

SHERRY

Who are you?! What do you want?!

The tourist pulls off the curly haired wig, the glasses and the mustache, and grins back at her. His lisp is gone, as:

TOURIST

Hiya, sweetheart.

SHERRY

JERRY!

She pulls back protectively into a corner of the back seat.

JERRY

I knew you'd be glad to see me.

He grins and glances to the rearview mirror --

REARVIEW MIRROR

We see Lamb and Watt trying to close the distance.

JERRY

His grin hardens, and he guns it --

EXT. ROAD - THE TAXI

bullets by, and disappears over a rise. A beat later, Lamb and Watt zoom past and over the rise --

LAMB AND WATT

come to a fork in the road on the other side of the rise. Watt hits the brakes. They look in both directions --

POV ANGLE - FROM FORK IN THE ROAD

The road curves and winds in both directions and the taxi is nowhere in sight.

LAMB AND WATT

LAMB

I guess we lost them, Mr. Watt...

WATT

Only for the moment, Mr. Lamb. It's nearly dinner time, anyway.

As Watt puts it into gear, we go back to:

EXT. ROAD NEAR ROBIN'S NEST - CABBIE

He's under the hood, checking things out. Everything looks okay, so he slides in behind the wheel. He cranks it over, and it starts up immediately. With a triumphant YELL, he jumps out, slams the hood, and drives off toward town.

EXT. POLICE STATION - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT - STOCK

CABBIE'S VOICE

No, no, his mustache had more drop to it, and it was fuller...

TIGHT ON POLICE SKETCH OF THE TOURIST

We see the hands of the police artist making changes as:

CABBIE'S VOICE

...yeah, more like that, and it sorta covered his lip, mosta the way...

INT. SQUAD ROOM - SKETCH ARTIST'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

With the cabbie crowding an elbow, and Magnum closely flanking his other side, the police artist is doing the best that he can. But the cabbie isn't happy with the results. He indicates a facial feature chart on the partition wall:

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CABBIE

Give 'im a chin like this one, brah.

The police artist starts changing the sketch. The cabbie watches a beat, then reaches for the artist's pencil --

CABBIE

Here, lemme show you. I usta be a pretty fair hand at this, usta sell pictures to the tourists...

Crowding the artist from the sketch, he starts drawing away.

POLICE ARTIST

Go for it, brah.

The artist and Magnum exchange an amused look, and --

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Lt. Tanaka enters the cubicle. Magnum turns to him as:

TANAKA

Still nothing on the taxi cab. We got an all points bulletin going.

MAGNUM

What about the rental car? Did you get a make on who rented it?

TANAKA

Yeah. Some guy at the Hilton. He parked it in the loading zone for a minute with the keys in it. It was gone when he came back.

MAGNUM

I sure don't like this. If there was nothing wrong with the rental car, then that guy who hijacked the taxi was waiting out there for Sherry.

TANAKA

Have you ever thought about taking up police work, Magnum? You'd be good.

Off Magnum's look, Tanaka throws an inquiring glance to the police artist, who shrugs non-committally and nods toward the cabbie. And the cabbie holds up the sketch with a flourish:

CABBIE

That's him. That's the crazy haole what stole my taxi.

NEW ANGLE - FAVORING SKETCH

Tanaka regards the sketch with a grin to the police artist --

TANAKA

This guy trying to take your job?

POLICE ARTIST

With the hours I have to put in, he
can have it.

Off the cabbie's grin, we cut away to:

EXT. HONOLULU HOTEL - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT - STOCK

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark. The door opens and Lamb and Watt enter.
As Lamb hits the light:

ALEX'S VOICE

Come in, gentlemen. Close the door
and take a seat please.

THEIR POV - ALEX HAMMOND

sitting on the couch, Baretta in hand aimed casually in their
direction. She smiles pleasantly, motions them to a seat.

THREE SHOT

Watt closes the door. As they sit --

LAMB

What's this all about?...

WATT

Are you planning to rob us?

ALEX

Only in a manner of speaking. You're
going to tell me what you're doing
here. Then you're leaving Honolulu.

LAMB

Who are you?...

WATT

...and why are you doing this?

ALEX

Who I am is a special insurance
investigator. And I'm looking the
Blue British Guiana stamp.

