

HAWAII FIVE-O

Teleplay by

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Story by

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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY**

SOARING over verdant mountains, lush countryside... we think we're looking at the Hawaiian landscape, until we crest a BLUFF to reveal... A MILITARY BASE. And a CHYRON locates us:

**"CAMP CASEY, DONGDUCHEON, SOUTH KOREA"**

**INT. KOREA - JOINT ROK/ US ARMY HQ - PITCH BLACK HOLDING CELL**

In BLACK -- sound of LOCKS sliding back -- KEYS turning -- a door OPENS and LIGHT floods in on a MAN. Squinting, unshaven. In black jumpsuit, sitting on the floor. **ANTON HESSE**, 30's, dark, short-cropped hair, olive skin Euro:

A MAN'S VOICE

Our prisoner's name is Anton  
Hesse --

As Hesse is pulled to his feet by THREE MP'S --

**INT. JOINT ROK/ US ARMY HQ - SITUATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

We're TIGHT on another face -- the face of a hero: **LIEUTENANT COMMANDER STEVE MCGARRETT**. More on him in a minute. He's giving a mission brief to ROK and US Military Personnel -- this is all shot LONG LENS, HANDHELD --

MCGARRETT

He and his brother Victor are  
responsible for more than two  
hundred civilian deaths --

McGarrett turns in profile and we RACK TO THE PLASMA behind him -- a file photo of **VICTOR HESSE**. We'll meet him soon.

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)

They provided intel and explosives  
used to bomb the American embassy  
in Jakarta --

SURVEILLANCE IMAGES FLASH across screens -- CCTV CLIP of a CAR BOMBING beside a building -- BODIES being body-bagged --

**INT. JOINT ROK/ US ARMY HQ - DETENTION CELL - CONTINUOUS**

Anton is being fully searched by one of the MP's as the other two over-watch. Checking mouth down to the feet --

MCGARRETT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The majority of their funding comes  
from the arms trade, and more  
recently, coordinating logistics  
for Human Trafficking organizations  
--

**INT. JOINT ROK/ US ARMY HQ - SITUATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

PLASMA NEWS CLIP -- Human trafficking. Horrific sight, deplorable conditions, young children:

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)

-- moving women and children for commercial, sexual and forced labor around the world. Anton handled the numbers side of it, Victor's the enforcer... and still operating.

**INT. JOINT ROK/ US ARMY HQ - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

LONG LENS: Anton shackled, hands and feet, the MPs escorting him down a large corridor to a set of double doors --

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)

We're transporting our package to Osan Air Base, then onto Diego Garcia -- I want him secured and in the air in two hours --

**EXT. JOINT ROK/ US ARMY HQ - LOADING DOCK - CONTINUOUS**

MUSIC -- MOMENTUM -- soldiers break to their vehicles and mount up -- two armored HMMWV's and a US ARMY M1126 ICV (Infantry Carrier Vehicle) STRYKER: an eight-wheeled, nine-passenger badass combat vehicle --

MCGARRETT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

-- the rest of the team will head to Naples, Victor's last known location. Let's move --

When Anton's led out, he and McGarrett lock eyes: mutual hatred. Anton's placed into the Stryker. McGarrett climbs in behind him -- rear ramp CLOSES -- the caravan pulls away --

**EXT. DONGDUCHEON, SOUTH KOREA - DAY**

SOARING over the highway as the MILITARY MOTORCADE chews road -- in column, Stryker number 2 --

**INT. M1126 STRYKER INFANTRY CARRIER VEHICLE ICV - DAY**

McGarrett sits across from Hesse and two MP's.

And now, a word about our hero: If you'd ask McGarrett's Naval Instructors at Annapolis for a recommendation, they'd say he's the best man for the job, only sometimes you don't want the best man if he won't listen to a word you say.

Anton just STARES at him with a strange expression:

ANTON

You don't look Hawaiian.

For all his cool, that catches McGarrett off guard: how does Anton know he's Hawaiian? As he leans in, dark, quiet:

MCGARRETT

You're gonna tell us everything.

ANTON

You were born there, right?

MCGARRETT

-- every buyer you've worked with, your trafficking associates --

ANTON

-- five years chasing me and my brother around the world, you think we didn't do our homework on you?

And then McGarrett's cell RINGS -- HARSH -- SUDDEN. He checks caller ID: "DAD".

ANTON (CONT'D)

You should really answer that... you don't talk to your father often enough.

Fear grips McGarrett's heart. What the hell is this? Anton gestures, almost casual: "Answer." Finally, he does --

MCGARRETT

Dad...

JAMES (O.S.)

Champ --

MCGARRETT

(thrown: "Champ?")  
You all right?

**INT. MCGARRETT HOME - HONOLULU, HAWAII - DAY**

We're TIGHT on the bruised and bloody face of **JAMES MCGARRETT** (sixties, ex Honolulu PD), phone pressed to his ear -- along with the BARREL of a CZECH-MADE CZ-TT .45 PISTOL:

JAMES

I don't know what's-- who're these people, Ste--?

-- now the phone's pulled away by **VICTOR HESSE** (mid-thirties), the man we saw in the briefing -- Anton's even deadlier brother -- and we WIDEN to reveal James bound to a chair in the kitchen:

HESSE

Now I know where you get it from -- you've got a tough old man here.

**INT. M1126 STRYKER INFANTRY CARRIER VEHICLE - INTERCUTTING:**

PUSH IN on McGarrett's face -- frozen:

MCGARRETT

If you hurt him I will f--

HESSE

That's not the way to go, Steve.  
Can I call you 'Steve'? Steve: I'm  
offering you a trade. Your father  
for my brother.

Steve's eyes SNAP UP to meet Anton's across from him -- maybe  
three feet away -- just grinning a big, fat "eat shit" grin.

HESSE (CONT'D)

All things considered, I'd say it's  
more than generous, wouldn't you?

McGarrett -- MOTION -- grabs a PAD from his cargo pocket and  
scribbles a NOTE:

**"CONTACT THE TOC, SEND HONOLULU PD TO MY FATHER'S HOUSE NOW"**

-- TEARS it off, hands it to an MP, who hands it to the  
VEHICLE COMMANDER -- the Commander looks at the note,  
confused -- MCGARRETT SNAPS HIS FINGERS URGENTLY: "Fucking do  
it!!" -- the Commander accesses the FBCB2 digital comm  
system, quickly sending the message via text --

MCGARRETT (INTO PHONE)

You're smart enough to know that's  
never gonna happen --

HESSE

Well I appreciate the compliment --  
are you? Smart enough?

MCGARRETT

You know how this works: even if I  
wanted to let him go, we don't  
negotiate with terrori --

**INT. MCGARRETT HOME - HONOLULU, HAWAII - INTERCUTTING:**

HESSE

-- make an exception. Family's...  
everything.

Behind Hesse, a tech weasel works a ruggedized military  
laptop on the kitchen table: **JOVAN ELTSIN**, late 20's, makes a  
"keep talking" gesture by swinging a finger --

ON THE LAPTOP SCREEN: A MAP -- SOUTH KOREAN TOPOGRAPHY -- a  
GREEN TRIANGLE keeps getting SMALLER as it locks onto the  
cell signal, triangulating the motorcade's location.

**INT. M1126 STRYKER INFANTRY CARRIER VEHICLE - INTERCUTTING:**

-- up front, the Vehicle Commander finishes a CALL and  
scribbles something on the other side of the paper McGarrett  
gave him: **"PD ON THE WAY... 10 MINUTES OR LESS."**

Little relief -- McGarrett -- mind racing -- knows he's gotta try something else -- anything -- switches gears:

**MCGARRETT**

Alright, look... look... don't do this. We can figure something out. But I'm not gonna negotiate like this --

**INT. MCGARRETT HOME - INTERCUTTING:**

BEEP BEEP BEEP: the laptop LOCKS ON to McGarrett's phone -- and a SATELLITE THERMAL IMAGE APPEARS -- we see the moving convoy in GRAYTONE and WHITE HOT SPOTS. Eltsin grabs a WALKIE, MURMURS to someone on the other line as McGarrett keeps talking to Hesse:

|   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>HESSE</p> <p>Oh, are we negotiating now?</p> | <p>ELTSIN (INTO RADIO)</p> <p>One to Ghost: I have them heading South along Highway 3 toward Uijeongbu --</p> |
|---|---|

**INT. M1126 STRYKER INFANTRY CARRIER VEHICLE - INTERCUTTING:**

MCGARRETT. Controlled fury -- but VULNERABLE. Scared. New territory for him:

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)

Kill him and you get nothing.

JAMES

Give me the phone.

Hesse looks over at JAMES in the chair, pleading:

JAMES (CONT'D)

Please. I can get him to help you.  
(beat, emotional)

He'll listen to me... he's my son.

Hesse considers -- his eyes shoot to Eltsin, who mouths: "30 SECONDS..." Hesse puts the gun and phone next to James' face again -- the old man wracked with fear, yeah, but something MORE: an insane GUILT he's been shouldering for a lifetime:

JAMES (CONT'D)

Listen to me, Champ --

MCGARRETT

-- I'm gonna get you out of there, okay, Dad? Don't worry--

JAMES

I'm sorry... I'm sorry I lied to you.

MCGARRETT

What're you talking about? Lied to me about what?

And now TEARS come to James' eyes -- trying not to break --

JAMES

I love you, Son.

McGarrett is STRUCK. Words he has rarely, if ever, heard from this man:

JAMES (CONT'D)

I didn't say it enough -- that's my fault, nor yours -- not Mary's -- tell her that --  
(looks up at Hesse)  
And whatever these people want...

Eltsin signals: "10 SECONDS..." James stares right down the barrel of Hesse's gun -- heartbroken, scared, but STRONG:

JAMES (CONT'D)

Don't give it to them. Don't you give it to them, you hear m--

-- WHACK! Hesse SKULL-CRACKS James, TOPPLING his chair sideways -- he lands HARD on the floor -- dazed, MOANING --

MCGARRETT

Dad?!!! Dad?!!!

HESSE

(into phone)  
NO MORE GAMES!!! I TOLD YOU  
WHAT I WANT!!!

MCGARRETT

I SWEAR TO GOD I WILL HUNT  
YOU DOWN AND KILL YOU, YOU  
SONOFABITCH!

But the line is DEAD. MCGARRETT SHAKING -- FURY -- THEN:  
Sound of ROTORS THUMPING. McGarrett looks up at Anton, who says -- simply:

ANTON

Boom.

**EXT. MOTORCADE - DAY**

-- "Boom" is an understatement: out of nowhere, a Chinese-made WZ-9 ATTACK HELICOPTER DROPS DOWN AND FIRES AN HJ-8 ANTI-TANK MISSILE. The lead VEHICLE is hit -- somersaults, on fire -- SLAMS back to earth in a horrendous impact!

**INT. MCGARRETT HOME - INTERCUTTING:**

SATELLITE COVERAGE OF THE ATTACK ON ELTSIN'S LAPTOP SCREEN:  
Hesse watches the STRYKER swerve, barely skis under a SECOND MISSILE which -- BOOM! -- KILLS everyone in the follow vehicle. WE SEE their WHITE HOT IMAGES strewn across the blast area, deathly still, "cooling off."

**INT. M1126 STRYKER - TRAVELING - DAY**

The Driver speeds up, using evasive wheelman techniques.

Vehicle Commander barks into a radio, calling in the attack. McGarrett grabs a bullet proof vest -- straps it on Anton. The two lock eyes. Anton just fucking GRINNING -- loving every second of this.

MCGARRETT

We need cover! Head for that draw!

The driver throws the wheel left and OFF THE ROAD --

**INT./EXT. WZ-9 HELICOPTER - MID-AIR - CONTINUOUS**

The KOREAN PILOT engages the RMS (Rocket Management System) --

PILOT'S POV -- THE HEADS UP DISPLAY: Brackets the Stryker heading off the road. Fires four HIGH ENERGY MAGNETIC ROCKETS. WHOOSH! WHOOSH! -- WHOOSH! WHOOSH!

**EXT. OFF ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

-- the rockets OPEN UP in front of the Stryker and DOZENS OF BOMBLETS mushroom out, LANDING on the road -- they BOUNCE across the asphalt --

As it passes over the bomblets, the Stryker's ARMOR ATTRACTS THE BOMBLETS, which JUMP toward the vehicle, MAGNETICALLY CLAMPING TO ITS HULL AND SIDES --

**INT. M1126 STRYKER - TRAVELING - CONTINUOUS**

The Driver jerks the wheel to the left -- then right -- trying to avoid the next volley --

**EXT. M1126 STRYKER - TRAVELING - CONTINUOUS**

But the BOMBLETS DETONATE -- not shrapnel, but HIGH-ENERGY PULSE BLASTS THAT SHORT OUT AND SHUT DOWN THE VEHICLE -- The Stryker rolls fast, with another swerve, clips on the right and TOPPLES ON ITS SIDE, SKIDDING HARD -- trailing SPARKS --

**INT. M1126 STRYKER - TRAVELING - CONTINUOUS**

The world is THROWN SIDEWAYS as everyone in the vehicle SLAMS into walls -- TUMBLING -- until it finally STOPS.

**EXT. WZ-9 HELICOPTER - MID-AIR - DAY**

For a moment, a split second really, all is still. The Stryker just sits there, like a crippled stagecoach about to be attacked.

The chopper HOVERS over the downed vehicle as... three EXTRACTION SOLDIERS fast rope to the ground --

**EXT. M1126 STRYKER - CONTINUOUS**

We're CLOSE on McGarrett -- dazed -- as he starts to pick himself up -- CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM and as we REORIENT, now realizing he's UPSIDE DOWN -- the roof of the Stryker has become the floor --

McGARRETT'S POV -- BLURRING IN AND OUT: We see people getting out of their cars, disoriented -- running scared -- and then he sees the EXTRACTION SOLDIERS LAND around the vehicle --

McGarrett reaches for Anton, grabs his flex cuffs and TORQUES his wrist -- Anton WINCES -- McGarrett SHOUTS to his men:

MCGARRETT  
MOVE OUT! TAKE POINT, I GOT HIM!

-- he grabs an M-4 out of the weapons rack as --

**EXT. M1126 STRYKER - ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

The three Extraction Soldiers move in on the Stryker -- WHAM: the back ramp flies open as McGarrett, his Driver, the vehicle commander and the two MP's leap out, GUNS BLAZING. As the MP's bound toward an outcropping of rocks, they're SHREDDED -- the Vehicle Commander makes it and lays down suppressive fire, killing one of the Extraction Team Members:

CLOSE ON MCGARRETT, crouched behind the downed Stryker --

HIS POV - THE HELICOPTER: Hovering over the road ahead -- POV WHIPS DOWN to one of the machine guns on the ground. Shielding Anton from the attack, McGarrett runs over and grabs the 240 -- aims it at the helicopter and OPENS FIRE with a stream of tracers --

THE HELICOPTER - AS BULLETS TEAR THROUGH ITS SIDE -- SMOKE starts to billow and the chopper VEERS OFF over the tree tops, damaged -- but it ain't over:

Rounds PEPPER the ground around McGarrett -- he scrambles to the other side of the Stryker, still pulling Anton -- Out of bullets, McGarrett tosses the machine gun and draws a SIG .40 cal from his hip -- peers out -- UNLOADS on the last soldier standing -- turning his back on Anton for a SPLIT-SECOND -- when he wheels back, he finds Anton GONE -- scrambling away -- grabbing a SIDEARM off the dead MP --

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)  
NO!!! DROP IT!!!

-- but Anton WHIRLS, turns the weapon on McGarrett -- no choice -- BLAM! BLAM! MCGARRETT FIRES FIRST -- shoots Anton in the chest, into the body armor -- knocking him back like the sack of shit that he is. McGarrett rushes the body -- checking the armor, finds the SECOND ROUND missed the armor plate and punctured Anton's chest. A last death gurgle -- COUGHING BLOOD --

And that's it... Anton Hesse is DEAD.

ON MCGARRETT. Mind tumbling, knowing with gut-wrenching certainty what this means -- as we PUSH IN ON HIM, backlit by the flames, the bodies, destruction.

RIIIIIING. He whirls -- the PHONE -- where? -- there, on the ground -- but McGarrett doesn't move. Just STARES. The phone sits there like a rattlesnake you do not want to go near. But he has to:

Finally picks it up. Hits "Answer." Puts it to his ear. Hand shaking. A look of pure dread.

HESSE (V.O.)  
What happened?

Impossible silence. The worst moment of McGarrett's life.

MCGARRETT  
Victor...

HESSE (V.O.)  
Put Anton on the phone.

A forever pause -- words catch in McGarrett's throat -- he can't bring himself to speak --

**INT. MCGARRETT HOME - INTERCUTTING:**

INTENSELY CLOSE ON HESSE -- eyes on the laptop. Only one **VIBRANT** HEAT SIGNATURE remains. Hesse knows what it means --

HESSE  
My brother's dead, isn't he?  
(rage + grief)  
ISN'T HE?

INTENSELY CLOSE ON MCGARRETT -- going insane -- tears flooding his eyes -- his silence confirms it --

HESSE (CONT'D)  
So is your father.

**BLAM!** AS MCGARRETT FLINCHES AT THE GUNSHOT -- WE SLAM TO THE MOMENT WE'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR:

A POUNDING RENDITION OF THE FIVE-0 THEME KICKS IN OVER A BREAKING WAVE -- mind-blowing, rapid fire IMAGES from the story you're about to see -- images that set the tone, introduce soon-to-be familiar faces, and showcase the islands of Hawaii -- it BUILDS and BUILDS until we SLAM TO:

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. SKY OVER PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY**

A MASSIVE USAF C-17 GLOBEMASTER TRANSPORT PLANE flies over the Pacific -- beginning its descent towards the Hawaiian islands. OVER THIS, Elvis Presley's "Rock-A-Hula" --

**INT. C-17 COCKPIT - MID-AIR**

-- BLASTING from a boombox. A vintage DASHBOARD HULA GIRL dances atop the instrument panel. As the crew prepares for final approach, McGarrett, in uniform, ducks in unannounced: **CAPTAIN DEMARCO** kills the music, stows the topless hula girl, as the rest of the crew lose their smiles --

MCGARRETT

At ease, Fellas.

MAJOR KNOWLES

Excuse us, Sir -- little ritual we do when we approach the islands.

MCGARRETT

Mind if I sit up here for landing?

MAJOR KNOWLES

Go right ahead.

McGarrett takes the jumpseat. As the plane breaks through clouds... THE ISLAND OF O'AHU IS REVEALED. McGarrett stares -- haunted. Old ghosts. The crew can sense this.

CPT. DEMARCO

Sir, how long since you've been home?

MCGARRETT

(beat, quietly)

I don't remember.

**EXT. HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE - O'AHU, HAWAII - DAY**

The C-17 hits the runway. TRACK as it taxis to a stop. The cargo bay door lowers and McGarrett dramatically steps out, DUFFEL over his shoulder. On a mission. Waiting for him is a black Suburban with official plates -- and **RICHARD FEENEY**, the Governor's young, eager Administrative Assistant:

RICHARD

Aloha! Commander McGarrett?

He offers a hand but McGarrett doesn't stop. Richard trails:

MCGARRETT

I don't know you.

RICHARD

Richard Feeny, I work for Governor Jameson. She'd like a word.

He gestures to SECURITY AGENTS in sunglasses waiting by the Suburban. Off McGarrett, knowing he isn't being asked --

**EXT. USS ARIZONA MEMORIAL - PEARL HARBOR - DAY**

TRACKING ALONG the memorial structure spanning the mid-section of the sunken battleship. Richard and the agents lead McGarrett past THE WALL OF HONOR. Names of men entombed here. One stands out -- "S. McGARRETT." His grandfather. McGarrett stares, confronting his family's legacy.

Up ahead, a LONE FIGURE approaches to meet him -- **GOVERNOR PAT JAMESON**, a rather beautiful woman in her early 40's; local Hawaiian with a Washingtonian's backbone, she's a unique mix of brilliance, grace, and compassion:

GOVERNOR JAMESON

Thank you for seeing me, Commander.  
(offers a hand; he shakes)  
I'm so sorry for your loss. There are no words to make this easy.

MCGARRETT

Is this about the investigation?

GOVERNOR JAMESON

We're doing everything we can. We have alerts out across all the islands.

MCGARRETT

All due respect, you're not going to find Victor Hesse with roadblocks and search warrants. He's gone underground until he can find a safe way to leave the island. Now why am I here?

GOVERNOR JAMESON

I'd like to help you get what you came for.  
(off his look)  
... let's walk.

And they do... against the endless ocean horizon...

GOVERNOR JAMESON (CONT'D)

You know as well as I do: When people think of us, it's beaches, Luau's, and Mai-Tais -- that goes for the wallets in Washington, until I reminded them our strategic importance hasn't changed since World War Two: these islands were

(MORE)

GOVERNOR JAMESON (CONT'D)  
the early warning and first line of  
defense against invading armies,  
only now we do it with  
international terrorists -- to say  
nothing of the drug smugglers,  
organized crime, human trafficking  
and prostitution -- it all comes  
through here first. Except we  
can't just close the roads and  
bridges when someone pulls the  
alarm -- we're surrounded by water  
in case you haven't noticed, and if  
the number eight arms dealer on  
Interpol's watch list can just slip  
in undetected and murder a police  
officer... it's time for a game-  
changer.

(stops walking)  
Your father's death was a wake-up  
call -- I can't afford to wait for  
the next appropriations bill to  
pass: I'm putting together a task  
force. I want you to run it.

MCGARRETT  
... you don't even know me.

GOVERNOR JAMESON  
I know your resume. Annapolis.  
Navy SEALS. Four years as a  
special investigator. Then five  
with Naval Intelligence. I can't  
think of anyone bett--

MCGARRETT  
Okay, lemme stop you right there:  
I've been tracking Victor Hesse for  
five years. His reach is far and  
wide, his sources are well hidden --  
the man's a ghost, like I've never  
seen in my career -- if he was bold  
enough to surface, I promise you  
he's already planned an exit  
strategy and he knows I know it --  
which means I can barely even  
afford the hour it'll take to bury  
my father, let alone stand here  
talking to you.

With that, he turns and starts to go...

GOVERNOR JAMESON  
According to the Director of Naval  
Intelligence, you've taken extended  
leave -- I assume that's because  
the military isn't in the revenge  
business?

That STOPS him. He turns back, eyes narrow.

GOVERNOR JAMESON (CONT'D)

Well I am. And going up against Hesse as a vigilante is a mistake. At worst, it'll get you killed -- at best, incarcerated -- either way, your father will have died for nothing. So what I'm offering you isn't just common sense, it's a chance to go get the sonofabitch... with complete immunity and means.

MCGARRETT

Lady, I'm not a cop.

GOVERNOR JAMESON

I'm not talking badges and sirens. I'm talking results. A federalized unit empowered by the Patriot act, with full blanket authority to hunt big game and get 'em the hell off my island. Your rules, my backing, no red tape.

(beat)

And I promise you, Commander, what you see with me is what you get.

He looks at her, steps closer -- shakes his head:

MCGARRETT

Here's what I see: an election year coming up and a politician who needs the PR -- who's willing to do whatever it takes... including bringing me here to Pearl Harbor, where my grandfather was killed -- knowing I'd have to walk past his name on that wall -- the same name my father gave me -- and feel compelled to fulfill my family destiny. That about right?

GOVERNOR JAMESON

(beat; a touch of emotion now)

None of that makes me feel any less responsible.

And he sees she means it. A real person here. But it doesn't change McGarrett's resolve:

MCGARRETT

Pass.

GOVERNOR JAMESON

Just think about it. Please. Mahalo.

She hands him her card, goes. McGarrett can't deny he's a little impressed by her. But fuck it. He starts to move --

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
She's a smart lady, that one...

McGarrett wheels -- as **CHIN HO KELLY** (50s) approaches, Ex-Honolulu Police Detective turned Federal Security Guard. Something FAMILIAR to McGarrett, he SOFTENS...

MCGARRETT  
I know you...

CHIN  
You better: Chin Ho Kelly. I worked with your father in the 7th. Back in the day, he made me go to your little league games when he was working. I was your biggest fan.

Chin pulls McGarrett into a BEAR HUG; McGarrett GRINS:

MCGARRETT  
I remember. You were very loud.

CHIN  
Big lungs.

MCGARRETT  
And good ears.

