

Wish You Were Here: Part One

September 18th 1992, Hawaii

Aloha Mac,

Look where I am! I'm on a dance tour in Hawaii! It's just like on the movies, just like on Magnum P.I. I'm dancing at this sweet little club on the Big Island, the other girls here are just so nice and I'm having the time of my life. The club manager is just the best to us and I've got this wonderful little apartment right on the beach so I can hear the waves when I go to sleep.

Hurricane Iniki was just awful. We didn't get so much damage here, just a few sailboats sunk in the harbour, but on some of the other islands it was terrible! I hope we don't get another one.

I wonder where you are? How is Sam? I would never in the world have figured that you had a grown up son running around – he must have been such a surprise but I just know you'll be getting along fine. Wow, there's not much room on a postcard, is there? I'm sending this to Pete, so he can send it to you. Write me when you get this, Mac, and tell me all about where you've been.

All my love,

Penny

October 10th 1992, Hawaii

Aloha Mac,

Thank you for sending me a postcard too and telling me all about your trip – it sounds amazing and Sam sounds swell. You and he look so alike in the picture you sent me! I'm sending you a picture of me on stage in my costume. Look how shiny it is! When I shimmy, all the sequins catch the lights and I look like a mermaid. Or so my new friend David says. He took the picture of me. He comes to all my shows and he says he just loves to watch me dance. We go out to lots of places and he has a boat! We've been out in it so many times and last time we went he had champagne on ice in the galley and we drank champagne and watched the sun set over Molokai. Isn't that romantic? I wish you could meet him – he's just dreamy! I think I might be falling in love with him, but don't tell anyone else! OK, you can tell Sam. Anyway, I gotta go – I'm dancing tonight and I have to get ready.

All my love,

Penny

November 29th 1992, East Rock Island

Aloha Mac,

Well, you can see I'm not on Hawaii any more... You'll never guess – David owns a whole island and he told me he loves me and asked me to live there with him now that my dance tour has finished! It's like a fairytale, Mac. It's really rocky and romantic and you have to get there by helicopter because the sea is too rough to land a boat and there isn't really anywhere to land one anyway. I was a little bit scared in case another hurricane came and we had to get off the island fast but David says we don't need to worry and the house has caves underneath where we could go if we were ever in danger. He wants me to stay here for Christmas though, so I guess I won't get to see you after all ☹. Anyway, I have to finish this letter so it can go on the helicopter to be posted on Hawaii – no mailman on East Rock Island!

All my love and Happy Thanksgiving,

Penny

MacGyver backed carefully through his front door, balancing two bulging grocery sacks and a pile of Phoenix Foundation binders, his mail clamped firmly in his mouth. Setting the binders down on the table and spitting out the mail, he stacked the sacks on the kitchen counter and pulled out a can of tomato juice. He kicked off his sneakers and sat down on the couch, wiggling his toes gratefully. He took a gulp of juice and leaned back, putting his feet up on the table and leafing through the mail. Bill. Bill. Advertising. Note from Mel thanking him for dealing with the overwintering snake in Kelly's kitchen. Mac shook his head, grinning. Payslip. Postcard with a little heart shaped sticker on the front, stuck onto the picture...

March 3rd 1993, East Rock Island

Dear Uncle Angus,

I am having a lovely time here in Hawaii, David is just as kind to me as Monsieur Street ever was and I am happier here than ever. It's so nice to find someone as trustworthy as Anton Burak. The house is amazing. Being here reminds me so much of when we went to Parker House that time, do you remember? Boy, that house was just full of surprises, and so was the garden! David is really well organised and successful and he treats me just like a princess! I'm even thinking about growing my hair really, really long so that I'll look like the princess in the story too, what do you think?

Do you hear from Cousin Jack or Uncle Pete much? I'd just love it if you and he could come visit me, I really miss you all and it would be such a surprise for David. The hunting on the island is pretty good and I know how you two love a big target and how Uncle Pete always gets what he aims at. There's a range here with lots and lots of paper targets. I found it by accident one day, when I was exploring.