Lamb and Watt exchange a nervous glance as Alex approaches.

NEW ANGLE - FAVORING ALEX

LAMB

Well, that's good to know. I'm Mr. Lamb and this is Mr. Watt...

WATT

We work for Bay Mutual in San...

ALEX

(emphatic overlap)

They never heard of you. I checked.

(to Lamb)

You're Wilson Aames, a forger. And a pretty good one, too, I hear.

(to Watt)

And you. You're Ernie Tilton, a cat burglar. You both served time in San Quentin at the same time that the late Jerry Conrad was a state guest on a bunko rap.

Watt and Lamb start to sweat. Alex sits near them, on the coffee table, assuming striking position, and continues:

ALEX

You helped Conrad lift the stamp, and then replaced it with a forgery. But unfortunately for you, it was discovered. And now that Conrad's dead, you're scrambling around for the stamp. I think you know who his buyer was.

WATT

You can't prove any of that.

ALEX

Do you want me to?

(off their silence)

I didn't think so. Well, you're in luck. I'm only interested in finding the stamp, not in sending you back to prison. Unless of course you do something stupid, like lie to me.

(beat)

Here's the deal. You tell me what you know, who the buyer is, what arrangements were made, and I let you walk. Or we can sort this out in Lt. Tanaka's office, if you'd prefer.

WATT

How do we know you'll let us go?

Alex smiles to inspire trust. It doesn't. But Watt and Lamb see no out. As they prepare to spill their guts, we CUT TO:

TIGHT ON SKETCH COMING OUT OF POLICE XEROX MACHINE

As Magnum's hand takes several copies, ANGLE widens for a TWO SHOT of Tanaka and Magnum:

TANAKA

(mild rebuke)

Just help yourself, Magnum.

MAGNUM

(grins, then)

You know, those two guys the cabbie said pulled up right after the taxi was stolen, I'll bet it was Watt and Lamb. Higgins said they came by to see Sherry just before she left.

TANAKA

See, I told you, you have a nose for police work.

MAGNUM

So, shouldn't we pick them up for questioning?

TANAKA

First thing in the morning. Dano has them under surveillance, so stay away from them, okay?

MAGNUM

No problem, lieutenant.

As Tanaka finishes and gathers up the xerox copies:

TANAKA

Was there anything else, or can I get on with my work?

MAGNUM

What about Chan? Is there anything new on him?

TANAKA

We couldn't tie him to the B and E, so I had to kick him loose.

MAGNUM

I wish you hadn't done that. He doesn't speak English, you could've held him a little longer.

TANAKA

Magnum, the law's the law, whether you speak English or not. Besides, I pinned a tail on him, too.

EXT. CHINESE SECTION - NIGHT - CHAN

moves efficiently among the mostly Chinese pedestrians on a bright, neon-lit street. He turns a corner into a darker area. A beat later, an oriental plainclothes cop reaches the same corner, and after glancing around, he follows.

EXT. DARKER SECTION

The plainclothes cop picks up his pace, when suddenly from the shadows, Chan eliminates him with a powerful sidekick to the midsection. Then as Chan hurries away, we go to:

EXT. ROBIN'S NEST - NIGHT

The Ferrari is parked out front. A light is on in Sherry's second story window. As the CAMERA GOES to it, we hear:

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

I had stopped by the club to give Rick a police sketch. He didn't know who it was but said he'd show it around. He had picked up a rumor about a big money buyer from Hong Kong who was a collector of things, jade, crystal, coins, and you guessed it, stamps. He was waiting on Ice Pick to get a fix on this guy. Maybe he was Chan's employer.

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT - MAGNUM

goes through Conrad's belongings. He picks up the framed photo of Conrad, stares at it a beat, lays it aside, and goes through the briefcase, as:

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

Sure, I was dying to work on my book, but Higgins was still typing up recipes, so I thought I'd see if I could find something in Conrad's belongings, a clue maybe, some tiny scrap of information that the police had missed.

Magnum examines Conrad's drivers' license in the wallet.

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

Something bothered me about his drivers' license. It gave his height as six foot one, but on the coroner's report his height was five eleven. Maybe it was just a mistake, unless...