CHIN  
Yeah, sorry about that. Old habit from my last job. You know... see and hear everything.

MCGARRETT  
Looks like you've moved on to greener pastures.

CHIN  
(a chuckle)  
Thanks for putting it that way.

MCGARRETT  
I'm sorry, I didn't m--

CHIN  
-- no, you're right. Let's just say the Honolulu PD and I had a disagreement over my job description.  
(beat)  
Your father understood. He was very good to me after I was let go; stayed my friend and I know it cost him something. Only wish I could pay some of that loyalty back. But now that you're here, maybe you can do something.

MCGARRETT  
What do you mean?

CHIN

I hear the brilliant minds calling  
the shots put a Haole on your  
father's murder investigation.

MCGARRETT

What do you know about this guy?

CHIN

Not much. Word is he's fresh meat  
from the mainland, which means he  
has no clue how the island works.

**INT./EXT. HPD UNMARKED SEDAN - DIAMOND HEAD ESTATE - DAY**

The man they're talking about, **DET. DANNY WILLIAMS**, is parked outside a palatial ocean view gated estate in Diamond Head. Danny's ex-Baltimore PD, real working man in paradise. Only guy on the island without a tan and always looks like he slept in his clothes. Next to him, in the passenger seat, sits a brand new stuffed animal -- a PINK BUNNY RABBIT. He skims the MCGARRETT CASE FILE as he talks on a cell:

DANNY

-- I need a warrant write-up for a  
surveillance wire on a suspect in  
connection to the James McGarrett  
murder. Suspect name is Frank  
Doran... D-O-R-A-N...

(the gates start to OPEN)

Terrific, call me back --

He hangs up and gets out, greets the 7-YEAR OLD GIRL walking down the driveway, wearing a backpack and carrying a small cage with a REAL PET RABBIT inside. This is Danny's daughter **GRACE WILLIAMS**. The only reason he smiles occasionally.

DANNY (CONT'D)

'Morning, sunshine.

GRACE

Hi daddy.

DANNY

Who's this?

GRACE

Mr. Hoppy. Stan bought him for me  
for animal show and tell.

Danny keeps his emotions in check, but we see the hitch, feeling like he's always coming up short.

DANNY

That's great... we better go. We  
don't want Mr. Hoppy to be late for  
his first day of school.

As they get to the car, Danny manages to toss his Pink Bunny into the back seat before Grace can see it. They drive off --  
BAGPIPES FADING IN OVER --

**EXT. HONOLULU STREET - DAY**

Funeral procession. Street lined with civilians and cops in dress blues, saluting. McGarrett and his younger sister, **MARY ANN MCGARRETT**, walk behind the hearse carrying their father's flag-draped coffin. Mary wears shades, we presume to hide her grief. Multiple bracelets and nose stud betray her punky roots. There's silent TENSION between them -- troubled history now forced back into the present.

McGarrett, for his part, seems anxious, distracted, eyes scanning faces. Does not allow himself time to grieve. Further up the road -- standing apart from the cops -- McGarrett notices CHIN HO KELLY paying his last respects.

**EXT. NATIONAL MEMORIAL CEMETERY OF THE PACIFIC - LATER**

Belly of the Punchbowl Crater. Post funeral. Last MOURNERS drift away. As McGarrett accepts condolences from a couple, he gets distracted by Mary, too-loudly FLIRTING with a group of cops. LAUGHING. It could not feel more inappropriate.

McGarrett leaves the couple and heads for his sister, gently but firmly takes her by the arm:

MCGARRETT

Scuze us, Gentlemen --

He pulls her to a secluded spot. She YANKS her arm away from him, like an annoyed teenager -- this goes to "11" FAST:

MARY

What --

-- nothing --

-- No --

-- you really wanna do this  
now? Here?

MCGARRETT

-- what'd you take?

-- take off your sunglasses--

-- you were never a good  
liar --

-- well, we could wait  
another three or four years  
before we see each other  
again.

She takes off the shades to look him in the eye. Yeah, she's stoned -- and PISSED:

MARY

It's a skill, you know? Starting a conversation this badly. How 'bout: "Hi, Little Sister, how's LA? How's work?" Y'know, like a person -- not a military drone --

MCGARRETT

You came to his funeral high.

MARY

It's a Vicodin, why should I have to justify anything to you?

MCGARRETT

I dunno, Mary, maybe because I'm the one who let dad go to his grave believing you were his perfect little girl. You called me when you got arrested, you called me when you went to rehab -- and I'm glad you did, but don't pretend I'm overstepping my bounds now when I'm trying to keep you from embarrassing yourself.

(then)

How's LA?

MARY

(struck, quietly)

... traffic sucks....

MCGARRETT

How's work.

MARY

Got fired.

MCGARRETT

Sorry.

For a beat, it's quiet. Mary exhales and sits on a bench. Pause, then McGarrett sits beside her. Staring at the gave.

MARY

(sad smirk)

Last time we were alone with dad together was mom's funeral... guess this is how we do family reunions.

Hear the pain in that, but anger too. He stares off.

MCGARRETT

He wanted me to tell you... that he loved you, Mar. That he should've said it more. And he was sorry.

MARY

For what? Shutting down completely? Shipping us away when we were teenagers? It's a little late.

MCGARRETT

(looks off, troubled...)

He said something else... you ever remember him calling me "champ?"

MARY  
 "Champ?" And he apologized?  
 You sure it was dad?

MCGARRETT  
 It wasn't a normal apology. It was  
 like a... confession.

She knows her big brother won't rest til he's solved this...

MARY  
 You're gonna get the guy who killed  
 him. Aren't you.

He looks up at her. His eyes say "yes." And her voice  
 CRACKS a little, a thousand emotions pushing to the surface --

MARY (CONT'D)  
 Do me a favor? Hurt him.

Brother and Sister lock eyes: at least this they agree on.

**EXT. MCGARRETT HOME - 404 PIIKOI STREET - DAY**

A TAXI rolls up. McGarrett gets out, in civvies, duffel in hand. Been a long time since he's laid eyes on the place. Ducks under the crime scene tape to the backyard -- finds an old PLANTER by the back door. Underneath there's a KEY --

**INT. GARAGE - MCGARRETT HOME - DAY**

-- McGarrett uses it to let himself in. Turns on the lights -- and there she is -- his father's pride and joy, a 1968 MERCURY BROUGHAM. Tarp partially rolled back, a restoration project forever. Suddenly, we FLASH CUT TO:

**INT. MCGARRETT HOME - GARAGE - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

**SIX-YEAR OLD STEVE MCGARRETT** by his proud **FATHER'S** side -- as they circle the old beater --

JAMES  
 Feast your eyes -- The Park Lane  
 Brougham. Mercury's flagship  
 vehicle. Steve, we're going to  
 make her cherry and when the time  
 comes, she's yours.

RESUME MCGARRETT. His face. He's just fed the fire.

**INT. KITCHEN - MCGARRETT HOME - DAY**

Light pops on: BLOOD STAINS SCREAM AT US from the already-processed crime scene. McGarrett just stands there a beat. Sick. Then:

**JUMP CUTS:** McGarrett conducts his own investigation. Using directionality of the blood spatter, he stands where Hesse shot his father. Looks to the wall. Sees more spatter.

Nearby, he spots a partial BLOODY SHOE PRINT. McGarrett measures it against his own shoe. Smaller. Cause for concern. Uses his iPhone to SNAP A PHOTO -- then notices something odd about the cluttered kitchen table across the room -- one area looks like someone made room for something -- and the chair is slightly backed away. This space is away from all the blood, not processed by crime scene.

McGarrett considers, opens his duffel for his laptop -- holds it over the small, empty space on the counter: perfect fit.

McGarrett mimics the same position -- gets an idea -- on a shelf, lined up, are PINEWOOD DERBY CARS. Pristine. His father's hobby. Grabs a tube of "Hob-e-Lube" dry graphite lubricant powder -- SQUEEZES the tube coating the table and BLOWS lightly:

The dust causes two PALM PRINTS to materialize at the edge of the table! McGarrett snaps photos. Speed dials a NUMBER:

**INT. NAVY OPERATIONS CENTER - NO LOCATION - DAY**

TRACK FAST through the NAVCENT OPERATIONS CENTER teeming with Intel and Tactical Officers manning various workstation -- NO REVEAL OF WHERE WE ARE YET -- as we STOP ON LT. CATHERINE ROLLINS (30), smart and beautiful, manning an INTEL PROCESSING NODE. BING: she receives an EMAIL on her console, non-navy. Email ID shows a photo of MCGARRETT, smiling against a tropical backdrop -- a picture surely taken during off-hours. She reads: "**NEED YOUR HELP. CAN YOU TALK?**" Turns to her enlisted COUNTERPART next to her:

CATHERINE  
Cover for me? Head call.

**EXT. US NAVAL FORCES CENTRAL COMMAND HQ - BAHRAIN - DAY**

Catherine emerges from the front doors of her building, passes under the caption on the building -- **US NAVY CENTRAL COMMAND HQ, US FIFTH FLEET**. We are in the Persian Gulf -- hot, bright and everything a desert tone. Once clear of the building she dials -- RINGING -- then:

MCGARRETT  
Hey, Sailor --

CATHERINE  
I read about your dad in the Red  
Cross burst messages... God, Steve,  
I'm so sorry...

**INT. MCGARRETT HOME - INTERCUTTING:**

An INTIMACY between these two we'll come to understand as our show progresses -- for now:

MCGARRETT  
I need your help.

CATHERINE

Anything --

MCGARRETT

I'm e-mailing you two palm prints,  
can you run them against the CIA  
database and see what turns up?  
Has to stay out of the system.

CATHERINE

CIA files aren't normal flash  
traffic -- could raise some flags.

MCGARRETT

Try. You get my flowers?

CATHERINE

Persian Gulf's a little outside the  
Conroy's delivery zone--

PING! A PHOTO OF ROSES appears on her phone. She SMILES:

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

You're like the good-looking guy in  
high school who knows how cute he  
is, and won't take no for an  
answer.

MCGARRETT

Next time I'll give 'em to you in  
person. Promise.

CATHERINE

Gimme a few hours.  
(then, soft concern)  
Steve... I know what you're  
doing... please be careful.

The moment lingers -- then he hangs up. Leaves --

**INT. GARAGE - MCGARRETT HOME - DAY**

-- same way he came in -- through the garage -- Taking it all  
in one last time: the tools, the clutter, a man's workplace.  
And then he stops. Suddenly. Because he sees something on  
the shelf that he was totally unprepared for... an old  
toolbox with a faded CHAMPION SPARK PLUG logo -- but "CHAMP"  
is the only thing legible after years of use.

McGarrett pulls the box off the shelf. Opens it. Inside is AN  
OLD KEY and a stack of crime scene photos: the aftermath of a  
car bomb. All of them are marked with a date that means  
something to McGarrett. His mind spins -- what is all this?

Then -- a FLOORBOARD CREAKS. Someone's in the house.  
 McGarrett quick-draws his automatic, pins himself to the wall  
 -- finger on the trigger -- ready to kill the intruder as he  
 comes around the corner -- TENSION -- and when he does, it's:

DANNY! GLOCK OUT. FRANTIC, OVERLAPPING:

|   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>DANNY</p> <p><u>Don't move</u> -- !<br/>       -- who the hell're <u>you</u>?</p> <p>-- Detective Danny Williams,<br/>       Honolulu PD, put your gun<br/>       away --</p> <p>-- you show me yours --</p> <p>-- <u>well I'm not either</u> --</p> | <p>MCGARRETT</p> <p>-- <u>who are you</u>?!<br/>       -- Commander Steve McGarrett,<br/>       this is my father's house --</p> <p>-- no, you put <u>your</u> gun away<br/>       and let me see your ID --<br/>       -- <u>I'm not putting my gun</u><br/> <u>down</u> --</p> |
|---|--|

Pause -- eye lock -- neither gun lowering --

MCGARRETT

Fine: don't put your gun down, just  
 use your free hand to pull out your  
 ID --

DANNY

After you --

MCGARRETT

At the same time --

DANNY

On three: one... two... three...

And they MOVE in tandem -- slowly -- drawing wallets -- now  
 both aiming guns and ID's at each other. The truth verified,  
 each holsters their weapon...

DANNY (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry about your father,  
 but you can't be here -- it's still  
 an active crime scene --

MCGARRETT

Doesn't seem that active.

DANNY

I can't share information with you.

MCGARRETT

Then I'll share some with you:  
 Hesse wasn't here alone -- someone  
 was sitting at the kitchen table  
 working on a laptop when my father  
 was murdered.

(MORE)

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)

There was space cleared on the counter, size of a 13 inch Macbook pro, and my father hated computers.

DANNY

Look, you need to leave now --

McGarrett nods, picks up the CHAMP box and heads out --

DANNY (CONT'D)

You can't take that, you know everything's evidence --

MCGARRETT

(bold lie)

I came with this.

DANNY

No you didn't, I can see the dust void it left on the shelf. What're you hiding in there -- ?

MCGARRETT

(dodging)

How long have you been with Honolulu PD?

DANNY

None of your damn business, Barbara Walters --

MCGARRETT

It is if you're investigating my father's death --

DANNY

I'd really like to get back to that, so the sooner you leave, the sooner I can get on with it --

MCGARRETT

Anything you say.

Again, McGarrett starts to walk out with the box:

DANNY

Leave the box, or get arrested.

MCGARRETT

You gonna call for backup?

DANNY

An ambulance.

Stare off. Finally, McGarrett puts the box down.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

MCGARRETT

Don't thank me yet --

-- as he's pulling the Governor's card from his pocket,  
dialing his cell -- punches in the number -- waits --

MCGARRETT (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Governor Jameson, please...

MCGARRETT

Tell her it's Steve  
McGarrett...

DANNY

(a chuckle)  
Yeah, right.

McGarrett just grins to Danny: "Be with you in a sec" --

MCGARRETT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'll take the job...

(with a look to  
the Champ box)

Let's just say I found something  
that changed my mind.

(listens, then)

Immediately. But on one condition  
-- when the time comes, I don't  
want to hear the words "red tape"  
or "I'll get back to you." That  
bureaucratic bullshit does not work  
with me.

(long beat)

Are you serious? Right now?

Danny staring. The hell's happening? A little sheepishly,  
McGarrett raises his right hand. Takes the Oath of Honor:

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)

I, Stephen J. McGarrett, do  
solemnly declare upon my honor and  
conscience that I will act at all  
times to the best of my ability and  
knowledge in a manner befitting an  
officer of the law. I will  
faithfully obey the orders of my  
superiors and will be ready to  
confront danger in the line of  
duty.

(for Danny; ultra-cheery)

Thank you, Governor.

(hangs up)

Now it's my crime scene.

And with a flourish, he sweeps up the CHAMP BOX and heads  
OUT, leaving a stunned and furious Danny --

**SLAM TO BLACK.**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

**FADE IN:**

**INT. HONOLULU POLICE DEPT - LATER**

SEE DANNY behind closed doors with his boss, **CAPTAIN HOOKANO**  
-- Danny argues to keep his case, **LOUD** and **ANGRY**:

DANNY (O.S.)  
-- I don't care who he is, I'm  
working a solid lead here, making  
progress -- and I don't like being  
benched for some gung-ho Jarhead --

FIND MCGARRETT outside, listening. Finally, Danny storms  
out, looks surprised to see McGarrett -- who **GRINS**:

MCGARRETT  
"Jarhead's" slang for Marine. I'm  
Navy. You wanna insult me, call me  
a "Squid."

Danny throws him the case file --

DANNY  
Knock yourself out, Squid.

Off he goes, to his desk. Finds a gift waiting for him: a  
tube of **INSTANT TAN** wrapped in a bow. Looks over to  
**DETECTIVE BEN KOKUA** and the cluster of fellow Det's nearby,  
chuckling --

DETECTIVE KOKUA  
In case you need to go undercover,  
brah.

DANNY  
Wow. That is funny. Sun tan  
lotion, how'd you think of that?

DETECTIVE KOKUA  
You got some time on your hands  
now, solve it.

Danny watches as the Detectives drift off together, a  
camaraderie Danny's not a part of... and never will be. He  
chucks the tube in the garbage and leaves the precinct,  
hating his job right now -- **KICKS** a trash can on the way out.

RACK FOCUS to McGarrett, having witnessed this. Behind him,  
Hookano has appeared in the doorway, beckoning...

MCGARRETT  
What do you think of him?

As they enter...

**INT. CAPTAIN HOOKANO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

CAPTAIN HOOKANO  
Bad temper, good cop. Probably  
best they had in Baltimore: Medal  
of Honor, bravery in the line of  
duty -- but that don't make his job  
easier here.

MCGARRETT  
You don't seem bothered by that.

Hookano sits at his desk, leans the chair back:

CAPTAIN HOOKANO  
He's got an attitude that doesn't  
wear well. Things run a little  
different here. Some of the guys  
work in their own time zone -- they  
call it "Island Time." You either  
adjust to it or you don't.  
(offhanded shrug)  
I give him a year before he quits.

There's a "prejudiced" quality that McGarrett -- despite not  
knowing Danny, despite not even really liking Danny -- finds  
himself reacting to on Danny's behalf:

MCGARRETT  
And would that year be in "island  
time"?

Hookano looks at McGarrett -- now not liking him either.  
McGarrett holds the look, steely:

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)  
He said he was working a solid  
lead... what was it?

**EXT. HONOLULU CLUB MOTEL - PALOLO, HAWAII - DAY**

A \$49-a-night-park-by-the-door nestled in the lush Palolo  
Valley. Neon blinks VACANCY. MCGARRETT pulls into the  
parking lot -- JUMP CUT TO ROOM 47. He KNOCKS. A beat --  
the door opens: DANNY. Sees McGarrett, case file in hand:

DANNY  
What do you want?

MCGARRETT  
You requested a wire put on someone  
named Frank Doran. Tell me about  
him.

DANNY  
( "go away" )  
I got a pot pie in the microwave.

MCGARRETT  
Sounds mouth-watering.

Beat: against his instincts, Danny lets McGarrett in --

**INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

A lonely little pit: king bed and a neatly-made kid-size cot. Clothes still in the suitcase. Empty six packs. Old take-out. McGarrett picks up a framed photo of Danny's daughter:

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)

Your kid?

DANNY

Stunning detective work.

MCGARRETT

You don't really let her stay with you here, do you?

DANNY

What are you, Nanny 911?

He snatches back the photo. Sets it down. McGarrett opens the case file, pulls a mugshot: **FRANK DORAN**. Real lowlife.

MCGARRETT

So who's this guy Doran?

DANNY

Suspected arms dealer: two years in Maui Correctional for weapons possession. Currently a person of interest in an unrelated homicide, but the weapon was never found.

MCGARRETT

What's he have to do with my father's case?

DANNY

When I ran a ballistics comparison on the bullet that killed your dad, I got a hit to the Doran investigation. I think the first thing Hesse did when he got to the island was get his hands on a gun. Only I couldn't figure out why he'd hook up with a small fish like Doran... then I realized: small fish are harder to trace.

MCGARRETT

That's Hesse's M.O. -- less linkage. But since it hasn't even been 48 hours, maybe Doran still knows where he is -- let's go talk to him.

DANNY

Are you suffering from dementia?  
This isn't my case anymore.

MCGARRETT

I need you to help me cover more  
ground --

DANNY

Honolulu PD has over two thousand  
badges to choose from, I'm sure  
you'll--

MCGARRETT

You transferred in from Baltimore  
six months ago, so your eye's still  
fresh -- the take-out food, clothes  
still in a suitcase; you tell  
yourself this isn't permanent --

DANNY

Hey, guess what? My annual psych  
eval's not for six months --

MCGARRETT

-- single bed and no ring on your  
finger, obviously moved here to be  
close to your daughter. Which  
means between visits, all you got  
is your job, so you take pride in  
it; and your Captain, who seems  
like a pain in the ass, thinks  
you're good. That's what I'm  
looking for.

DANNY

Except guys like you think they  
know how to do everything better.  
And that just makes my job harder.

MCGARRETT

You got no choice, Detective. The  
Governor gave me jurisdiction and  
I'm making you my partner.

DANNY

I don't work partners.

MCGARRETT

You do now.  
(CHUCKS Danny's shoulder)  
We're gonna get along great.

And out he goes, leaving Danny to stew. BING goes the  
microwave: the pot pie's ready.

**INT. DANNY'S UNMARKED SEDAN - TRAVELLING**

McGarrett's shotgun, Danny drives with a scowl. His cell RINGS -- "THE THEME FROM 'PSYCHO.'" Danny hits "ignore."

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)

Take it your marriage didn't end well.

DANNY

It would've if my ex hadn't remarried the Pineapple King of Waimea and dragged my daughter to this hellhole.

MCGARRETT

You don't like the beach?

DANNY

I don't like the beach.

MCGARRETT

Who doesn't like the beach?

DANNY

I like cities. Skyscrapers. Land lock. No tsunamis. No jellyfish.

MCGARRETT

... tell me you know how to swim...

DANNY

I know how to swim, I just choose not too. I swim for survival, not for fun.

(his cell RINGS)

Yeah --

(abruptly shifts gears)

Oh, hey baby, sorry, I thought it was your mom. I'm so glad everyone liked Mr. Hoppy... Yeah, I'm excited to see you this weekend too. We're gonna have fun. Bye, baby... Danno loves you.

MCGARRETT

(as Danny hangs up)  
Danno?

DANNY

Forget it.

PULL BACK and follow them down the Farrington Highway -- along the rugged coastline. Ending up at --

**EXT. FRANK DORAN'S MOBILE HOME - DAY**

Real shithole near Ewa Beach. Meth labs and white trash.

**INT. DANNY'S UNMARKED SEDAN - DAY**

Danny parks, eyeballs the perimeter. Bad feeling.

MCGARRETT

-- you coming?

DANNY

Doran's a shooter and I don't like this place. We shouldn't be doing this without back-up.

MCGARRETT

You're my back-up...

Before Danny can respond -- McGarrett is out the door. Shit.

**EXT. FRANK DORAN'S MOBILE HOME - DAY**

Danny catches up to McGarrett, says low, sharp:

DANNY

Cowboy. Slow down...

They approach the front door -- HEAR shouting inside -- two people fighting -- then suddenly, the door opens and Doran's girlfriend storms out, catching our heroes off-guard. This is **JAYCEE**, ex-arm candy turned sun bleached junkie. Danny instinctively GRABS her, slaps his hand across her mouth, stopping her from warning --

**INT. FRANK DORAN'S MOBILE HOME - DAY**

-- **FRANK DORAN**, who comes storming out of the bedroom:

DORAN

Where do you think you're going, Jaycee? Get your ass back in here! You hear me?

He looks to the half-open door. It's quiet out there. Maybe too quiet. Paranoia takes over. Something's not right.

DORAN (CONT'D)

Jaycee -- ?

No response. Doran sees shadows out there. Oh shit. Quickly moves across the room, pulls a CAR-15 ASSAULT RIFLE from under a couch. Flips the safety selector to "Auto" --

**EXT. FRANK DORAN'S MOBILE HOME - DAY**

Jaycee BITES Danny's hand -- breaks free -- runs back inside:

JAYCEE

Cops!

**INT. FRANK DORAN'S MOBILE HOME - DAY**

Doran SQUEEZES A WILD BURST at the first thing that comes through the door -- and it's JAYCEE. She's cut down.

**EXT. FRANK DORAN'S MOBILE HOME - DAY**

Our heroes duck the assault -- but not before Danny drops, bleeding, GRAZED in the shoulder. As McGarrett makes his way over -- Doran unloads on a side window: GLASS EXPLODES. Doran splits into a side alley --

DANNY  
Go! Get him!

**EXT. SIDE ALLEY - DAY**

DORAN -- RUNNING -- FAST, FRENETIC -- blazes across the alley -- a wild dash into a neighbors house -- SHOULDER CRASHES through the front door -- McGarrett chases after him --

**INT. HOUSE UNDER CONSTRUCTION - DAY**

-- Comes in full stride. Place is empty. Under renovation. TRACK McGarrett and Doran as they duck and move through a maze of tools and supplies -- trading fire. McGarrett dodges a barrage as he RUNS OUT OF BULLETS. Gun CLICKING crazily on empty. Shit. He scrambles -- loses Doran -- takes cover in a side room. Trapped now. Trying not to breathe -- face streaked with sweat -- eyes constantly moving -- searching.

Doran stalks McGarrett. Dumps an empty clip. Quietly reloads. Getting warmer. McGarrett needs a weapon -- something -- anything. He lands on tools and supplies left behind. A plan is forming: he unscrews a LIGHT BULB -- fast -- quietly CRUSHES IT -- sprinkles the glass around the perimeter. Next, he grabs a box of NAIL GUN LOADS. Removes one. Moves to a dolly. Pulls off a wheel, empties the ball bearings into his hand.

Now he hears -- CRUNCH! CRUNCH! It's Doran approaching. McGarrett QUICKLY affixes the bearing to the tip of the load with electrical tape -- JAMS the make-shift round into the chamber of his gun: HE'S JUST QUICK-BUILT A BULLET OUT OF NAIL GUN CHARGE AND BALL BEARING.

And JUST IN TIME as Doran WHEELS around the corner and McGarrett FIRES! BLAM! Doran SLAMS into the wall -- belly leaking blood -- still doesn't stop him from moving --

**EXT. ALLEY - DAY**

-- Doran busts from the house, leaving a trail of blood. McGarrett on his heels -- they emerge from the alley -- running across Kuhina Street -- Cars SKID -- Doran looks back -- sees McGARRETT thirty yards behind -- Doran FIRES over a car, McGarrett can't fire back -- he's got no bullets --

**EXT. EWA BEACH - DAY**

People DODGE, SCREAM and DUCK as Doran blazes down Fort Weaver Road -- McGarrett, half a block behind -- running full-tilt through the crowd -- no way to get a clear shot.

Up ahead -- EWA BEACH PARK -- Doran cuts through -- Lei-wearing TOURISTS run -- SHRIEKING -- Doran grabs a FEMALE TOURIST and uses her as his shield --

DORAN  
PUT YOUR GUN DOWN!

McGarrett hesitates -- The Woman, terrified, SOBBING --

DORAN (CONT'D)  
YOU DON'T THINK I'LL DO IT?!!

As McGarrett puts down his gun -- BLAM! DORAN COLLAPSES. DEAD. McGarrett, stunned, turns to where the shot came from -- and there's Danny. Shaken. McGarrett grabs the screaming Woman and holds her as MUSIC RINGS OUT TO:

**EXT. EWA BEACH TRAILER PARK - DAY**

Hectic aftermath. Movement everywhere. HPD CRUISERS and CORONER arrive. Danny is getting patched up by EMS.

**INT. FRANK DORAN'S MOBILE HOME - DAY**

WHIP PAN TO MCGARRETT, alone, searching for clues, connecting Doran to Hesse. He HEARS a noise coming from the bedroom closet. Two deadbolts on the door. McGarrett draws his Sig, cautiously unlocks the door -- finds a terrified **14-YEAR-OLD GIRL** crouched in the dark. Chinese refugee turned sex slave. She flinches, recoiling, a wounded animal protecting itself --

MCGARRETT  
It's okay... I'm not gonna hurt you...

He kneels. Regards her tenderly. The fresh track marks on her arms, soiled clothes hanging off her starved frame.

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)  
What's your name?  
(she stares, shakes her head, he tries MANDARIN)  
What's your name?

She finally speaks, her mouth dry, words barely a whisper:

GIRL  
... Chen-chi...

**EXT. FRANK DORAN'S MOBILE HOME - DAY**

As the EMS finish bandaging Danny's arm, he sees McGarrett exit and hand Chen-Chi off to two HPD Officers --

MCGARRETT  
(in Mandarin/subtitled)  
-- go with them. They'll take good care of you. We'll find your parents. I promise...

CHEN-CHI  
Thank you.

He watches her go -- then moves to Danny --

MCGARRETT

She says she was smuggled from China four days ago on a cargo ship with her parents and a couple hundred refugees, but when she got here, she was traded to Doran --

DANNY

Y'know, this is typically where you'd kiss my ass for saving your life.

MCGARRETT

You shot our only lead --

DANNY

-- you've gotta be kidding me --

MCGARRETT

-- if these same guys are moving people out of Asia, they could've smuggled Hesse into Hawaii--

DANNY

Hey: you took a stupid risk -- I am not getting myself killed for your vendetta. I have a daughter for chrissakes.

And he starts to walk off, furious --

MCGARRETT

That girl in there, she's someone's daughter too.

That STOPS Danny in his tracks. He turns, narrow-eyed:

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)

What if she was yours? Is there anything you wouldn't do? To hunt down the sonofabitch that did that to her? And kill him?

And despite his indignation, his instinct to flee, Danny can't argue this one. McGarrett comes closer --

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)

You don't have to like me -- but right now? There's no one else to do this job.

EYE-LOCK. Off this stalemate:

**INT. DANNY'S UNMARKED SEDAN - TRAVELING**

Heavy silence. Danny two-hands the wheel, driving down the shoreline. Surly. McGarrett attempts to make an inroad:

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)  
... how's the shoulder?

DANNY  
Let's not talk.

MCGARRETT  
Right now? Or ever again?

DANNY  
Both.

Silence.

MCGARRETT  
Can I just say one thing?

DANNY  
If you wanna piss me off.

MCGARRETT  
... hm. I think I know why your wife left you. You're very sensitive.

DANNY  
... Sensitive? When'd you notice? When a bullet was tearing through my flesh? Is that when I seemed sensitive to you? Look, I'm real happy you're not afraid of anything -- that you got that GI JOE thousand yard stare from chasing shoe-bombers around the world -- but civilized society has rules, it's the unspoken glue that separates us from hyenas and jackals --

MCGARRETT  
-- hyenas and jackals?

DANNY  
The animal kingdom, whatever, and rule number one is: if you get someone shot, you apologize --

MCGARRETT  
(quietly)  
I'm sorry.

DANNY  
(on a roll, not hearing)  
-- you don't wait for a special occasion like a birthday or Christmas or President's Day --

MCGARRETT  
I said I'm sorry. Sincerely.  
(Danny looks at him)  
That's what I wanted to tell you. Last year. When this conversation first started.

There's a pause. Danny straightens his tie:

DANNY  
Your apology is noted. Acceptance  
is pending.

He says this with a straight face -- but there's a little  
glint in his eye.

MCGARRETT  
You'll let me know.

And finally, despite himself, Danny sort of SMIRKS. The ice  
is breaking...

DANNY  
That girl you found... how old was  
she?

MCGARRETT  
Thirteen... fourteen...

DANNY -- ANGRY as this hits home, regains a sense of purpose.

DANNY  
How's she connect to Hesse?

MCGARRETT  
He made a lot of money in the human  
trafficking business, so he's got  
ties to the world. Which means he  
could've used those connections to  
smuggle himself into Hawaii.

DANNY  
You're talking organized crime on a  
federal level --

MCGARRETT  
Governor gave us her umbrella -- if  
this thing goes Federal, it's still  
our case.

DANNY  
Even if we do find out who let  
Hesse in through the back door, if  
they're local, no one in that  
world's going to help two guys that  
look like you and me.

MCGARRETT  
I think I know someone they might  
talk to...

**INT. SECURITY OFFICES - PEARL HARBOR - DAY**

ON CHIN HO KELLY, in full blown interrogation mode:

CHIN  
Let's cut to the chase: you and I  
both know what went down here --

REVERSE TO REVEAL a very scared 8-year old BOY. A souvenir  
USS ARIZONA snow globe on the table between them:

CHIN (CONT'D)

You saw that snow globe and had to  
have it, so you went for the five  
finger discount. I want the truth.

He waits for a response. And the kid bursts out in TEARS:

CHIN (CONT'D)

Kid, just-- stop crying -- hey --  
take the globe -- just--

A KNOCK on the door. He answers: surprised to see McGarrett  
and Danny, who see the kid crying:

MCGARRETT

We interrupting?

**INT. SNACK SHOP - PEARL HARBOR - LATER**

The three of them at a table. Chin looks up from a photo of  
Chen-Chi on McGarrett's cell phone, troubled.

CHIN

-- where'd you find her?

MCGARRETT

Locked in a house.  
(then, affected)  
She came here to start a new life.  
They drugged her and turned her  
into a prostitute...

Chin turns to McGarrett -- sees something unexpected. Grins.

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)

What -- ?

CHIN

You sound just like your father.

MCGARRETT

Then help me. You said you wanted  
to. Here's your chance.  
(shows photo of Hesse)  
Guy I'm looking for's high profile:  
Victor Hesse. FBI. CIA.  
Interpol. He's on everyone's  
radar, which means he  
didn't just land here and get his  
passport stamped. He was back-  
channeled in.

CHIN

And you think the same network that brought this girl to the island, smuggled Hesse in?

MCGARRETT

He made a fortune trafficking kids out of Malaysia --

CHIN

Then you're looking for a Snakehead. Local Chinese gangs that specialize in human smuggling.

DANNY

We need a name.

CHIN

Are you kidding? Look at me. I'm a rubber gun now.

DANNY

You were a cop here for twenty years.

Chin exhales a heavy SIGH, thinking...

CHIN

I do know a guy who's got ties to that world, but--

MCGARRETT

-- get us an introduction --

CHIN

-- forget it. He's a former Confidential Informant. Trusts no one. Especially Haoles.

MCGARRETT

Then you talk to him.

Chin saw this coming. We sense deep wounds somehow opening --

CHIN

I'm busy.

MCGARRETT

You expecting a crime wave in the gift shop this afternoon?

CHIN

Forget it. I can't be a cop anymore.

MCGARRETT

Why not?

Chin turns -- HARD -- and a little too LOUD:

CHIN

Because I can't be, you understand?  
HPD accused me of taking payoffs --  
I'm the last person the department  
wants to see wearing a badge.

(then, sees a few people  
staring)

I have to go.

MCGARRETT

Did you take the money?

CHIN

What?

MCGARRETT

Did you. Take. The money.

CHIN

No.

MCGARRETT

Then come with us, and we don't  
need to talk about this again.  
Ever. This is your ticket back in  
the game. Call it payback. Call  
it whatever. But I need you.

McGarrett won't let this go. And Chin knows it.

CHIN

How do you know you can trust me?

MCGARRETT

Because my father did.

This lands. For Chin, it's a prayer answered -- the second  
chance he never thought would come. Off Chin, GALVANIZED:

**INT. KAMEKONA'S SHAVED ICE - KAPAHULU AVENUE - DAY**

Chin greets **KAMEKONA**, Ex-con turned Shaved Ice King, wearing  
an XXL Pro Bowl t-shirt. They grip hands and hug as  
McGarrett and Danny watch --

CHIN

What flavor's good today?

KAMEKONA

Lilikoi, Lychee, Cotton Candy --

CHIN

How bout a name?

KAMEKONA

(wary glance at the guys)  
They wait outside. After they pay.

Chin looks at his "partners": "Pony up." They do --

MCGARRETT  
I'll take Cotton Candy.

DANNY  
Plain.

KAMEKONA  
Two cones and two t-shirts to go.

Kamekona holds up a t-shirt with HIS OWN SMILING MUG on it.  
Chin's look says: "buy it now."

MCGARRETT  
... okay. Medium.

KAMEKONA  
Only comes in XL, Brah. My face  
don't fit on anything smaller.

McGarrett shells out a fifty. Kamekona shakes his head:  
"more." McGarrett looks to Chin, who holds out 5 FINGERS.  
Jesus. McGarrett pulls out 4 hundred dollar bills, hands  
them over. Kamekona pockets them, hands over the shirts:

KAMEKONA (CONT'D)  
Cool. One more thing I need you  
two fine gentlemen to do...

**EXT. KAMEKONA'S SHAVED ICE - DAY**

MINUTES LATER, and McGarrett and Danny, now WEARING the  
oversized shirts, leaning against their car eating shaved ice  
-- looking RIDICULOUS and annoyed -- as people pass and grin.  
McGarrett notices a 7-year old GIRL staring at them. Looks  
at her. She keeps staring. His eyes say: "What?"

LOCAL GIRL  
Are you a policeman?

MCGARRETT  
No.

LOCAL GIRL  
You look like a policeman.

McGarrett lowers himself to the girl. Eye-to-eye. Offers  
his uneaten shaved ice:

MCGARRETT  
Go away.

LOCAL GIRL  
I don't like cotton candy.

DANNY  
I got something you might like...

He reaches into the backseat of his car. Hands the girl the  
pink bunny he bought for Grace. She LIGHTS UP:

LOCAL GIRL

Thanks!

And takes off, thrilled. McGarrett throws Danny a look:

MCGARRETT

You always carry around pink bunny rabbits?

DANNY

What, you don't?

-- and now CHIN exits the shack, sees our heroes, LAUGHS.

MCGARRETT

You better have a name.

**INT. STATE POLICE TASK FORCE HQ - LOLANI PALACE - DAY**

CLOSE on a computer screen -- surveillance photo of island crime lord SANG MIN (42):

CHIN

Sang Min. Came here from China about eight years ago. Wife's originally from Rwanda. Also here illegally --

And we POP WIDE to reveal McGarrett, Danny and Chin in Task Force HQ. Raw space in a palatial suite. A couple desks. A computer. Phone. Hang tight folks, it'll get there.

CHIN (CONT'D)

-- they have one child. A 7-year-old boy. And according to my man Kamekona, Sang Min runs the island's human import export business.

DANNY

Even if Sang Min's for real, he's got no reason to tell us where Hesse is.

MCGARRETT

Then we motivate him.

DANNY

Forget it. Coercion won't hold up in court.

MCGARRETT

I'm saying we find some leverage, use it to twist his arm.

CHIN

Define 'leverage.'

MCGARRETT

Simple bait and trap with an  
undercover we wire up.

CHIN

Only one problem, keiki. That  
might work well on the mainland,  
but we're on an island with less  
than a million people. Which means  
the bad guys know the good guys, so  
we need to look for our bait  
outside the box.

MCGARRETT

I take it you have the perfect guy  
in mind.

CHIN

(a grin)  
Oh yeah.

**EXT. PIPELINE - DAY**

**KONO KALAKAUA** (23) shreds a long, MASSIVE wave. The woman is  
spectacular. Not just because she's got wave cred and fills  
out a wetsuit, but homegirl's got serious akamai (smarts).  
Our heroes watch her from the beach, wowed...

MCGARRETT

That's your niece?

CHIN

Choose your next words carefully.  
Both of you.

DANNY

She's very... talented.

CHIN

Kid's off the charts: speaks 4  
languages, including Japanese and  
Mandarin. 2nd degree black belt --

ON KONO, in the mix with a half dozen guys, all vying for the  
same set. She takes off, has the inside track --

CHIN (CONT'D)

-- and then there's surfing. Had  
offers to compete, but all she ever  
wanted was to wear a badge.  
Graduates the police academy in a  
month... unfortunately she's my  
niece, which means the HPD will  
never take her seriously.

Kono gets to her feet first -- drops down -- carving a BOTTOM TURN at the base of the wave -- carves back up the face and lines up to shoot the barrel... but ANOTHER SURFER suddenly DROPS IN on her. Kono YELLS at him to pull out. He ignores her -- and she EATS IT. Pummeled in the washing machine -- finally bursts to the surface. Pissed, she paddles in...

MCGARRETT

You sure about this? She's got no street experience.

Kono -- on shore now -- rushes up behind the surfer --

KONO

Ho brah -- !!  
 (the guy turns; she SLUGS  
HIM HARD)  
 Think twice next time you wanna drop in on someone's wave.

She makes tracks, stops: surprised to see Chin. Kisses him:

KONO (CONT'D)

Uncle...!

CHIN

You had it, Water Woman. Double-overhead, serious doughnuts...

KONO

Waste. First good pipe of the season.

CHIN

Tourists.  
 (then)  
 Kono, meet Commander Steve McGarrett and Detective Danny Williams.

MCGARRETT

(as they shake)  
 You got a nice left hook.

KONO

Nah, Man, that was a love tap.

DANNY

(chuckles; to Chin)  
 I think I found my Cinderella.

MCGARRETT

Your uncle tells me you're graduating from the police academy next week. How'd you like to earn a little extra credit before you do?

She looks at Chin, then back to McGarrett, intrigued:

KONO  
I'm listening...

And as our latest team-member's brought into the fold:

**EXT. MCGARRETT HOME - SUNSET - ESTABLISHING**

**INT. MCGARRETT HOME - SUNSET**

CLOSE ON THE "CHAMP" BOX, as McGarrett OPENS it. Removes the KEY. **JUMP CUTS:** McGarrett tries the key on EVERY LOCK IN THE HOUSE -- doors -- boxes -- NOTHING. Our cuts end on McGarrett in his father's STUDY, at a loss...

Then. He notices a LOCK on his father's DESK DRAWER. Slips the key in: BINGO. It OPENS and he starts sifting through the contents -- nothing of significance in here. But McGarrett knows his father -- feels around for a hidden compartment -- finds it -- removes a large MANILA ENVELOPE.

Dumps the contents onto the desk: A USED OPERA TICKET with a YAKUZA MON CREST sketched on the back, a dusty old FLOPPY DISK, POSTCARDS marked "Osaka, Japan" with a series of hand drawn STICK FIGURE DANCING MEN (ciphers for letters).

ON MCGARRETT. Reeling. What is all this?

Then, an EMAIL PING from his laptop. He checks the sender: "**rollinsc@navcentcom.navy.mil**" Clicks it. The email reads: "**HERE'S YOUR PALM PRINT... BE CAREFUL. LOVE, C.**"

Clicks the ATTACHMENT: A CIA FILE WITH A PHOTO OF JOVAN ELTSIN, matching McGarrett's print to the same one on the CIA database. McGarrett scans -- processing DETAILS on the file -- then, a KNOCK at the door. McGarrett looks through... DANNY. Opens it:

DANNY  
-- got the surveillance equipment  
you asked for. You hear from Chin?

MCGARRETT  
Not yet.  
(the laptop photo)  
Recognize this guy?

DANNY  
No. Who is he?

MCGARRETT  
Jovan Elstin. File says he used to  
work for the Russians as a computer  
programmer in SVR, the equivalent  
of our CIA. He was here when my  
father was murdered. I found his  
palm prints and partial boot print  
in the kitchen.

DANNY

How'd you know they didn't belong to the guy who killed your father?

MCGARRETT

Hesse wears size eleven, like me, except double E. The one I found was smaller, and Hesse gets his footwear custom made. Direct injected polyurethane midsole with a nitrile rubber outsole. This print was made from a Terra Steel Toe EH GoreTex boot, footwear of choice for a lot of mercenaries in Eastern Europe.

Jesus. Danny can't help but be impressed: this guy is good.

DANNY

... well I could've told you that.  
(then; opens the fridge)  
Need a beer.

MCGARRETT

Don't touch that, it's evidence -- this is still a crime scene.

He says that MOCKINGLY. The ice is thawing between these two. Danny tosses him a beer -- McGarrett heads outside to:

**EXT. MCGARRETT HOME - DECK - SUNSET**

Golden sunset. They emerge onto the deck, staring out at the water... McGarrett clearly deep in thought...

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)

So you ever gonna tell me what Danno means?

DANNY

Maybe. If you tell me what's in the box.

MCGARRETT

Truth is... I don't know yet. All I know it was important enough to be the last thing my father said.  
(then)

Right now... it's just a puzzle.

Danny sees the pain, the confusion in McGarrett. Offers:

DANNY

Me and Grace... we love puzzles.

McGarrett stares, grateful.

MCGARRETT

You're a good father.

DANNY

... yeah, well. I don't know sometimes... guess there's three ways of looking at that. I might just be stupid enough to get killed chasing some scumbag meth head... and then what kind of father would I be? Or maybe I'm just a selfish sonofabitch...

(beat, with some humility)

... cause truth is, I need this. I wanna do what I'm good at... and be reminded I'm good at what I do. And if that means having to put up with your twisted belief that you're never wrong, so be it.

McGarrett sort of grins, appreciating the honesty...

MCGARRETT

... so what's the third?

DANNY

Even though I do tell myself this isn't permanent... it's Grace's home now.

(beat)

And my job's to make it safe.

That RESONATES with McGarrett. Words his dad lived by. He raises his longneck in a toast. They CLINK glasses -- a nod of mutual determination. Then, his cell RINGS. He answers:

MCGARRETT

Yeah.

**INT. KAMEKONA'S SHAVED ICE - KAPAHULU AVENUE - NIGHT**

After hours. Chin and Kamekona.

CHIN

Sang Min bought the pitch. Kono sees him 9:00am. Tomorrow.

MCGARRETT

Good work.

**EXT. MCGARRETT HOME - NIGHT**

CLICK. McGarrett looks to Danny:

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)

We're on.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE****FADE IN:****EXT. O'AHU - MORNING - ESTABLISHING**

AERIAL: AS WE RAMP ACROSS THE ISLAND and pick off money shots: the resorts in Waikiki -- Honolulu financial District -- Chinatown -- Aloha Tower -- Waimanalo Polo Field -- the high stakes Banzai pipeline -- Dole Plantation -- and finally, landing on an outrigger canoeist battling the surf. The day has begun. And it's damn near perfect.

**INT. STATE POLICE TASK FORCE HQ - LOLANI PALACE - MORNING**

FIND McGarrett, Danny and Chin looking over a map of Sang Min's trucking facility. Kono exits the next room, wearing a well-worn dress. Hair tied back. Playing the role of poor immigrant. She's AMPED, feeling the adrenaline rush of her first real job:

KONO  
How do I look?

DANNY  
... great.

Chin throws him a look. Danny feigns innocent: "What?"

MCGARRETT  
(approaches Kono)  
This crew's our only link to Victor Hesse. Sang Min, the producer, you get him to talk, illuminate the network, we'll indict and use him to catch our fish.

KONO  
(big grin)  
Let's do this.

Now Chin moves CLOSER -- right up in her grill --

CHIN  
Stop smiling.

Instantly, she DOES. Caught off guard --

CHIN (CONT'D)  
This isn't an academy training exercise, these guys aren't tourists you can punch in the nose -- they kill for recreation. One more body on the pile means nothing. If you move wrong in there, and I mean one inch, your ass is smoked. So this is all on you, girl.

KONO  
(chastened, quietly)  
... I got it.

Chin stares...

CHIN  
 Feel that fear? Use it.  
 (beat)  
 You'll do good.

Uncle and Niece lock eyes: she's a tough girl, and appreciates what he's doing here -- getting her ready.

**EXT. MAMALA BAY TRUCK REPAIR - DAY**

A large, six-bay, heavy-duty truck and trailer repair facility near the airport. Welcome to the unglamorous side of the island. The part tourists seldom see. FOLLOW KONO as she enters the Manager's Office --

**INT. MANAGER'S FRONT OFFICE - MAMALA BAY TRUCK REPAIR - DAY**

Two large **SAMOAN MEN** stop and frisk her at the door.

KONO  
 I'm here to see Sang Min.

**INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY**

McGarrett, Danny and Chin crammed in. Quiet, intense activity. They use a military grade Audio Surveillance System to monitor the room. Sound wave vibrations are transmitted and played over a speaker system. A THERMAL IMAGE of the office appears on a monitor. Players appear as four WHITE HOT SPOTS.

**INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - MAMALA BAY TRUCK REPAIR - DAY**

The Samoans escort Kono into the room. Behind his desk is **SANG MIN**, fat and deeply-tanned. He takes his time looking up from paperwork, and when he does, he likes what he sees.

SANG MIN  
 My friend says you need my help.

KONO  
 I have an aunt and uncle in Nanjing... they would very much like to live here.

SANG MIN  
 I can have your family here within a week. Getting them out of China is easy. Paying for it is the hard part.

KONO  
 I have money.

Sang Min smiles. Rises. Approaches Kono.

**INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY**

They see this on the thermal. Danny tenses.

SANG MIN'S VOICE  
 What I require is a significant amount of money. Do you mind if I ask what you do?

**INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - MAMALA BAY TRUCK REPAIR - DAY**

KONO

I work at the cannery on Pacific.  
And weekends as a housekeeper at  
the Royal Hawaiian.

SANG MIN

Two jobs. Very commendable. Only  
I'm afraid the kind of money we're  
talking about might be out of your  
reach.

He leans forward. Runs his hand through her hair.

SANG MIN (CONT'D)

Unless of course we find some other  
form of payment --

He suddenly reacts to something. Removes his hand from her  
hair. Feels something between his fingers...

SANG MIN (CONT'D)

Sand. What kind of person working  
two jobs has time to go to the  
beach?

It gets tense real fast.

**INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY**

DANNY

Pull the plug.

CHIN

Relax. The kid can handle herself.

**INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - MAMALA BAY TRUCK REPAIR - DAY**

KONO

The Royal Hawaiian is on the beach.  
And I surf during my lunch hour.

Sang Min holds her look:

SANG MIN

Or maybe you're a cop. Did anyone  
check her for a wire?

SAMOAN #1

When she came in.

SANG MIN

Maybe you missed it.  
(dark, to Kono)  
Get up. Take off your dress so I  
know you're not wearing a wire.  
Prove to me you're not a cop.

**INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY**

Frozen moment. Everyone waiting. How's Kono going to play it? FAVOR CHIN, now visibly unnerved. On the thermal we see her lift her hands over her head.

**INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - MAMALA BAY TRUCK REPAIR - DAY**

Kono's dress hits the floor. And she's now standing before them in only her bra and panties. Sang Min rises.

SANG MIN (CONT'D)  
Turn around.  
(Kono hesitates)  
I said turn around...

She does. Nothing but bronzed skin and cotton. Sang Min circles her. No wires. She can feel him behind her. His breath on her neck. His eyes narrow on a nasty reef scar. He says something in Mandarin.

**INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY**

DANNY  
What did he say?

MCGARRETT  
He asked how long she's been surfing.

**INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - MAMALA BAY TRUCK REPAIR - DAY**

KONO  
(in Mandarin, SUBTITLED)  
Fifteen years. Ever since I came to the United States.

SANG MIN  
You need to do a better job avoiding the reefs. A person can lose their life playing in dangerous waters.

He lets the threat hang there. Kono holds his stare.

KONO  
I'd like to put my dress back on now.

Sang Min gestures; do it. Returns to his desk. As Kono dresses -- Sang Min brings up his iPhone and SNAPS a photo:

KONO (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

SANG MIN  
I'm going to send this photo to a friend of mine. And he's going to show it to his friends. If anyone recognizes you, you're dead.

He hits SEND. And the mood goes from tense to lethal.

SANG MIN (CONT'D)  
 Take a seat. You're not going  
 anywhere until I hear back.

He stabs a button on his desk -- triggering the front gate to  
 CLOSE -- unfortunately our heroes are on the other side --

**INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY**

The audio surveillance starts to go STATIC -- in and out --  
 we're hearing bits and pieces --

MCGARRETT  
 We got wires on his phone. Trace  
 the call.

Danny works a laptop. Triangulates the call. Reads screen:

DANNY  
 It's a mobile number. Unlisted...

MCGARRETT  
 You got a location?

Danny does... then, SHOCK. Stares numbly at the screen.

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)  
 Danny -- ?

DANNY  
 It's ringing inside my precinct.

CHIN  
 (holy SHIT)  
 -- you got a mole in there --

MCGARRETT  
 Chin, does anyone know your niece  
 was in the police academy?

CHIN  
 (nervous as hell)  
 I don't know... Maybe...

**INT. HONOLULU POLICE DEPT - DETECTIVE'S BULLPEN - DAY**

CLOSE -- A CELL LCD -- as an incoming text and PHOTO OF KONO  
 appears with a note: "KNOW HER?". TILT UP TO REVEAL...

BEN KOKUA, the same asshole who mocked Danny with the tanning  
 lotion earlier. He glances around furtively, picks up a  
 phone -- dials --

**INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - MAMALA BAY TRUCK REPAIR - DAY**

Sang Min's PHONE starts to ring -- Kono tenses, knowing full  
 well she has seconds to come up with an exit strategy --

**INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY**

Through the CRACKLING AUDIO, the unmistakable sound of Sang's  
 PHONE RINGING -- SHIT --

DANNY  
What do you want to do?

**INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - MAMALA BAY TRUCK REPAIR - DAY**

-- And Sang Min ANSWERS ---

SANG MIN  
 Hello --

But before the conversation can happen -- THE SURVEILLANCE VAN EXPLODES THROUGH THE FRONT GATE! Shit goes flying -- McGarrett stomps on the brakes -- the three exit and crash through the front door, where they find the Samoans on their asses, Sang Min with his hands in the air -- and Kono with one of their guns in her hand. Holy shit. This girl is good. Only... what she doesn't know is that Sang Min has his eyes on a .45 he has stashed under his desk -- Kono looks back to our heroes, breathless --

KONO  
 Did you get it?

MCGARRETT  
 We got it.

DING! Sang Min's iPhone CHIRPS. Kono picks it up. Reacts. Hands it to McGarrett. It reads: "SHE'S A COP."

-- That's when Sang Min pulls the .45 from under his desk --

CHIN  
 Gun -- !!

-- Sang Min OPENS FIRE. Chin throws Danny to the ground, saves his life -- McGarrett and Kono duck for cover -- Sang Min empties the clip and escapes through a back door. McGarrett is first after him. As Chin gets to his feet --

CHIN (CONT'D)  
 This is the part of the job I did not miss.

**EXT. MAMALA BAY TRUCK REPAIR - DAY**

As McGarrett bursts from the back door -- He HEARS an ENGINE FIRE UP, TIRES SCREECHING -- SANG MIN IN A VAN, BARRELING TOWARD HIM! McGarrett FIRES at it -- windshield SHATTERS, tires explode -- Sang Min loses control and SLAMS into the side of a container.

McGarrett is THERE, pulling Sang Min out of the driver's seat... as Danny, Chin and Kono arrive. That's when they HEAR BANGING from inside the container Sang Min hit --

McGarrett OPENS the back door to find... The container's filled with terrified Chinese refugees. Off this --

**EXT. MAMALA BAY TRUCK REPAIR - DAY**

Danny and Kono coordinate with HPD now on scene. The Samoans are loaded into patrol cars. REFUGEES into buses. Nearby, an HPD CRUISER rolls up. McGarrett OPENS the passenger door for Chen Chi, leads her over to...

HER PARENTS. Who immediately embrace her, overwhelmed, tears flowing. McGarrett takes a step back, watching the emotional reunion. He glances over, meets eyes with DANNY across the yard. Shared victory. Off the family reunited, we PRE-LAP:

SANG MIN V.O. (RECORDING)

-- I can have your family here  
within a week.

**INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - MAMALA BAY TRUCK REPAIR - DAY**

Sang Min, wearing flex-cuffs, sits across from Chin. Photos of Hesse and Elstin between them. A laptop plays back a recording of Sang Min and Kono's meeting:

SANG MIN (RECORDING)

-- Getting them out of China is  
easy. Paying for it is the hard  
part.

Chin PAUSES the recording.

CHIN

Like that? Laser Audio  
Surveillance. You don't need a  
wire to get a confession out of  
your hupo ass.

SANG MIN

I'm going to sue you for  
entrapment. And when I'm done  
collecting, I'm going to find that  
little hottie you sent in here and  
this time, I'm going to be less of  
a gentleman.

Chin takes a heavy ashtray off the table and SLAM! -- HITS Sang Min with it. Draws blood. McGarrett enters.

CHIN

Sorry, boss.

MCGARRETT

I didn't see anything.

SANG MIN

Sonofabitch hit me!!

MCGARRETT

If you want to file a report,  
you're going to need a witness. Do  
you want to file a report?

SANG MIN

Yes!

Chin HITS Sang Min with the ashtray again. Fuck, it hurts.

MCGARRETT

("oblivious")  
My eyesight must be going --

SANG MIN

I wanna go to jail now.

MCGARRETT  
We're not done yet.

He rises. Chin pushes him back into the chair. McGarrett holds up the photo of Hesse.

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)  
Where is he?

Sang Min stares back, defiant, bloody. McGarrett places two photos on the table: Sang Min's wife and son.

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)  
How about these two? Do you know where they are?

Sang Min is silent. "Fuck you."

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)  
Listen to me very carefully. Right now, your wife's getting her nails done on Kalakaua avenue; your boy's at his private school in Diamond Head. I wonder what he'll think when he finds out his father takes children just like him and puts them on the streets to be pumped full of black tar heroin, then sold to strangers like animals.

Still, Sang Min is stone. Cold stare.

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)  
You're going to jail, that's not up for negotiation. Your family's about to lose a husband and father -- in my eyes, now they're your victims too. Trouble is, the law doesn't see it that way since you all came here illegally. Your wife's from Rwanda, she'll be sent back -- they both will. If they're lucky, they'll make it to a refugee camp. And your son -- seven's old enough to carry a gun for the Hutu Militia. I can prevent all that... but I don't help people who don't help me.

Sang Min looks to Chin, then back to McGarrett -- and we see it now: he's SCARED.

SANG MIN  
What kind of cops are you?

MCGARRETT  
The new kind.

**EXT. MAMALA BAY TRUCK REPAIR - DAY**

On the cut, McGarrett BURSTS out of the manager's office -- finds Danny -- they MOVE together, fast --

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)  
-- I need a car --

DANNY  
-- what'd he tell you--?

MCGARRETT  
-- he put Hesse and Elstin on a  
cargo ship headed for China --

**EXT. N. NIMITZ HIGHWAY - DAY**

Here comes the HPD cruiser they borrowed. McGarrett burying the accelerator -- driving like a madman.

**EXT. PIER 39 - HONOLULU HARBOR - DAY**

-- they come in hot. McGarrett hits the brakes. Our heroes scramble out and down the pier -- only to find it empty. McGarrett stops a passing DOCK WORKER --

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)  
There's supposed to be a ship here.  
Where is it?

DOCK WORKER  
The Emma Maersk. It left about a  
half hour ago.

DANNY  
We're too late.

Off their frustration, adrenaline pumping, CAMERA RAMPS BACK, leaving them alone on the empty pier, as we --

**SLAM TO BLACK.**

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR****FADE IN:****INT. HPD CRUISER - TRAVELING -DAY**

McGarrett and Danny -- totally on it -- pedal down -- blowing past light traffic. Up ahead -- the Nimitz Highway --

GOVERNOR JAMESON (OVER PHONE)  
You want a helicopter to do what?

**INT. GOVERNOR JAMESON'S OFFICE - LOLANI PALACE - INTERCUTTING**

Governor Jameson, on the phone --

MCGARRETT  
-- you promised me "immunity and means" --

GOVERNOR JAMESON  
-- not to provoke a diplomatic incident by boarding a Chinese freighter in international waters -- even if I get support from the State department, I don't have a lot of pull with the People's Republic of China --

MCGARRETT  
-- if they're caught smuggling a terrorist, trust me, the People's Republic won't say a word. I did my job, Governor, I found Hesse, now do yours: get me in the air!

He hangs up, accelerates forward as we SMASH CUT TO:

**EXT. JAYHAWK - MID-AIR - DAY**

AERIAL -- TRACK A COAST GUARD CHOPPER - an HH-60 JAYHAWK FROM ABOVE -- AS IT THUNDERS across a blanket of whitecaps and deep cerulean blue --

**EXT. JAYHAWK - MID-AIR - DAY**

McGarrett and Danny check weapons, strap on body armor. Grim, silent. Eyes scanning for the ship. Then, Danny's ringtone: 'PSYCHO' THEME. He hesitates, then answers --

DANNY  
Yeah...  
(listens)  
Rachel, don't start with me, I left you a message, I told you I  
(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)  
couldn't pick her up from school  
today.

(beat)  
Don't tell me you had to change  
your plans, you always send your  
driver for her anyway --

(louder)  
I can't help that, I'm in a  
helicopter...

As McGarrett racks the slide on his Sig with a loud CLICK --  
an ominous sound the underscores how life-or-death this is --

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Listen, just do me a favor? Tell  
Grace...

(beat: what if he never  
sees her again?)  
... tell her Danno loves her.

... a beat, and he hangs up. Finds McGarrett's eyes on him.  
A look that says: "Tell me already." Fuck it:

DANNY (CONT'D)  
When Grace was three, she'd try to  
say my name, but it always came out  
"Danno."

MCGARRETT  
That's it?

DANNY  
That's it.

MCGARRETT  
Cute.

DANNY  
Shut up.

MCGARRETT  
I'm not messing with you, Man. You  
don't have to be embarrassed --

DANNY  
I'm not embarrassed, just drop it --

MCGARRETT  
-- why can't I think it's cute --?

DANNY  
-- I don't want you thinking about  
it at all. It's between me and my  
daughter.

MCGARRETT  
Are you blushing?

DANNY  
 No, the blood's rushing to my head,  
 from the -- from the altitude.  
 (off McGarrett's grin)  
 Leave me alone.

SUDDENLY -- OVER the headphones:

COAST GUARD PILOT  
 Commander, I have a visual. Three  
 o'clock.

McGarrett looks out, and there's the container ship just ahead. It's a big one. 15,000 TEU (Twenty-foot equivalent unit). Forty foot shipping containers stacked 6 high.

**EXT. JAYHAWK - MID-AIR - DAY**

The Jayhawk BANKS HARD, heading for the ship --

COAST GUARD PILOT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Container ship Emma Maersk, this is  
 Jayhawk 25 calling you on channel  
 16, over.

**EXT. JAYHAWK - MID-AIR - CONTINUOUS**

NO RESPONSE -- the pilot tries again:

COAST GUARD PILOT (CONT'D)  
 Captain Emma Maersk, you are  
 ordered to alter your course and  
 return to port. Do you understand,  
 over?

Long, crackling silence. McGarrett and Danny meet eyes:

DANNY  
 Looks like we're being ignored.

MCGARRETT  
 (to the pilot)  
 Get us as close as you can!

**INT. CREW QUARTERS - CHINESE CONTAINER SHIP - DAY**

HESSE -- urgent -- on a wall phone. ELTSIN behind him.

HESSE  
 They'll try and board us.

**INT. PILOTHOUSE - CHINESE CONTAINER SHIP - INTERCUTTING:**

TIGHT: The CAPTAIN. On the phone --

HESSE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Whatever happens, do not stop this  
ship.

**EXT. JAYHAWK - MID-AIR - DAY**

The Pilot swoops in low. McGarrett and Danny take off their helmets, SLIDE OPEN the cargo door, YELLING over the engine:

DANNY

How do you wanna do this?!

In response, McGarrett LEAPS. Hits the container, rolls onto his side -- a perfect military parachute landing fall (PLF).

DANNY (CONT'D)

Of course.

Danny hesitates -- no choice really -- JUMPS too:

**EXT. CHINESE CONTAINER SHIP - TRAVELING - DAY**

-- and hits the deck, smashing his left arm on a large valve.

As McGarrett runs to him: BANG BANG! They immediately take on gunfire. CREW MEMBERS with AK-47's rush the deck --

McGarrett and Danny return fire, covering each other as they weave through the narrow passageways between containers. And our guys are dead-on shots, as one-by-one they pick off the crew -- leaving only Hesse and Elstin. The hunt is on.

At the end of the passageway, Danny breaks left -- going after Elstin, McGarrett right -- going after Hesse.

Elstin is SHOT in the ankle, goes down, tries to get up but Danny is THERE to disarm him -- using his knee to keep him down, ties on the flex cuffs:

DANNY (CONT'D)

Don't make me shoot you again.

MEANWHILE: McGarrett, in full pursuit -- reloading as he ducks for cover -- sees movement up ahead. Heads for it. Weapon aimed. Eyes over the sight. Comes around a corner -- rushing the container -- nobody. Then -- BLAM! BLAM! There's Hesse, climbing the side of a container.

**INT. PILOTHOUSE - CHINESE CONTAINER SHIP - TRAVELING - DAY**

The Captain, watching from the Pilothouse window, suddenly feels cold steel pressed against the side of his head. It's:

DANNY (CONT'D)

Stop the ship now.

**EXT. CHINESE CONTAINER SHIP - DAY**

As the Captain kills the engines, the huge ocean swells begin to rock the slowing vessel as McGarrett climbs the container after Hesse. As he crests the top: BANG!

Hesse FIRES at him -- McGarrett catches a rung before falling -- but not before losing his Sig -- it CLATTERS to the deck, slides away.

Hesse races off. McGarrett gets his wind and regains footing -- accelerates after Hesse -- across container roofs. Never breaking stride. Six foot gap ahead. Hesse LONG JUMPS it. McGarrett's right there -- jumping --

As Hesse raises his CZ-TT .45. BLAM! McGarrett's leg explodes crimson just as he TACKLES HESSE -- Hesse's gun slides away as they both SLAM down on the container top --

Adrenaline forces McGarrett on through the pain -- they stagger up -- brutal HAND-TO-HAND -- on unsteady footing -- exchanging punishing blows -- there's also the matter of Hesse being a master at mixed martial arts, which he breaks out to great effect on McGarrett. Meanwhile:

The .45 skitters across the container roof -- back and forth -- propelled by the motion of the ship -- McGarrett goes DOWN -- Hesse pulls a knife from his pocket -- that's when McGarrett sees it -- the .45 -- just sitting there at the far end of the container -- the rocking of the ship about to slide it back -- But there's no time -- Hesse is advancing --

MCGARRETT

You should know something about your brother...

HESSE

What about him?

McGarrett buys himself an extra second. All the time he needs: the .45 slides back -- lands in McGarrett's reach --

MCGARRETT

He died the same way you did.

BLAM! Hesse is blown backwards -- off the container -- off the ship -- into the churning Pacific. Holy shit! McGarrett slowly gets to his feet. Body wracked. Leaking blood. His gun hand drops to his side as he steps to the edge of the container and looks down.

Hesse never surfaces.

Overhead, the chopper circles. Coast Guard cutters approach. McGarrett sees Danny leading Eltsin below.

DANNY

What do you want me to do with him?

MCGARRETT

Book 'em, Danno.

Danny drills him with a look -- though, with a smirk:

DANNY  
 What'd I tell you about calling me  
 that?

**EXT. WAIMEA BAY - DAY**

Sitting in the sand, staring out at the water are McGarrett  
 (crutches beside him) and MARY. He's just filled her in --  
 she's, upset, trying to make sense of it:

MARY  
 ... I don't understand...

MCGARRETT  
 When I opened the box, there were  
 these photos... and a key to dad's  
 desk. I found an envelope inside  
 with all these weird things: an  
 opera ticket, postcards from Osaka -

MARY  
 -- what are they?

MCGARRETT  
 I don't know. But he kept them for  
 a reason.  
 (then, the kicker)  
 Mar, the photos were taken at a  
 crime scene. Of mom's car. The  
 date she died was written on them.

Sledgehammer. Mary's eyes -- blinking -- what?

MARY  
 What do you mean --

MCGARRETT  
 She didn't die in a car accident.  
 Mom was murdered.  
 (beat: her SHOCK)  
 A car bomb. I think Dad believed  
 it was meant for him. That's why  
 he was apologizing on the phone.

She's stunned silent. Mind tumbling.

MARY  
 Who-- who wanted to kill him? I  
 mean, why would--

MCGARRETT  
 I don't know yet.

And we watch her brain perform the impossible backflip of re-  
 examining her father, her life, in a nanosecond:

MARY

... why didn't he just tell us the truth?

MCGARRETT

We were kids.

MARY

So he sent us away... to protect us?

McGarrett stares: yeah. Mary looks off. For a long beat, she's quiet. Then, softly:

MARY (CONT'D)

All those years he let me hate him for that.

MCGARRETT

Maybe hating him... was the sacrifice he lived with. So we could grow up without being afraid.

And that brings it right to the surface for her. Eyes well, as she stares at him...

MARY

Except now I'm scared for you.

MCGARRETT

Don't be.

(beat, thoughtfully)

This is where I belong... I think it's why I spent so much time running away from it.

And she sees he means it. Their look HOLDS.

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)

Whatever happened. Why it happened. I'm gonna find out. I promise you.

MARY

You don't owe me anything. I'm the one who should be--

MCGARRETT

-- no.

(warm smile)

Brothers don't always tell their sisters how much they love them, Mar.

(beat)

But I do.

The dam breaks and she takes his hand. The first time they've been really connected, maybe ever. As we POP WIDE: brother and sister, sitting side-by-side as waves CRASH:

**INT. STATE POLICE TASK FORCE HQ - LOLANI PALACE - DAY**

Outside a MAMMOTH WINDOW is a stunning view of the ocean. DOLLY PAST WORKERS filling the space with equipment. INTO FRAME comes McGarrett, on crutches. Slowly, we TRACK AROUND to face him in CLOSE UP: his eyes. New beginnings. He sees Danny unloading boxes at a desk... hobbles over...

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)

We get a trace on the call Sang Min made to the precinct?

DANNY

No. Whoever it is is using a VOIP number. The trace ends at the server.

MCGARRETT

We got us a mole to find.

A beat. McGarrett drops a HOTEL KEY HOLDER on Danny's desk:

DANNY

What's that?

MCGARRETT

Three nights at the Kahala Hotel.  
(Danny stares: surprised)  
Look, I know you're gonna say no --

DANNY

Yes. I'm gonna say no. What is it with you and my living arrangements?

MCGARRETT

Grace is coming over this weekend, right? I hear this place has a pool and you can swim with the dolphins.  
(then)  
Just take it.

Long beat. Finally, Danny does. Genuinely touched:

DANNY

... thank you.

McGarrett GRINS. No way around it: they dig each other.

KONO (V.O.)

Seriously, guys, this group needs a name. Something cool --

**INT. STATE POLICE TASK FORCE HQ - LOLANI PALACE - DUSK**

It's LATER, a glorious red SUNSET -- the place is empty now, only MCGARRETT, DANNY, CHIN and KONO -- sitting around a table sharing celebratory BEERS -- and slowly, we DOLLY AROUND THEM -- LAUGHING -- a sense of improv, of fun -- a sense, above all, they'll make one helluva team:

CHIN

How about: A'ohe hana nui ka alu'ia -- it means: "No task is too big when done together."

KONO

I was thinking more like "Strike Force." Or "Hawaii Special Police."

(their looks: no)

"Hawaii Vice?"

DANNY

Slow down, girl, you ain't even graduated yet --

KONO

-- next week --

MCGARRETT

Then it's off to Turtle Bay: drunk tourists, golf cart accidents --

CHIN

-- how about "IIU."

(Kono's face: huh?)

"Island Investigation Unit."

(Kono waves it off)

C'mon, you got something better?

McGarrett has NOTICED something on the wall: a map of the Hawaiian islands with every state numbered. He stands, ambles over... remembering something... they all watch him looking at the wall...

CHIN (CONT'D)

... Boss?

MCGARRETT

(beat; very quietly)

Five-0.

DANNY

What'd he say?

KONO

Five-0?

MCGARRETT

It's what my father used to call our family because we weren't native Hawaiians. It was his way of making us feel like we belonged someplace.

That LANDS on everyone. They feel it too: a sense of belonging... together. McGarrett steps closer to the map...

MCGARRETT (CONT'D)

See? That's us. Hawaii. Five-0.

We PUSH INTO THE MAP, the promise of more adventures to come:

**INT. GARAGE - MCGARRETT HOME - DAY**

McGarrett closes the old "Champ" toolbox. Sets it down. Pulls the tarp off the Mercury Broughman. Cracks the hood. Assesses the work. Grabs a wrench. MATCH TO:

**The same tool in the hands of six-year old STEVE MCGARRETT -- as it's handed off to his father --**

RESUME MCGARRETT. He gets to work -- under the hood -- his way of honoring dad. Our first real moment of peace... IS ABRUPTLY INTERRUPTED BY THE PRELAP OF SCREAMING SIRENS:

**EXT. BEACH - PLUSH MAUI RESORT - DAY**

Commotion. A LIFE GUARD ATV blazes by. Arrives at a crowd gathering around a FEMALE LIFEGUARD who just pulled someone out of the water -- got him breathing again: it's Victor Hesse. Anemic and dehydrated. Despite the bullet hole in his shoulder and loss of blood, he tries to get up.

FEMALE LIFEGUARD

Sir, please, you shouldn't move.  
You've been shot.

Hesse pushes her out of the way. Gets to his feet and cuts across the sand --

**INT. PLUSH MAUI RESORT - DAY**

-- Marches through the lobby -- attracting stares -- this waterlogged monster -- leaving puddles in his wake --

**EXT. PLUSH MAUI RESORT - DAY**

Outside he finds the first VALET on duty --

HESSE

I need a taxi.

SLAM CUT TO:

A BREAKING WAVE... and the adrenaline pumping guitar strains of our THEME.

**END OF SHOW**