



HIGHLANDER

The Series

94315
STAR-CROSSED

Written by
Jim Makichuk

Highlander

"STAR-CROSSED"

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Production #94315

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Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"Star-Crossed"

Production #94315

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD
RICHIE RYAN
MAURICE

HUGH FITZCAIRN
KALAS

NAOMI CAMDESSUS
PATRICK
THE DOGE
ARIANNA
SCRIBE
WATCH

MANSERVANT
INSPECTOR BARDOT

HIGHLANDER

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

BARGE

FITZCAIRN'S CAR
LE CORDON BLEU SCHOOL OF COOKING
/LECTURE HALL
/KITCHEN
/HALLWAY
/ADMINISTRATION OFFICE
/HALLWAY OUTSIDE ADMINISTRATION
DOGE'S PALACE - VERONA, ITALY - 1637
/RECEIVING ROOM
FITZCAIRN'S BEDROOM
FITZCAIRN'S ROOM - VERONA, ITALY - 1637

EXTERIORS

BARGE

/QUAY NEAR BARGE

ORLY AIRPORT (STOCK)

/PARKING AREA

ROADWAY

LE CORDON BLEU SCHOOL OF COOKING

MARKETPLACE - VERONA, ITALY - 1637

VIA DI FORTUNA - VERONA, ITALY - 1637

/ALLEYWAY

/ANOTHER LOCATION

UPSCALE APARTMENT BUILDING

MOTORCYCLE RACING FOOTAGE (STOCK)

COURTYARD - VERONA, ITALY - 1637

SMALL PIAZZA - VERONA, ITALY - 1637

RIVER

/RIVERBANK NEAR TRAIN TRESTLE

/TRAIN YARDS NEAR TRESTLE

/TRESTLE

CAFE

HIGHLANDER

"Star-Crossed"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1501 EXT. ORLY AIRPORT DAY (STOCK) - ESTABLISHING 1501

A 747 angles earthward, weaving in the sun, touching down with a shrill whine.

1502 EXT. PARKING AREA - DAY 1502

Panning down from an "INTERNATIONAL ARRIVALS" sign with an arrow pointing from the direction MacLeod just came, we find MACLEOD carrying his bags. He's looking around, expecting someone. He gets a BUZZ.

FITZCAIRN (O.S.)

Now there's a sight for sore eyes.

HUGH FITZCAIRN

Leaning against a pillar, a briar pipe in hand, grinning.

He stuffs the pipe in his mouth and throws his arms wide in greeting. They embrace, then pull away for a better look.

MACLEOD

Fitzcairn! It's good to see you.

FITZCAIRN

The Alpha's over here.

He grabs MacLeod's bag and shoulders it.

FITZCAIRN

I just had it tuned.

MACLEOD

I was afraid of that.

FITZCAIRN

(as they move off)
So what brings you to Paris?

MACLEOD

Change of scenery.

(CONTINUED)

1502 CONTINUED:

1502

FITZCAIRN
You've seen the sights.
(beat)
What happened?

MACLEOD
(beat)
I died.

FITZCAIRN
(sympathetic)
Been there, done that... it's never
fun.

They've reached Fitzcairn's ALPHA ROMEO.

FITZCAIRN
But it's not like it never happened
before. Why leave the country?

MACLEOD
A friend saw me die.

FITZCAIRN
A woman, I take it?

Fitzcairn sees his face, reads the look there.

FITZCAIRN
Say no more. Cherchez la femme
and all that, right?

He cheerfully tosses the bags in the back and hops in.

MACLEOD
(beat)
Right.

MacLeod gets in and shuts the door.

1503 EXT. ROADWAY - DAY

1503

Fitzcairn's ALPHA ROMEO driving fast, weaving through other
traffic. Fitzcairn cuts off a car, soliciting a blast
from the car's horn.

1504 INT. FITZCAIRN'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

1504

MacLeod hangs on tight. Fitzcairn is grinning, oblivious.

FITZCAIRN
Bit slower on the back roads, but
you get to look around.

(CONTINUED)

1504 CONTINUED:

1504

Suddenly Fitzcairn jams on the brakes -- MacLeod lurches forward he hits the gas -- MacLeod's head snaps back.

Fitzcairn turns, SHOUTS out the Window as he drives -- it doesn't help that he's got his pipe in his mouth.

FITZCAIRN

Allez, allez, vite!

(to MacLeod)

Great having you back, mate. We can hang out, paint the bloody town.

MACLEOD

Just like old times.

FITZCAIRN

(beat)

Just about.

It's MacLeod's turn to give Fitzcairn a look.

MACLEOD

You never stayed anywhere for long. What keeps you here?

FITZCAIRN

In Paris? Great restaurants, great history...

MACLEOD

What's her name?

It's said so smoothly that Fitzcairn answers automatically.

FITZCAIRN

Naomi.

(catches himself)

Naomi Camdessus... It shows that much?

MACLEOD

After 350 years, Fitz, you're an open book.

FITZCAIRN

(beaming)

She's wonderful. Beautiful, intelligent... a work of art.

MACLEOD

Sounds like she belongs in a museum.

FITZCAIRN

I met her at Le Cordon Bleu.

(CONTINUED)

1504 CONTINUED: (2) 1504

MACLEOD
(disbelief)
You're learning to be a chef?

FITZCAIRN
'Course not... I teach there...
I'm even writing a cookbook.
(off MacLeod's look)
What's so funny?

1505 EXT. ROADWAY - DAY 1505

As a BLACK PEUGEOT moves out from behind, the driver hitting the gas, speeding up to Fitzcairn's car.

1506 INT. FITZCAIRN'S CAR - RESUME SCENE 1506

MACLEOD
Writing a cookbook?
(beat)
I remember when you couldn't read.

FITZCAIRN
Neither could you.

1507 EXT. ROADWAY - THE BLACK PEUGEOT 1507

As it pulls up beside them.

1508 INT. FITZCAIRN'S CAR - RESUME SCENE 1508

As MACLEOD turns to Fitzcairn, he sees the Peugeot swerve toward them. MacLeod grabs the wheel and turns it.

FITZCAIRN
What the hell....

1508A EXT. ROADWAY 1508A

The Peugeot makes another attempt to run them off the road.

1508B INT. FITZCAIRN'S CAR 1508B

As the Peugeot crashes against Fitzcairn's vehicle, Fitzcairn swings the wheel hard.

1509 EXT. ROADWAY - DAY 1509

THE CAR

(CONTINUED)

1509 CONTINUED:

1509

SWERVES wildly onto the gravel shoulder and slams into the ditch, coming to a sharp, crunching stop.

THE PEUGEOT

Roars away, disappearing into the traffic.

1510 INT. FITZCAIRN'S CAR - DAY

1510

SILENCE. MacLeod shakes his head clear, looks over at Fitzcairn -- sees his head slumped over the steering wheel.

MACLEOD

Fitzcairn?

Fitzcairn slowly lifts his head, manages a twisted smile.

FITZCAIRN

Welcome to Paris.

And OFF MacLeod's look --

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1511 EXT. QUAY NEAR BARGE - DAY

1511

A TAXI pulls up on the quay near the barge. MacLeod and Fitzcairn get out in mid-Argument, grabbing MacLeod's bags. They head down the walkway to the quay.

MACLEOD

C'mon, Fitz, what'd you do and who'd you do it to?

FITZCAIRN

Me? Why me? You're the one with enemies on every continent.

MACLEOD

That was no Immortal running us off the road.