Magnum glances to the framed photo again. He unfolds the police sketch and lays it next to the photo.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

...unless he wasn't dead.

CLOSE ON MAGNUM

Quickly rummaging in the briefcase, he finds a felt pen. And sliding the photo from the frame, he sketches glasses, curly hair, and a mustache on the photo, as per the police sketch. He lays them side by side --

INSERT - POLICE SKETCH AND DOCTORED PHOTO OF CONRAD

Without a doubt, the same guy.

MAGNUM

Struck by the likeness.

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

Conrad was alive. So he was the one who abducted Sherry. But why? And who was buried in Conrad's grave?

Turning the photo over, he finds the piece of plastic --

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

Part of the answer was on the back. Something had been taped there. It could've been a lock of hair, but chances are, it was the stamp. Sherry had had the stamp all along. She'd really played me for a sucker. It made me feel lousy. And I also felt that if I didn't find Sherry tonight, I never would. But I'd need help.

He reaches for the phone --

INT. ISLAND HOPPERS OFFICE - NIGHT - ON TC

At his desk, he's paying bills and trying in vain to balance his checkbook. He ignores the first two RINGS of the phone. Then finally, brushing it all aside in frustration:

TC

What's the use? It ain't never gonna balance, not and pay the bills too...

(answers phone)

Island Hoppers.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION WITH MAGNUM

MAGNUM

TC, I need your help. There's a...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TC
(overlapping)
Why, TM, how good to hear from you.
Are you calling to pay your gas bill?

MAGNUM
Not exactly. But if you can help...

TC
(overriding)
I'd love to help, of course, but I'm
up to my eyeballs with work, the
office is full of PAYING clients, and
I just can't spare a minute. Why
don't you call Rick? Ciao, baby.

MAGNUM

Reacts to the loud click in his ear as TC hangs up on him.
He frowns, and hurries from the room, and we CUT TO:

EXT. DESOLATE BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

The stolen taxi and an ND car are parked out front.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Her face bruised, Sherry sits at the kitchen table onto which
her flight bag has been emptied. Jerry stands beside her,
talking on the phone, one hand clamped on her arm. He's
shirtless and his left side is bandaged. As he finishes,
Sherry's eyes go to the gun sticking out from his waistband.

JERRY
So, there's been a little hangup, but
delivery will be tonight. I'll be
along soon as I dump some garbage.

Sherry reacts. He hangs up, then jerks her to her feet, with:

JERRY
C'mon, you little double-crosser.
You're going for a long swim.

She slugs his wounded side. As he howls in pain, she grabs
for his gun. It goes off! and Jerry slumps to the floor.

CLOSE ON SHERRY

Her breath ragged, she looks down at Jerry, and falls to her
knees beside him. Then, gently stroking his hair:

SHERRY
Oh, Jerry....you bastard...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERRY

(a moan)
...the stamp....

SHERRY

Damn you! You never cared about me,
just the stamp. You tore up my apart-
ment for it, so you could ditch me...

JERRY

(alarmed)
...Sher...you gotta do somethin'...
get a doctor... I'm gonna die...

SHERRY

(flatly)
Poor Jerry. You forget. I went to
your funeral. You've been dead for
days.

EXT. HONOLULU STREET - FERRARI - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Magnum and Rick cut through traffic in the Ferrari, as:

MAGNUM'S VOICE OVER

I'd known Sherry a long time, and I
never would've figured her to be
messed up in a thing like this. I
guess that no matter how well you
think you know a person, you may not
know them at all. It bothered me a
lot. I wanted to be wrong about her.
I just hoped we weren't too late...

They SCREECH around a corner into the Chinese section. Rick
bounces with the turn, nearly drops his gun. Recovering:

RICK

Slow down, Thomas. I can't protect
everbody's interest in this thing if
we don't get there in one piece.

MAGNUM

What do you mean everybody's interest?

RICK

Well, yours, mine, and Ice Pick's.

MAGNUM

Ice Pick?

RICK

Yeah, I, uh, had to promise him a cut
of the recovery fee for the location
of the buy tonight.

FAVORING MAGNUM

MAGNUM

What kind of a cut?!
(before Rick can
answer)

No. Don't tell me. Tell me later. I
don't want to know right now.

