

The Spy Who Snubbed Me: Magnum P.I. vs 007

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Sequence 1: Magnum is Down

Magnum sat parked in the Ferrari across from an estate, not the estate, but rather a pretty Japanese-themed house surrounded by a lot of flowers. He aimed the long lens of the camera, the expensive camera belonging to Robin Masters, at the front steps, and waited. And he waited.

Magnum adjusted his tall body and moved his joints to avoid getting sore, or at least getting sorer than he already was. He grimaced at the house.

Voice Over: I bet you wonder what I'm doing here... Well, a man has to make money. He has to pay his way in the world, and this was my way. I didn't like it, spying on a house to wait for Mr. Penny to come out with his mistress, fuel for the impending divorce. But it was the only job I could find lately. To say that business was slow would be like saying it was hot in Arizona in the summer. At least I wasn't back at the estate under the hot glare of Higgins. He was on a real tear about contributing to the landscaping and security, and I just didn't want to hear it.

It's not as if I had free time to contemplate Buddha and the meaning of my bare chest. I owed money to Rick, TC and the club, plus I there was a ding in the front fender of the Ferrari... that Higgins had not seen yet.

Magnum spent the next hour waiting for something to happen around the large house in the hills above Diamond Head... Nothing. Then a young woman emerged, pushed out by a man in boxer shorts, a white T-shirt with white powder on his face.

"Well, then just get out of here, bitch. I was going to tip you!"

Another car on the street came to life in that its headlights came on. Bright's lit up the street. It was beige Dodge Duster, with stickers on the rear quarter panels, trunk and back bumper. A grungy man in leather sat up in the driver's seat.

The Dodge Duster drove up in front of the house, the young woman ran to the passenger's window. She dove into the open window, landing head first on the big passenger's seat. Magnum clicked a photo of her, catching the license plate in the frame.

The engine of the Duster revved and it raced off, up the street, toward the mountains. Magnum took a moment, and put his camera down in the passenger's seat. He wanted to race off and chase the Duster. Then he thought... His job was to show that the man was cheating. Not to catch the girl he was cheating with... and he guessed that she had just been picked up by her pimp.

No. His place was right there, to photograph the man. Thomas Magnum reached his long right arm to the passenger's seat and picked up the camera. From where the Ferrari sat, he looked down upon the front porch of the fancy house. The light was not great.

Magnum turned and photographed the half-nude man with the powder on his face who stood in front of the fancy house. Magnum groaned. He left hip hurt from remaining in one position, the first twinkling of arthritis.

Then, the camera produced sound of the end of the film roll, a mechanical grunt and squeeze. It would not advance.

Magnum pulled the camera down to change film. He reached into the seat beside for a box of film. And did not find anything.

"Oh, crap. Out of film," Magnum said to himself. "I can't afford any more than three rolls."

The man walked back into the house. And Magnum felt the case was over. He stretched his tired muscles and started the Ferrari.

Back at the estate, Magnum looked out for the lads as he exited the Ferrari. He grabbed the camera, and bag. He trudged up the steps of the guest house.

Magnum went to open the door to his abode, and found it locked.

Magnum twisted the handle, but couldn't turn the knob. He bent over and looked at the lock.

"Changed the lock?" Magnum said. "A new Hamilton triple tumbler? It will take me three hours to pick this."

Magnum put the camera down and ran around to the side of the guest house.

He knelt down by his bedroom window. He could hear the sounds of cool jazz playing from inside, his stereo. Magnum peaked between the curtains of his bedroom to see a man in a tuxedo on the couch with a curvy blonde in a silk dress. The handsome man and the lady sipped martinis as they smiled at one another.

"What's he doing on my couch?" Magnum asked. He did not hear the SAS paratrooper walk up behind him.

"Can I help you mate?" the Soldier asked.

Magnum looked up to see a man in jungle military fatigues and camo standing over him.

"That's my couch," Magnum said. "Or at least I was borrowing it."

Whack!

The man's billy club came down across Magnum's forehead. Magnum fell forward into the grass.

The lads came racing up to Magnum. Zeus whimpered and licked his face. Apollo licked his legs.

"Oh my god!" Higgins said as he looked up from his type writer. He wore his silk robe over pajamas.

Thomas Magnum stood before Higgins with the camera in one hand and a bag off ice in the other, covering his eye.

"Higgins, what is going on? I can't get into my house," Magnum said.

"If you'd read the note I left for you, you'd see that Mr. Masters has guests this weekend. And you were expected to take the voucher provided and stay at a hotel."

Magnum dropped his hand, revealing a bleeding cut at the corner of his eye.

"A hotel? Higgins, I was on a case."

"Good God, man. You need a bandage for that eye," Higgins looked at him with concern. "Reminds me of the time Corky Bostwick got in a fight with some bloody Yanks while we were on leave in Gibraltar."

"I'd have one if..."

"Go in the kitchen and put some ice on it," Higgins said. "I am trying to work on my memoirs. I just had the hook for the second chapter, but now I've lost it."

"Higgins, where am I going to sleep?"

"I'll give you another chit for a hotel. But don't lose this one,"

Higgins took out a pad, placed it carefully and filled it out. He ripped off the top paper and handed it to Magnum.

"Here," Higgins said. "And while you're out, please buy a bonus family pack of sirloins for the lads."

"Higgins?" Magnum questioned. "You're just shuffling me to a hotel for the weekend?"

"All right, you can have one too. A sirloin."

Magnum squinted his eyes at Higgins and reluctantly took the chit from the former Sergeant Major. He bowed to Higgins as a form of acknowledgement. Magnum turned and walked towards the kitchen. He turned back once and continued on to the kitchen.

"Don't spill blood on the carpet!" Higgins yelled with his military voice.

"Yes, Sergeant Major, Sir!" Magnum yelled back.

"And don't lose any parts to Robin Masters' camera," Higgins added.

As Magnum walked slowly on to the kitchen, the lad whimpered and growled as Magnum left. After Magnum was out of the room, Higgins opened the lower right desk drawer and retrieved a hand-held radio. The transmitter was the size of a brick, with an antenna about a foot long.

"Base, this is writer one," Higgins said.

"Go ahead, writer one,"

"Base this is writer one. Interloper one came into the den. But he has the chit now and has promised to leave the premises."

The radio scratched with a static sound.

"Roger, writer one. Encourage him to leave the premises as soon as possible. Over."

"Roger, will give it my best, out," Higgins said.

Higgins put the hand-held radio back into the desk. He listened.

Zeus and Apollo whimpered and growled.

"It's all right lads, I think Magnum will want to go to bed more than he'll want to know what's going on."

VOICE OVER: "I know what you're thinking... How could I leave with so many weird things going on at the estate? Well, for one thing, I had a massive head ache. And for another thing, I've learned that it was always

best to let whatever plans that Higgins had to unfurl, that way there were more clues to figure out what was really going on, beyond the cover story that Higgins offered.

I wanted to know what was going on in my hooch, the guest house. Having been in the Navy, I'd had guys use my pad to score babes, but at least they asked first. This dude just showed up in his tuxedo and made the place his home. I did not think I would like him very much.

Nevertheless, I did not want to upset Robin, or Higgins. So, I got in the car and drove to the hotel. In the morning, I'd buy the sirloins that Higgins wanted and return to the estate. What else could I do?

END OF VOICE OVER

Interlude:

James Bond loosened his tie, and removed his coat, placing it over the back of the cheap oak and plastic chair.

"Sorry, we've met in such a gouache apartment. It's like a disco doll exploded in here," Bond stated. "I've heard there was some sort of transient living there."

"I got a good laugh out of the rubber chicken and the gorilla mask," the dreamy blonde said.

"Ohh, baby," James Bond said. "Don't expect me to wear that, baby."

James Bond sat next to the woman on the couch and kissed her gently.

"You know, you have the vibe of the ocean, rolling and heaving," Bond said.

"Oh, James," the blond replied, her chest heaving. "You are the reason that I came here."

"I would walk five hundred miles, and I'd walk a thousand more," Bond said.

"Oh, James, say no more," she leapt forward and kissed him, spilling both martinis. They put their cocktails down on the coffee table and made out on the couch.

Later, as the night unfolded, and the sun slowly set in burning orange over the Pacific, James Bond and the beautiful blonde made love on the couch, in front of the small fire. It was a fire in a fireplace that had not been used before. But the flame was strong.

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Sequence 2: Lady Diana Spencer is Kidnapped

Thom Magnum woke up on the hard bed of the Lazy Boy Inn, at 8 o'clock. He drifted back to sleep and awoke again at 9 A.M...

He realized that he was not in his own place, or rather the guest house, and then he got angry. Magnum quickly showered and dressed, and jumped into the Ferrari to race back to the estate. The he remembered that he was tasked with buying sirloin to the

lads, so he turned down the road into Honolulu where he headed to Mr. Kim's Discount Mart, where he bought all his food.

Some of the meat was past the date, and some of it was surplus from the Navy. But Magnum figured that he'd eaten worse in Vietnam, and besides, it was all he could afford. He bought a jumbo pack of discounted sirloin for \$7.77 and winced the price. He only had a ten-dollar bill, and he was hoping to buy a newspaper and a beer at the club later on. He figured he'd have to put the beer on his tab.

At the estate of Robin Masters, Magnum parked the Ferrari in front of the main door at the main house, leaving the keys in the sports car. He walked into the estate with pack of sirloin, and yesterday's newspaper which had taken from a stack of papers labeled "free". Magnum felt like he was liberating the paper, rather than letting it go to the dump, where all garbage went.

Magnum looked around for Higgins. He spotted a short man someone that looked like him on the patio, sipping tea.

Magnum walked out on to the patio where the man who'd taken over his guest house, a blonde woman and Jonathan Quail Higgins all sat eating crumpets and drinking tea – all while dressed in silk pajamas and cotton bathrobes.

"I say, Sergeant Major Higgins, could you pass me some of that Grey Poupon?" the man requested.

"Oh, sir, no need to call me Sergeant Major. Lest I refer to you as Commander Bond. No, call me Jonathan."

"Then, you shall call me James," the Commander Bond responded.

Magnum walked through the French doors and onto the patio, to the table carrying a tray of discount sirloin steaks, with a bandage at the corner of his right eye. Magnum smiled. Magnum wore a dark blue polo shirt, with a red pony, but otherwise fell short in the wardrobe department.

"Could you get us another pot of tea?" the tall, svelte guest asked him.

"What?"

"Another pot of tea, chap?" Bond asked. He glanced at the tea pot, implying that it was empty.

"I don't work here," Magnum replied. Thomas Magnum smiled a big grin.

"Ah, Magnum," Higgins said. "With the sirloin, for the lads. You'll find this interesting. I was just entertaining Mister Bond with a story.... oh, have you met?"

Higgins stood up and offered an introduction. He was shorter compared to both the Navy men, and Higgins knew his stature.

"Commander James Bond, this is Mister Thomas Magnum, formerly of the United States Navy, now a," Higgins paused as he spoke. "Now, a private detective."

"Private Investigator," Magnum said. He dropped the steaks on the table and put his hand out to Mr. Bond.

Commander Bond slowly stood up. He was a tremendously handsome and confident man, equal to Thomas Magnum, with a better smile.

"Bond, James Bond," he said. "Thomas Magnum, how splendid of you to join us. I've heard of your exploits in the Republic of South Vietnam."

James Bond reached out and vigorously shook the hand offered to him.

“Yes, well, that was a while ago,” Magnum demurred. He turned his face away. Accidentally he turned to look at the blonde. He caught her Baltic blue eyes. The eyes were dark and depressive. Magnum smiled at her, trying to add cheer to her life.

Puffy clouds danced their way across the estate. They moved in greys, blues and whites that rivaled the best of nature.

Mister James Bond puffed up his chest a bit, as did Thomas Magnum. They looked at one another, one as a Commander in the British Empire, the other a drop-out from the American Navy, a country born of rebellion.

Thomas Magnum knew who James Bond was.
Trouble.

“I got these steaks for the dogs,” Magnum said. He laid the package on the table. Higgins looked down at the frozen sirloin.

“Discount sirloin?” Higgins asked.

“It’s for dogs, Higgins,” Magnum said.

“Zeus and Apollo are not just dogs. They are highly trained, highly intelligent guard dogs that secure this estate, and as head of security you should know this.”

“That was all the money I had.”

“You should have phone, old chap. I could have sent a runner with some quid and bobs,” James Bond said.

“I’m fine. I don’t need your charity.

“Think nothing of it,” Bond said. “We’re all in this together.”

“What this? I’m not in anything.”

“Oh, Magnum, if you’d bothered to read my letter, you’d know that Mister Masters is hosting the twentieth annual South Pacific Flower Festival this weekend. Royalty are flying in from as far away as Europe. The Duchess of House of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha will be here. Along with the Princess of Japan. Also, the Crown Princess of Sweden. And in case you don’t know, which you probably don’t know, Saxe-Coburg and Gotha is a very important province in Northern Germany, related to the Queen.”

“Related to the Queen? What Queen?”

“The Queen of England, my God man.”

“Don’t forget the Lady Diana Spencer will be here also. She’s a ... uh, rather attractive little minx of the poshest blood this side of Buckingham,” James Bond added as he pointed across the table. “Could you please pass me another slice of that ham?”

“Yes, most certainly Commander,” Higgins replied.

James Bond winked at Magnum, while the Englishman loaded his plate with a second helping of ham, poached egg and a roasted tomato. Mister Bond poured a hot sauce on his food.

“I really enjoy this Mister Blister hot sauce. You Yanks always find some of the best spicy sauces,” Bond said. “Why not have a seat, Magnum mate? Have some beans and ham with us.”

Magnum looked at Higgins to see if he was authorized.

Higgins nodded, and motioned towards a seat.

Thomas Magnum sat down and had an English breakfast, with coffee, with Sergeant Major Higgins and Commander James Bond.

"I have to go freshen up," the blond with the dark eyes and big boobs said as she stood up. "Please excuse me."

Magnum wondered if he didn't catch a bit of Eastern Europe in her accent.

A light tropical breeze blew across the estate while Magnum ate breakfast with Bond and Higgins. Thomas Magnum ate what was left of the ham, beans, and roasted tomatoes. The poached eggs and toast were gone. The coffee was gone also, so Magnum sipped mango juice.

The three men remained silent, and focused on the food on their plates. Magnum thought about the South Pacific Flower Exhibit. He looked towards the lawn and saw there were rows of tables arrayed on the lawn.

The lads began to stir. They whimpered and whined. The big Dobermans looked at Higgins to feed them.

"So, what are you doing here, Mister Bond?" Magnum asked. "Certainly not here for a flower show?"

Higgins put down his fork and leaned forward.

"Oh, come now, Magnum. You have no need to know. Mister Bond is simply on vacation."