FITZCAIRN

You know the French. They hate Italian cars.

They've reached the landing. MacLeod stops.

MACLEOD'S POV - THE BARGE

tied up, waiting. MacLeod stares at it for a moment, then:

MAURICE (O.S.)

MacLeod!

MAURICE bustles up beside them. He grabs MacLeod's hand, shakes it vigorously.

MAURICE

(scolding)
What took you so long? Lunch was ready over an hour ago!

MACLEOD

Just a little car trouble.
(beat)
Maurice, this is Fitzcairn, an old friend. Maurice is...
(beat)
Maurice.

Maurice takes Fitzcairn's hand.

MAURICE

You're Scottish!

(CONTINUED)

1511 CONTINUED:

1511

FITZCAIRN

English, actually.

Maurice peers at him curiously.

MAURICE

Really? It doesn't show.

(to MacLeod)

You should have called. The veal
is ice cold.

He makes a face -- it's too awful to discuss.

MACLEOD

Thanks Maurice, but you didn't
have to go to any trouble.

FITZCAIRN

If you have some greens... a little
Parmesan...

MAURICE

(excited)

A little vinegar...

(beat)

A semi-carpacho... Brilliant!

(beat)

You're sure you're English?

FITZCAIRN

All my life.

MACLEOD

(beat)

Thanks for getting the barge back.
I don't know how you did it.

MAURICE

An astute business sense. And the
fact that money was no object...

MACLEOD

Who said money was no object?

Maurice catches himself, starts to back away.

MAURICE

It's an expensive city. They
insisted on a small profit...

(checking his watch)

I've got a job managing my brother-
in-law's restaurant.

(beat)

Responsibilities, worries, you
can't imagine...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1511 CONTINUED: (2)

1511

MAURICE (CONT.)

(quickly)
Bon appetit!

He's gone. Fitzcairn frowns at MacLeod.

FITZCAIRN

What's he mean, am I sure I'm
English?

MacLeod claps him on the shoulder.

1511A EXT. LE CORDON BLEU SCHOOL OF COOKING - DAY - TO
ESTABLISH

1511A

1512 INT. LE CORDON BLEU - LATE AFTERNOON

1512

Chefs and chefs-to-be pass Fitzcairn and MacLeod as:

FITZCAIRN

Naomi's not like any woman I've
known. She's good, she's honest,
caring, intelligent.

MACLEOD

(as they enter)
Then what's she doing with you?

FITZCAIRN

I mean it, Mac, she's the one.

MACLEOD

Hugh Fitzcairn settling down.
What'll the women of the world
have to look forward to?

FITZCAIRN

Boredom.
(cheerfully)
But that's their problem. I'm off
the market.

1513 OMITTED

1513

1514 INT. LE CORDON BLEU - LECTURE HALL - SAME TIME - DAY

1514

The camera PANS past various shots of items cooking in
what looks to be the kitchen of a fine restaurant.

PATRICK (O.S.)

I think I've been more than patient.

(CONTINUED)

1514 CONTINUED:

1514

The camera finds NAOMI CAMDESSUS, early 30s, a beautiful earthy woman wearing jeans, and at the moment, a tight, exasperated look as she faces PATRICK LANAUD, in his early 30s and very angry. Naomi is trying to stay cool.

NAOMI

How many times do we have to go through this?

(beat)

What happened between us is over.

PATRICK

(emotional)

How can it be over when I see you every day.

(beat)

You're my life. We have to be together.

NAOMI

I'm sorry.

PATRICK

It's that English bastard.

There's the sound of a THROAT CLEARING loudly. They both turn to see --

FITZCAIRN

Standing there, a fixed smile, MacLeod behind him. Patrick stiffens with tension -- it's clear he and Fitzcairn have had words before.

FITZCAIRN

(to Naomi)

Didn't know you were busy.

PATRICK

You can always leave. It's obvious you're not wanted here.

Fitzcairn steps up, locks eyes with Patrick.

FITZCAIRN

I think it's the other way around, chum.

PATRICK

I'm not your "chum," you arrogant ass.

Fitzcairn casually slips his pipe in his pocket.

FITZCAIRN

And I'm not your English bastard.

(CONTINUED)

1514 CONTINUED: (2)

1514

He suddenly drives a roundhouse swing into Patrick's jaw. Patrick staggers back over a desk -- then goes for Fitzcairn.

MacLeod jumps between them, just as Fitzcairn swings -- and cracks MacLeod across the chin. As MacLeod reacts and the other two grapple --

NAOMI
Stop them, please!

MACLEOD
(pointed)
I'm trying.

As MacLeod pries the two of them apart.

MACLEOD
Enough! Both of you!

Patrick wipes a trickle of blood at his mouth. As students start to enter the lecture hall, he looks at Fitzcairn, his eyes ice-cold.

PATRICK
This isn't over.

FITZCAIRN
Anytime, chum. Anytime.

Patrick storms out. Fitzcairn straightens himself up.

FITZCAIRN
Duncan... Naomi... Naomi...
Duncan.

MACLEOD
I've heard a lot about you.

NAOMI
(with a smile at
Fitzcairn)
Consider the source.
(to MacLeod)
Sorry about Patrick.

MACLEOD
There's nothing to apologize for...

NAOMI
(to Fitzcairn)
I wish held just leave us alone.

Fitzcairn gallantly kisses her hand.

(CONTINUED)

1514 CONTINUED: (3)

1514

FITZCAIRN

I wouldn't worry about it.

As he pulls her hand closer to him, her body follows. He kisses her lightly on the lips. One of the girls in the class giggles. Naomi gently pulls away.

NAOMI

(gently)

Fitz, I have a class to teach.

1515 INT. LE CORDON BLEU - HALLWAY

1515

MacLeod and Fitzcairn enter the hallway.

MACLEOD

You get run off the road then you're punching somebody out. You gonna tell me what this is about?

FITZCAIRN

People insist on getting in the way of love. What am I supposed to do?

They pass a POSTER of a young woman, Baroque era of 17th Century Italy. We LINGER on the poster.

MACLEOD (O.S.)

I guess a cold shower's out of the question.

FITZCAIRN (O.S.)

Completely.

TRANSITION TO:

1516 INT. DOGE'S PALACE - RECEIVING ROOM - VERONA, ITALY -
1637 - DAY

1516

The statue is in the great hall of the Doge's Palace. The camera MOVES off the statue and STOPS on A PORTRAIT -- of ARIANNA, lovely, almost twenty, the stuff of any boy's sleepless nights. WIDEN to find an imposing room in the early Baroque style, soaring ceilings, tapestries, paintings of the era. Below the portrait is the real ARIANNA -- more beautiful than the painting, she sits quietly in a chair, eyes downcast as we hear:

DOGE (O.S.)

(seething)

My daughter... my only daughter!

(CONTINUED)

1516 CONTINUED:

1516

THE DOGE

A stern-faced man in velvet, the gold of his office, prowling the room like a wounded tiger. His MANSERVANT waits nearby. The Doge suddenly whirls and slams his fist into a huge oak desk.

DOGE

On her mother's grave... whoever tries to ruin her virtue is going to pay! And if the bastard is in the employ of the Gaspari's, we'll go to war.

He's glaring at MACLEOD, dressed in Italian fashion, a sword at his side -- the Doge's private hired guard.

MACLEOD

I don't think that will be necessary, sir. I'll make sure whoever it is leaves the city.

DOGE

You'll do more than that!
(beat)
I want this monster disposed of...
as painfully as possible.