EXT. WHITE DRAGON TEA ROOM - NIGHT

Sherry pulls up in the ND car across the street and gets out with her flight bag. As she crosses to the White Dragon, Chan and a Chinese HENCHMAN step out from an adjacent alley. She stops, but Chan motions her forward. She slowly moves to them. As she nears them, Chan puts out his hand, palm up:

CHAN

Where stamp?

DARK ALCOVE - NEARBY BUILDING - ALEX

emerges from the shadows, her Baretta in the lead.

ANGLE ON SHERRY AND CHAN - ALEX IN B.G.

Sherry pulls the letter from her bag. Chan examines it, then Sherry puts it back in her bag. Chan motions her to follow them, but they freeze as Alex shows herself, with:

ALEX

Let's all stay put!

THEIR POV - ALEX

Backlit, her features obscured, she strikes a macho stance. And with authority:

ALEX

Sherry, walk the stamp over to me.

GROUP SHOT

Sherry reaches into her bag, but instead of the letter, her hand comes up with Jerry's gun which she aims at Alex. The Henchman also pulls a gun on Alex and moves wide, as:

ANOTHER ANGLE - MAGNUM

screeches into the middle of it in the Ferrari, and he and Rick leap from the car, drawing their guns:

MAGNUM

Everybody, hold it right there!

WIDER

Alex takes advantage of the distraction to shoot the Henchman. Chan somersaults forward and knocks Magnum to the ground. Rick fires at him, misses and gets kicked in the solar plexus. As Chan is about to mash Rick's face into the Ferrari, Magnum connects with a punch to Chan's jaw and Chan folds like a paper tiger. As Tom helps Rick to his feet --

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDES THE ALLEY

Suddenly, the lights of a black limousine pop on as it roars away into the darkness. Alex fires several shots after the fleeing vehicle, to no avail. Simultaneously, Sherry takes aim at Alex, and Magnum leaps in the way:

MAGNUM

Sherry! Don't!

She fires, hitting Magnum in the shoulder. As he staggers with the impact of the bullet, Alex expertly shoots Sherry's gun from her hand. She drops the flight bag and makes a dash for the ND car, but Rick runs after and catches her:

RICK

Don't go. The fun's not done yet.

ALEX

quickly takes possession of the flight bag, checks for the stamp, then moves to Magnum, who's holding his shoulder --

ALEX

The buyer got away...

(beat)

Are you all right?

MAGNUM

It could've been worse. At least it's not my tennis arm.

ALEX

I warned you not to get in the way.

(off his look)

But thanks.

As Rick returns with Sherry in tow, they all react to fast approaching police sirens, and we CUT TO:

EXT. KING KAMEHAMEHA CLUB - BEACH AND BAR - DAY

We PAN along the glorious beach, made even more inviting by the scores of nubile lovelies in bikinis, PAN a volley ball game where more barely-clad sun-worshippers bounce with the excitement of the competition -- mid-PAN we hear:

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TC'S VOICE

If you had only explained it properly, Thomas, I'd have been glad to help out last night. I wasn't really doing anything that important.

MAGNUM'S VOICE

You hung up on me, remember?

-- finally, CAMERA finds Rick behind the bar. With him, TC and Magnum, his shoulder bandaged, sit at the bar, having a beer. Under Rick's hand on the bar top is a sheet of paper.

TC

That's 'cause I didn't know that you were getting a fat cat share of a hundred thousand dollar recovery fee. And now that you can pay, I'm at your service, day or night, I mean anytime.

Magnum shoots Rick a look, and takes a drink, as TC pulls a bill from his back pocket and lays in front of Magnum.

MAGNUM

What's this?

TC

I figured you'd want to pay off what you owe, so we could start fresh.

Magnum looks at it. He's stunned, almost dizzy --

MAGNUM

Eight thousand dollars?!!

TC

I just rounded it off, y'see...

MAGNUM

Eight thousand dollars, TC!

TC

You haven't paid in forever, TM.

Magnum can't believe it. He looks at the bill again, reads:

MAGNUM

Two thousand dollars for bullet holes? You gotta be kidding.

(starts to laugh)

This is a joke, right? You made this up. Where's the real bill, TC?

Magnum hands it to Rick, who glances at it.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TC

That's it. You're holding it.