"You're an interesting lad, Naval Academy, Naval Intelligence. Now, a simple private investigator?" Bond asked.

As they spoke the gates of the estate opened. The three men looked up to see a van roll onto the estate, not just any van, but one with a satellite dish on the back, and funny iron rails running the length of the van. A heavy-duty Chevy Blazer in government O.D. green followed.

"Ah, the communications team is here," Higgins said.

"Communications team?" Magnum asked. "For a flower festival?"

Commander James Bond gently wiped the corners of his mouth with the thick cotton dinner napkin. Bond gently placed his napkin on his plate. He pushed back his chair and stood up.

"Magnum, if you could feed the lads..." Higgins asked. "Oh, and we'll be having a casino night fundraiser tomorrow night, be prepared for that. I need you to deal black jack."

"Jee Higgins, it would have been nice to know."

"Yes, but you had no..."

"Yes, I had no need to know, except I'm the head of security here. And you have some royalty flying in," Magnum glared at Higgins.

Higgins glared back.

"I'm going to go feed the dogs..."

Magnum picked up the sirloin steaks and waved for the dogs to follow him. They didn't. The dogs stayed on the patio.

Higgins made a motion towards Magnum.

"Go lads, follow Magnum," Higgins commanded.

Zeus and Apollo whimpered and followed Magnum into the house, and then into the kitchen.

Magnum spent some time opening the package of steaks, and then cutting the steaks into strips.

“Aaaa!” a woman’s scream pierced the air. “Help!”

Magnum dropped the sirloin steaks and ran through the house, and out the back door. He looked both ways.

He heard a struggle and some bushes rustling in the bushes.

Magnum ran to the fence that separated the estate from the beach. He looked out to see a woman in black wrestling with a female teenager. She was trying to drag the girl down the beach. Magnum climbed the fence and jumped on to the beach.

The woman in black dragged the teenager around the corner, to the neighbor’s property.

Magnum ran up to the woman. She let the girl go and raised her fists.

“I’m not going to hit a woman,” Magnum said. He stopped and stood firm.

Whack! She hit him in the jaw. Wham! She kicked him in the thigh. Bam! She punched him in the nose.

Magnum dropped to his knees and put his hands up. He regained his composure and stood up.

“I don’t want to fight,” Magnum said. “But that hurt. Now I’m mad.”

Magnum swung at her wildly. She ducked and he missed. He turned back to hit her with his left, as the woman held on to the frightened girl.

“Magnum, stop,” the man said in a British accent.

A man in dark commando clothing appeared from the bushes on the neighbor’s property. He raised a pistol and pointed it at Magnum. T.M. had never seen the fellow before, but he kind of looked like James Bond – but not quite.

“You stay right here, old chap,” the man said. “We’ll be taking the young lady with us.”

“Come on Diana,” the woman commando said.

The team of commandos became kidnapers as they led the young girl away. The girl was no more than twenty, with blonde hair and a print cotton blouse. Magnum could do nothing more than watch as they took the girl through the neighbor’s yard.

Magnum ran back to the estate, having been hit in the face and just as he came inside the gate, he had a gun pointed at him. Thomas Magnum held up his arms at the guard, showing that he was unarmed. He was angry, and determined to catch the kidnapers.

“Don’t shoot, I’m unarmed,” Magnum said. “And I am head of security here, damn it. Not you.”

He into Higgins in the flower garden.

“Higgins, call the police someone has been kidnapped.”

“Magnum, you’ve stepped on the Fijian Orchid.”

“Higgins! I don’t have time for this. Some blonde girl was taken from the estate by two commandos in black. They took her down the beach into the neighbor’s house. What is going on here anyway?”

“Magnum, are you all right?” Higgins asked.

“Am I all right, it seems to me with Mr. Bond here, you all have gotten a bit of hero worship. And you’re asleep at your posts.”

Magnum ran through the yard to the Ferrari – except it wasn’t there.

"Higgins!" Magnum squealed a bit when angry. "Where is the damn Ferrari? I have to chase this girl."

"I lent it to Mr. Bond. His lady friend is still asleep and he had to go meet the security team..."

They both looked at one another, speechless.

"Higgins! Who was staying here?"

"Lady Diana Spencer. She's a student at Oxford. Come to attend the Royal South Pacific Annual Flower Festival, which you were supposed to prepare security."

"You call the police, and I'll see if I can chase them in the Jimmy,"

"Magnum, ...What?"

"No time Higgins."

"What about the lads? Why didn't they stop the kidnappers?"

Higgins ran into the house.

Higgins ran into the kitchen to find Zeus licking up the last bits of blood from the steaks. Apollo lay on his side, whimpering and groaning from a full belly.

"Zeus, Apollo. You were supposed to be on patrol."

Thomas Magnum raced away from the estate in the GMC Blazer, but he held out little hope of catching the kidnappers. They could have gone southeast, and back towards Diamond Head and Honolulu, in which case they could have disappeared into a neighborhood. Or they could have gone northwest, onto the north shore. And he didn't even know what car they were driving.

He looked and looked, but he slowly began to realize she was gone. And now he remembered where he'd seen the female kidnapper, the black-clad commando who punched him in the nose. She was the girl he had seen with James Bond on his couch, meaning the sofa in the guest house. *Bond!*

The Spy Who Snubbed Me: Magnum P.I. vs 007 **Sequence 3: Magnum Investigates**

Magnum parked the Jimmy at the estate, climbed out and awaited the coming confrontation. He was ready for Higgins to come out screaming. Rather, Magnum smelled flowers on the light tropical breeze that drifted across the estate from the Pacific Ocean to the north of Hawaii.

Magnum looked about for the lads, and though he had fed them, he expected them to come up and bark at him without reason. But he did not get such a reaction. Rather the estate sat peaceful on the north shore of Oahu, with the tall palms providing intermittent shade to the grounds. Nothing.

Magnum heard the beat of a helicopter in the distance. The beat was distinctive, one he had heard before. And he thought that TC was coming to the estate to rescue him, get him away from Higgins ...

But chopper had a distinctive beat...

One he had heard in Vietnam...

It was British. An ugly big Sea King chopper.

Oh, crap. Two of them. And they were not landing at the estate. No, they hovered above the tide pool. The helicopters dropped lower and hovered above the water. Below, the water began to splash and swirl.

Frogmen commandos dropped off the choppers and into the water. Magnum counted them. Twelve men. Six teams by SAS standards, two of which were the patrol leader and his sergeant.

The commandos swam their way to the beach.

Boom!

Magnum heard a loud sound from the front gate.

The gate cranked open.

Two black vans raced inside the estate.

Magnum thought. His brain pounded with memories of Vietnam.

Flashback – Vietnam:

Thomas Magnum kneels down in the tropical bushes along the path as he's overtaken by memories of Vietnam.

"Stryker 6, Stryker 6, this is Stryker 2, over...." Magnum called out into the radio, indicating he was the deuce, the intelligence section calling for the commander. Magnum heard the whop, whop of a British helicopter above the jungle canopy. He pushed into the bushes to get better cover...He ducked down behind a tree, scared.

There, Magnum waited. And waited.

"I say, man, are you all right?" Higgins asked.

Higgins stood above Magnum, who'd crouched down into the ferns. Magnum looked up with a bit of panic, yet mostly confusion.

End of Flashback:

"Higgins?" Magnum asked, looking up to the sun.

"Yes, quite. Jonathan Quail Higgins and you're Thomas Magnum. Get ahold of yourself."

"I am ahold of myself, but I saw these frogmen coming in, just like at Ben Lai, where we trying to capture the NVA general, but it was all a set-up. It was all wrong. A set-up."

"Yes, Magnum, we understand, we've all been there. But fortunately these commandos are on our team, protecting the Princess Anne, who is visiting for the Royal Fijian Islands flower festival."

Thomas Magnum shook his head. He wiped his brow, and realized that he was sweating. Magnum stood up slowly, and saw that military men were taking over the estate. A grey van with a satellite antenna on top rolled through the gate, turned to the left and parked. Two men climbed out and took up security positions by the gate.

"Some flower festival, Higgins. Peace and love?" Magnum asked. "You don't care about some teenage girl being kidnapped, but you'll bring in the British Fleet to protect some buck-toothed royal."

Higgins was agitated at the challenge.

"We will spare no expense to keep the princess safe. And as to your responsibilities, I was thinking of something more mundane, pedestrian. You..."

"Higgins? Who is we?" Magnum asked.

“The British Empire, of course,” Higgins stated.

“So you’re ready to kill some flower-sniffers just to keep some old woman safe? Old snots who think they can rule just because they were born to royalty. You ought to be checking into this James Bond fellow,”

“James Bond is one of the finest agents that our service has ever produced,” Higgins stated.

“Don’t you think it is a bit odd that young Lady Diana Spencer is kidnapped, and your mates don’t even seem to care.”

“We have many lords and ladies here this weekend, I’m sure the police will sort it out. But we have to protect the British interests. And the Crown-Princess of Sweden. In contrast, young Lady Diana Spencer is a not high on the list, an incidental casualty, if you will.”

“The Crown-princess of Sweden?” Magnum asked as he looked about. “Is she here?”

Anything Swedish sparked the interest of Magnum, as he’d spend so much time in a military environment, and then in the war in Vietnam so that any hint of fun, partying, or beautiful that was Swedish got his interest.

“Yes!” Higgins yelled. “And she’s not some hot blond with huge boobies, as you Americans call them.”

“Okay,” Magnum said.

“The Princess of Sweden comes from one of the finest families on the continent, a family which has generated progeny to all of the finest families in Europe.”

“Let me guess, Den...”

“The Royal Family of Denmark demands no explanation from you or to you...” Higgins continued.

Magnum put his hand up.

“Okay, all right. What do you want me to do Higgins?” Magnum turned away. He looked south, towards Diamond Head.

“I wrote it all on the note,” Higgins said.

“Okay, okay, I didn’t read it. I’m Irish all right,” Magnum said. “If you want to place your stereotype games.”

“I need you to manage security of the estate while the British military watch the VIPs,” Higgins said.

“What does that mean?”

“It means, you’ll stay outside. Watch the gates.”

Magnum stood still for a moment. He heard the sounds of a military squad being called to order behind him. A pause, then the platoon was called to order. They were familiar reports, men yelling, recalling his days at the Naval Academy and BUDs, basic under-water dive school. Magnum knew the code words and subtext. Magnum had been through the training of BUDs, and he knew the responses.

The sounds echoed through his mind and called Magnum back to order.

“You want me to watch the estate?” Magnum asked.

“I’ll give you a chit for a hotel.”

“I can’t stay up 24 hours,” Magnum said.

“When I was in the Suez, nineteen fifty-three, I stayed awake for eight days straight.”

Magnum grimaced and shook his head.

"But, I'm not British," Magnum said. "And we're not at war,"

"All right, you can have Rick too," Higgins said. "I'll tell him to come over from the club."

Magnum stood tall in front of Higgins. He was demanding.

"And five hundred bucks for TC too," Magnum said. "In case we need some muscle."

"In case we need some muscle? What is this a Hollywood film?" Higgins asked.

Higgins shook his head and turned away.

"You know. The English Crown can afford it, Lord Higgins,"

"I'm not Lord Higgins," Higgins said.

"You're certainly connected, Higgins," Magnum said. "You know Bond. You talk to people across the pond late at night."

"Bond? You speak of him as if he's magic," Higgins said.

"No, you do, You're kissing up to him may have cost Lady Diana Spencer."

Blam, blam!

Two rounds burst into the Bougainvillea flowers. Blam! Slice! Two more rounds. The flowers and leaves cut up, like they were under the knife of a chef.

"Did you know that we had Bougainvillea in Baghdad?" Higgins asked.

"No! Higgins! Get down!" Magnum yelled.

Magnum, already down, reached up and pulled Higgins down. He wrestled Higgins down to the grass of the Hawaiian estate.

"I say man, this is more than I expected," Higgins said.

"Shhhh," Magnum replied as he looked up into the hills.

"I say I'll have to talk to the Gardner about the length of the grass."

"Higgins, a sniper's bullet just missed your right ear," Magnum said. "A bit to the left and you'd be dead."

"Really? Reminds me of a time in North Africa when I almost bought it from a French sniper. The lad didn't even know I was on his side. The French carried so much resentment for us Brits back then," Higgins paused and thought. "I death like that can almost be poetic."

"Higgins. Keep your head down and your mouth shut," Magnum said.

Magnum grabbed Higgins by the collar, and held him down, as close to the earth as possible. He dragged him further into the brush, nearer the house. Magnum looked up and across the estate. He saw a glint of glass, something from a sniper's rifle, across the highway and up in the trees, nearly 200 meters inland. Then the glint was gone.

Magnum stashed Higgins on the patio, behind the Korean lilac and the spare dining table. He turned and looked up into the high shrubs above the estate and across the highway. He saw clearly a sniper's nest, something he'd seen in Vietnam. A female assassin stood behind a sniper's rifle and fired down upon the estate.

"All the world 's a stage, and all the men and women merely players. They have their exits and their entrances; And one man in his time plays many parts," Higgins said with gravity. The elderly retired Sergeant Major had stood up and spoke with gravity. "Out, out, brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player that struts and frets his

hour upon the stage and then is heard no more: it is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

"Higgins!" Magnum yelled. "Stay down!"

But Magnum had lost patience for the defense. He resolved to move on the attack.

Magnum made his way across the estate, unarmed. He prepared to cross the highway, assault the walls and move into the jungle highlands that held the jungle redoubt, the lair of the sniper. Unarmed and alone.

The Spy Who Snubbed Me: Magnum P.I. vs 007

Sequence 4: Live, and Let Di Die

Bam! A man tackled Magnum and pushed him back in the bushes by the gate, before rolling him over. The man dressed in black, with fancy leather loafers, rolled on top of Magnum. He smelled extraordinarily good for someone who might attack someone; it was a deep woodsy smell, like timber mixed with bitters.

Magnum struggled with the dark man on top of him. The guy pushed his head down and pushed Magnum into the ground, and controlled his arms with quick hands. Magnum didn't try to hit back, but was trying to escape.

While they fought, an orange, green and yellow van pulled up in front of the estate. The driver of the van hit the brakes and it squealed to a stop.

Thomas Magnum tried to bridge his back, and free his arms, but the man countered him by pushing his forehead into Magnum's neck, in a way of fighting that Magnum had never encountered. Magnum tried to roll over to his right, but the man grabbed his left arm and twisted it. The man had him in to a submission hold.

Whack!

TC hit the man from behind. The man released Magnum, and jumped to his feet, and turned to face TC. They looked at one another. Then they began to move about one another as fighters. The man was like a tiger, crouched, but with paws outstretched.

TC bled from his left eye. He did not attack with his usual vigor, as he'd been stung.

Rick came out of the van and stood to watch the fight.

"Stop, stop!" Magnum said. "Can't you see we're on the same side?"

Magnum looked up into the tropical canopy above his foe. He recognized one face as that of James Bond, though the man looked much more like an animal than before.

"Bond?"

"Oh, Magnum, I say mate. Didn't recognize you," Bond smiled as he spoke.

"Oh, yeah, right, mate," Magnum stated. "Idiot"

Bond stepped backwards and lowered his fists, bowing slightly as he moved. He allowed Thomas Magnum to move. Magnum rolled up on to one knee, but didn't stand up. Magnum shook his head, rubbed his neck and backed up into the safety of his friends, TC and Rick, who had come out of the van late.

TC and Bond eyed one another, and TC still held his right hand in a giant fist, as the former fighters wound down from the fight. Rick walked behind TC, putting the big body of TC between him and Bond.

“The sniper is up on that hill there,” Magnum said. “He’s trying to get the Princess of Gothburg and Sexa.”

“Saxe-Coburg, and Gotha, and I think she’s a Duchess or something,” Bond corrected.

“Oh, what difference does it make?” Magnum said. He turned his head and spit. He was angry.

“Right, yes, and we’ve got to stop him,” Bond said. “Nasty snipers. No way to fight a war. In my day, men met in armed combat face to face.”

Magnum rolled over onto his butt. Then he stood up, clenching his shoulder. He stared into Bond, while the British operative turned away, pretended to look-about, thinking.

“We’re going to have to work together to in order to win,” Magnum said. “You, Bond, you’re not being a team player.”

“I only attack those I see as being a threat to the duchess,” Bond responded in a cockney accent.

“I don’t even know that the queen looks like,” Magnum said. “And neither do they,” Thomas motioned to his friends, TC and Rick.

“What are we going to do keep the guests safe?” Magnum asked.

James Bond, 007, rubbed his chin, thinking. He looked up to the high mountains above the estate, and then he looked back at Magnum, and Rick, and TC.

“Can you keep a secret?”

“Yes, of course,” Rick said.

Magnum and TC nodded.

“I’m a British secret agent,” James Bond said.

“Wow! Wow! A secret agent,” Rick said. “Are you licensed to kill?”

“Rick, we killed a lot of people in Vietnam,” Magnum said. “It wasn’t a good thing. Killing is really not that cool.”

“Yeah, but he’s in the movies,” Rick replied. “Hollywood...”

Rick looked up into the woods, with eyes glazed over, and then looked back at Bond.

“We’ve got to find this sniper,” Bond said as he adjusted his dark turtleneck.

Magnum wondered how Bond was not sweating.

“Come on, lads. Chop chop,” Bond said as he walked into the jungle across from the estate.

“He sounds just like Higgins,” Magnum said from the ground.

Rick helped Magnum up while TC went to park his van in the driveway.

James Bond walked into the rain forest, and up the hill.

Magnum, Rick and TC followed him.

“This is like that time we followed that South Vietnamese General into the jungle so he could find his cousin, but it turned out his cousin had sold him out to Charlie,” Rick said.

“Come on Rick, this isn’t Nam,” Magnum said while walking ahead and looking up at the jungle canopy.

“Sure looks like Vietnam,” TC said.

Magnum led into the rain forest, picking his way past palms and around bushes. Rick and TC followed him, while glancing up at the mountainside and back at the trail behind them. Rick shook his hands and wiped off his shoulder after brushing up against a wet bush. TC muttered curses under his breath.

"I can't believe Thomas is getting me into a mess in the jungle again," TC said.

"This is just like 'Nam," Rick added.

"We've only gone thirty feet," TC responded.

"Yeah, but I don't have my M-16 with me."

"I don't have a chopper."

"Where did Thomas go? We lost him already."

The bushes moved ahead of Rick and TC.

"Magnum?" Rick called out.

A flock of birds rose up out of the bushes to their left. Rick yelled. A feral pig roused out of the bushes far to their right and charged at them, then stopped, and turned. It ran away, racing parallel to the highway towards the north shore.

"Magnum!" Rick yelled. "I don't like this. Where are you? I'm not dressed for this."

Rick brushed his sliver silk shirt that was open all the way down his chest. He looked down and only saw his gold chain on his bare chest.

"Magnum?" Rick asked.

"Will you shut up?" TC yelled. "You sound like a lost cub scout."

Rick look ahead up the hill and into the trees. He could see the silhouette of a man on a knob that stuck out from the hillside.

Blam! Blam! Gunshots rang out.

Someone ahead of them fell.

"Thomas!"

Confusion. The bushes moved.

TC and Rick ran ahead.

They saw Magnum had dove behind rock outcrop.

Blam! Another shot rang out.

Someone was running away.

"Get down!"

"Getting down brother," TC said as he flopped on top of Magnum.

"Not on top of me," Magnum gasped.

Rick dove down lay flat on the ground of the forest.

"I think they hit him," Magnum said.

"Hit who?" TC asked.

They were all confused.

"Bond," Magnum replied. "Where did he go?"

"It's all right. They're running away now," TC said. "I just saw them run down that trail there, back to the highway,"

"You can see them?" Magnum said. "That far?"

"I'm a pilot. Got good eyesight."

TC and Magnum slowly stood up. They walked forward, while cautiously looking in the direction where the gunmen had run.

TC and Magnum charged up the hill to come to knob that stood out from the mountain side and looked down on the estate. They found James Bond, lying flat on his back and bleeding from a cut along the hairline on his forehead.

"You okay,"

"Just a flesh wound," Bond said. "Did you catch them?"

"No. he had a high-powered rifle and I don't have a gun," Magnum said.

"I think I put a couple round in him with my PPK," Bond said.

Bond held up his small pistol.

"How could you hit anything with that?" Magnum said. "At a distance."

"I'm a crack shot, mate. Did I tell you about the time at Sandhurst when I made the pistol team after breaking my arm playing rugby?"

Magnum groaned.

"Come on, TC, we've got to get him back to the house," Magnum said.

TC picked up Bond and began to carry him back to the

"Oh, my, god!" Higgins said as TC put Bond down on the couch.

"You've obviously regained your senses," Magnum said to Higgins.

"Yes, I suffered a minor concussion, but thankfully my skull remains intact," Higgins said.

"You've got a hard head," Rick said.

Higgins glared at him.

"I'll go get some ice," Rick said. "For Mr. Bond,"

Rick walked away, towards the kitchen.

"Come on Higgins, we've got a real problem here. There's someone trying to kill the queen," Magnum said.

"Princess," Higgins interrupted.

"And this Lady Diana Spencer has been kidnapped," Magnum waived his hand at Higgins while he spoke. "And now Bond is knocked, though he was never much of a guard anyway."

"Mr. Bond is the finest agent in her majesty's secret service,"

"That's not very secret," Magnum said. "He's wearing a turtleneck in Hawaii, and running around like a bull."

"We English have high testosterone."

"I gotta go move my van, before I get a ticket. Magnum are you going to help us with building the little league field this weekend?"

"I can't. I've got this flower thing to work," Magnum said. "I was wondering if you'd want to work it with me."

"Count me out,"

Rick came in with the ice for Mr. Bond's wound.

"What about you Rick?"

"What?"

"Magnum wants you to protect some old dames and flowers,"

The phone rang. Higgins went to answer it, while Rick and TC traded barbs about protecting English birds and flowers.

Higgins had a rather grey expression. He hung up the phone.

"That was the kidnapers. In order to guarantee the release of Lady Diana Spencer, unharmed, they demand that the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and the Princess of Japan make a joint statement guaranteeing any refugees from Hong Kong to full citizenship in the Britain – whatever country they want to go to: Australia, Canada, England, and that other one I forgot..."

"New Zealand?"

"Yes!"

"That's not so complex," Magnum said. "I'm sure we can arrange it."

"Nonsense. We simply can't allow just anyone the right to be a citizen of Great Britain if they haven't worked for it. Our ancestors worked very hard to build the country and we can't just give it to anyone."

"Oh, come on Higgins. It's to save the life of Lady Di....Di.... whoever she is," Magnum was confused.

"We simply cannot negotiate," Higgins said.

"Come on Higgins, they might kill her."

"That is the price one has to pay. As a member of the British royalty, I am sure she'll understand. It was the very fortitude of young women of virtue like her, who wear the pinky ring on their finger no less, that built the British Empire from a backward Isle to a world power."

"Higgins, you're just going to let them kill this lady?" Rick asked as he brought in ice for Mr. Bond's wounds.

"Yes."

"No! We won't have to," Bond said, stirring on the couch. He struggled to sit up. "Not as long as James Bond is on the case."

James Bond leapt to his feet..... and then fell back over.

The Spy Who Snubbed Me: Magnum P.I. vs 007 **Sequence 5: Almost Die Again**

Higgins looked at Bond, and looked back at Magnum. James Bond laid on the couch and moaned.

"Mother?" James Bond cried out. "Momma?"

Magnum motioned for Higgins to follow him. He grabbed Higgins by the elbow and led him to the French doors that led to the patio. They were away from James Bond, when Rick came in to the den with ice and tended to the MI-6 agent.

On the patio, Higgins and Magnum faced one another.

"Higgins, I don't think that Bond can go on as guardian of the estate," Magnum said. "And you need someone."

"Yes, I know that," Higgins said. "What do you want?"

"The English Stews, British Airways. I want to host them,"

"But as the Englishman on this estate, and the senior representative of the English on this island, I insist on hosting,"

"Six months," Magnum offered. "And the tennis courts for three months."

"All right," Higgins acceded. "But I want full security for the estate, twenty four hours a day,"

"Higgins, I can't stay up all the time," Magnum whined.

"No. You can't, but certainly you have influence over certain other men with military experience. Perhaps someone who'd stood guard duty in Vietnam," Higgins turned and stared at Rick, where Rick tended to James Bond.

"All right, I'll call some buddies," Magnum said. "I'm sure I can find some former Marines and SEALs who'd like to watch over British Royalty, but we have to try to rescue the Princess."

"Princess?"

"Yeah, Diana Spencer," Magnum said.

"Lady Spencer is no Princess. She's a head strong girl who wandered off without protection," Higgins said. "You English girls need protection."

Magnum and Higgins stared one another down.

Magnum nodded.

Ring. Ring. The phone rang. A physical action on a bell that created a melodic tone.

Higgins answered. "Robin's Nest, Jonathan Quail Higgins speaking," the retired Sergeant Major said.

"Yes.....Yes....Roger....Yes...." Higgins looked both excited and depressed as he spoke.

The caller hung up, and Higgins dropped the receiver to his side.

"That was the kidnappers. They give us 24 hours to give in to the demand or they will kill young Lady Diana Spencer."

The air dropped out of the room.

TC, Rick and Magnum walked towards the front door, going to walk out for a private meeting and leave the Brits to their own planning.

Voice Over:

The kidnappers demanded an exchange on Diamond Head. After their demands for statements in the newspaper were met. They wanted the British Government to state that Hong Kong should be a free and democratic country of it's own. I knew the Brits would never make that statement, and I also knew that the Chinese Communists would never make such a foolish demand, which left me wondering on who the kidnappers were, or if they even held the young girl, Diana Spencer. All I knew was I had about 24 hours to find out who they were, or perhaps they'd give up and do something stupid, like kill her. The ransom was only for a day away, and I did not have any clues do go on.

End of Voice Over

Magnum figured the kidnapppers to be either British extremists or Chinese who did not want Hong Kong to revert to control by the Chinese Communists from Peking. His little voice told him that it was not British extremists, which left Chinese activists, and probably some with loyalties to southern China, and the area around Canton, an area that the Chinese called Ghangzhou. From his service in Vietnam and Naval Intelligence, Magnum knew he was dealing with Cantonese gangs, quasi-business groups that held sway across the bottom third of China and somewhat in North Vietnam. They were different than the north Vietnamese and north Chinese, they were tribal and familial. Magnum took a moment to think....

"Who knew those kind of people?" Magnum said to himself. "Ice pick."

Magnum turned around and walked back to the den where Rick held an ice pack onto the forehead of James Bond, agent 007 of her Majesty's Secret Service.

"Rick, I need you to call Ice Pick,"

"Ice pick?" James Bond mumbled.

"Oh, don't worry about him, James. He's only a distant friend. Barely know the guy."

"Rick!" Magnum motioned for Rick to come to him.

"I'm taking care of Mister Bond," Rick said. "We're becoming close friends."

"Get over here or I'll tell Mr. Bond your real name."

Rick's eyes widened. Rick set the ice on James Bond's face and ran over to Thomas Magnum.

Magnum pulled Rick into the dining room, beyond the hearing of James Bond. Rick and Thomas stood in front of Robin Masters' china cabinet.

"We need to find out who are the big shots among the Cantonese Chinese on the island, people with connections to Hong Kong and the triads,"

"Triads!" Rick said. "Thomas that's wicked stuff. This isn't like Wang Chung that has fun every night. The wing chung, they're heroin smugglers. They'll kill you with these num-chuck things they have. The winged chung can walk up buildings with their bare feet."

"Wing Chung, like Bruce Lee? Those were all just movies," Magnum laughed as he said. "We have to find them. They'll know who is behind kidnapping Diana Spencer. Otherwise, the Brits will let her die."

"Let her die?"

"Someone from Hong Kong has kidnapped her. And the Brits will let her go if they believe her kidnapping stands in way of negotiations with China over Hong Kong. Being part of royalty is like being in the military to them. It's like you've signed up for privilege, and self-sacrifice. They'll let her die like watching a lady bug die in the garden."

"I didn't sign up for anything to join the Marines," Rick said. "The judge told me it was either that or go to jail for fencing stolen goods."

Magnum and Rick worked out the details. Rick left immediately for the club where he'd make some phone calls.

Magnum took James Bond upstairs and put him to bed, with the dogs guarding him. Zeus and Apollo seemed to like James Bond; they guarded him with intensity. They

still did not like Thomas Magnum and growled whenever Thomas came close to their beloved James Bond.

At the King Komehameha Club, Rick sat at the grand desk in the office and dialed the phone, call after call, trying to track down Ice Pick.

“Yeah, we’re trying to find out what Chinese gangs would have a connection to Hong Kong. Magnum says they’ll be Cantonese, whatever that means.”

In the background, Van Morrison sang on the radio. Rick had an open beer on the desk as he made calls. Rick was not happy about having to do Thomas’s work and at the same time smear his own name amongst the Chinese gangs, but he knew he had to... The next song on the FM radio was Paul McCartney and Wings, Uncle Albert. It slowed the mood in the room and Rick relaxed.

Rick called the number that Ice Pick gave him for Pho Chi Huang, a “vanguard” of the Cantonese Triads in Honolulu, meaning he was their operations officer, a planner and executor of criminal activities. He distanced himself from the leader, or patriarch. Rick didn’t think such a man would have anything to do with kidnapping Brits, but he called the number anyway.

Rick had a short conversation with Mr. Huang, and surprisingly it seemed that that the triad representative knew something, at least acknowledged that something happened. But, he was not going to tell Rick. When Rick mentioned he was friends with Ice Pick, the triad reluctantly agreed to meet him at Mr. Kwok’s Cantonese on Hialea Drive. It was popular place, and Rick was surprised to hear that it was associated with the triads. But he hung up nonetheless.

Rick immediately called Magnum and told him of the meeting.

Magnum arranged for air cover from TC and the veteran chopper pilot had his Huey hovering off in the distance as Magnum and Rick approached the Chinese neighborhood of Little Hong Kong in Rick’s silver Mercedes. Magnum was not too worried about an ambush, as it was a popular place amongst the tourists and howlies.

A storm cloud had moved in from the west, and blew circling winds, around and around and around above the suburb of Honolulu so far away from the regular police patrols. There were no street lights, and few lights outside Mr. Kwok’s Cantonese.

Rick and Magnum climbed out of the car. Each of them pulled back the slides on their semi-auto pistols to see if there were rounds. There were. As Veterans they carefully rode the slide forward and ensure that round went into the chamber. And they took their weapons off safe.

Magnum advanced first, and Rick followed into little Hong Kong. It was a dark neighborhood, with few street lights, and what their was came mostly with a red hue. The two veterans of Vietnam walked cautiously and kept scanning their surroundings.

Outside the restaurant, the paused and looked up and down the street.

Magnum walked into the restaurant first, squinting as if he was walking into a cave in the hills west of Da Nang. It was dark.

Magnum walked forward.

“Hello? Hostess?”

Click,

Magnum felt a light on his forehead. One of the new laser sights. It dizzled about his head. Magnum put up one hand to ward it off.

"Hello, Mr. Magnum," a voice came.

"Hey, this isn't right," Magnum said. "We made a deal to bargain in good faith through Ice Pick,"

"Nothing is fair in our world, Mr. Magnum. Put down your pistol," the voice commanded. "You are the perpetual enemy, Mr. Magnum."

Magnum heard a round of being chambered into a rifle. It was deep, death sound.

"I can't see anything," Rick said.

"This is like 'Nam," Magnum said. "All right, we'll do as you say. Just don't shoot." Magnum and Rick surrendered to the dark voices in the back of the Chinese restaurant who had presumably ambushed them.

In the distance, from another bar, a juke box played out the sounds of a newer English Band, Cheap Trick. "Surrender....!" they sang in a Beatles twang.

The Spy Who Snubbed Me: Magnum P.I. vs 007 **Sequence 6: Diana, Princess of Lonely Hearts**

Behind the Tong fighters a big black shadow appeared, carrying a softball bat and dressed in the team uniform of a little league team from the low-income neighborhood near the airport. It was TC, swinging the softball bat on the back of the heads of the Chinese Tong.

TC hit three quick home runs on the soft heads of three tongs.

Another tong pulled out a pair of nun chucks, and swung the end at Magnum. Thomas dodged one, and stepped back.

"Thomas, numb chuckers!" Rick called out.

A tong turned and kicked Rick in the gut, doubling him over. And then he elbowed him to the face.

TC hit the tong with the nun chucks in the lower back with the softball bat. The man dropped his weapon and fell to the ground, screaming in pain.

Thomas and TC then faced one man who had just beaten down Rick.

"Where's the Lady Diana?" Thomas said. "We know you have her."

The man turned and looked out on to the street. TC and Thomas ran past him.... While Rick lay on the floor and moaned.

On the street, two men loaded young Lady Diana Spencer into a waiting Volkswagen Van, much like the one that TC owned, only this one had more windows and was painted dark blue with a light blue stripe.

"Aah! Help!" Lady Diana Spencer called out.

TC and Thomas Magnum raced out on to the street. They chased the van up the street, until they realized they could not catch it.

"Come on, the Mercedes."

Thomas Magnum and TC turned around and climbed into Rick's Mercedes, only with Thomas behind the wheel. They raced off, up the same street where the van went, only five minutes behind.

Thomas Magnum shifted and pushed the gas pedal to propel the German luxury convertible forward. They raced uphill, Magnum slowed and they came to a busy intersection. Magnum stopped the Mercedes while they tried to figure out which way to go.

“There they are,” TC said as he pointed to the right with his muscular arm.

Thomas cranked the wheel and pressed the accelerator. They raced downhill and to the right, catching up to the Volkswagen van.

Magnum followed the van down the highway as it made its way into northwest Honolulu. They did not know what to do- try to run it off the road? Or just find out where it was going and call the police- who in turn would take 20 to 30 minutes to respond. That was if they could find a phone to call the cops. Magnum could not even remember the main number to the police station.

“What are we going to do about Rick?”

“What about Rick?”

“We left him stranded with a bunch of ninja dudes surrounding him,” TC said.

“Oh, he’ll come out all right. He’s got Ice Pick’s protection.

“Icepick? Ice pick?” TC asked. “Those mafia dudes will sell out their own brother. You know Rick can’t trust anyone but us Veterans.”

“He’ll land on his feet,” Thomas tried to be re-assuring, but he was not so sure. Maybe they should go back. Saving Rick would be more important than saving some girl that they didn’t know.

Back at the Tong Restaurant, two men held Rick off his feet while another one punched him in the stomach.

They dropped him and Rick fell to the ground, landing on his knees then his stomach.

Rick laid the floor and grunted. He fought to collect his breath.

“You’re going to regret this when Icepick finds out,”

“Icepick?”

“Yeah, friend of mine,” Rick Salvatori gasped as he lay flat on his back. Blood trickled out of his nose.

The tong turned to one another and opened their eyes.

“We gotta get out of here,”

They ran out the front, leaving Rick on the floor.

The van that Thomas Magnum followed turned into a large estate and the gates began to close. Thomas raced ahead as the gates were closing. Thomas realized he was not going to make it and he stopped.

“We’re not far from the estate,” TC said. “I mean the Robin Masters’ estate.”

“If they have her, they didn’t take her very far at all.”

“We need help, Thomas. We can’t go busting in there and shooting everyone up like we were back in Danan Trang.”

“I know, but I don’t want them to get nervous or spooked at kill her.”

“Then we shouldn’t park here and look at their compound – while sitting in a sliver Mercedes.”

Thomas backed up, turned around and raced away.

"You are right," Thomas said.

"I'm right? I'm right. Say that again Thomas."

"You're right."

"We need to go to the police," TC said.

"The kidnapers said no police," Magnum said. "They specifically said 'no police'."

"Let's call Lieutenant Tenaka then. That's not like really involving the police. Plus, it is their job, Thomas."

"I got a funny feeling about this TC," Magnum said as he raced back to the estate. "I think they'll kill her if they get spooked."

"So you want to go in there and rescue her?"

"Yeah," Thomas yelled over the roar of the engine.

"Two seventeen Huapala Road? That's the Caple Estate, one of the finest families on the island who can trace their lineage all the way back to Feodore Chappelle who was a squire for King Henry the Third."

"So, they're immigrants from France?" Thomas asked.

Higgins was not amused and adjusted his glasses on his nose.

"Very funny,"

"Do they have lands or economic interests in Hong Kong?" Magnum asked.

"A lot of British families do,"

"Do you see my point, Higgins? Get a clue, old chap. They're behind this because they don't want the British Government to turn over Hong Kong to the Chinese Communists."

"How could they? It's the twentieth annual South Pacific Flower Festival this weekend. Royalty are flying in from as far away as Europe."

"Which means more royals to kidnap. Now, come on Higgins. She was kidnapped from this house and we gotta get her back, old sport."

"All right,"

Two hours later, Jonathan Quail Higgins rolled up to the front of the estate where they believed the Chinese Triads or some Hong Kong loyalists were holding the young Lady Diana Spencer. He drove the estate's Audi sedan.

Higgins climbed out the Audi and retrieved a bouquet of exotic South Pacific Flowers in a grand vase.

He rang the doorbell on the outside gate.

"Who is it?" came a voice.

"Flower delivery for Ms. Caple."

"Leave them on the street," the voice over the speaker said.

"I can't do that. These are precious orchids from Tahiti."

Higgins waited. And waited.

The gate opened, and Higgins stepped inside.

A guard was inside.

"Hey, you're not supposed to come inside," the guard said.

Higgins handed the man the flowers, with heavy vase.

"Be a good chap and hold these. They're very valuable."

Higgins turned and went to the keypad to open the front gate. The guard gently set down the vase.

Higgins kicked the man in the groin as he bent over.

"Hi yah!" Higgins yelled. Higgins chopped at the man again. But he missed, as the guard fell over on to the ground.

The front gate to the compound opened.

"I should have warned you, I was one held captive in a Himalayan Monastery where they made us study peculiar martial arts all morning."

Magnum and TC raced in the gate in the Mercedes.

"Where?" Magnum asked.

Magnum, TC and Higgins looked up and across the compound to see two men drag a beautiful young blonde girl and throw her into the Volkswagen van. The two men jumped in and the van raced out a back gate.

"There's another exit!"

Magnum raced ahead and chased the van.

Tires screeching, Thomas Magnum pressed the accelerator down to propel the Mercedes into the narrow streets of the local neighborhood. A car pulled out of a driveway in front of him, between him and the Volkswagen.

TC waived at the man and yelled. "Get back, we're in a hurry,"

The confused Asian man who was driving the other car had no idea what the rush was, but he pulled back into his driveway.

Magnum raced the Mercedes forward and around the corner where he lost saw the Volkswagen. He pressed the accelerator hard and raced up a small highway into the tropical rainforest above Honolulu. He found himself on the Likelike highway, racing towards the other side of the island.

A fruit truck was between the Mercedes and his prey. On a straight stretch, Magnum accelerated and passed the farm truck, only to see the Volkswagen in front of him turn right, off the road to a side street.

Magnum geared down quickly, put on the breaks and the car slid sideways. He wondered if it was going to stop. Finally, the tires found their grip and propelled him forward onto the side street.

The Mercedes almost stopped as the van pulled away.

Magnum put the car in second and pushed the accelerator to the floor, racing ahead.

The Volkswagen made another right and missed the corner running into a fence and through a garden. The van quickly bogged down and became stuck.

Magnum raced up behind and jumped out with his .45 caliber in his hand.

"Freeze!"

One older man and one elderly lady stepped out of the van, and raised their hands.

"Agatha?"

"I only did it for Hong Kong and the Empire, Mr. Magnum. Please don't tell the police."

"Who is this guy?"

"This is Bernie Goldberg-Caple, former first ..."

"Shut up Agatha," the older man said. "We know we did this for honorable reasons. We don't have to explain ourselves or our motivations."

"But Bernie, Mr. Magnum is a friend."

"Stiff upper lip Agatha. This is for the crown and the empire. And for Hong Kong."

Magnum held the kidnappers while TC helped the Lady Diana from the back of the van. TC also found an unconscious guard -- who had been knocked out when the guard had hit his head inside the van when they went round the last corner. TC led the frightened teenager, the future Princess Diana, away as sirens roared in the background.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Magnum, I can explain everything," Agatha pleaded.

When the police arrived, they arrested Mr. Bernie Goldberg-Caple and Agatha Chumley. Agatha began to explain their circumstances immediately. It seems her family had extensive real estate holdings in Hong Kong and she was bound to lose her retirement savings if Hong Kong went back to the Chi Coms, as the Chinese Communists had always hated the Chumley family since the Opium Wars of the 1880s. It seems that the Chumleys were quite involved in smuggling Opium from India and Turkey to the south of China.

Back at the estate, Higgins now lay on the coach in the den, with a bag of ice on his head. Lady Diana Spencer sat on a chair next to the couch, and tended to a small cut on his forehead.

Magnum walked in with two young ladies on his arms.

Lady Diana looked up, sheepish, stunned that her hero had other ladies.

"Well, we seem to have come upon a bit of British invasion," Magnum said.

"Higgins, Diana, these are two flight attendants, stewardesses from London. Shelly and Maggie."

"Hello, hello." the stewardesses giggled as they introduced themselves.

"A girls, why don't you take a dip in the tide pool while I say good bye to Diana,"

The two leggy stewardesses walked to the French doors and onto the patio. They stopped when they saw a man in a black robe practicing martial arts and tai chi on the lawn.

"Oh, who's that man out there practicing karate," the stewardess turned back to Higgins to inquire.

"Oh, that's just James Bond," Higgins said. "One of our countries greatest agents."

The stewardesses giggled as they walked into the beautiful tropical morning and went out to play, perhaps learn karate.

This left Magnum, Lady Di and Higgins alone.

"Higgins, by the way, I couldn't help but notice a striking similarity to a novel that I read, where a certain double oh four agent, also known as Robyn 1, teaches a certain double oh seven agent everything he knows and more. And that double oh seven was kind of an idiot compared to double oh four."

Higgins groaned.

“Well, yes, I suppose reading does empower the dimwits to a certain point,” Higgins replied.

Magnum smiled.

Lady Diana Spencer stood up and approached Magnum.

“Thank you again for saving my life, Mr. Magnum,” Lady Diana smiled.

“No problem lady. The important thing is that you are safe and can return to England. Are you old enough to be called a lady?”

“I’m sixteen. In Europe, that’s old enough.” Diana said. “We could even be married.”

“Well, you’re quite beautiful. I’m sure when you’re all grown up, and educated, and sophisticated, you’ll find your prince. You don’t need a dangerous old Vietnam Veteran like me.”

“Oh, Thomas Magnum,” Lady Spencer said. “You’re so, interesting.”

Lady Diana Spencer walked forward and hugged Thomas Magnum.

Higgins groaned.

The lads barked.

With that Thomas Magnum looked at the camera and winked.

The End

Mark O’Neill served on active duty in the United States Army as an intelligence officer and continued in the Army Reserves. He has supported Special Forces and Civil Affairs in Afghanistan, Iraq, and Honduras, as well as with the conventional forces in South Korea. Most recently, he was an operations officer for Joint Special Operations Command at Fort Bragg. Besides writing, in his spare time he is working towards his detective license and loves to hike, bike, ski and collect old stuff.

Previous works include *Bound to Get Burned*, and *Slave to the Lender*, books about Franco Chevalier, a man born into wealth and privilege but who also feels compared to serve. With a background as a chef from a family of New Orleans restaurant owners, he fits into the world of spies and special operations.

His next novel is entitled *Burlesque Blues* and is written as an homage to the original Magnum p.i. It is due out in December 2019 from Wheatmark Press.