ARIANNA

Reacts with a look of alarm. MacLeod understands: she's in love with her suitor.

ARIANNA

Father, there is no man. Nothing is happening!

DOGE

(as a curse)
Cavallo!
(beat)
Then who wrote this?

The Doge produces a rolled-up NOTE. Arianna lowers her eyes. The Doge hands it to MacLeod. MacLeod hesitates a BEAT -- then scans the note: he can't read a word.

DOGE

What more proof do I need? A bastard grandchild?

MacLeod nods sagely, then rolls it up.

(CONTINUED)

1516 CONTINUED: (2)

1516

DOGE

My daughter is precious to me,
MacLeod. Her virtue is in your
hands.

MACLEOD

Then I will see it's protected.

The Doge fixes him with a cold look.

DOGE

You'd better.

MacLeod gets the point. He nods, bows in salute and walks
out. As the Doge watches him leave --

ARIANNA

Sneaks a look at MacLeod. Just a hint of knowingness.

1517 EXT. MARKETPLACE - VERONA, ITALY - 1637 - DAY

1517

MERCHANTS ply their trades. Clothesmakers, butchers and:

A SCRIBE

Unrolling the same paper that MacLeod "read" earlier. The
scribe studies the paper, smiling as MacLeod waits
impatiently, looking around to make sure nobody sees him.

MACLEOD

Come on, man, what does it say?

The Scribe offers a wolflike smile.

SCRIBE

Three ducats?

MACLEOD

You said two!

SCRIBE

Very well.

(reading)

It says love blossoms in the deepest
part of his soul... that she cannot
deny the tenderness of their kisses,
and....

(beat, a smile)

The rest is somewhat more personal
in nature.

MacLeod hands the scribe two ducats.

(CONTINUED)

1517 CONTINUED:

1517

MACLEOD

Just tell me where they're to meet,
man. I don't have all day!

SCRIBE

Or any appreciation for poetry.
(beat)
The Via Di Fortuna. Noon today.

MacLeod snatches the letter, and hurries through the marketplace.

1518 EXT. VIA DI FORTUNA - VERONA, ITALY - 1637 - DAY

1518

A FOUNTAIN centered in the piazza. CITIZENS and MERCHANTS pass through, followed by a NUN and her charge of YOUNG WOMEN, giggling as they follow her.

One girl, a VEIL hiding her face, slips back from the others, hangs back until they have left the piazza -- then she heads for an alley.

1519 EXT. VIA DI FORTUNA - ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

1519

The girl moves to a man -- we see it's FITZCAIRN, dressed as a dandy. As she pulls off her veil we see it's ARIANNA. He breaks into a broad smile as she runs to him, throws herself in his arms.

ARIANNA

Fitzcairn! Amore mio.

FITZCAIRN

Cara mia... I've been counting the moments since I held you.

He kisses her hungrily. She pulls away, breathless --

ARIANNA

But, Fitz, you're in danger...

FITZCAIRN

(airily)
My life is in your hands. For you
I'd face a hundred deaths...
(he kisses her)
Even a thousand.

He's grandstanding and she loves it. As he pulls her closer, he feels the BUZZ. As he reacts --

MACLEOD (O.S.)

One should do it.

(CONTINUED)

1519 CONTINUED:

1519

They whirl to see MacLeod standing a short distance away.

FITZCAIRN

Whoever you are, this doesn't concern you.

MACLEOD

Ah, but it does.
(pointed)
Doesn't it, Miss Arianna?

Fitzcainr looks at Arianna, who looks trapped.

FITZCAIRN

You know him?

ARIANNA

My father hired him to keep us apart.

MACLEOD

And unless you want me bringing you back to the Doge over my knee, you'd better rejoin your school friends.

Fitzcainr moves Arianna behind him.

FITZCAIRN

Pardon us, my dear. Disposing of this fop shouldn't take a minute.

MACLEOD

(bridling)
Dressed like that? Who are you calling a fop?

Arianna backs away, horrified and fascinated as MacLeod and Fitzcainr close in.

ARIANNA

You're going to fight over me?

MACLEOD

That depends how smart your friend is.

They draw their swords, circling each other, catlike.

FITZCAIRN

I'm surprised the Doge hired a Scot.

(CONTINUED)

1519 CONTINUED: (2)

1519

MACLEOD

(sarcastic)

Why? The Gaspari's hired an Englishman.

FITZCAIRN

Good Celtic blood running through both our veins... I'll be sorry to kill you.

MACLEOD

Don't worry about me.

(pointed)

But this is no sight for the Doge's daughter.

Fitzcairn nods. Keeping his blade out, he takes Arianna's arm.

ARIANNA

Fitzcairn, no...

Fitzcairn pulls her close, kisses her hard, then --

FITZCAIRN

Go. I'll send for you when this is done.

Arianna throws him an admiring look, then hurries down the alley, shoes echoing on the stones until she's gone. Fitzcairn turns back to MacLeod.

MACLEOD

My orders are to keep the lady's innocence intact. Leave her alone and we can forget this.

Fitzcairn suddenly feints with his sword. Their blades meet, so far this is testing -- not going for the kill.

FITZCAIRN

Sorry, but this is a matter of love.

MACLEOD

Is it worth dying over?

FITZCAIRN

Can you think of a better reason?

There's a tone to their banter -- in another situation these two would like each other. They engage in a brief exchange.

WATCH (O.S.)

Hold! Put up your blades!

(CONTINUED)

1519 CONTINUED: (3)

1519

They stop, turn in surprise to face:

THE WATCH

This era's version of the Beat Cop. He's big, gruff, battle-scarred.

WATCH

Dueling is forbidden within the city! Can't you fools read?

He points.

THE WALL

And a PROCLAMATION tacked there, in Italian, clearly something official, complete with the CITY SEAL.

MacLeod and Fitzcainr look at each other an awkward BEAT.

FITZCAIRN

Of course I can read. Who couldn't...

(to MacLeod)

But an ignorant jackass.

MACLEOD

(bridling)

Or an Englishman.

Their swords go up again.

WATCH

(roaring)

Put up your blades!

MacLeod and Fitzcainr glare at each a BEAT then sheath their swords.

WATCH

Any more trouble from you two, and you'll both rot in prison! Is that understood? Now be off.

1519A EXT. PIAZZA - ANOTHER LOCATION - VERONA, ITALY - 1637 - 1519A DAY

MacLeod and Fitzcainr move through the Piazza. They are wary of each other.

MACLEOD

So you read.

(CONTINUED)

1519A CONTINUED:

1519A

FITZCAIRN

Of course.

(beat)

I just didn't see it in the heat
of the moment.MacLeod nods at a Proclamation tacked on the wall, identical
to the other one.

MACLEOD

Here's another one. Read me the
second line.

FITZCAIRN

Why don't you?

MACLEOD

(quickly)
My eyes are weak.

FITZCAIRN

(smug)
It says "no dueling."

MACLEOD

The Watch said that.

FITZCAIRN

You're calling me a liar?

MacLeod pulls out the love-note, slaps it in Fitzcainr's
hand.

MACLEOD

If you're not, then read this.

A BEAT -- Fitzcainr scans the note, then looks up.

FITZCAIRN

(cautiously)
It's a grocery list.

MacLeod snatches the note back.

MACLEOD

I knew it! You can't read a word!
(rubbing it in)
It's your note to the girl, you
fool.

BEAT Fitzcainr sees he's caught.