Anyway, I have to send this otherwise I'll miss today's helicopter – I hope there's room for a postcard on it because there sure is a lot of mail going out today.

Wish you were here,

Penny

MacGyver frowned and read the card again. Uncle Angus? Parker House? Penny had her moments, sure, but this was odd even for her. Maybe something was wrong. But if something was wrong, why didn't she pick up the phone and call? His hand strayed to his own phone and he dialed without really looking.

"Hello? Yeah, Hi Jack. It's me. What are you...? Never mind that. I've had a really weird message from Penny, would you come over and take a look at...? Yeah, I know. Weird even for Penny." He listened briefly and then nodded. "Thanks Jack, see you soon." He hung up.

The door rattled in its frame as someone pounded hard on the other side.

"Hey Mac! You going to leave your two best friends out here all night? Let us in!"

MacGyver put the letter down and went to answer the door, shaking his head at Jack and guiding Pete inside. He settled Pete on the couch and watched Jack shrugging off his jacket and fanning himself.

"I know it's supposed to be warm in L.A. but nobody said anything about Summertime in March! I wasn't expecting to need Bermuda shorts..." Jack shook his head and hung his pilot's cap on a hook.

"Yeah, you got me – I wasn't expecting it either." MacGyver poured lemonade and took a cup back to Pete.

"Thanks, that smells great." Pete took a sip and wrapped his hands round the cool glass. "So what's been happening, Mac? It's not like you to get so spooked, especially where Penny's concerned."

MacGyver handed Penny's postcards to Jack and sat down next to Pete.

"I'm not sure, Pete. The first few postcards I got from her – thanks for sending them on, by the way – were regular, holiday stuff. Having a great time, dance tour's going well, stuff like that. She'd met this guy and they seemed to be getting along and..." He caught Jack's eye and nodded. "Yeah, well, you know Penny..." Mac reached for the last card and turned it round in his hands. "And then there was this one. Let me read it to you."

Jack and Pete listened, looking more and more confused. Pete shook his head, frowning.

"That makes no sense. Uncle Angus? Monsieur Street? I don't get it."

"Yeah, Pete. I don't get it either. But she doesn't sound happy and I'm worried about her. Trouble just seems to find her, we all know that. Just look at that time when..." MacGyver tailed off, looking again at the postcard he'd tossed onto the table.

Jack's eyes widened and he snatched up the card.

“Mac! Pete! It’s a code, it’s got to be. We gotta work it out, Penny could be in trouble.” He stared round at his friends, the prospect of adventure lighting his eyes.

Wish You Were Here: Part Two

“Mac! Pete! It’s a code, it’s got to be. We gotta work it out, Penny could be in trouble.” Jack stared round at his friends, the prospect of adventure lighting his eyes.

Pete placed his mug carefully onto the table, wiping his mouth.

“Let’s not get carried away here. Mac, is there any chance Penny’s been, well... taking anything she shouldn’t? That letter was pretty garbled and the idea of secret messages is maybe a bit far-fetched, don’t you think?” He felt Mac’s weight lift off the couch next to him and tracked his friend’s soft footsteps round the room. He heard Jack thumbing through Penny’s other cards and the slap as Jack hit the cards with his other hand.

“I dunno, Pete.” MacGyver stopped near the window, looking out at the snowy street. “Penny’s never been involved in drugs or anything like that, she feels as strongly about them as I do and I’m sure she’d never do that. You’re right that it’s a weird message though, and I think Jack might actually be right on this one.” Pete heard Jack’s triumphant exclamation and Mac’s footsteps crossing the room again. He heard the rustle of paper as Mac gathered the cards and a notebook and felt the couch sag as both men sat down.

“Let’s go through it again, line by line.” Jack picked up Penny’s last card and cleared his throat. “David is just as kind as Monsieur Street ever was... Who’s that?”

Pete leaned back, thinking hard. Mac shook his head, shoved his hands in his pockets and drifted away to look out of the window again. The silence stretched. Jack looked from one to the other in confusion.

“You don’t know either, huh? Hell, I didn’t know Penny had even been to France!”

“Me neither...” Mac turned and leaned on the windowsill. “France. French... Monsieur Street.” He ran a hand through his hair. “Do either of you speak any French? What’s the French word for street?”

Pete nodded, his brow wrinkling as he searched his memory.

“Uh... rue, I think. That mean anything to you?”

MacGyver nodded, massaging the bridge of his nose as if he had a sudden headache.

“Yeah, Pete, it does. Remember Jacques LaRue?”

Jack watched Pete turn pale and nod. He looked back at Mac in confusion.

“What? Who’s Jacques LaRue? That’s bad, right?”

"It's bad." MacGyver shoved away from the windowsill. "Jack, Jacques LaRue is Murdoc." He watched Jack's expression change, and nodded. "Yeah. That's right. He disguised himself as a theatre director, or producer or something, and Penny starred in a musical he was making. He was setting a trap for me, but then he kind of fell for her and it all got a little... complicated. If this David is anything like Murdoc, then Penny is in a lot of trouble." Mac shook his head and moved back behind the couch to read over Jack's shoulder. "Burak is familiar too, but I just can't..."

Pete sat upright, blinking hard.

"I know this one. He's the guy you ended up chasing after the first time you and Penny met." He turned to face Mac, "You remember? I'd sent you to Bulgaria to get that microfilm. I thought it would be a nice, easy run for you, since you'd been hurt and all, but you met Penny in the airport and ended up losing your passports and..."

"And we ended up escaping from her Bulgarian boyfriend and his Secret Police friends, that's right Pete!" MacGyver ran a hand through his unruly hair. "Man, the General was a piece of work. That job sure got complicated fast. If David is anything like that..." MacGyver shook his head.

Jack read the next sentences aloud, brow furrowed. "Isn't Parker House that old place Penny inherited? With the ghosts and the moonshine and all?"

"Yeah, Jack, and also the body buried in the garden!" MacGyver waved his hands around for emphasis.

"Boy, nothing's ever straightforward with that kid, is it?" Jack shook his head. "I sure hope she meant 'just like' the moonshine part and not 'just like' the buried corpses part!" Jack licked his lips, thinking how much a little moonshine might help the detective process along. He caught MacGyver's warning glance and subsided, wondering anew where Mac had learned to read minds.

MacGyver craned his head round to read the next part. "Growing my hair long. What could that be about?"

Jack shook his head, but Pete chuckled. Both men turned to look at him.

"It's easy to tell you've never read anyone a bedtime story! The princess with the long hair is Rapunzel. She was trapped in a tower by a wicked witch and Prince Charming had to climb up her long hair to get to her tower room so that he could free her." Pete's face fell. "Gee, I hope that doesn't mean Penny is a prisoner..."

"Me too, Pete. But Penny's pretty good at getting away, so anyone wanting to keep her prisoner would have their hands full." Mac smiled, remembering how many times Penny had charmed her way both into and out of trouble over the years. "Every time she smiles," he murmured to himself.

Jack stroked his mustache and re-read the last part.

"Seems pretty clear that she wants us to come rescue her, doesn't it? Good hunting, coming for a surprise visit... Sounds like a rescue mission to me!" He stood, striking a dashing pose. "Fear not, fair damsel, for the righteous forces of the City of Angels are at this very minute mustering to come and..."

Pete listened, chuckling, but then frowned as a thought struck him. Under the sound barrage of Jack's tall tale, he turned to MacGyver.

"Mac – Penny does know how I am now, doesn't she? She talks about me hitting what I aim at and... well..." Pete blushed and hung his head, feeling Mac's hand squeeze his shoulder comfortingly.

"...facing overwhelming odds, outmanned and outgunned, the three friends sallied forth, braving unknown terrors to conquer the foul fiend who holds you captive and ram this staff of justice right up his...!" Jack grabbed a hockey stick, demonstrating the final destination of the staff of justice.

"She knows, Pete." MacGyver raised his voice slightly over the tale of legendary heroics. "Maybe that's not about seeing the target – there's more than one way to aim at something. You do have a lot of contacts from your DXS days, especially if we're talking about targeting a criminal here." MacGyver intercepted the staff of justice as it swept past.

"...and cast him from his evil Hawaiian lair as we snatch you right from the jaws of death! Fear not, fair maiden, for your knights in shining armour are..." Jack made another grab for the hockey stick, but MacGyver was too quick for him.

"Maybe she knows you can aim someone else at David, someone who can take him down? That'd be something you can do that neither Jack nor I could."

Jack, hearing his name, stuttered to a halt mid-rescue and sat down.

"But Mac, what kind of criminal are we talking about here? We've got murder, KGB links, moonshine, kidnap and we haven't even worked it all out yet! I'm guessing organised crime of some sort because she says he's 'really well organised', but dammit Mac, that could be anything!" Jack ran his hands through his hair, stroked his mustache and began to pace. "We don't even know where she is! I've been to Hawaii plenty of times, but I've never heard of this East Rock Island. Hawaii's a big place, Mac, that's a lot of water to cover and we can't exactly pull in for gas and ask, you know what I mean?" He snatched the card up again and stared at it. He turned it over and studied the picture on the front, picking at the heart sticker with his thumb nail. MacGyver watched as Jack brooded, then froze and looked again at the aerial photo on the card with wide eyes. He carefully peeled back the sticker, revealing a tiny island hidden underneath. When Jack spoke, his voice came out high and tight.

"Mac, you got a map of our 50th State lying around here?"

Wish You Were Here: Part Three

"I thought you said this plane had new engines?!" MacGyver's voice was accusatory through the tinny headphones. He glared at Jack, who turned his attention hurriedly to an imaginary bird outside the scratched windscreen. The plane coughed and spluttered again, lurching slightly as the wind caught one of the skids.

"Hey, I'm on a budget here, Kemosabe! The engines were new to me, I never said they hadn't been previously enjoyed by another careful owner!" He patted the console tenderly and made kissing

noises to the little plane. “Don’t listen to bad Uncle Angus – he’s just sore because he had to help with the flight checks and do a tiny bit of maintenance. Really tiny. Almost not there...”

MacGyver shot Jack a murderous glare, unfolded his map and leaned forward in his seat. He fished Penny’s postcard out of his pocket and looked out of the window, orienting the map and card with the view far below. The tiny bit of maintenance had been closer to a major overhaul and had involved a lot of tinkering, a bent coat hanger, half a pint of dish soap and the eventual removal of a banana peel and a half-melted, plastic Stormtrooper from inside the engine. No wonder it hadn’t been running well. Now they were running out of daylight, Mac had dish soap in his hair and the cockpit smelled unpleasantly of hot fruit.

The plane gave a shudder and Jack fought to keep it on track. The turbulence had been bad all the way out here and he wasn’t looking forward to landing in the water. There were hundreds of hidden rocks just below the surface and Jack could see the waves breaking against Hawaii’s rocky shores below. He glanced back to check that their gear was still stowed securely and caught MacGyver staring at him. He raised his eyebrows at Jack and Jack returned a grin with a lot more confidence than he felt. Sending a silent prayer out to the Protector of Pilots Everywhere, Jack turned the floatplane and started his descent.

MacGyver listened to the dial tone burring in his ear. He turned and shaded his eyes, staring out to Jack’s plane, now safely landed and bobbing on its mooring line near two old men dangling fishing poles into the water. Jack and another man in overalls were talking and Jack seemed to be getting pretty animated. MacGyver hoped the cans at their feet held gas – they’d been running on fumes when they landed. The phone clicked and a familiar voice greeted him.

“Yeah, Pete, it’s me. We’ve got to Hawaii and... No, no real trouble, only the usual Dalton kind. Yeah, something like that. Did you get anything on East Rock Island for us? Uh-huh... Is that normal? I see.” MacGyver turned to see Jack approaching, looking hot and bothered. “Pete? I gotta go, thanks for finding out for us. Tonight, I think. Yeah, we’ll be careful.” MacGyver hung up and looked down at Jack, who looked ready to explode. “What, Jack?!”

Jack grabbed him by the sleeve, hustling him away down the dock towards the plane. As they passed the fishermen, MacGyver suddenly stopped, pulled his arm away from Jack and yelled, “What do you mean, do I have any cash? Why don’t YOU pay for the gas?!”

MacGyver set his Swiss Army knife down on the map and card to stop them blowing away and held a ten dollar bill up to the light. He turned it this way and that, felt the paper and ran his thumb gently across the raised ink. He looked across at Jack.

“OK, Jack. I forgive you. The gas guy was right, it is a forgery, but it’s a good one. I might have missed it too. Where did you get it from?”

Jack shrugged, pocketing the counterfeit note with a sigh.

"I did a passenger run a few weeks ago out to Molokai. Not your average job, all the way out here, but the money was good and, even better, it was cash. I think this is one of the bills from that run. The gas guy only spotted it because he's seen a load of these recently, reckons someone on one of the islands is printing them." He sighed and shook his head ruefully. "Just my luck. Even the money I earn honestly turns out to be crooked."

MacGyver stared at the water between his bare feet. He frowned and swirled the water with his toes, thinking hard.

"You know, this kind of ties in with something Pete told me. He said there's been a lot of trouble with counterfeiting recently. Maybe that's what Penny meant when she wrote about lots of paper targets." He slid the card out from under the knife and read it again before passing it to Jack. He stood up, pushing his hair out of his eyes. "He also said that Penny's 'East Rock Island' is owned outright by an eccentric millionaire who's been on the edge of some very nasty dealings. They've never been able to pin anything on him, but he's definitely up to something." He looked out to sea, watching the sun disappearing slowly behind the waves. "Better get ready, Jack. It's going to be a long night."

The little plane pattered quietly through the night. Below them Jack could see moonlight sparkling on the wave tops. They passed the last large island and angled eastwards, East Rock Island just visible as a black smudge on the horizon. Jack could hear MacGyver sorting out his gear in the back, stowing everything safely and pulling on dark trousers and a long sleeved shirt. Presently MacGyver swung into the seat next to him, his eyes startlingly white against the camouflage paint smeared on his face. He nodded to Jack and they cut the engines, gliding quietly down to land with barely a splash on the calm surface. They waited while the tide washed them closer to the jagged coastline and then Jack eased the anchor over the side. He nodded to MacGyver and gave him a thumbs up. MacGyver settled his waterproof bag across his shoulders, slipped into the water and swam towards the shore. A last bobbing of blond in the black and he was gone.

The tide carried MacGyver pretty well and he wasn't out of breath when he waded out and ran across the beach. He ducked out of sight behind a rock and unrolled his bag, pulling out dry sneakers. He studied the sheer cliff face as he knotted the laces. Up close it suddenly looked much, much higher than it had from Jack's plane... Shaking his head and willing himself not to look down, MacGyver set his sneaker toe into a crevice and began to climb.

There was a nasty moment halfway up when his foot slipped and he heard a rock bouncing down and down and down before it splashed into the water. He hung by his fingertips for a moment, his heart hammering and his eyes squeezed shut. It had taken all his courage to unclench his hand and reach up again for the next hold. How he hated heights... Goodness only knew how he was going to get him and Penny down again, there was no chance they could climb down the way he'd come up.

MacGyver rolled over the top of the cliff, his heart pounding. He carried on rolling towards a boulder, crouching behind it. He waited until his breathing calmed and his hands stopped shaking.

MacGyver popped his head cautiously around the boulder and squinted at the house. He hadn't heard dogs barking, but he could see two men walking along the side of the house and another two

rounding the opposite corner. At the corner window, he saw a woman's shadow pass in front of the drapes... Penny! Keeping low, he made a run for the house.

MacGyver flattened himself against the side of the house, trying to breathe silently. He crouched under the window and listened. He could hear Penny's voice from within, pleading with someone. An angry, male voice replied and MacGyver heard the scrape of a chair and the sharp crack of a slap. Penny cried out and MacGyver's fists clenched in the darkness. He heard a door slam deeper inside the house and then only quiet sobbing. MacGyver listened for a while longer and then tapped on the glass. The sobbing stopped. He tapped again and the drapes parted, Penny looking out into the garden beyond.

"I'm down here!" Mac glanced fearfully around, aware that the guards could return at any moment. "Look DOWN!"

Penny's eyes widened when she saw him, her expression quickly turning from amazement to horror. Mac half turned to follow her gaze, but a strong hand grabbed his hair and he gasped as his arm was bent agonisingly up behind his back. He wriggled and kicked until the second guard cocked a fist in his direction, threatening to knock him out. MacGyver flinched, shook his head and quit struggling, allowing himself to be led away.

Penny watched him go, silent tears running down her face.

Wish You Were Here: Part Four

Penny tiptoed down the corridor, armed with a nail file and a can of hairspray. Good job she'd managed to steal the key to her room back from Julius the guard, even if it had been nasty letting him kiss her like that so she could get her fingers into his pocket... Where could they be keeping MacGyver? Wasn't it just like him to come and rescue her! She'd just known he'd get her message. But now MacGyver needed Penny to come and rescue him. If she only knew where they'd taken him. She hadn't been allowed to explore all of the house, that had been the first sign that David wasn't as nice as she'd thought. After that, she'd made a point of exploring whenever she could, which is how she'd found the machines in the caves. That was the first time David had hit her... Penny's eyes filled as she remembered. She shook her head hard to clear it and concentrated. What would Mac do? He'd follow the guards.

Peeping round the corner, Penny made a dash across the courtyard and ducked behind a bush. She could see the guardhouse if she parted the leaves, and she watched closely. Julius crossed the guardhouse window and disappeared from sight. Two more guards came out of the door and walked off in the other direction. Penny listened carefully, but couldn't hear anything. Was MacGyver in there? Taking a deep breath, she sprinted across the smooth grass and crouched down underneath the guardhouse window, just like she'd seen MacGyver do earlier.

Now Penny could hear someone moving around. She heard the scrape of a footstep, followed by a meaty sounding thud. Someone moaned and Julius's unmistakable chuckle reached her. He must have MacGyver in there! But what was Julius doing to him? How could she rescue him now? Julius

was massive and strong and Penny doubted she was a match for him, hairspray and nail file notwithstanding...

A phone shrilled in the guardhouse and Penny jumped, covering her mouth with her hand to muffle her gasp. Julius spoke, the words obscure, and then he hung up. Heavy footsteps crossed to the door and Penny flinched when the door banged open inches from her head. She dived round the corner and scrunched up small, just in time to avoid Julius as he strode out. He slammed the door behind him and disappeared off behind the trees. Penny chanced a look around the corner of the building and saw that the door hadn't shut properly... She slipped inside and closed it, leaning against it, her heart pounding.

MacGyver was lying in the corner, curled up with his hands tied behind him. A bruise stood out on his cheekbone and he was soaked. His eyes widened as Penny crouched down and reached out to him.

"Mac?" Her whisper sounded loud in the still room. "Mac, are you OK? I came to rescue you!"

"I came to rescue YOU! What are you doing here?!" MacGyver shifted and winced. "I can't get to my knife. Could you...?" He shifted sideways, indicating his back pocket.

"How'd I get out?" Penny smiled. "Pretty much like this, actually." She slid her fingers into the pocket, picked out the knife and held it up in front of him. "I sort of borrowed the key from Julius, who's probably going to be in a whole heap of trouble when David gets back and..."

"Penny! Sssh!"

"...and I don't care because he was mean to you and I hope David's gone a long time so we can get away. Boy, your knife sure is sharp! Except that I think he'll be back later, so we should really..."

"Penny! SSSH!"

"...probably get out of here as soon as we can. Why have you got paint all over your face, anyway? Is it for camouflage? I guess it must be. I've never worn make-up like that, although I did have to be a monkey once for a play I was in and I had face paint for that and..." Penny broke off as a large shadow fell across her. Turning round, she followed MacGyver's gaze. Julius stood in the doorway, his face dark with anger. Penny screamed, dropping the knife. MacGyver pushed up off the floor and tried to charge him with his hands still tied, but Julius slipped the charge and drove a knee up into MacGyver's ribs. MacGyver collapsed with a groan and Julius shook his head. He grabbed Penny's wrist as she stabbed at him with her nail file, and the file skittered off into the corner. He backhanded her once across the face and tied her up too. Throwing her down on the floor, he turned to go.

"The Boss can deal with you when he gets back."

He closed the door behind him and Penny heard the key turn in the lock. Julius's footsteps receded and then all was quiet. She became aware of MacGyver's ragged breathing and crawled across the floor.

“Mac? Are you OK? I guess I know why you wanted me to be quiet now. I’m really sorry. I know I talk too much and...”

“Penny?” MacGyver’s voice was strained. “It’s OK.” He got to his knees, breathing hard, and looked around for his knife. He shuffled around in front of it, picked it up and began sawing at his bonds.

“Can you see that nail file anywhere? We have to get out of here before he comes back and I need it to pick the lock.”

“Just what is going on here, anyway?” MacGyver’s voice was barely a whisper as they crept through the undergrowth. He glanced to the side and shuddered. “Mind that – the cliff drops off there and believe me, it’s a long way down!”

“Well, when I first got here, David seemed so nice, and...”

“Penny? The short version.”

“They’re printing money here. Real American dollars! And that wouldn’t even be so bad, except that one of David’s friends said they had to stop because the police were on to them and you know what David did? He shot him! He shot him right there in front of me and said if I told anyone, he’d shoot me too. And they buried him in the garden! And that’s when I wrote to you, and I just knew that... Mmph!” Penny’s voice started to rise and MacGyver clamped his hand across her mouth. Wide eyed, she nodded, and he gently took his hand away.

“Sorry.”

“That’s OK, Penny. Where are they printing it? If we can take some with us, Pete and the DXS can move on this and get David put away for good.”

“In the cave.” Penny pointed away to her left. Taking MacGyver’s hand, she led him away into the fading darkness.

“Wow, this is quite a set up.” MacGyver’s whisper echoed weirdly around the cave. A row of printing presses crouched under tarpaulins in the early dawn light. Bales of plastic-wrapped notes stood waiting to be shipped out and drums of ink were racked up along the walls. Taking out his knife, he slit one of the bales and took out a bundle of notes.

“I’m glad you approve!” A harsh voice shattered the quiet, echoing around the chamber. “Pity you’ll never get to spend any of it.”

A slim man stepped into view, hands in his pockets and sweater sleeves knotted around his neck.

“David!” Penny shrank closer to MacGyver. The slim man smirked and nodded.

“Julius told me what you and your little friend here were doing. Tut tut, Penny. I did tell you what would happen if you caused any more trouble. You’re a pretty little thing and I like you a lot, but I

think you've just become more trouble than you're worth." He whipped a gun out of his pocket, gesturing for them to move.

MacGyver took Penny's hand and backed away slowly, his eyes searching the room. There had to be something... Ah. He squeezed her hand hard and pulled her closer to him. David followed, herding them towards the cave mouth. MacGyver glanced behind him fearfully.

"Yes, it is a very long drop." David's voice was calm. "If the tide's in, you'll be washed away and drowned. If it's out, you'll be smashed on the rocks. Quite a 'high' price to pay, don't you think?" He took another step towards them, drawing level with the drums of ink. MacGyver felt Penny pull away from him.

"You're a no good, low-down piece of scum!" Penny's shriek was loud and she lunged at David, spraying him in the eyes with her hairspray. He yelled and stumbled backwards just as MacGyver tipped the shelf, sending a cascade of drums rolling down towards him. David was knocked flat, the gun went off as it hit the ground and the shot ricocheted off one of the presses. MacGyver leaped forward, knocking David out with a single, well-aimed punch! Shaking his hand, he turned to Penny.

"Nice work! I wish you could have warned me though! Now let's get out of here before Julius and his buddies show up." He strode over to the nearest press and dragged the tarpaulin off. "Look around, see if you can find some string, or rope or something, ok? And have a look up the passageway too – I'd hate for any guards to drop in on us unannounced." He unfolded the tarpaulin flat, looked at it from all angles and then, gingerly, looked out of the cave mouth. David was right, it really was a long way down. A shadow fell across him and he spun, fist raised ready to strike.

"AAH!" MacGyver stumbled back.

"Sorry! I didn't mean to startle you. Will this do?" Penny held up an armful of cargo netting.

MacGyver leant on the wall, waiting for his heart to stop hammering. He nodded.

"Can you unravel it? I need as many long pieces as you can get."

They worked silently and fast. MacGyver knotted the cords along two sides of the big tarpaulin, glancing out of the cave and across at David. Where could Jack be? How much longer before David woke up? Had they got so turned around that Jack was on the other side of the island? MacGyver didn't think his invention would have much in the way of steering power...

Penny glanced suddenly up to the top of the cave. Footsteps echoed in the darkness above.

"They're coming!"

MacGyver gathered up the cords. He could hear running footsteps and shouting now too. He beckoned to Penny.

"You're going to have to hold on. Wrap your arms and legs round me and don't let go, whatever you do!" He swung round as the guards burst into the cave. The nearest fired a shot, which cracked off the wall, sending chips of rock flying.

Penny grabbed hold of MacGyver, hugging him tightly. He took a deep breath and jumped out of the cave into the air, pulling his makeshift parachute with him. Down and down they fell, shots ricocheting all around and the world spinning crazily beneath them. Then the wind caught the tarpaulin and it opened, pulling them aloft. MacGyver yelled in triumph as they sailed into the air, Penny clamped tightly around his waist. He pulled the cords and they drifted round in a gentle arc, seeing Jack's plane behind a jutting rock. MacGyver could see Jack standing on the roof and waving in the early morning sunshine.

Epilogue

Penny poured coffee for Pete and opened out the newspaper across MacGyver's kitchen counter.

"Hey! Come and listen to this!" She waited until MacGyver and Jack came in from the garage and then read aloud. "Our reporters have learned that a counterfeiting ring in the Islands has now been shut down thanks to local information and a daring joint operation by Hawaii's police and the DXS. This criminal organisation, which has been seeding our banking system with counterfeit notes for at least six months, has been stopped, all equipment has been seized and the ringleader, David Bell, will stand trial for his crimes next month." Penny broke off, smiling round at the friends. "That was us!"

MacGyver and Pete smiled back, but Jack wasn't happy.

"You didn't keep anything? Not a single dollar?! That stuff was great, it even fooled me! Jack frowned. "What were you guys thinking!"