RICK

Real cute, TC. Four hundred dollars for paint scratches.

TC

That's special paint, it's not cheap. Those are all legitimate expenses.

As TC grabs the bill back from Rick, Rick palms the sheet of paper his hand was resting on. Magnum notices --

MAGNUM

Whatcha got there, Rick?

RICK

(crumpling it)

Nothing. It's just your bar bill.

MAGNUM

How much is it for?

RICK

Twenty two hundred.

FAVORING MAGNUM

MAGNUM

(aghast)

Twenty two hundred! Do you know how many beers that is?

Grinning apologetically, Rick tosses the crumpled ball of paper over his shoulder:

RICK

What's a few beers between friends anyway?

(beat, then)

What're you going to do with all that money, Thomas?

MAGNUM

(thoughtful beat)

I think I'll take a few months off and write my book.

TC

What book, Thomas? You mean about our experiences in Nam, like we talked about that one time?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RICK

No, TC, he's writing a how-to book
about being a gumshoe in five easy
lessons.

The swallow of beer in TC's mouth sprays out as laughter
seizes him. Rick can't help laughing too, and throws TC a
bar towel to clean up. Magnum suffers in silence, then
suddenly brightens as he spots:

POV SHOT - ALEX

making her way toward them. She smiles when she sees them.

NEW ANGLE - INCLUDES ALEX

Magnum nudges TC and Rick --

MAGNUM

Cool it, guys. Here she comes.
(then, louder)
Hi, Alex.

They quickly sober, and as she reaches them:

ALEX

Hello Rick, hi Tom.

MAGNUM

Alex, say hello to TC.

ALEX

Hello, TC.

TC

Nice to meet you, Alex.

Then, businesslike, she hands Magnum an envelope. Rick and
TC watch in suspense. Like a kid at christmas, Magnum tears
it open -- and almost dies --

MAGNUM

(a whimper)
A thousand dollars.

He looks to her, like a child, wanting her to fix it.

ALEX

I'm sorry, Magnum. That's all the
company would authorize.

MAGNUM

But the recovery fee.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ALEX

The company's position is that there is no recovery fee. I was paid to find the stamp, and I did. I'd have gotten it whether you'd been there or not.

(a beat)

The thousand is for taking a bullet.

Magnum slumps in dejection. TC slowly rips up his bill, all hopes of getting paid evaporating into thin air. A flash of panic ignites in Rick's eyes, and he leans to Magnum --

RICK

What am I gonna tell Ice Pick?

But Magnum doesn't respond. His dreams of wealth fading fast -- and somewhat painfully. Alex sympathizes.

ALEX

For what it's worth, I tried to get you more. I owe you one.

MAGNUM

Thanks.

(beat)

How's Sherry?

ALEX

She's okay. She made a full confession, how she helped Conrad fake his death. He knew we were on to him, so he wanted to throw us off. Plus he wanted to cut out his accomplices. Conrad double-crossed everybody, including her. He was going to kill her, but she killed him instead.

MAGNUM

Who got buried as Conrad?

ALEX

An out of work actor that Sherry found. He looked enough like Conrad that with a beard, he could pass. She told him that it was supposed to be a practical joke.

RICK

Some joke, huh?

MAGNUM

Yeah. And they hired the albino to stage the hit and run?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ALEX

Yes. Then Jerry killed the alibino
so he wouldn't talk.

(beat)

Well, gotta run. I have a plane to
catch.

RICK

Hey, what about dinner tonight?

ALEX

You have to give me a raincheck.
Something's happened, and they need
me back on the mainland right away.

RICK

We made a deal. Shook hands on it.

ALEX

It just has to wait till next trip.
And to show you my heart's in the
right place, I'll treat. Okay?

RICK

(pouting)

Okay. But I pick the restaurant.

ALEX

It's a promise.

(then)

Goodbye, Magnum.

FAVORING MAGNUM AND ALEX

And she kisses him on the cheek, accidentally pressing
against his shoulder. He moans softly with the pain. She
looks at him empathetically, and glancing to his wound:

ALEX

Have you ever considered another line
of work?

MAGNUM

I've thought about it.

ALEX

(exiting)

I'd give it some more thought if I
were you.

On Magnum's look, we FREEZE FRAME and

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR