

# *Magnumb, Private Eye*

*By*

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*Act 1 scene 1*

*In the front stage, Terrance Magnumb sits at his laptop ,staring. Stage left is dark until dialog.*

*During dialog the audience sees Hanoi Hank making a deal with clients behind a jewelry case.*

Magnumb VO: Darn that Hank! Sleazeball! How does this town think he's a fine citizen and charitable but remain blind to his smarmy schemes? He's also conned his victims out of his sick schemes to the tune of 2,000,000 bucks. The main vice of this sleazy guy is trafficking illegal labor victims from the Far East and pirating them to Hawaii. He keeps them in a cycle of prison labor,takes their passports and pockets big money from it. It's happening right this moment here in Honolulu, the world's most populous, most remote large city. The Big Pineapple. The Pacific Diamond. Rates numero uno on the terribility scale in my book!

*Magnumb has a gift of the unusual in his vocabulary and actions stemming from some learning challenges. He's never let those challenges get the best of him. While typing he notices some words are upside down. Puzzled, he thinks a minute then walks to the rear of his laptop and proceeds to type from the upside down keyboard. Noticing that doesn't work he returns to his seat and turns the laptop around and types. Nope, didn't help. Aha!, he thinks, then proceeds to mask tape the laptop upside down underneath the desk and lie on his back. He fails and decides to revisit this later and leans forward and types harder, pecking away in indignation. Hank walks to stage right, which has carts and containers of the port with longshoremen stacking them. Hank walks over to a container labeled, "Packed in America" and speaks with a dock worker.*

Magnumb VO: I guess Honolulu is Hank's headquarters because he likes the steamy side, the slimy underbelly of the waterscapes, windscaapes, wealth and waves. He has connections with immigration, some shipping companies and airlines. He's a gambler that found out labor trafficking has better odds and better returns. He likes that. He grew up in the Vietnam middle class and practiced as a veterinarian after carrying a rifle in the war. In a shattered post war economy with ports o' call and ships loaded with treasures and drugs carried by slave laborers, he had to be opportunistic to earn money. It was part of the old socialism command economy but he found out it's part of our capitalism too. His old country promised a life of 'equity' for all people but I wonder why so many people risked their lives in wooden boats and empty stomachs if this 'equality' was such a good thing. He had worked 18 hour days for a bowl of soup all his life then found out that the cans of seafood could only be sold once. But people could be sold and re-sold. And sold again. At much higher profits.

*At the other end of the stage we see Hank, another man and a woman talking on a beach scene. The man gives Hank a wad of dough ,they shake hands and the man hustles the woman off stage.*

Magnumb VO: Hank left the world of smoky, opium filled alleys, cobbled streets, trash filled doorways and socialism for America and the desire to live a wealthy life of crime. He thought Hawaii was a new vision of clean air, sparkling water, and appetites plenty for his trade. A real Rockman Norwell painting.Or is it Norman Rockwell? I often get my words mixed up about names and stuff. Anyhow, he sensed Hawaii had a sinister aura underneath the gleam of middle-class tourist venues, Sizzler Steakhouses and timeshare presentations. It was away from the Far East's streets populated with trance-like beggars, thin coolies, sampan girls, and Mah Jong parlors. What he found in Hawaii was that anything can be imported, such as illegal gold, cars, and people. It had the same gambling intrigue his old world had.

*Magnumb finishes typing and stands up from desk curtains.*

Magnumb VO: Well, hopefully, this helps get this bastard off the streets. I tell ya, there's a higher percent of people in slavery right now than when Lincoln was president. It's enough to make

anyone with a conscience throw up in anger. I'm determined to get him. It's my job and it's going to be my most rewarding one. You see, I've had many jobs in my life. Delivery guy, sports referee stuff. I even applied for a government job that specifically wanted people with no qualifications! I didn't get hired. I guess I wasn't un-qualified enough? I sold health insurance under the Affordable Care Act. Yea, right. The Affordable Care Act made it affordable for doctors and rich healthcare CEO's to ski in Switzerland and buy second homes. The 'premiums' I paid allowed those same guys to order premium champagne while sitting in premium sky suites. The co-pays and out-of-pocket expenses I paid meant those same guys took money out of my pocket to pay for new golf clubs and sports cars. And the 'non-profit' hospitals means I don't profit. I did finally work in the stock market before. Made some cash. I also taught school years ago. Let me say those were 13 of the most rewarding, toughest and most difficult minutes of my life! Yet stopping Hank will be my prize job!

## Act 1 Scene 2

*Terrance walks off stage left, and lights go dark stage left. Curtains open, and Magnumb walks into a luxury restaurant from stage left. He walks up and sits at the counter next to Risk E. Rivers, a club owner friend of his. Risk has an eye condition causing one eyeball to tilt slightly and he talks like a baseball announcer even in ordinary conversation.*

Magnumb: Hey, did you see the shot James made in the Lakers game last night? One second left on the clock. Wins the game. He's still the best!"

Risk: No waaaaay boss, I watched Dwayne Wade all night. Wade threw it up into the basket from way, way back, back,back in center court twice in the fourth period, tying the game up.

Magnumb: Wade threw it up? Yea, he did!

Clarissa: Hot plates coming!

Magnumb: Good, good.

Clarissa: Porterhouse smothered in onion garlic sauce, mashed potatoes and gravy with a Ceasar salad for?

Magnumb: That will be me, thanks. Oh, also, bring me a milkshake for dessert. Make it Vanelli.

A Gino Vanelli Shake. Gino Vanelli shakes? Yeah, he does.(wah-wah-wah)

*Risk nods his head in obedient agreement with his friend's cornball humor at asking questions, then answering them with verve.*

Clarissa: Okaaaay, and I also have a 24-ounce surf and turf with green beans and a side of flavorful sweet corn here.

Risk: Thaaaaaat's meeeeee! Bring itttt riiiiight heeeere and, my stars, put it right in front of me,as

we see, from another angle. Un-be-liev-able! She's still in top form delivering a meal. Say

Clarissa. Besides the surf and turf , get me 'one planet, one people',to go. You know,world peace?

Clarissa: Serious? You're in to Seals and Crofts and your buddy digs Gino Vanelli. Okaaaay.

Magnumb: Yea we're all for world peace and love. But give us a split check. We always fight over the bill.(Wah-Wah music)

*Clarrissa walks back around the counter down stage, and Risk watches her walk away.*

Magnumb: Risk, please, no staring. We're not here to pick anyone up.

Risk: Re-mark-able! Sorry, bruh. Can't help looking,as we-ah see heeere. She's coming do-wn the aisle, bobb-les the napkins but makes a smooooth lay-down of the silverware too.

Magnumb: Don't even say it. I know you're going to. Don't

Risk: But...

Magnumb: No, we're on business, Risk

*Risk spins away and starts eating. Terrance waves Clarissa over, holding his glass out for another drink.*

Risk: Terr-ance, look-ing at your out-put I can say with con-fi-dence you've had way,way,way enough to drink today. Let's replay your order. First drink, you had a slowly sipped sloe gin fizz down the left side of the mouth and stretched it into a double. Second order, you belted a tall,towering Singapore Sling, back, back, baaaack down the throat. Third order, you slugged a triple sec down the middle of your mouth while sitting on the right side of the bar, just near the cash register. By the fourth round, you hit a single malt whiskey, past the the bar stool. So far you're 4 for 4, with 3 free drink coupons on the house and 10 in the last 7 days . Truuuuly a top show of drinking strength ,friend. However, you prom-ised every-one in this capa-city filled restaurant you were going to go sober.

Magnumb: It's called drinking efficiency.

Risk: But you said...

Magnumb: I. KNOW. WHAT. I. SAID. Turn my life around completely. I am going to, with the help of my friends, and I really hope someday, a good woman, Risk, I will. Really I will.

Risk: Will what?

Magnumb: Turn my life around. Completely. 360 degrees. (Hey band leader. How bout some drums and cymbals!)

Risk: Yeah right, I got your 360 degrees right here, chump!. Terrance, I know one thing bout you. You can always be counted on to do da right thing once all the alternatives have been exhausted. (wah-wah)

*A man who has been at the center table the entire scene reading a newspaper lowers his paper. The audience sees that it is Hanoi Hank. Clarissa comes over to him.*

Clarissa: Have you figured out what you'd like to drink? Beer, wine?

Hank: I'll take a Singapore Sling.

Clarissa: Okay, one umbrella or two?

Hank: One. And a plastic mermaid, a sea urchin, or somethin on the rim, too. Every drink should have a porpoise, er, purpose to it, right.

Clarissa: Okaaaay...

*Clarissa leaves and walks behind the counter to get his drink and brings it back. He takes a sip and glances over at Magnumb and Risk. Magnumb wipes his face with a napkin and stands up. Hank hides quickly behind his newspaper again.*

Magnumb: I'm going to head out, buddy. Deborah is coming back to town, and I'm going to Drive.Up.To. Her. Place. And. See. Her. (winking)

Risk: Hey, give my regards to her on this spec-ta-cu-lar day, with a high of 82 degrees and a light breeze blowing left to right. Should have little significance on your drive to her place.

Magnumb: Will do.

*Magnumb walks off stage left.*

### Act 1 Scene 3

*We are in front of the curtains. Magnumb walks to center stage and knocks on a certain backstage knocking noise. Deborah comes through the curtain part.*

Magnumb: Knock, knock. You here.

Deborah: Oh, heck, I've been here less than 10 minutes. I was wondering bout ya.

Magnumb: We need to keep in touch better. I can't chase you all over, doll.

Deborah: Sure does make our meetings a lot more interesting, though.

Magnumb: I'm tired of this, Debs. Every time I see you, my heart swoons. I have always thought of you in a deeper way. I thought that maybe one day you might fall in love with me, and then we could be married.

Deborah: You're crazy to want to marry me, Terrance. Ladies like me don't marry.

Magnumb: I know I'm not crazy. That's my life story. But it's not crazy to think we can try. But if it is crazy, I don't care.

Deborah: You don't care? So, you are crazy, and you don't care? Or you're not crazy, and you do care?

Magnumb: Um, yes.

Deborah: Big guy, this isn't a 'choose all the above' question.



Magnumb: I know.

Deborah: Let's just keep it at; you're crazy.

Magnumb: Right

Deborah: Perhaps. Our times together are far between, but maybe it's good that way. We can keep our space that way, ya know?

Magnumb: Sure if you think it's okay. I can't hold ya down.

Deborah: Well, you can try.

*Deborah seductively swishes her skirt and heads in between the curtain, and Terrance follows her. Fade to black...*

#### Act 1 Scene 4

*The curtain opens, and they are back at the restaurant again. Magnumb ,Risk and now their buddy CC. He gets his name because he always has a bottle of Canadian Club in one hand and a pistol in the other. This makes it difficult as he's a full time taxi driver. They are sitting at their old spot, drinking. A woman in a seductive dress enters. Clarissa gets her order. Hank is at his table drinking, and he is oogling the poor girl. Hank heads over to the girl.*

Hank: So, I see someone's out on the town tonight. Are you alone?

Pretty Girl: Yes, I am out tonight. Why would you want to know if I'm alone or not?

Hank: Any red-blooded man in this room would be green with envy to see me and you in that gold skirt get into my lemon yellow sports car and head out to see some lovely aqua blue waters. You want to go on a date with me?

Pretty Girl: Excuse me? I don't even know you.

Hank: Oh, come on! It'll be a new opportunity for both of us.

Pretty Girl: No thanks, grandpa. I don't date guys on Medicare.

Hank: Well that's pretty Odd-date-ious of you, honey!

*Hank grins with an oily smile at his slimeball humor as the girl shudders in disgust.*

*Hank angrily slams his drink down, grabs the girl, roughly pinning her arm and starts forcing her out of the restaurant. She thinks to scream, but Hank pushes a gun against her rib. They leave stage left. Magnumb and Risk hear the commotion and notice what is going on.*

Magnumb: Hey, Risk, isn't that Hanoi Hank, the big jeweler with the black coat and silver necklace? That's the guy, isn't it?

*Risk nods yes*

Magnumb: I've done some detective work and found out his past. In Vietnam he was a respectable veterinarian who went bad after fighting the war.

Risk: So, lemme get this. He's a Vietnam veterinarian veteran?

Magnumb: Errrr. Right! What's he doing with that girl? Hanoi Hank is toast, as far as I'm concerned. I'm going to catch that bastard for all the evil he's done. We have to. I feel right now as if the whole cosmos has us waiting to fulfill our purpose to catch him. Risk, we would be

crazy to chase this guy with all his connections and sane if we didn't, but if we were sane, we would be idiots not to catch him. But suppose we choose not to catch him. In that case, we're dumb asses for being so freaking smart and agreeing to disagree with our conscience in a subconscious way, so I think we should cast all perpsirations aside about the bastard and do what any sane man would do. Forget rationalizing because it's insane to think sanely about guys who traffic people.

*The duo runs after Hank off stage left.*

#### Act 1 Scene 5

*Curtains close, and Hank runs across the stage in front dragging the girl alone beside him. Magnumb, CC and Risk follow, running behind them. The curtain opens to show the backdrop of a scary old house and a gate on center stage. Hank runs and opens the gate and runs backstage. Magnumb and Risk come out.*

Magnumb: I think I saw him go in here

Risk: Unbelievable ! Let's see a reeeplay!?! What is this plaaaaace? A run-down joint like this here? And right next to a cathedral, a skanky bar, and a 24-hour dance club? Do you think I'm stupid to think this place exists?

Magnumb: Will a yes answer mean you won't respect me tomorrow? To answer your earlier question, I see it this way. God exists where the sinners are, instead of being far away from them. What's the saying, "Where sin abounds, grace abounds more? I guess we're both surprised, but we have to stay alert. Anything might happen here.

Risk: Okay, let's go for it. But I've got to write down some ideas to map our strategy.

*Risk pulls out a notebook and a pen. Magnumb leans over to see what Risk is writing.*

Magnumb: Risk, what the heck is this writing. It's nonsense.

Risk: It's my version of shorthand, for faster-ness. I made it up when I tried my hand at court reporting school years ago, but I couldn't pass the exams. So, I've stolen some more textbooks and made my own. It's longer than shorthand. I made it into shorthand by writing longhand from scratch. It's mine so, only I know it for secrets.

Magnumb: So, it's longhand shorthand?

Risk: Yes, bruh.

*They walk through the gate and walk behind the backdrop, and the drop lifts to reveal a set of old furniture as they are looking around.*

Risk: I guess we need to try somewhere else. They don't seem to be in here.

Magnumb: All right. This is gonna be a long night. We can't give up. We have to find a way to get Hank on our side, maybe join him for a period, make some transactions.

Risk: What are you saying?

Magnumb: I'm sometimes saying it's better to have a guy like Hank inside your tent pissing out than outside your tent pissing in. So we join him, learn his game. He's smart, but he has no brains. If we gotta cheat to get these mugs, we'll cheat. If we have to be honest to get them, we'll be honest. In order to stop these sick traffickers, I will personally cheat at being honest, lie

carefully while speaking the truth and kill in order so others will live. When things get bleakest, I will see to it they get bleaker-est for Hank. We've tracked guys like this before and met defeat, but now that we are losing again, things need to take a turn for the better, and we'll come out ahead even if we're behind and as long as we don't succeed in being defeated.

### Act 1 Scene 6

*Magnumb and Risk walk off stage right, and the curtain closes. An old man with hot dog kiosk comes out.*

Old Man with Cart: Get your hot dogs. Get your hot dogs here.

*Magnumb and Risk walkout stage right and walk to the old man*

Magnumb: Pardon me. Maybe you can help us. May I ask if you've lived here all your life?

Old Man with Cart: Not yet. I ain't died.

Magnumb: I mean, if you've lived here a long time maybe you've seen a guy called Hanoi Hank? He is the town jeweler. He is an older fella wearing a black coat with a long silver chain.

We think he came through this avenue with a blond girl.

Old Man with Cart: You know, I may have seen such a man. He came by here about two hours ago. He was in a long black coat, and the young lady had a gold dress on and some marks on her face.

Magnumb: So, he's beaten her already?

Old Man with Cart: It seems so. But she no talky, she no sleepy. She keep trying ta stop him, but he more than stronger her. She was so druggy, likey no tomorrow.

Magnumb: Okay, Thanks. Do you have an idea which way they went?

Old Man with Cart: Yes, dey went dere.

*The Old Man points to the wings of stage left. Magnumb and Risk go off to stage left, and The old man moves his cart stage right. Magnumb and Risk walk back on stage in front of curtains. Magnumb is on his cell-phone. Suddenly the play is interrupted. To the audience it appears confusing, like, "What the heck is going on?" Terrance steps forward into the audience.*

Terrance Magnumb: I thought this would be a good time to interrupt the show to come clean on a few things. I've worked hard on this show with auditions, lines, etc but the real truth here is what follows. You see, I'm really not Terrance Magnumb. I'm Tom Selleck. And I'm Alex O'Laughlin. And Jay Hernandez. And Jack Lord. You can say I'm a doppelganger of Hawaiian cop, crimes and eye candy TV shows. And I thought this the best venue to offer a tribute to the beach private eye theme that set many a TV career on overdrive over 50 years ago. They are icons of TV history.. Here are a few ideas I want to share about the influence of Hawaiian private eye TV dramas and their influence to this day

*First of all, what's up with the unattached single male motif in all these shows? Think about it. None of them are married. The shows go on successfully for 10 years and these guys hardly, barely even go on dates. There are some serious commitment-o-phobes in the characters. They admire women from a far, occasionally have dates but they're all one night stands. The*

original Magnum couldn't get over his wife's death and start a long-lasting romance. Rick Wright just dated around until the last episode of the 8 year series , when the show ends mid ceremony. T.C. was divorced and unable to start anything. Mr. Higgins, don't get me started on him.

In the current Magnum, P.I., Thomas Magnum kind of, sort of, a little bit of, likes Juliet Higgins, but they're in business together so that gives him an out. Otherwise outside of a couple of episodes he's with a woman as well as the other guys, they're just flunking males, hard up for cash often, getting by on pawn shop loans and each others generosity and staying a distance to commitment.

Jack Lord's character had lost at love and never tried to find it during his series and even the most recent Danny Williams character had left New Jersey after a divorce and stayed single.

*Enough on that! One icon of these shows that audiences like you noticed over time is, of course, the beach setting in all its splendor.* Was the beach setting on the show just to promote Hawaii? Was it maybe a part of the show to add a time sequence? Time-travel perhaps? Looking back to about 1983 Selleck's Magnum character showed us the future in one episode by sending an older form of e-mail when he snuck into Higgins' computer. In 1987 Magnum and Rick talk on one of the original mobile phones. This show transcended time! Here's my take. Beach scenes on Hawaiian TV shows served a lot of creative purposes.

*One, they allowed for reflection.* Reflecting on what's going on in the show and in life. Lest we forget, TV shows are not real. They're edited. All of TV is edited. Well, all except for live sports. Go Tigers! The rest is hand crafted by experts to edit exactly what the powers that be in the show want. And the beach scenes of Thomas Magnum or Steve McGarrett, etc. jogging, walking with

a bimbo or an honest lady, or perhaps with their cohorts, were made to evoke reflection on what they were doing, allowing for a pause in the action of ,for example, Magnum's ham fistled assaults on witless moron criminals or his character justifying another break in of a house or lying to get military intelligence.

*A second icon of the beach scene was truth.* Cutting to the bone of what they had to do to solve a case or explain to a lovely lady that they were commitment shy and wouldn't try anything more than a dinner date or a tennis match. Or perhaps truth about someone's past that needed to be revealed for an investigation to take place. Facing up to facts. Reality. The beach scene was reality TV long before reality TV came on the scene. We humans need time to face facts head-on and accept them and deal with life.

Plus, there were times when crime fighters had to face up to shortcomings while at the beach. It's instructional. Liberating. Can help you re-invent yourself. Or perhaps find some values deep down inside you didn't know were there. All at a great beach with its hues of aqua and green with crested waves.

*At the beach there's also the theme of romance.* On several occasions in Hawaii TV crime dramas things happened. You know. A kiss. Another kiss. Cuddling. You get the picture. Sometimes the romance was a remembrance of many years ago and it fit into the attempt to piece together maybe a crime, or a missing person, or stolen treasure. But the beaches of Oahu have a timeless mystical ability to bring romance to life.

*Finally, there's escape.* It's true that although beaches attract responsible, solid citizens as the vast majority of visitors, still just being the end of the line of earth they so often have an allure for scoundrels, con men, ne'r do wells, and people with a long list of creditors (like Thomas Magnum), the beach lines them up shoulder to shoulder in just a swimsuit,bare, with the



vast Pacific Ocean at their backs, too much to try to swim, while their problems face them. They so often think the beach is a safe getaway but they're wrong. They find the main problem is inside themselves. They see the truth, hopefully.

*Another theme of these shows was swimming.* Swimming was a way to show a change in purpose. It shows the crime fighter keeping fit but was also a way of mapping a strategy for catching bad guys. In truth, filming a scene of Magnum,P.I. tragically ended the life of a respected cameraman in the early years of the show. This horrific event tells us that life is to be treasured and to spend your time on worthy pursuits because as even with an edited show, fully scripted and with life, the facts matter. Getting to the truth.

Also, the beach did at times generate anger and fights, to be honest. Perhaps it's the openness of two friends being too blunt or finding a bad guy there and needing to pummel him. There was even one scene when Thomas Magnum was slapped by a lady and he pushed her back with a too-strong arm. It underscores the fact the beach brings out a willingness to own up to the truth.

*Also, there was this little matter of the Fourth Wall of acting. It was done a lot in the Magnum,P.I. original series. It can really add to a show and here's how.*

It shows immediacy.. It says that the show, even decades later, was talking in the now. It tended to shake things up a bit. It was intimate as the character related to people he would never see. It enriched a purely fictional world with a sense of immediacy and intimacy and it had to be done sparingly but enough so the viewers sensed they owned a part of the show. It also shows honesty because, hey that's a large part of the show, finding the facts,right? And, it showed stillness and perhaps with that, some alienation to the whole plot. Stillness allows for the

audience to slow down a bit and reflect and alienation presents a sense that perhaps there's a higher ideal here than just a TV show.

*Finally, We must talk about the cars. Jack Lord's suited man driving a shiny black Mercury, Tom Selleck's hunky guy outfitted in the gleaming Ferrari and Steve O'Laughlin's alpha male in a silver Mustang* made them different. And that's a neat thing about detective shows, especially in Hawaii. They provide opportunity for the community and possible economic benefits too like exposure and tourism to the state. I wonder if the local car dealerships got a huge boost after the shows started gaining traction? On two straight episodes of the original *Magnum, P.I.* around season 5, Thomas Magnum shopped for used cars at car lots. Also, I think home values rose as people moved there attracted by the weekly viewing of Hawaii starting from 1968 and ending in 2020. Supply and demand, that's cold facts any detective could locate. Maybe local family owned businesses benefited the same way. And, yea, local actors, craftsmen, catering, etc were hired all the time. Good ole' American business and generosity, I say. It was a natural growth of generosity, creativity and inspirational hard work that benefitted many people. You see, the guys got to drive an amazing car for a long time and it was part of the show along with the beaches and beauties and bad guys but it set standards for cars on TV. yeah, Thomas Magnum didn't have the cash for that car, as he was allowed by Robin Masters to use it along with the tennis courts, an occasional bottle of fine wine and free rent. So, hey, he didn't need to earn really big paydays on his cases, right? That's why he turned down a lot of cash, cases and accoutrements. He was not going to be bought. He would do the right thing every time. Well, except when he didn't.

CC: Hey Terrance! Wake up bruh! You finished sentimentalizing and come out of your dream state, Terrance? We've got a theater audience watching.

*Terrance shakes sleep as if he's coming out of a long dream*

Magnumb: Oh...Day-um, I got it

Risk: What did you find?

Magnumb: My spy guy just texted me, and he says from a good source that Hank has been up to very clever ways to land those girls here in town. He uses 5 or 6 fake social agencies to bring them over on work visas. They lie to them in the Philippines and tell them they will be working in the hospitality industry and live the American dream. Once they arrive, to slowly reel them in legit through immigration, he has the agencies almost convince them like they're in cults and puts them to work selling doughnuts, trinkets and newspapers on the street 7 days a week with little food and plenty of psychological abuse. Once the girls are too scared to run, he puts them to work, earning big money, all for himself. Hank has contacts with Philippines Immigration and with US Immigration too, so that things always stay covered up.

Risk: Scumbag!

Magnumb: Exactly! My hunch is someone's being paid at the highest level to turn a blind eye. Someone is making a heavy amount of cash so Hank and his boys can ship these girls from Manila and Bangkok, walk onto American soil, and into the glowing strip clubs, soapy creep joints, and shit-hole sweatshops all over the place. It makes me sick to my stomach to see this smarmy sleazeball and his six sick sex sects.

*Risk and Magnumb look at each other & agree with aplomb at Terrance's use of alliteration.*

Risk: Bozz, I saw something extraordinary a few days ago. I was shopping and noticed something creepy, shocking. It was hree girls, all very tiny Asians; I couldn't guess their ages. They were walking out of an alley.

Magnumb: Where? What alley?

Risk: Near the Outrigger Hotel. Off Kuhio Avenue. There's a pizza joint and a cigar shop nearby. Losta touristy shops. They were bawling and kind of scruffed up. It looked too odd, but I had my granny with me, and I couldn't stop. I was helping her shop.

Magnumb: Were they beaten up? You know there are a couple of men's clubs near there. I know guys who go there and have sworn there are girls from all over Asia hanging out. But they aren't dancers. They're just hanging out. Let's go over to that alley and see if we can catch anything.

### Act 1 Scene 7

*Risk and Magnumb go off stage. The curtains open to reveal the metal structure with stairs and an upper platform. Magnumb and Risk are hiding behind a crate watching. Magnumb is taking pictures with his phone. Crazy Man crosses the street.*

Crazy Man: Do you want a super lemon big bag?

Magnumb: No, we don't want your drugs. Get lost.

Risk: We've been here for a while. Maybe it was nothin' Terrance. We should round third and head home!

Magnumb: Just a little while longer.

*A man comes out with a young lady who is crying.*

Magnumb: Let's follow casually. Don't scare them.

*The two follow casually behind. The man looks back. Magnumb and Risk comically start whistling and looking at the sky. The man begins walking again, and they follow. He looks back, see's that they are following, and starts running up the metal stairs dragging the girls.*

Risk: Catch that bastard! He thinks he's getting away.

*Magnumb chases after him, and Risk goes and hides behind the crate again. Magnumb chases him up the stairs and across the platform and then down the stairs, into the wings, and then across the stage. The man pulls out a gun and points it at Magnumb, and then he thinks twice and points it at the girl. Magnumb raises his hands and backs away. The man laughs and leaves. Risk comes out from behind the crate.*

Risk: It's good you didn't engage him.

Magnumb: I didn't want any of those bullets hitting that girl. Or my phone.

*Magnumb shows him a video on his smart phone.*

Magnumb: I started recording once I saw him. I don't have the best angles, but I do believe I got footage of his place. This means we can find him.

Act 1 Scene 8

*The curtain closes, and then Magnum and Risk walk around to the front of it after getting out of CC's taxi.*

CC: Brothers, this is your address. That's \$52 square.

Magnum: Risk, I'm short. Can we use your generosity for our buddy?

Risk: No! I'm not loaning you any more fares. Unless you come through with something of value.

Magnum: How do I apply for that loan?

*Risk and CC roll their eyes and sigh as Terrance is known for borrowing often.*

CC: Is this the place?

Magnum: Yep, he should be behind that door.

*Magnum indicates to curtain. A loud scream comes from backstage.*

Magnum: He's at it again, Risk! Okay, on my mark, we are going to bust down the door. One, two, three.

*Risk and Magnumb do a running push. While they are counting, the curtain opens. We see a poor girl lying on the floor bleeding.*

Magnumb: Risk, give me your shirt, hurry.

*Risk rips open his nice shirt and hands a red bandana to Magnumb. Magnumb starts first aid on her.*

Magnumb: Everything is going to be okay. Don't worry, we're on your side.

Pretty Girl: My, my sister. She lives here in Oahu.

Magnumb: It's okay, you'll be fine. You'll be with your sister soon.

Pretty Girl: No, she lives in this city with this murderer. Please don't let him get her too. Don't let him get others like her and me.

Magnumb: Don't worry. I won't let it.

*Girl dies, and Magnumb and Risk are shaken.*

Risk: Magnumb, what's this?

Magnumb: Not now Risk.

Risk: No, Magnumb, it's a note. For me.

Magnumb: What does it say?

Risk: Risk- I know where she is. Let's play!!!

*Magnumb walks over and wraps his arms around the frightened Risk.*

Act 2 Scene 1

*In front of the curtain, Terrance, Risk and C.C. are enjoying a day at Aloha Stadium for a baseball game with a visiting Chinese baseball team, having fun.*

Risk: "Hu's batting now. Been on a hitting streak. Hee's on 1st .

Magnumb: Who?

Risk: Hu. (,pointing)

Magnumb: OK, Him who?

Risk: I said it already. Hu's batting now.

Magnumb: I asked that already.

Risk: And I told you, Hu.

Magnumb: OK, and that is.....Him?

Risk: Him struck out just while you were getting hot dogs.

Magnumb : ...and Him is.....who?

Risk: ....let's watch.

Magnumb: Let's see. Hee's on first. But how did Hee get there?



Risk: Hee singled.

Magnumb: And , again . His name is...

Risk: Hee...

Magnumb: Nevermind. I'm just gonna watch.

*Magnumb watches a couple minutes but still has questions.*

Magnumb: Now, look! How did Hee get to 3rd? Wait, How did Hu get on 2<sup>nd</sup>? Hee singled.

Wait, you told me Hu walked.

Risk: Really? Yu can't say anything because the guy is injured and not here. I told you How's on 3<sup>rd</sup>. By the way, I is on deck.

Magnumb: Wait, I'm on deck? I'm not in the game today.

Risk : I said I is on deck, ya bum.

Magnumb: Risk, I know your English is better than that. Tell me one thing. What is going on here?

Risk: No. Wut is playing center field.

Magnumb: OK, and ..who is next to bat? Not Hee, because he's on 2<sup>nd</sup>.

Risk: Exactly! Hu!

Magnumb: Who is he? Please tell me. What's his name?

Risk: I just told you. Hu. How clear can it be?

Magnumb: There you go...

Risk: Go isn't playing because of an injury.

Magnumb: Aaargggghhhh! How did Go bat?..."

Risk: Ho, my gosh. That ball was hit a mile!"

Magnumb: Who hit it a mile?

Risk: No, Ho hit it. Hu struck out while you were flapping your lips. See the guy on the mound striking batters out?

Magnumb: See? Where...?

Risk: Right in front of us. On the mound, dufus!

Magnumb: I can't find anyone on the mound and I'm looking at the field right now.

Risk :See. The pitcher on the mound!

*Magnumb throws his cap down in disgust, giving up.*

.....*There is a table and two chairs. Hank is eating at his usual table with a seedy looking labor dealer.*

Dealer: Oh, you have nothing to worry about. What I am offering you will never let your expectations down.

Hank: Okay, then I'll take that one.

Dealer: Yes, mister. I swear you will surely enjoy her company.

Hank: I want her as soon as possible.

Dealer: All right then. You will meet her in two days downtown.

Hank: No problem.

*Hank and the dealer leave with the stage set. The curtain opens, and Magnumb and Risk are in a hotel room. A man is reading a newspaper on a couch in the corner.*

Risk: Heya, are you sure he is coming.

Magnumb: Of course he'll come. You know how much he loves to see attractive, beautiful victims.

Risk: And I'ya wants to ask that vice-ridden old perv what he is talking about in that letter.

Magnumb: Hey, calm down, man. As soon as we find him, you can ask him all the questions you have.

Risk: Okay, we'll see what happens two days from now.

Magnumb: I'm sure that our plan will succeed. It's easy to catch someone when you know what the best bait is. He doesn't realize who he is dealing with.

Risk: I hope that he doesn't anticipate this as a trap. We never know what is on his mind. Maybe he is just playing around.

Magnumb: Let's just trust our plan. Whether he knows about this or not, we need to be ready all the time. This is now or never.

Risk: I really want to know if he is related to...

Magnumb: Risk, stop your stinkin thinkin! That'll hurt our assignment. As soon as we catch him, we will get the truth out of him. You will have all your answers. I know that this brings up a lot of bad memories with your sister Mary , but we will stop him. He won't kill anyone ever again. You get what I'm saying, bro'skie?

*Risk nods, and Magnumb goes over and gives Risk a bro hug.*

Magnumb: Everything is set. Everyone is in place already.

Risk: We've waited for this for a long time.

Magnumb: Let's do it.

*Magnumb gives the nod to the man on the couch who has been reading the newspaper. He gives the nod back to Magnumb, and Magnumb and Risk hide behind a curtain. The man folds his newspaper, and Hank walks onto the stage. Man with a newspaper stands up and goes to greet Hank.*

Man with Newspaper: Oh hello there sir, it's nice to finally meet you. I am the one you have been talking to on the telephone and most of all, the one who will bring good deals for you.

Hank: Would you believe how excited I am?

Man with Newspaper: Are you ready?

Hank: I am always ready

Man with Newspaper: Okay. I would like you to meet Lucy. Miss, come here.

*A woman walks on dressed in a very suggestive outfit.*

Hank: Oh, you didn't fail me. She is gorgeous.

Man with Newspaper: You like what I have here?

Hank: I guess I will enjoy doing business with you.

*Hank walks her over to a bed. He sits the girl on the bed.*

Hank: You're all mine, dear. What's your name?

Lucy: Lucy, sir

Hank: Lucy, I wanted to see if you're willing to do things out of obedience, to do as I say tonight.

Lucy: Yes, sir

*Hank starts to woo Lucy.*

Man with Newspaper: Oh, before I forget. I have a couple of freebies for you since you're doing business with us.

Hank: Wow, I didn't know there's more!

*Magnum and Risk pop out of the curtain with guns drawn and the man with newspaper and Lucy pull out her own guns.*

Hank: Wait, wait, I give up. Don't shoot.

Magnumb: Just shut up and kneel down jerk. I knew you would give in to a scantily clad gal cuz that's just your nature.

Risk: Terrance, you mean scantily clad.

Magnumb: Exactly!

Hank: Calm down, man. Look, I have no advantage against you. Ya' think ya' got enough guns with big eyeballs staring at me?

Magnumb: Don't ask questions, you sleazy degenerate. Under my rules, the only people permitted to ask questions are those who don't ask questions.

Hank: What the...?

Magnumb: The only perps allowed to ask questions are the kind who never ask questions. Those are the only questions allowed. You dig? Risk, cuff this perv!

Hank: Nice to see you again, Risk. I hope you found the letter.

Risk: What da heck are you talking about in dat letter?

Hank: You know what I mean.

Risk: Spill your guts. I've got Smith and Wesson for a law firm for you to confess to.

*Risk cocks his gun and shoves it into Hanks's left cheek.*

Hank: Fine, fine, fine. I know where your sister is.

Risk: Tell me. Where is she?

Hank: Oh, I have an amazing deal for you. You let me out of this, and I will tell you where she is.

Magnumb: Risk, he's just tricking you. Just put the cuffs on him.

Hank: I am telling the truth. It's impossible to forget her simple beauty and, oh, her name. It's Mary, right Risk?

Risk: How do you know her?

Hank: It's a long story. But let's just say she tried to fly off a tall building but couldn't fly very well.. I'll tell you when you set me free first.

Magnumb: Risk don't do it. It's a trap.

Risk: Leave us alone

*The man with a newspaper and Lucy leave.*

Magnumb: Risk, what are you doing?

Risk: You made the wrong choice with the wrong person, you sick freak. So I'm gonna give you a choice. You can die on your knees or on your feet.

Hank: Well, given a choice, if it's on my feet, can I be running away when I die?

Risk: You just made another wrong choice.

*Risk shoots Hank twice in the head and he falls to the ground.*

Risk: When my sister was 20 years old, she ran away from home. She wanted her freedom, so she came here to live on her own. That was five years ago. According to reports she was conned to work in a hotel with a promise that she would have money to send home. Unfortunately, she quit calling home.

Magnumb: I know. That breaks my heart, friend.

Risk: I came here not just to work, but to find who killed my sister. As soon as he uttered my sister's name, I knew he was the one who killed her.

*Magnumb walks over to Risk and gives him a hug. Risk buries his head into Magnumb's chest. Curtain close*

## Act 2 Scene 2

*A man named Derek, in very fancy clothing, runs out of a nightclub. He is being chased by Magnumb and a slightly slower Risk.*

Magnumb: Risk go around the other alley. We'll cut him off.

Risk: I got 'em.

*Risk runs around back, and the curtain opens while Magnumb chases Derek off stage and through the audience. Cops appear and join in the chase. Magnumb chases Derek back on stage, and Derek climbs the metal fire structure. Magnumb joins him. He climbs down, and Risk punches him, causing him to fall. Magnumb jumps on top of him, pinning him down, and the cops show up.*



Risk: Hawaiian punch taste good?

Officer Hanamoto: Hands up.

Magnumb: Hanamoto, it's us, Magnumb and Risk. Don't arrest us. We're the good guys.

Hanamoto: Hands up, I said.

Risk: This is a no brainer for the HPD to notice two private detectives working a thug over.

Magnumb: Yea, but Hanamoto is overqualified. He has half a brain. (wah-Wah music)

*All three men put their hands up and are escorted backstage. The men come back pushing out wheeling bars in front of curtains.*

Magnumb: You're going to be in jail for a long time.

Derek: When Hell freezes over.

Magnumb: They assigned you to a cell with a huge, hairy guy who has been looking you up and down through the cell door. See?

Derek: Hell just froze over.

Hanamoto: You two can leave now. You really got some of the guys down here worked up. They really don't like that way you bring bad guys to justice. They say you are vicious. Yet, there is no proof of violence.

Magnumb: They are just upset because I have a better track record of getting scum like this off the streets.

Hanamoto: I think you're telling people that may be the reason that the guys upstairs don't like you.

Magnumb: Do me a favor, boss. Tell your chums at HPD that I will make a pact with them. They stop telling lies about me, and I'll stop telling the truth about them.

*Magnumb and Risk leave the cell, and Derek tries to follow. The guard pulls the bar shut and holds his hand out to stop Derek.*

Magnumb: Come on, Risk today was a success. Call CC's taxi. We need to celebrate.

Risk: CC, take us to the Black Orchid.

### Act 2 Scene 3

*The scene opens up at the Black Orchid. Magnumb, CC and Risk look like they have been drinking quite a lot. Bud sits a few rows down and is watching them.*

Magnumb: Does us guys having a good time concern you?

Bud: Yes, it does. But I've watched you guys for a couple years at this place, and you don't let life bog you down. You seem free. I like that. The next round is on me.

Magnumb: Day-um! You don't have to, but thanks. Come join us.

Bud: I've got some serious business on Maui Island, so I'm off to the airport, but let's do it soon.

*Bud leaves, giving them his business card and lighting a cigar.*

Magnumb: CC...

CC: I know what you are going to say, friend. I know it. Have you ever seen Bud light one up?

Yea, he does!

Magnumb: Get me another Bud Light, Clarissa

Clarissa: Beer's OK. 'Cuz you've just finished my last bottle of bourbon, boys.

Magnumb: Alrighty then, and bring us a bottle of champagne with it. Put it on my tab.

Clarissa: You're strictly a cash client. Remember, your open bar privileges were revoked recently because you haven't paid your last three bills.

Magnumb: Money talks, honey. Here's \$200. This should cover it.

CC: OK, Terrance. You're lookin' like 'new money', bruh

Clarissa: More like 'old money' by the smarmy looks of these crumpled \$20's, honey.

*Clarissa laughs at his wadded up cash.*

Magnumb: Clarissa, you put the 'pain' in champagne!

*Jill enters the bar and sits a few seats down from Magnumb.*

Jill: A martini, please.

Clarissa: Comin' right up.

*Clarissa gives Jill her martini.*

Jill: Thank you, love. Are you Terrance Magnumb?

Magnumb: I am.

Jill: I've heard you and your partners help people in need from time to time.

Magnumb: You've heard correct.

Jill: I need some help now if you are willing.

Magnumb: Depends on what you need, Miss.

Jill: Might we discuss my issue someplace more private.

Magnumb: Of course

*Magnumb leads her off stage and then in front of the curtain. Risk, CC and Clarissa look shocked at how lucky he is with the woman.*

#### Act 2 Scene 4

*Magnumb walks her in front of the curtains.*

Magnumb: Wait one minute, doll. I know what you do for a living. I don't care, but I'm not a client if that is what this is.

Jill: I was just acting seductive, well, I do have 'clients' but,,,,,,Hey, I needed to say something to get you away from the bar because I needed to talk alone with you.

Magnumb: Oh, so you're not a hustler then. I understand your facade.

Jill: Thanks. I need your help. My friend Karinna has gone missing.

Magnumb: Girls like you and Karinna go missing all the time

*Jill slaps Magnumb.*

Jill: Karinna heard about some totally evil guys bringing in forced labor slaves from the Philippines and she started snooping around. The last time I talked to her, Karinna said she was getting close to uncovering something too garish to believe. That was when she disappeared.

Magnumb: What do you want me to do? Doing actual investigating is hard work. I've got plenty of things on my plate right now.

Jill: Like what? Softball tournament? Waxing your car? I think a wealthy local businessman is behind the trafficking. They're even bringing in underage girls.

*Magnumb's face contorts to sheer anger.*

Magnumb: OK! If there's anything I hate seeing is kids getting hurt. I'll see what we can do. And I'll call my friend BarryThe Hatchet 'bout that face slap you gave me.

*Magnumb rubs his red face and heads through the curtains as they open back up to the bar, and Jill leaves.*

Magnumb: Hey Risk, we have a new job.

Risk: How much does it pay?

Magnumb: As of right now, it pays nothing.

Risk: Terrance, you're jerking my chain. I suppose you want me and CC to help ya'?

Undercover? Unlicensed? Unpaid?

Magnumb: Uhhh,, Usually, yes...err,, just for a while friend. And unhinged too, bruh!

Risk: Start at a grand, Terrance.

Magnumb: C'mon Risk! You want a stable job, then go to work shoveling horse crap at the racetrack!

Risk: Fine.

Magnumb: Two doubles, Clarrissa and how 'bout some grub? Whaddya got, dear? Something better than those cheesy Velveeta nachos with canned jalapenos you served me last time?

Clarissa: Oh? Terrance Magnumb wants to move upscale from our classy snacks? Whooo wee! I am impressed, partner! Just so happens we did upgrade our appetizers with some high -end cheese this week. I'll get ya' some.

Magnumb: Yeah. Kick it up a couple nachos, dear!

Clarissa: Okaaaaaayyyyyy, Mr. 'New Money'

Magnumb: Shoot.

*Magnumb reaches over and grabs a bottle.*

Magnumb: Run. It's okay, Clarrissa. Just put this bottle on CC's tab.

*The guys run off stage, and Clarrissa stares, annoyed at them.*

### Act 2 Scene 5

*In front of the curtain, Magnumb is standing, waiting. A receptionist walks on stage, and a man named Mr. Reynolds follows behind her.*

Receptionist: Mr. Reynolds will see you now.

Reynolds: Mr. Magnumb, so great to finally meet with you. Now, what can I do for you?

Magnumb: You are a tough man to meet Mr. Reynolds. I myself had to call in several favors just to get in the receptionist's office. So, I am a private investigator, and I am looking into a young lady's disappearance.

Reynolds: Oh my. That is awful. Those poor girls already have gone through so much, and then some other monster comes down and ends their already sad life before it gets a chance to bloom.

Magnumb: Yes, I have a question, though. Have you ever partaken of 'ladies of the night'?

Reynolds: Why I most certainly have not! I am a family man who abhors that activity, thank you very much.

Magnumb: Didn't mean to offend you. Just out of curiosity, what do you do for a living here?

Reynolds: Er, uh, you could say I do government audits in the import-export business. Mainly between Honolulu and Southeast Asia.

Receptionist: Mr. Reynolds, you have a meeting waiting for you in conference room three.

Reynolds: Thank you, Hannah. Sorry to cut this meeting short old sport, but business waits for no man. I hope you find Karinna safe and happy.

*Reynolds shakes Magnumb's hand and follows the receptionist off-stage. Magnumb walks to stage Left. Risk is there.*

Magnumb: We were right. Reynolds is our guy. A fish rots from the head down. He knew Karinna's name before I even mentioned it.

Risk: We should go and take a look at Reynolds seedy cesspool of a shipping yard. Terrance, what's your thoughts?

Magnumb: You know, I think his 'government audits' business is a front for racketeering. Believe me, I've seen enough of government to know that in government eyes, wanting other people's money is a need, wanting to keep your own money is greed and politicians and their cronies are there to arrange a transfer of it all.

Risk: Tell me about it. Let's go!

### Act 2 Scene 6

*Magnumb and Risk head backstage, and the curtains open to a shipping yard. There are several men with tattered women dragging them around and making crude comments.*

Risk: Hey, what's going on back there.

Magnumb: You ready to rock and roll?

Risk: I was born ready.(rock music plays)

*A man walks away from the group to smoke a cigarette. Magnumb comes up behind and jams the lit cigarette into his mouth. Magnumb then covers his mouth, chokes him unconscious, and throws him away after grabbing the man's gun. Magnumb walks up to the group, gun drawn.*

Magnumb: Freeze! Drop your guns!

*The men laugh and aim their weapons at Magnumb.*

Magnumb: Drop your weapons. I'm giving you one more chance. Drop your weapons.....

Alright then (*whistles*).



*Risk comes out driving a fork lift, ready to run the men over. The men run off stage in fear. Risk follows. The few men who got away without being crushed off-stage start shooting at Magnumb, who dodges. He shoots a man in the leg. The women go and hide. Another guy comes and tries to shoot him, but Risk is back on stage and shoots the man. Magnumb tries to shoot another guy but is out of ammo. Instead, he tackles him and chokes him. Another man with a knife comes out, and Magnumb and him enter a duel, circling one another, awaiting for the other to make the first move. The man tries to stab Magnumb, but he avoids every attack. Magnumb then punches and starts kicking him to keep him down.*

Thug: Hey man, no more. Do you know I can give you all the info you need?

Magnumb: Do I know “I can give you all the info you need?” No, but if you hum a few lines, I’ll come in on the chorus.(wa-Wa-Wa)

Risk: Don't blow it, Magnumb. Keep your cool, man.

Magnumb: Terrance Magnumb never blows it, friend.

*Magnumb punches the man out. Risk heads over to Magnumb to check for where he has been hurt. The police show up, and they take the women to be checked and are handcuffing the men.*

Hanamoto: Good job, you guys. It looks like you two can be the good guys. You should have just called the cops to begin with, though.

Magnumb: Thanks anyhow.

Risk: bruh, is it time to celebrate?

Magnumb: Risk, we can stop this trafficking crap in the islands. You and me. That's a team. We can nail them all. Even when we don't nail them, we can supply the names to HPD.

Risk: Even if we do, perhaps steal the nails.

Magnumb: Yea. Guys like us don't even hear of evil crap like this, yet we hear of it. We don't even arrest guys, and they get arrested. We don't even put the hammer down on 'em and they get hammered. We get paid to look the other way, and then when we look, we get paid by another guy.

Risk: Bruh, your aphy pithorisms are phenomenal.

Magnumb: Um, my friend, that's pithy aphorisms.

Risk: Yea bruh. But it's like this. I believe that people are more than what someone said 'snow-covered dung'. Even if some are creeps. We're all made in God's image. You're thoughts?

Magnumb: With that being said, we've had success today, and with success, you still see hurting people, broken lives. And you can't help but get your own hands dirty too with all the chumps we deal with. Ya know, bruh? You eat fried chicken, you're gonna get greasy hands.

Risk: And with failure?

Magnumb: But with failure, all you have is failure. Come on, let's go find a good brothel!

*The guys string their arms over each other and walk backstage. The curtain closes and then opens for a curtain call.*