FITZCAIRN

All right, I hired the Scribe to
write it...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1519A CONTINUED: (2)

1519A

FITZCAIRN (CONT.)

(beat)

Damn thief charged me a ducat.

MACLEOD

(incensed)

He charged me two to read it!

FITZCAIRN

So you can't read, either.

He's got MacLeod. They look at each other a BEAT -- then all triumph fades as they realize their position. They both sit down on the curb stones.

FITZCAIRN

(with false bravado)

We're warriors.

(beat)

Who cares about chicken scratches on a piece of paper.

MACLEOD

(beat)

I do.

FITZCAIRN

Me too.

(beat)

Aren't we forgetting something?

They stand, Fitzcairn's hand goes to his sword -- MacLeod's go to his. They look at each other a BEAT, then

MACLEOD

Oh, hell. I won't fight you.

FITZCAIRN

Nor will I.

MacLeod offers his hand.

MACLEOD

Duncan MacLeod, of the Clan MacLeod.

FITZCAIRN

Hugh Fitzcairn.

(beat)

Let's find a decent ale. All this wine gives me gas.

They walk off down the alley. From over their shoulders:

MACLEOD

I want your promise you'll keep away from the girl.

(CONTINUED)

1519A CONTINUED: (3)

1519A

FITZCAIRN

On my word.

(beat)

I won't come near her palazzo again.

ON Fitzcairn's face we --

TRANSITION TO:

1519B EXT. PARIS STREET - THE PRESENT - DAY

1519B

ON Fitzcairn's face as MacLeod and Fitzcairn move down the street together.

FITZCAIRN

There've been hundreds of women in my life, but I didn't realize how alone I was until Naomi came along.

MACLEOD

I'm happy you found her, Fitz.

FITZCAIRN

It's like I've been walking around half blind and half empty for eight hundred years.

They walk on for a moment.

FITZCAIRN

You ever get lonely, Duncan?

MACLEOD

Sometimes.

FITZCAIRN

(beat)

I can imagine the hole Tessa left.

MacLeod winces at the memory, but says nothing. They walk on for a moment.

FITZCAIRN

To tell you the truth, it's one of The things I think about... losing her, I mean.

MACLEOD

It happens.

FITZCAIRN

Right, but I figure I'll worry about it in forty... fifty years.

MacLeod doesn't contradict him.

(CONTINUED)

1519B CONTINUED:

1519B

FITZCAIRN

(beat)

This woman who saw you die, what's she like?

MACLEOD

Anne... She's bright...
compassionate.

(beat)

Fun.

FITZCAIRN

She mean a lot to you?

MACLEOD

Yes.

FITZCAIRN

Do you love her?

MacLeod stops and turns to Fitzcainr.

MACLEOD

Why is my love life suddenly so important to you?

FITZCAIRN

Just making conversation.

They continue on again.

FITZCAIRN

(beat)

Do you love her?

MACLEOD

(tightening a little)

It doesn't matter.

FITZCAIRN

Maybe you should tell her.

MACLEOD

I made a choice.

(beat)

Have you told Naomi?

FITZCAIRN

(beat)

Not yet, but I will.

(as much to himself
as to MacLeod)

What's the worse that could happen?

MACLEOD

It's over and done with.

(CONTINUED)

1519B CONTINUED: (2)

1519B

FITZCAIRN

I get it -- the great Duncan MacLeod
of the Clan MacLeod doesn't get to
change his mind.

MACLEOD

Leave it alone.

FITZCAIRN

Have you always been this stubborn?

MACLEOD

Have you always been this annoying?

FITZCAIRN

It's part of my charm.

MacLeod smiles at Fitzcainr, realizing it's probably true.

FITZCAIRN

All I want is for you to be as
happy as I am.

MacLeod throws an arm around his friend.

MACLEOD

(with a smile)
Nobody could be as happy as you
are.

As the two men walk off together.

1519C INT. LE CORDON BLEU - KITCHEN - DAY

1519C

ON Fitzcainr as he sneaks up behind Naomi, who is hard at
work amidst the copper pots, industrial stoves, butcher
blocks, etc. She is whipping heavy cream for a multi-layered
gateau before her. He puts a hand around her waist and
the other into the bowl, swiping a finger full of frosting,
and tastes it.

NAOMI

Is it sweet enough?

FITZCAIRN

You tell me.

He turns her to him and they kiss with passion. She pulls
away.

NAOMI

I think I have to taste it again
to be sure.

(CONTINUED)

1519C CONTINUED:

1519C

She reaches into the bowl and withdraws a finger full of frosting and puts it in his mouth. They kiss again as ANGLE the door --

PATRICK

Stands in the doorway unseen and red with fury. He turns away.

1519D INT. LE CORDON BLEU - HALLWAY - DAY

1519D

Stay with Patrick as he moves down the hall in a jealous fury. He bumps into a student.

PATRICK

(on a short fuse)

Get out of my way.

1520 INT. LE CORDON BLEU - KITCHEN - DAY

1520

Fitzcain and Naomi are nuzzling each other.

NAOMI

Help me finish my cake and we can knock off early.

An O.S. voice gets their attention.

PATRICK (O.S.)

Get away from her.

Fitzcain and Naomi turn and find Patrick standing there, holding a gun. He is full of nervous agitation.

FITZCAIRN

Overdoing it a bit, aren't we, Patrick?

PATRICK

(moving closer)

You're going to stay away from her.

FITZCAIRN

Why would I do that?

NAOMI

Patrick, are you crazy?

PATRICK

(ignoring her)

If you don't... I'll kill you.

Patrick cocks the gun.

(CONTINUED)

1520 CONTINUED:

1520

Fitzcairn moves closer, his palms up.

FITZCAIRN

We can talk about this, mate.

NAOMI

Fitz, be careful.

He turns back to Naomi with a smile.

FITZCAIRN

I always am.

Fitzcairn turns back and in a swift motion, catches Patrick on the chin with a right cross.

FITZCAIRN

Is on him instantly. He scoops up the gun that has fallen from Patrick's hand and sticks the gun in Patrick's throat.

FITZCAIRN

(heated, with great
anger)

Feels different from this side,
doesn't it?...

(pressing harder)

Doesn't it?

Patrick is starting to sweat. Fitzcairn starts to pull the trigger. The hammer goes back.

NAOMI

Fitz, stop it...

(beat)

What are you doing?

FITZCAIRN

Making a point.

Fitzcairn drops the clip from the gun, unloading it, and starts to toss the gun to Patrick, then stops.

FITZCAIRN

I forgot the one in the chamber.

He fires the gun and the bullet goes into the floor near Patrick's head. Patrick scrambles out of the room.

1520A INT. LE CORDON BLEU - HALLWAY - DAY

1520A

As Patrick moves down the hallway past people running toward the gunshot, a rasping voice calls to him.

(CONTINUED)

1520A CONTINUED:

1520A

KALAS (O.S.)
Patrick.

Patrick turns to the sound.

PATRICK
(defensive)
I don't know you.

Kalas steps out of the shadows.

KALAS
Not yet.

As Kalas smiles to Patrick.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

1521 EXT. CAFE - DAY

1521

Fitzcainn and MacLeod, midscene.

MACLEOD

I wouldn't worry about Patrick.
What can he do to you?

FITZCAIRN

It's not my life that I'm worried
about.

(beat)

It's my life.

(off MacLeod's look)

It's always dangerous to be the
center of someone's attention.

MACLEOD

What's he going to find?

FITZCAIRN

(beat)

You know what it's like when you
make a new identity for yourself.
Records, credentials, degrees.

(beat)

I had a little problem. The guy I
paid to fix my credentials on the
school computer had to leave the
country early. He never finished.

MACLEOD

You lied to get the job.

FITZCAIRN

One could say that.

MACLEOD

One has. What is "one" going to
do about it?

FITZCAIRN

(brightly)

Ask one's oldest friend for help.

(off MacLeod's look)

You know how I am with computers.

MACLEOD

Fitz, you're supposed to keep up.

(CONTINUED)

1521 CONTINUED: 1521

FITZCAIRN
I'm a romantic, not a bloody
technician.

1522 EXT. LE CORDON BLEU - NIGHT 1522

Dark and empty for the night.

1523 INT. LE CORDON BLEU - HALLWAY - NIGHT 1523

Fitzcairn's head peers from a doorway out into the darkened hallway -- sees it's empty. He carefully shuts the door, and as he does, we see the door sign: ADMINISTRATION.

1524 INT. LE CORDON BLEU - ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - NIGHT 1524

MacLeod sits at the computer, face glowing in pale light from the SCREEN as he types, working intently. Fitzcairn leans over his shoulder. There is a small refrigerator in the corner of the room.

FITZCAIRN
What's taking so long? You should
have it by now.

MACLEOD
Leave me alone and maybe I would.

FITZCAIRN
Maybe I can help.

MACLEOD
(beat)
Go check the hallway.

FITZCAIRN
I already did. The guard makes
rounds every three hours. He's
not due back for thirty minutes.
What about this one?

He reaches for the keyboard -- MacLeod slaps his hand away, gives him a death-look.

ANGLE - THE DOORKNOB

as it turns.

MACLEOD AND FITZCAIRN

Share a look.

(CONTINUED)

1524 CONTINUED:

1524

AS THE DOOR OPENS

and a security guard's flashlight plays over the room.

THE GUARD'S POV

Nothing out of the ordinary.

BACK TO SCENE

The guard leaves.

MACLEOD AND FITZCAIRN

Climb out from under the desk. MacLeod looks at Fitzcairn.

FITZCAIRN

So I was wrong.

Fitzcairn moves to the refrigerator and opens it. The light comes on.

FITZCAIRN

(with nervous energy)

You hungry? Got some sausage,
some olives, a little cheese. I
could put together an antipasto in
nothing flat.

MACLEOD

Would you shut the refrigerator,
please?

Fitzcairn closes the door and paces nervously.

FITZCAIRN

Used to be, you found a gravestone,
took a dead man's name, forged a
couple of letters, bingo.

(grumbling)

Now you have to be a bloody
scientist.

MACLEOD

Got it.

They both peer at the screen, MacLeod reading:

MACLEOD

Five years at Le Cirque in New
York, chef at the Connaught in
London...

(disbelief)

What else do you want?

(CONTINUED)

1524 CONTINUED: (2)

1524

FITZCAIRN

(with pride)

I always enjoyed my stay at Ten
Downing Street.

MACLEOD

(kidding)

Why stop at Prime Minister? How
about the queen?

FITZCAIRN

Nah... I haven't cared for royalty
since Elizabeth the First.

(beat)

Maybe a Governor in the U.S. or
something.

MACLEOD

Not a Governor.

(beat)

The President.

FITZCAIRN

(smiles)

Perfect... I always did like Truman.

MACLEOD

Truman hasn't been president for
40 years.

FITZCAIRN

Whatever.

MACLEOD

You've already got better
credentials than half the chefs in
Paris. Why do you need more?

(off Fitzcairn's
silence)

Fitz?

FITZCAIRN

(reluctant)

I told Naomi some... things.

MACLEOD

You got me to break in here to
impress your girlfriend?

FITZCAIRN

Hey, if you don't want to help...
don't help.

MacLeod stands up and offers Fitzcairn the desk chair.

(CONTINUED)

1524 CONTINUED: (3)

1524

MACLEOD

Be my guest.

Fitzcainr leans over the keyboard, peers with fake sagacity at the screen.

FITZCAIRN

Right. How complicated could it be?

He looks at the computer, then looks at MacLeod, then to the computer again.

MACLEOD

Get up.

MacLeod sits back down.

FITZCAIRN

You're a fine friend, Duncan MacLeod of the Clan MacLeod. And I'll owe you 'til I die.

MacLeod shakes his head and begins typing.

1525 INT. LE CORDON BLEU - HALLWAY - PRESENT - NIGHT - LATER 1525

Two WORK SHOES, echoing off the University hallway. WIDEN: a SECURITY GUARD walks down the hall long after-hours. He passes by the ADMINISTRATION OFFICE.

1526 INT. LE CORDON BLEU - ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - NIGHT 1526

At the same computer terminal MacLeod was using earlier, Patrick sits typing. Kalas stands behind him, a white silk scarf around his neck.

KALAS

All we do is use a retrieval program to pull up recently erased material.

Patrick works the keys for a moment.

PATRICK

He must have changed all this tonight.

Fitzcainr's resume appears on the screen.

KALAS

What did I tell you?

(CONTINUED)

1526 CONTINUED:

1526

PATRICK

The man is a fraud. I knew it...

(beat)

I have him.

KALAS

Congratulations.

1527 EXT. UPSCALE APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

1527

PUSH IN on the window as we hear the PHONE RING.

1528 INT. FITZCAIRN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

1528

Fitzcairn, awakened by the phone, is groping for it. He's not very happy to be awakened.

FITZCAIRN

Fitzcairn here, and it better be bloody important.

There's a pause, then a gravel-like VOICE on the other end:

KALAS

(over phone)

It is to you.

Fitzcairn sits up.

FITZCAIRN

Who is this?

KALAS

(over phone)

Someone who knows you're a fraud.

FITZCAIRN

(wary)

What the hell are you talking about?

KALAS

(over phone)

It's all right here in the computer.

(beat)

The records are so easy to fake, aren't they?

(beat)

You know what you are. Soon everyone will know... even Naomi.

The line goes DEAD. Fitzcairn hangs up, looking stricken.

1529 INT. LE CORDON BLEU - HALLWAY OUTSIDE ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - NIGHT 1529

Fitzcainr slips stealthily to the office DOOR. He pulls a penknife, slips it into the lock.

1530 INT. LE CORDON BLEU - ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - NIGHT 1530

Fitzcainr closes the door behind him gently.

FITZCAIRN'S POV - THE COMPUTER DESK

the machine is on, the glowing monitor silhouetting a figure sitting in front of it: it looks like PATRICK.

FITZCAIRN

Patrick.

No answer. Fitzcainr moves closer, until he sees the screen: his falsified records are still displayed there.

CLOSE - COMPUTER MONITOR

with the name HUGH FITZCAIRN highlighted.

RESUME FITZCAIRN

FITZCAIRN

It doesn't have to come to this.
I can explain how it happened.

He puts a hand to touch the figure's shoulder. The chair swivels around to reveal PATRICK, slumping loosely back, face pale in the screen's light -- he is dead.

FITZCAIRN

God, no...

He feels Patrick's neck for a pulse -- nothing, the man's gone.

Fitzcainr straightens up, looks at the body, his heart sinking -- he's in deep shit -- and OFF his look:

1531 EXT. LE CORDON BLEU - NIGHT 1531

A POLICE CAR

Pulls up and three officers rush toward the building.

1532 INT. LE CORDON BLEU - ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - NIGHT

1532

Fitzcainr has moved Patrick's body to the side so he can work at the keyboard, desperately trying to get his file to go away. He hits keys: a BEEP, nothing more.

FITZCAIRN

How do you erase this damn thing?
Work! Just once... I swear I'll
take night courses.

Suddenly the room floods with LIGHT. He whirls to see --

NAOMI

Standing in the doorway, her hand still on the light switch, looking at him in confusion.

NAOMI

Fitz, what are you doing? Patrick
called and told me...

Fitzcainr stands, bumping the chair which swivels around -- Patrick's BODY flops against the side, dead eyes staring for a BEAT -- then it slowly topples to the floor.

Naomi SCREAMS, looks up from Patrick to Fitzcainr.

NAOMI

Oh God, Fitz ... no!

FITZCAIRN

Naomi, I didn't... I swear!

NAOMI

It wouldn't have mattered what he
said... what he found out.

FITZCAIRN

(moving toward her)
You don't understand.

She backs away, horrified, wanting to disbelieve her eyes.

NAOMI

Don't touch me!

FITZCAIRN

It wasn't me! He was already
dead...

He reaches for her, but she flinches away. Suddenly, sounds of running footsteps, then the police burst through the door, guns drawn.

Fitzcainr is trapped. He throws Naomi a helpless look.

(CONTINUED)

1532 CONTINUED:

1532

FITZCAIRN

I'm sorry.

He turns, takes a running dive for the window and crashes through it.

1533 EXT. LE CORDON BLEU - CONTINUOUS

1533

Fitzcain comes flying through in an explosion of glass. He hits the ground off balance, tumbling head over heels.

He recovers, looks up:

FITZCAIRN'S POV - THE WINDOW

POLICE are shouting into their two-ways, aiming a flashlight beam down at him.

Fitzcain scrambles to the edge of the building, tries to catch his breath.

As he does, he gets the BUZZ -- it's coming from nearby. Before Fitzcain can figure it out --

ANOTHER POLICE CAR

Roars up with a SIREN wail, more POLICE jumping out.

Fitzcain isn't sticking around. He races into the bushes, disappearing from sight. When he's gone, behind a tree:

KALAS

Appears. Dressed in black, ominous -- a POLICE LIGHT hits his face, strobing red and blue against the night:

He smiles, and OFF his face:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

1534 EXT. MOTORCYCLE RACING FOOTAGE - DAY - (STOCK) 1534

The climax of a flattrack race is being shown on a TV screen.

PULL BACK to reveal we are

1535 INT. BARGE - DAY 1535

The barge is furnished as before, but lacks MacLeod's personal items. MacLeod and Richie sit watching the race.

MACLEOD (O.S.)

Not bad.

MacLeod reaches over and pops the tape out of the VCR, hands it to Richie.

RICHIE

For an amateur.

(wry)

Third at Long Beach isn't exactly the Grand Prix, but I'll get better.

MacLeod sees this isn't an offhand remark.

MACLEOD

That why you're here?

RICHIE

Trials start in a couple of weeks.

(beat)

I'm gonna be there, Mac.

MACLEOD

So are the newspapers and the TV crews. Racing is a pretty public life, Richie.

RICHIE

I've got no history to hide. I can race for five, maybe ten years before anyone begins to notice anything.

(beat)

This is something I'm good at... It's got nothing to do with my Immortality.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1535 CONTINUED:

1535

RICHIE (CONT.)

(beat)

It's a real life. I have a shot
at being the best at something.

MacLeod knows it's risky but doesn't want to pop Richie's
balloon.

MACLEOD

Then I guess you should go for it.

They both get the BUZZ.

RICHIE

You expecting someone?

MacLeod opens the door -- Fitzcairn stands there, looking
tense, nervous.

MACLEOD

Shouldn't you be chopping carrots?

FITZCAIRN

I'm in up to my ears, laddie.

MACLEOD

The guy with the gun again?

FITZCAIRN

Worse... the police.

MACLEOD

So what else is new?

He moves aside. As Fitzcairn enters, MacLeod remains
staring out the OPEN DOORWAY.

TRANSITION TO:

1536 INT. DOGE'S PALACE - RECEIVING ROOM - VERONA, ITALY-
1637 - DAY

1536

ANOTHER DOORWAY, through which we see the Doge at his great
desk, head down on his steepled hands, silent as MacLeod
waits. After a heavy beat --

DOGE

My people said you would fail, and
you did.

MACLEOD

I don't understand.

The Doge slams his fist on the table.

(CONTINUED)

1536 CONTINUED:

1536

DOGE

My daughter, you fool! She's with
the Englishman!

MACLEOD

(taken aback)
He's here?

DOGE

No. She's gone to him.

He rises slowly, fixes MacLeod with a cold look.

DOGE

You were supposed to kill Gaspari's
foreign dog.

MACLEOD

Sir, I...

DOGE

Find her! Bring her home. And
bring me the swine who dared to
spoil her.

(beat)

Gaspari will pay for this. If I
have to kill every one of his sons
myself.

And OFF the Doge's look:

1537 INT. FITZCAIRN'S ROOM - VERONA, ITALY - 1637 - NIGHT

1537

Fitzcain, asleep under a great duvet, only his head
showing.

Suddenly he's grabbed by his feet, dragged off the bed to
land on his butt, MacLeod still holding his feet. Fitzcain
is wearing only the 1637 version of BVDs.

MACLEOD

Where is she?

FITZCAIRN

How should I know? There's no one
here but me!

ANGLE THE BED

As the duvet stirs, a body starts moving under it as hands
play over Fitzcain.

FITZCAIRN

Must be the cat.

(CONTINUED)

1537 CONTINUED:

1537

The duvet pulls back, revealing Arianna, bare-shouldered, stretching like a cat. She looks impishly at MacLeod.

ARIANNA

Hello.

MacLeod releases Fitzcain, who scrambles to his feet, offers a feeble smile.

MACLEOD

You gave me your word!

FITZCAIRN

I kept it! I never went to the Palace...

(lamely)

She came to me.

MACLEOD

And you didn't turn her away.

FITZCAIRN

The Doge's daughter? How could I?

MACLEOD

Because you're Gaspari's man!

(beat)

There will be war over this. Men will die, because you couldn't keep your pants on!

Fitzcain is clearly nonplused by this, tries to cover.

FITZCAIRN

Surely you don't hold me responsible for the foolish things some men will fight over?

MacLeod, exasperated, grabs Fitzcain by the shirt, throws a gritted smile at Arianna.

MACLEOD

Excuse us, please...

NEW ANGLE

As MacLeod yanks Fitzcain behind a SCREEN, out of earshot.

MACLEOD

Dammit, you had to take her innocence?!

FITZCAIRN

There was none to take!

(CONTINUED)

1537 CONTINUED: (2)

1537

MACLEOD

(beat)

What are you saying?

FITZCAIRN

What do you think, MacLeod? I'm old enough to know a virgin when I meet one.

MACLEOD

(stunned)

That's impossible! She's been under guard half her life.

FITZCAIRN

Exactly. By fair-haired young men the Doge thought he could trust.

(grins)

She even showed me a thing or two. For instance, were you aware that a woman is able to --

MacLeod clamps a hand over his mouth.

MACLEOD

(warningly)

Don't.

MacLeod peeks around the screen to see

ARIANNA

Shot from the back, she's sitting there exposed naked from the waist up in bed. She smiles at MacLeod. Decidedly knowing. MacLeod pulls back, groaning, realizing it's true. MacLeod releases Fitzcainr.

FITZCAIRN

Sorry, MacLeod. Your job was over before it started.

MACLEOD

(grim)

Not yet, it's not.

He grabs Fitzcainr, drags him into the room and shoves him into a chair.

FITZCAIRN

What are you doing?

MACLEOD

Getting both of you dressed and out of here before the Doge finds you.

(CONTINUED)

1537 CONTINUED: (3)

1537

He grabs clothes off a dresser and throws them at him.

1538 EXT. COURTYARD - VERONA, ITALY - 1637 - NIGHT

1538

MacLeod appears first, looking around. He motions -- and Fitzcain and Arianna come out. As they move stealthily across the courtyard:

MANSERVANT (O.S.)

Halt!

The trio FREEZE and turn to see:

THE DOGE'S PRIVATE GUARD

six hard looking professional soldiers block their way, holding long, wicked-looking HALBERDS. The Doge's unsmiling MANSERVANT is with them.

MACLEOD

There's no need. I have the girl,
I'll take her home.

He starts forward. The GUARDS lower their halberds.

MANSERVANT

I'm afraid not. You are dismissed.

He tosses a COIN BAG. MacLeod lets it fall at his feet.

MACLEOD

I'll have to hear that from the
Doge himself.

FITZCAIRN

(scornfully)
I'll go along. What's the worst
they can do?

MANSERVANT

Take your lying English head back
to the Doge. As he ordered.

Fitzcain takes an instinctive step back at the notion.

FITZCAIRN

Surely you're overreacting.

He's backed against a wall. He puts a hand to his sword but the Guards slide their halberds up against him, holding him immobile. One of the guards draws a short sword.

MANSERVANT

(to the Guards)
You have your orders.

(CONTINUED)

1538 CONTINUED:

1538

The Manservant grabs Arianna by her hand, starts to move her away. MacLeod has to do something.

MACLEOD

Wait!

(As they stop)

This swine brought dishonor on the
Doge's house! He took advantage
of an innocent flower!

FITZCAIRN

But she already...

MACLEOD

Shut up!

(continuing)

He soiled my honor as well ... and
I demand my right to restore it.

He draws his rapier. The Guards look to the Manservant, unsure. Finally he nods, turns to a Guard.

MANSERVANT

I'll stay to see he dies.

ARIANNA

No, let me go! Fitzcairn...

A Guard takes her arm, and pulls Arianna away, struggling. The other guards stay. Fitzcairn draws his rapier. A few testing clashes, and the duel is underway. MacLeod is the better swordsman, but he's trying to make a show of it. As they lock swords, MacLeod hisses in Fitzcairn's ear:

CLOSE - MACLEOD AND FITZCAIRN

MACLEOD

I have a plan... Fight in earnest!

FITZCAIRN

I am!

(beat)

When do we run?

MACLEOD

We don't.

MacLeod moves back, then lunges forward -- and runs Fitzcairn through.

Fitzcairn looks at MacLeod, eyes wide in surprise and accusation. He slowly sinks to his knees.

FITZCAIRN

(weakly)

Some plan.

(CONTINUED)

1538 CONTINUED: (2)

1538

He slumps over, dead. MacLeod turns to the Manservant.

MACLEOD

The seducer is dead. You can tell
the Doge.

MANSERVANT

My orders are clear... the Doge
wants his head.

MacLeod raises his sword, stands over the body, not about
to move.

MACLEOD

He fought like a man, and died
like one. I'll not have his head
paraded around on a pike.

(beat; to manservant)

If you were my opponent, I'd do
the same for you.

A BEAT -- the Manservant, once a warrior, respects a
warrior, and waves to the Guards, and they leave the
courtyard. MacLeod looks at Fitzcairn's body, shaking his
head.

MACLEOD

Why do I bother?

1539 EXT. A SMALL PIAZZA - VERONA, ITALY - 1637 - NIGHT

1539

CLOSE - FITZCAIRN

Lying on his back. He coughs as he revives -- sits up
with a start, finding himself alive, lying near a fountain.
He remembers everything -- feels his body quickly.

MACLEOD (O.S.)

Don't worry... it's all there.

MacLeod sits on a step nearby, looking at him.

FITZCAIRN

No thanks to you. That was a rotten
trick.

MACLEOD

Where's your head?

FITZCAIRN

(beat)

On my heck.

MACLEOD

Then quit your whining.

(CONTINUED)

1539 CONTINUED:

1539

FITZCAIRN

I'm surprised you didn't take it
while I was down.

MACLEOD

I thought about it...
(beat)
But I've better things to do.

He rises and starts away. Fitzcairn stares a BEAT, then
rises quickly and starts after him.

FITZCAIRN

Like what?

MACLEOD

Learning to read and write.

FITZCAIRN

What for? They don't pay us to
read.

MACLEOD

(sarcastic)
They don't pay us to be stupid,
either.
(disgusted)
There's more to take from life
than what a sword can bring.

He walks on. A BEAT -- Fitzcairn scrambles after him.

FITZCAIRN

Then we'll do it together.

MACLEOD

No.

FITZCAIRN

I can't stay here. Besides, you
need someone to keep you out of
trouble.

MACLEOD

You?

FITZCAIRN

Why not me?

They pass the FOUNTAIN, we FOLLOW a stream of WATER as it
cascades down.

TRANSITION TO:

1540 INT. BARGE - THE PRESENT - DAY

1540

Another STREAM OF WATER falls into a glass. A downcast Fitzcairn raises it to drink as MacLeod and Richie watch. There are glasses in front of each of them.

FITZCAIRN

The police think I murdered him.

(beat)

So does Naomi.

(beat)

My life here is over.

He looks up, eyes misting.

MACLEOD

I'm sorry.

(beat)

Tell me about the call.

FITZCAIRN

(shrugs)

Just a voice telling me he knew I was a fraud.

MACLEOD

What did he sound like?

FITZCAIRN

Does it matter? Cold, raspy...
like gravel.

MacLeod and Richie exchange looks. MacLeod's face goes cold.

MACLEOD

He's here.

FITZCAIRN

Who?

MACLEOD

Kalas.

FITZCAIRN

One of us?

MACLEOD

He's setting you up.

FITZCAIRN

Why? I don't even know him.

MACLEOD

But you know me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1540 CONTINUED:

1540

MACLEOD (CONT.)

(beat)

That's enough for Kalas.

FITZCAIRN

I'll just have to find the
Son-of-a-bitch and straighten him
out.

Suddenly the sound of multiple SCREECHING CAR TIRES -- the
Police are here. Fitzcairn lurches to his feet in alarm.

MACLEOD

(to Fitzcairn)

Out the back, you can slip into
the river from there. Meet me
under the Bastille.

Fitzcairn starts for the back -- pauses -- takes his pipe
from his coat, hands it to MacLeod with a lopsided grin.

FITZCAIRN

19th century Meerschaum. Doesn't
do well in water... ruins the color.

We can HEAR clomping footsteps overhead as

1541 EXT. BARGE - DAY

1541

THE POLICE

Clamber on board the --

1542 INT. BARGE - CONTINUOUS

1542

There's a loud POUNDING at the door.

INSPECTOR BARDOT (O.S.)

Police!

MACLEOD

(to Fitzcairn)

Dammit, would you go?

Fitzcairn slips out the back exit.

MacLeod hastily pockets Fitzcairn's pipe and moves toward
the door. As he does, he notices

MACLEOD'S POV - THE TABLE

where three glasses sit out.

(CONTINUED)

1542 CONTINUED:

1542

RESUME SCENE

MACLEOD

(a hiss)
Richie!

Richie sees what he means, stashes the third glass as
MacLeod opens the door to admit

FOUR POLICEMEN AND AN INSPECTOR

Who crowd into the barge.

MACLEOD

Inspector Bardot, how nice to see
you again.

She looks at Richie and MacLeod.

INSPECTOR BARDOT

Must be my lucky day.
(beat)
Where is he?

And off MacLeod and Richie's innocent faces...

1543 EXT. BARGE - DAY

1543

As Fitzcain slips down into the cold waters of the river.
Beyond him, the blinking lights of the Police. He starts
to swim.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

1544 INT. BARGE DAY

1544

A POLICE INSPECTOR examines the room, talking as she walks around the other POLICEMEN, standing to one side.

MACLEOD

Search all you want. It's not a very big barge.

The Inspector motions to her men. They begin searching.

MACLEOD

Fitzcainn has other friends. What made you so sure held come here?

INSPECTOR BARDOT

We have informants.

MacLeod rises, starts walking to the door.

INSPECTOR BARDOT

I'm afraid I can't let you go, Mr. MacLeod.

MacLeod stays polite with an effort.

MACLEOD

Either you arrest me... or get out of my way, Inspector.

They hold eyes a BEAT -- then the Inspector moves aside.

MACLEOD

Richie? Would you stay here and help the Inspector?

RICHIE

You got it.

MacLeod pushes out the door. Richie settles back in a chair, picks up the TV remote, clicks it on.

RICHIE

Looks like a long day... maybe you wanna see my race at Long Beach? Here, watch this... the way I come out of the first turn. It's incredible.

And OFF the Inspector's look:

1545 OMITTED

1545

1546 EXT. RIVERBANK NEAR TRAIN TRESTLE - DAY

1546

As a COUPLE, holding each other, move past. After a BEAT, we hear a splash and then --

FITZCAIRN

Drags himself from the dark water. As he does, he stops -- he's getting the BUZZ. He turns and looks around.

FITZCAIRN'S POV

The trestle and the dark shadows beneath. No one in sight.

BACK TO SCENE

The Buzz is stronger. Someone is close. Fitzcairn draws his sword, moves warily ahead, until --

KALAS (O.S.)

You swim well. I almost lost you
a mile back.

Fitzcairn hears it instantly -- the VOICE from the phone.

FITZCAIRN

Kalas.

Kalas steps from the shadows, makes a mocking half-bow.

KALAS

You know me. I should be flattered.

Fitzcairn yanks off his jacket, tosses it aside.

FITZCAIRN

You screwed up my life! You think
I'm going to let it pass?

KALAS

I hope not.

Kalas smiles. His sword gleams as he draws it.

1547 EXT. RIVER - DAY

1547

MACLEOD

Searching for Fitzcairn.

1548 EXT. TRAIN YARDS NEAR TRESTLE - DAY

1548

Near a massive DIESEL ENGINE, SPARKS fly into the air from two CLASHING SWORDS as:

FITZCAIRN AND KALAS

Fight into view.

KALAS

Begins to push Fitzcairn back. He delivers a slashing blow, hitting Fitzcairn in the arm.

FITZCAIRN

Reels back, clutching his wound -- then wades back in, the pain spurring him on.

NEW ANGLE

As they move onto a TRESTLE, Fitzcairn fighting gamely, but forced back by Kalas' overwhelming strength.

1549 EXT. RIVERBANK NEAR TRESTLE - DAY

1549

As MacLeod pulls up to the bank. He pulls up on the shore, hops out And picks up the JACKET'. It's Fitzcairn's. He look up:

MACLEOD'S POV - THE TRESTLE

and the TWO IMMORTALS fighting on it.

RESUME SCENE

As MacLeod races toward the trestle.

1550 EXT. TRESTLE - DAY

1550

Fitzcairn is falling back.

NEW ANGLE

As MacLeod arrives on the trestle -- but he's not able to interfere.

MACLEOD

Fitzcairn!

ON THE TRESTLE

It's like a rallying cry. Fitzcairn backs away from Kalas. He looks to MacLeod and manages a smile.

(CONTINUED)

1550 CONTINUED:

1550

FITZCAIRN
My fight, laddie.

ON MACLEOD

As he watches his friend attack Kalas.

ON FITZCAIRN

As he goes after Kalas with everything he's got left --
it's not enough. Kalas blocks him, drives his sword into
Fitzcairn.

MACLEOD

Reacts to what he's seen.

MACLEOD

NO!

ON KALAS AND FITZCAIRN

as Fitzcairn's face contorts in pain. Fitzcairn drops to
his knees. Fitzcairn looks up, knowing it's coming, and
with his last breath --

FITZCAIRN

Go to hell.

And Kalas SWINGS his sword down.

ON MACLEOD

Eyes clenched in pain as his friend dies.

CLOSER - KALAS

As the QUICKENING begins. Kalas raises his arms, shaken
as he takes in Fitzcairn's Quickening. The trestle LIGHTS
UP with charge, energy, driving Kalas to his knees.

When it's over, he raises his head, exhausted:

KALAS' POV - MACLEOD

stepping through the steam, sword raised, face like a carved
stone mask -- the angel of death.

Beneath them, a TRAIN begins to rumble out of the yard.

BACK TO SCENE

Kalas faces MacLeod.

(CONTINUED)

1550 CONTINUED: (2)

1550

KALAS

(breathless)

You have me at a disadvantage.
I'm not at my best, MacLeod...

MACLEOD

Take a minute.
(stone cold)
I'm not going anywhere.

Kalas uses his sword, pushes himself slowly to his feet.

KALAS

No...
(beat)
But I am...
(beat)
For now.

Kalas turns and LEAPS over the side of the trestle.

ANGLE - THE TRAIN

as Kalas lands in the open box of the last car.

RESUME MACLEOD

As he runs to the side, watching Kalas disappear...
impossible to follow..

MACLEOD

(shouting)
Kalas! KALAS!

But his words echo back as the train leaves, fades into
the distance, leaving MacLeod alone on the trestle.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

1551 EXT. BARGE - NIGHT

1551

CLOSE - FITZCAIRN'S MEERSCHAUM PIPE

WIDEN -- MacLeod holds it to the light, turning it over in his hand, pensive -- it's the last part of Fitzcairn he can feel.

RICHIE

I'm sorry.

(beat)

I wish I'd known him better.

MacLeod nods. Smiles at a memory.

MACLEOD

Fitz was a pain in the ass.

(softly)

And one of the best men I've ever known.

(a long beat)

I'll miss him.

RICHIE

(beat)

What about Kalas?

MacLeod is silent a BEAT.

MACLEOD

I'll find him.

Silence. Then FOOTSTEPS as we heat:

MAURICE (O.S.)

Anybody home?

MAURICE

Ambles up the gangplank, carrying a large tapestry.

MAURICE

I borrowed this when you were gone.

I thought --

(seeing Richie)

Richie! I didn't know you were in town.

Richie manages a smile.

(CONTINUED)

1551 CONTINUED:

1551

RICHIE

Hey, Maurice. Just got in.

MAURICE

Wonderful! Friends together again.
(beams)
It will be just like old times,
non?

ON MACLEOD

Staring at the pipe in his hand.

MACLEOD

(quietly)
No.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW