



HIGHLANDER

The Series

95408
RELUCTANT HEROES

Written by
Scott Peters

Highlander

"RELUCTANT HEROES"

Written by

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Production #95408

September 12, 1995 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"Reluctant Heroes"

Production #95408

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD
RICHIE RYAN

DAVID MARKUM
PAUL KINMAN
KAAYLA BROOKS

QUEEN ANNE
LORD DENNIS KEATING
THE EARL OF WELSLEY
FRANK DESANTIS
VINCE PETROVIC

ALICE MARKUM
COP #1

HIGHLANDER

"Reluctant Heroes"

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SET LISTINTERIORS

MACLEOD'S LOFT

DOJO

/OFFICE

PARKING GARAGE

TAVERN - ENGLAND 1712

POLICE STATION

/PARKING STRUCTURE

/INTERROGATION ROOM

/OBSERVATION ROOM

MARKUM'S GROCERY STORE

EXTERIORS

DOJO

MACLEOD'S VICTORIAN

THEATRE

PARKING GARAGE

ENGLISH SUMMER ESTATE - 1712

/GARDENS

/PAVILION

POLICE STATION

POLICE STATION PARKING STRUCTURE

DESERTED ROADSIDE

OPEN AIR MEAT MARKET

MARKUM'S GROCERY STORE

HIGHLANDER

"Reluctant Heroes"

TEASER

FADE IN:

801 EXT. THEATER - NIGHT

801

The street is peppered with numerous PEOPLE milling about, enjoying the night.

The marquee on a small independent theatre illuminates the street below. Bright lights flash against the words

Foreign Film Week:
Imre Keretszts
"Budapest Dance"

othe marquee as MACLEOD and RICHIE exit the theatre and head for the car, which is down the block, away from the other theater goers.

RICHIE

Well, there's two hours of my life
I'm never getting back.

MACLEOD

You can spare 'em.

RICHIE

What exactly is the big deal here?
The overacting or the bad subtitles?

In the background, down the block, a man in a good overcoat, VINCE PETROVIC, steps out of a small supermarket.

He glances back, then moves to a black caddy and gets in.

Petrovic is a hard man who built his fortune in the beef trade and is still, despite his Cadillac and his nice suit, basically a butcher and a bully.

MACLEOD

It was supposed to be enlightening.

RICHIE

Boring is what it was.

The caddy pulls away as another man

(CONTINUED)

801 CONTINUED:

801

DAVID MARKUM

47 and balding, the store's owner, comes out of the store and looks after Petrovic.

MACLEOD

(sarcastic)

No car chases, nothing blows up. No brilliant lines like, "I'll be back" or "Hasta la Vista, Baby" to hold it together.

RICHIE

There ya go.

They reach MacLeod's car, parked outside the small supermarket. They're starting to get in it when

MACLEOD AND RICHIE

get the BUZZ as they see

A MAN

wearing a black ski mask step out of a nearby alley. The man reaches behind his back and pulls out a 9mm Glock. The moment is frozen in time.

Richie and MacLeod both instinctively leap into action as the Shooter fires. MacLeod SLAMS Markum to the ground just in time.

BRRRRAP -- a dozen bullet holes rip through the window of the store.

Richie dives away from the bullets.

MACLEOD

(to Markum)

You all right?

MARKUM

(in shock)

Ah, yes ... yes, I think so.

Richie scrambles to his feet and moves to MacLeod.

RICHIE

That way.

He points. MacLeod's eyes find

MACLEOD'S POV

The shooter racing down the block.

(CONTINUED)

801 CONTINUED: (2)

801

MACLEOD AND RICHIE

Take off after him as

MARKUM

rises to his feet as the door of the store opens. A petite woman of 40, ALICE MARKUM, exits. She holds a large bag of kitty litter, leaking slightly, in front of her. Her eyes are blank. Her skin is pale. She seems disoriented.

ALICE
(weakly)
David... David...

Markum dusts himself off.

MARKUM
I'm all right... I'm all right, dear.
(beat)
That guy saved my life.

ALICE
(in shock)
Good... David... good. I'm glad.

She leans against the storefront and slides to the ground, still clutching the kitty litter.

Markum moves toward her.

MARKUM
(concerned)
Alice ... ?

The kitty litter falls to one side. The back is blown away and smeared with blood. It is then he sees the blood on her chest.

MARKUM (CONT'D)
NO!!

As his cry resounds --

802 EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

802

THE SHOOTER

turns a corner. He passes a GARBAGE TRUCK. He pulls off his mask and in one graceful move, dumps the gun and the mask in a garbage truck, never missing a step.

MACLEOD AND RICHIE

turn the corner as they see

(CONTINUED)

802 CONTINUED: 802

THEIR POV

The Shooter racing into an underground garage.

BACK TO SCENE

as MacLeod and Richie follow him into the

803 INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS 803

Only the constant HUM of the dim fluorescent lights is HEARD as MacLeod and Richie cautiously enter and look around. They begin to weave their way through the parked cars, QUIETLY looking for the assailant. The distant wail of SIRENS can now be HEARD, quickly drawing near.

They feel the BUZZ again just as the SOUND of a SWORD being drawn ECHOES throughout the garage. They spin to find

PAUL KINMAN (38)

standing before them, sword in hand. Kinman is athletically built with charming good looks.

MacLeod and Richie both pull their swords simultaneously.

KINMAN

MacLeod. Does the boy do your
fighting for you?

MacLeod puts a hand on Richie's arm, restraining him, and steps forward.

MACLEOD

No.

They square off, touch blades.

KINMAN

strikes first, with a fancy flurry of lunges meant to impress and intimidate.

MACLEOD

is calm, blocking where necessary, not allowing the show of skill to fluster him.

They're interrupted by the SOUND of SCREECHING tires from just outside the garage.

KINMAN

Another time, perhaps.

Kinman races to an exit only to be confronted by

(CONTINUED)

803 CONTINUED:

803

THREE COPS

guns drawn.

COP #1

Drop it!

KINMAN

Why not?

Kinman drops his sword and looks behind him as they cuff him and lead him out.

COP #1

Get him outta here.

As they haul him out, the Cop picks up his sword and looks it over, he then looks out into the shadowy parking structure, thinking he HEARD a NOISE. Nothing's there. He turns and leaves.

ANGLE ON

MacLeod and Richie shrouded in darkness, concealed unseen. MacLeod turns to Richie.

MACLEOD

Think he was overacting?

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

804 EXT. MACLEOD'S VICTORIAN - DAY

804

The place is coming along. It's looking less like an eyesore. The boards are off the windows. MacLeod is setting new glass panes.

RICHIE

rides up on his motorcycle. He gets off and approaches MacLeod with a newspaper in his hand.

MACLEOD

Hey, Richie. What's up?

RICHIE

Last night ... The guy we saved.
David Markum.

MACLEOD

What about him?

RICHIE

It's in the paper. One of the bullets
went through the window and killed
his wife.

MACLEOD

What?

MacLeod takes the paper. Richie speaks as MacLeod reads.

RICHIE

The police are looking for us.
They want us to identify the killer.

MACLEOD

We can't.

RICHIE

Excuse me?

MACLEOD

We weren't there.

RICHIE

Then I must have a helluva
imagination.

MACLEOD

Richie, we don't want the publicity
this kind of thing brings.

(CONTINUED)

804 CONTINUED:

804

RICHIE

What's the worst that could happen?

MACLEOD

Kinman.

RICHIE

What about him?

MACLEOD

He doesn't know who you are. Let's keep it that way.

RICHIE

Hey, if he wants me...

He trails off. MacLeod is shaking his head at him. A warning. Richie gets it.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

That good?

MACLEOD

That good.

TRANSITION TO:

805 EXT. ENGLISH SUMMER ESTATE - 1712 - DAY

805

A ball is whacked with a croquet mallet and rolls along the lush green lawn.

It hits the wicket but doesn't go through. QUEEN ANNE (47), a rotund ruler with a great appetite, frowns as she regards her shot. A number of ENGLISH LORDS pass by bowing, as the game proceeds.

QUEEN ANNE

I swear that wicket is smaller than the rest. No other, just that one.

MacLeod stands awkwardly, waiting his turn. He looks up as the Queen grabs a sweet from a nearby SERVANT'S tray.

LORD DENNIS KEATING (28), an opinionated young man with dashing features, steps up to his ball and lines up a shot.

DENNIS

Perhaps the wicket is of regulation width, but it is your ball that is larger than the rest.

The Queen smirks at his boldness; she likes Dennis.

Dennis steps up to his ball and aligns it against the Queen's.

(CONTINUED)

805 CONTINUED:

805

He puts his foot on his ball and smashes it with his mallet, sending the Queen's ball flying.

QUEEN ANNE
(feigned annoyance)
You would do well to refrain from commenting on the play.

DENNIS
To be truthful, by and large, the game is not at the forefront of my thoughts, your majesty.

QUEEN ANNE
I'm sure you'll tell me what is.

DENNIS
The mounting tension between England and Scotland.
(turns to MacLeod)
My friend Duncan MacLeod speaks for the Clans.

QUEEN ANNE
Are you concerned about the War, Duncan MacLeod?

The Queen looks up at the Lords, who are frowning at where this conversation is headed.

MACLEOD
I would think the war is of grave concern to us all, Your Majesty.

QUEEN ANNE
(to MacLeod)
I believe it's your turn.

MACLEOD
(as he plays)
To be quite candid, thousands of loyal Scots have died on French soil fighting for you, my Queen.

DENNIS
(almost arrogant)
Indeed, while your nobles tax them into oblivion. Mark my words, there will be a civil war with Scotland because of it.

The Lords are obviously disapproving of Dennis' rhetoric.

One of them is THE PROTESTANT EARL OF WELSLEY.

(CONTINUED)

EARL OF WELSLEY

Such talk borders on treason, sir.
How dare you.

QUEEN ANNE

Lord Welsley, we'll decide what is
treasonous and what is not in our
presence.

EARL OF WELSLEY

Of course, Your Majesty.

Welsley bows and goes off. Queen Anne turns back to Dennis.

QUEEN ANNE

Lord Dennis, there is a time to
discuss our war with the French and
a time to keep your mind on the game
and your thoughts to yourself.

MACLEOD

(whispering to Dennis)
I think we have made our point.

DENNIS

(sotto voce)
Nonsense, the Queen respects a strong
will.
(out loud)
Duncan feels I should hold my tongue.

The Queen is getting angry -- Dennis won't shut up.

QUEEN ANNE

We're inclined to agree.

DENNIS

I, on the other hand, feel that right
is right.

Dennis eyes the Earl.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

And I don't care a whit who hears my
opinions on the matter.

The Queen is red in the face.

QUEEN ANNE

Then you're a fool! And we don't
care to associate with fools.

The Queen storms off as everyone bows and her attendants
scurry after her. MacLeod turns to Dennis.

(CONTINUED)

805 CONTINUED: (3) 805

MACLEOD
That was nicely done.

806 INT. TAVERN - 1712 - DAY 806

This leather and wood pub is a pub of "the people." Several COMMONERS and LABORERS are enjoying themselves with a good drink and a hearty LAUGH at the day's end. MacLeod and Dennis are among them.

MACLEOD
I'm no diplomat, Dennis, but even I know about timing, and yours is terrible.

DENNIS
Maybe the Queen has time to spare, but England doesn't. All of these men have lost friends and family in this accursed war.

The men in the crowd grumble their approval.

MACLEOD
The Queen can be our greatest ally. You told me that yourself months ago in the Highlands. And I believe you. Can you not use your brain instead of your heart?

DENNIS
I spoke the truth.

MACLEOD
I have no quarrel with what you say, just how and when you say it.

An exasperated MacLeod suddenly feels the BUZZ. He puts down his drink quickly and looks around, eyeing the room.

An elegantly clad Kinman approaches the crowd. He catches MacLeod's stare and returns the look. Heads turn. This guy's a fish out of water.

Kinman looks down his nose at the "working class" surroundings and at the working class in general. He steps up to the bar and cleans a spot on it with his handkerchief.

KINMAN
Barkeep. Ale.

He looks around at the wide eyed laborers who have all turned their attention toward him.

(CONTINUED)

KINMAN (CONT'D)

If you have any that's fit to drink.

A MURMUR comes from the crowd. Dennis gets up and makes his way through the crowd over to Kinman. MacLeod joins him.

DENNIS

What brings you here, sir?

KINMAN

The same as you. I have a thirst. Although by the looks of things your thirst is not for drink, but for the commoners' adulation.

DENNIS

These are my friends.

KINMAN

And no different than you?

DENNIS

That's right.

KINMAN

(out loud)

How many of your "friends" croquet for a living?

MacLeod doesn't like where this is going.

MACLEOD

Gentlemen, why don't we all have a drink and we can discuss the affairs of the day in good cheer.

DENNIS

(to Kinman; ignoring MacLeod)

Are you insulting me?

KINMAN

Your politics do that well enough.

MacLeod puts a hand on Dennis' shoulder.

MACLEOD

Let us leave... Now, Dennis.

Dennis pulls away and moves closer to Kinman.

DENNIS

If you're not careful that drink will be your last.

(CONTINUED)

KINMAN

You affix yourself to royalty like a louse affixes itself to a horse's ass, yet you say your loyalties lie with these... people. How disingenuous of you.

Dennis goes to hammer Kinman, but is held back by MacLeod.

KINMAN (CONT'D)

How common. Is that your way of challenging me?

DENNIS

Tomorrow at noon.

KINMAN

I look forward to it.

Kinman turns and leaves.

MACLEOD

Dennis, call this off. Don't you see he was goading you into a challenge? Withdraw it and forget about him.

DENNIS

Withdraw?
(incredulous)
The man is a fop. I will dispatch him tomorrow and be done with it.

MACLEOD

He is more than what he seems.
(beat)
Let me take the challenge.

DENNIS

The insult was to me. There is nothing more to discuss.

MACLEOD

(suddenly angered)
The Queen is right. You are a fool.

MacLeod gets up and storms out.

Kinman sits having a cup of tea with the Earl of Welsley as MacLeod walks in. MacLeod bows to the Earl.

MACLEOD

Sir.

(CONTINUED)

807 CONTINUED:

807

The Earl barely acknowledges him. MacLeod turns to Kinman.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Kinman, I should like to speak to you.

KINXAN

(condescendingly)

You may speak.

MACLEOD

I am not asking permission. I will speak to you -- privately.

KINXAN

I am currently entertaining. Perhaps another time.

MACLEOD

There will be no other time.

KINMAN

Oh very well. If it's the only way to have any peace.

Kinman gets up and heads to MacLeod. They step to one side and lower their voices.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I came here to ask you not to fight my friend tomorrow.

KINMAN

Certainly. Have him apologize publicly, then.

(cold)

Shut his mouth forever about his bloody politics

(with a smile)

And the matter will be closed.

MACLEOD

He's not one of us. This is an unfair fight and you know it.

KINMAN

It's a matter of honor.

MACLEOD

There's no honor in fighting a man when the advantage is yours. It's sport, nothing more.

He looks MacLeod in the eye.

(CONTINUED)

KINMAN

I never fight for sport.

MacLeod grows deadly serious as he steps into Kinman's face.

MACLEOD

Then the duel is only to first blood.
Honor will be satisfied and it will
be over... Understood?

KINMAN

Very well, my dear fellow, very well.

MacLeod leaves as Kinman rejoins his quest.

EARL OF WELSLEY

Do a good job of it tomorrow, Paul.

Dennis is entirely too friendly with the Scots. He has to
be taught a lesson before he can further corrupt the Queen.

KINMAN

Trust me, your Lordship. The matter
is in good hands.

808 EXT. ENGLISH GARDENS - 1712 - DAY

808

The shimmering glint of two steel swords CLASH together.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

the duel is underway.

MacLeod and The Earl stand off to the side watching. Several
people from the tavern have also gathered to watch.

Kinman is perhaps slightly better. Both thrust and slice.
Both duck and defend, but Dennis is tiring and Kinman is
playing with him.

KINMAN

Is that fear I see? It's foolish to
underestimate an opponent, Dennis.

DENNIS

I only underestimated what a pompous
and arrogant ass you are.

Several of the onlookers LAUGH from the sidelines. Kinman
grows a little more serious as his thrusts get stronger and
have more impact.

KINMAN

I think I'll draw first blood from
your tongue to remind it of its place.

(CONTINUED)

808 CONTINUED:

808

The duel continues as MacLeod looks on concerned.

Dennis takes a hard swipe and gets a piece of Kinman's clothing. Several people in the crowd CHEER.

KINMAN (CONT'D)

Well, I believe your confidence is sufficiently bolstered.

MacLeod's eyes widen as Kinman lunges on the attack, ruthlessly pounding Dennis with slice after slice.

Dennis is forced back and is put on the defensive -- no time for any offensive moves. He has his hands full just keeping Kinman's sword at bay.

Suddenly, with the flick of his wrist, the tip of Kinman's sword nicks Dennis on the side of his jaw. First blood. A relieved MacLeod quickly bolts forward and steps in.

MACLEOD

The duel is over. First blood has been drawn.

Dennis is thoroughly humiliated. MacLeod pulls his friend aside, knowing he will not take defeat well.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(to Dennis)

You have proved your courage. Honor is satisfied.

KINMAN

(to the crowd)

Well, I nearly broke a sweat there.

MACLEOD

(to Kinman)

Honor is satisfied. That means the verbal sparring ceases.

KINMAN

(to Dennis)

Is there anyone at home who could provide me with more distraction. A sister, perhaps?

DENNIS

Sir, you will take back those words or I will have your head.

Kinman looks over at MacLeod.

(CONTINUED)

KINMAN

That would be quite a show, wouldn't it?

MacLeod pulls Dennis away.

MACLEOD

Let it stand.

Dennis eyes Kinman, his heart still on fire.

KINMAN

(to Dennis)

And after I had your sister, perhaps your mother would care to be entertained.

Dennis sees red. Raw emotion takes over and he charges Kinman with a ferocious ROAR. MacLeod can't hold him back. Kinman, with cold blooded skill, sidesteps and drives his sword deep into Dennis. Dennis falls, mortally wounded.

MACLEOD

DENNIS!

MacLeod runs to his fallen friend and holds him in his arms, but is too late, he's dead. MacLeod looks up, his hands covered in blood. Kinman looks down at him with a sneer.

KINMAN

You're next...

A WOMAN'S voice finishes Kinman's sentence.

BROOKS (O.S.)

... Duncan MacLeod.

TRANSITION TO:

BROOKS (O.S.)

Duncan MacLeod?

Coming up the porch steps is KAAYLA BROOKS (32), a no nonsense woman, sexy, smart.

MACLEOD

How can I help you?

BROOKS

(showing i.d.; pleasant)

Kaayla Brooks. FBI. I'm glad I found you.

(CONTINUED)

809 CONTINUED:

809

MacLeod and Richie exchange a look. This kind of attention is never good.

MACLEOD

Sure. What's this about?

BROOKS

Testifying against Paul Kinman.

MACLEOD

I'm sorry. Who?

BROOKS

The man who killed Alice Markum last night.

MACLEOD

I think you must be mixing me up with someone else.

BROOKS

You weren't at the Geyser Theatre on Sierra Road around 11 P.M.?

MACLEOD

Sorry.

She looks at Richie.

RICHIE

Don't look at me.

BROOKS

(back to MacLeod)

And you didn't get between David Markum and a bullet?

MACLEOD

Why would you think that?

BROOKS

I got a witness, saw two guys with a T-bird chase the shooter. One was tall, well built, long hair. The other was about 20, short hair, blue shirt.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

(beat)

I've been tracking down T-Birds all day. Now, I'm looking at you and your friend, I know I've found the guys.

Richie takes his cue off MacLeod.

(CONTINUED)

809 CONTINUED: (2)

809

RICHIE

There must be a lot of guys who look like us.

BROOKS

Right.

(to MacLeod)

Look, the cops caught him in a parking garage around the corner. Guy's a pro -- and smart. The Bureau's been tracking him for five years, but we've never had enough for an arrest.

MACLEOD

Then I guess congratulations are in order.

He starts to turn back to his work. She gets in front of him, demanding his attention.

BROOKS

Not yet, they're not.

(beat)

He ditched the weapon and the mask before the police got him.

(beat)

The only ones who can tie him to the shooting are the guys who chased him.

MACLEOD

(beat)

Good luck finding them.

BROOKS

I already found them.

(with some heat)

You were there. You saw the guy. You can put him away. Are you going to testify?

MACLEOD

Wish I could help.

BROOKS

Look, you don't want to talk to me, fine. Then you can talk to the local cops. Because if I found you, so will they.

Brooks is disgusted.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

I don't get it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BROOKS (CONT'D)

You put your life on the line for a stranger. Then you won't testify.

(with contempt)

What kind of hero does that?

MACLEOD

You'd have to ask a hero.

BROOKS

We're not finished.

She storms away. As she gets into her car to go, Richie turns to MacLeod. Quietly:

RICHIE

Am I missing something? This Kinman guy's such a badass, why don't we testify and put him away where he can't hurt us?

MACLEOD

I don't want him put away.

(grim)

I want to bury him.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

810 EXT. POLICE STATION - TO ESTABLISH - DAY 810

811 EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY 811

MacLeod and Richie leave the station after a lengthy grilling.
Cops enter and leave in the background.

RICHIE

How long were we in there?

MACLEOD

Three hours.

RICHIE

Felt like three days. They must've
asked me the same questions fifty
times.

MACLEOD

And you told them...

RICHIE

Like we talked about -- we were
training at the dojo.

(beat)

I don't think they believed it.

They walk for a moment.

MACLEOD

My guess is he's got a lawyer already.

(beat)

They can hold him for forty-eight
hours without charging him.

RICHIE

And you're gonna be there waiting
when he gets out.

MACLEOD

That's right.

RICHIE

What if he wins?

MACLEOD

(a wry smile)

You'd better catch the first bus out
of town.

(CONTINUED)

811 CONTINUED:

811

As they move toward MacLeod's car, an angry voice grabs their attention.

MARKUM (O.S.)

MacLeod!

They turn as David Markum comes hustling toward them.

MARKUM (CONT'D)

Wait!

(getting a good look)

It is you.

MACLEOD

I'm sorry about your wife.

MARKUM

(angry)

How sorry are you?

(beat)

They told me inside you're not going to testify. They said you told them you weren't even there.

MACLEOD

There's nothing I can do.

MARKUM

You can tell them the truth, dammit.

MacLeod looks into Markum's eyes. A part of him wants to tell Markum the truth.

MACLEOD

You'll have your justice... Trust me, it's better this way.

MARKUM

Better for who? What, are you afraid? Or did he buy you? Whatever he paid, I'll match it.

MACLEOD

Go home, Mr. Markum.

MARKUM

He murdered my wife. You son-of-a-bitch, you can't let him walk.

With MacLeod's back to him, Markum reaches into his pocket and pulls out a .22 caliber automatic.

MARKUM

You're not going anywhere.

(CONTINUED)

811 CONTINUED: (2)

811

RICHIE

Mac!

MacLeod turns and in one swift move reaches around and tears the gun from Markum's hand. MacLeod empties the clip and the one in the chamber and gives the gun back.

MACLEOD

I said go home.

MARKUM

You're going to let him get away with killing my wife.

(beat)

You're nothing but a damn coward.

Richie Jumps in angrily.

RICHIE

The man saved your life.

MacLeod raises a hand.

MACLEOD

It's okay, Richie.

MARKUM

Coward! Coward!

TRANSITION TO:

812 EXT. QUEEN'S PAVILION - SUMMER ESTATE - 1712 - DAY

812

PAN DOWN from the Queen's Pennant that sits atop the steeple of her estate to find

MACLEOD

amidst what only could be called the pageantry of the age. The grounds are alive with Lords, Ladies, and Servants. MacLeod moves through them toward the pavilion led by a Servant.

Queen Anne sits eating berries. The Queen looks up as MacLeod is led in by the Servant.

QUEEN ANNE

(to all around)

You may take your leave.

Her subjects bow and exit. MacLeod stands before her, not saying a word.

(CONTINUED)

812 CONTINUED:

812

QUEEN ANNE

I see the anger in your eyes. I too was loathed to hear of Dennis' death.

MACLEOD

It will not go unanswered.

QUEEN ANNE

I understand your hatred of Kinman's act, but it was not one of his own making. He was paid to kill Dennis, by those who wish to see the war with France continue.

MACLEOD

Whether paid or not, he will be dealt with.

Queen Anne paces about angrily.

QUEEN ANNE

The court is alive with treachery. Jacobites, Tories, Whigs, French spies, all at each other's throats. This intrigue serves no one.

MACLEOD

I only want Kinman.

QUEEN ANNE

My people are divided. I will not give them a battle between a Catholic Scotsman and a Protestant Englishman that will divide them further.

MacLeod listens carefully. His emotions are running high, but he dare not overstep his bounds with the Queen of England.

MACLEOD

You cannot ask me to do nothing.

QUEEN ANNE

I can ask what I will -- I am your Queen! And I will have your word that you will not fight Kinman.

MacLeod can't hold back any further.

MACLEOD

I beg of you, your majesty, it is better to ask for my life than to ask for this.

(CONTINUED)

812 CONTINUED: (2)

812

QUEEN ANNE

There is more at stake here than
your pride. I have a nation to
protect.

(stern)

I will have your word and I will
have it now.

MacLeod stops and takes a breath.

MACLEOD

(reluctantly)

Very well, I swear. As long as the
Queen reigns, I will not fight him.

813 INT. TAVERN - 1712 - DAY

813

The pub is filled with faces we've seen before. Several of
whom surround MacLeod and raise a glass at his request.

MACLEOD

To a good friend and to a good man.
To Lord Dennis Keating.

EVERYONE

(ad lib)

Hear, hear... To Sir Dennis... Amen...

As they all drink, MacLeod suddenly sits up straight -- he
feels the BUZZ.

The crowd backs away, making room for Kinman to approach.
The Earl accompanies him. They walk in full of arrogance
and pomposity. They step up to the bar right next to MacLeod.

KINMAN

Barkeep. Two whiskies. Your best.

A HUSHED MURMUR falls over the crowd.

EARL OF WELSLEY

Does it always smell like this in
here?

Kinman turns and feigns surprise at seeing MacLeod.

KINMAN

Ah, Duncan MacLeod. Didn't see you
there, my good friend.

The crowd is simmering and wants MacLeod to take action.

KINMAN (CONT'D)

Perhaps you can help us.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

There is nothing I can do for you.

KINMAN

Nonsense All we want you to do is settle a little argument between my close friend here, the Earl of Welsley, and myself.

(beat)

The Earl thinks young Dennis died like a man. I, however, thought he died like a stuck pig.

MacLeod agonizes, but refrains from going for his sword.

KINMAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)

What do you think?

MacLeod puts his empty glass out toward the bar keep.

MACLEOD

Another one.

The crowd is aghast that MacLeod didn't run him through right then and there. Kinman is equally surprised at his restraint.

KINMAN

Well, apparently we're here to learn our lesson.

EARL OF WELSLEY

What lesson is that?

KINMAN

A coward who holds his tongue, will live to quiver another day.

MacLeod belts back his refill, leaps from his seat and stands nose to nose with Kinman.

KINMAN (CONT'D)

Yes? Was there something you wanted to say?

A moment passes, then...

MacLeod turns and heads out.

KINMAN (CONT'D)

(after him)

It walks like a man, it talks like a man, but it slithers out on its belly.

MacLeod doesn't respond. The crowd can't believe it.

(CONTINUED)

813 CONTINUED: (2)

813

EVERYONE
(ad jibbing)
Coward... Some bloody friend...
Coward...

Kinman and the Earl finish their drinks.

TRANSITION TO:

814 INT. POLICE STATION PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

814

MacLeod and Richie are driving out. Markum's words are still ringing as he shouts after them:

MARKUM
Cowards... Cowards...

As MacLeod and Richie drive off, Markum, a spent and broken man, turns toward the station. As he does

BROOKS

moves toward him. She picks up the clip from the ground.

MARKUM (CONT'D)
He won't testify.
(beat)
You have to make him testify.

BROOKS
If they both hold to their stories,
there's nothing we can do.

MARKUM
You could arrest them.

BROOKS
On what charge?

MARKUM
Please, you have to do something.
There has to be justice!

BROOKS
I promise you, Mr. Markum, Kinman's
not going to walk away from this.
(beat)
Now give me your gun.

Markum is suddenly small, shrunken... a beaten man.

MARKUM
I keep it in the store for protection.

(CONTINUED)

814 CONTINUED:

814

BROOKS

Give it to me.
(beat)
Please.

He hands her the gun. As the two move toward the station together.

815 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

815

The interview room has a one-way mirror on one wall, with an observation room on the other side. Brooks and her partner FRANK DESANTIS, late 40s, a field agent for years, are in the middle of interrogating a manacled Kinman.

BROOKS

You might as well talk to me, Kinman, because your ass is nailed.

KINMAN

What shall we talk about, Agent Brooks? The war in Bosnia? How the Yankees did last week?

BROOKS

Let's talk about the murder you committed last night.
(beat)

Or if you want to talk about something else, let's talk about Michael Taussig in Chicago or Daniel Rothstein in Philly. Perry Tavalin in Miami.

KINMAN

Are these people I'm supposed to know?

BROOKS

They're people you killed.

KINMAN

Really, you'd think I'd remember something like that.

BROOKS

You're going away this time. We've got two witnesses who ID'd you.

Kinman yawns.

KINMAN

I don't think so.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KINMAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

If you had found somebody willing to talk, I'd be in front of a judge being arraigned, not sitting here talking to you.

Kinman closes his fist.

KINMAN (CONT'D)

Watch this.

(beat)

Nothing up my sleeve.

He opens his hand.

KINMAN (CONT'D)

Look, what's in my hand? Why, it's nothing! And that's exactly what you have, Agent Brooks, nothing.

Brooks explodes.

BROOKS

You're wrong. I've got this...

She reaches into her pocket and withdraws Markum's .22 caliber automatic. She sticks it in Kinman's throat.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Now, what do you have to say?

Her partner Frank reacts.

FRANK

What the hell are you doing?

BROOKS

My job. Cleaning up the streets.

KINMAN

(calm and careful)

Frank, don't let her do this.

BROOKS

I'm going to kill you now, you bastard. How does it feel?

FRANK

Kaayla, don't. He's not worth it.

BROOKS

If we don't charge him, he walks. I'm not going to let that happen.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Give me the gun, Kaayla. Please...
We'll get him. Just not like this.

BROOKS

Why not? This is how he did Alice
Markum.

FRANK

Kaayla, he's not worth your life...
You do this and that's what you're
throwing away.

(beat)

Give it to me.

Brooks holds firm, her finger on the trigger. She speaks
with a cold, almost detached intensity.

BROOKS

No!

KINMAN

Frank... Let's do something here.

BROOKS

He has to pay.

FRANK

(ignoring Kinman)

He will... We'll get him.

(firm)

Kaayla.. Give me the gun. Now!

Brooks sags as if all the will has been taken out of her.
Frank takes the gun from her hand.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to Brooks)

It's okay... It's okay.

BROOKS

Sorry...

FRANK

(re the gun)

I'm going to get rid of this. And
then I'm going to get that bottle of
Scotch I have in the car.

(beat)

You want to join me?

BROOKS

Go on. We're not done.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

I'll be right back. Don't do anything
crazy.

BROOKS

I won't...
(off his look)
I promise.

Frank leaves. Brooks moves to Kinman and pulls his head
back by the hair. She kisses him hard, full on the mouth.

KINMAN

Very convincing.

BROOKS

I have to be.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

816 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

816

Kinman and Brooks separate. She sits down opposite him, looking tousled and feral. He brings out something in her.

Kinman is as cool as ever. He smooths his hair back into place.

KINMAN

Where's my sword?

BROOKS

In the evidence locker.

(beat)

What is it with you and that thing?

KINMAN

Can you get it?

BROOKS

Hey, I'm FBI. I can get anything.

She reaches over and caresses his face.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

I don't know what I see in you.

KINMAN

I do. Danger. Money. Style.

He grabs her stroking hand and holds it. Leans over and kisses her, hard.

KINMAN (CONT'D)

Power.

He pulls back abruptly, leaving her panting.

KINMAN (CONT'D)

(a languid purr)

You don't really have a witness, do you, sweetheart?

BROOKS

Not one who's going to talk.

(beat)

If he was, you know I'd take care of it for you.

She touches his face with a gentle caress. As he kisses her hand --

817 OMITTED 817

818 OMITTED 818

819 INT. DOJO - DAY 819

Richie is waiting for him as MacLeod steps from the elevator. Markum is there, standing close to the office entrance, looking strained.

RICHIE
I told him, Mac, but he insisted on seeing you.

MACLEOD
It's okay. I'll talk to him.

MacLeod moves to Markum.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
Look, Markum. There's nothing more to say. I already told you I can't testify.

Markum nods. Takes a breath. Emotional, holding it in.

MARKUM
You did. That's what you told me.
(beat)
Now I want you to tell them.

He turns, extends his arm to the office, hand open -- a beckoning gesture. MacLeod follows his gesture, as --

MAUREEN AND LISA

two little girls, aged nine and twelve, step from the office. Eyes on MacLeod, they hesitate -- Markum beckons them to him.

MARKUM (CONT'D)
(softly)
It's all right.

The girls move uncertainly to Markum. He puts a hand on each of their shoulders, his face tight with grief as he turns to look at MacLeod.

MARKUM (CONT'D)
This is Lisa... and this is Maureen.
Our...
(beat, correcting himself)
My children.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARKUM (CONT'D)

(beat)
Girls... this is Duncan MacLeod.

MACLEOD

Markum... Don't do this to them.

Markum talks over him, barely holding it together.

MARKUM

Lisa's starting softball this year.
(beat, choking up)
Maureen has to get braces. Alice
promised her a kitten.

It's heartbreaking. MacLeod hates it, but he doesn't stop
him, seeing Markum's pain, feeling his own.

MARKUM (CONT'D)

Now you tell them why you won't
testify. You look at them...
(growing anger)
Tell them why you won't help get the
man who killed their mother!
(beat)
Go ahead, MacLeod. They're waiting.

His eyes bore into MacLeod's.

MacLeod looks at the children -- then up to Markum's tight
face, his pained eyes. There's nothing he can say that will
help.

MACLEOD

(beat)
I'm sorry.

He turns and walks to the elevator without looking back.

ANGLE - MARKUM

watching him go, trembling with emotion. The children looking
up at him with questioning looks, not sure what is happening.
Markum gets a grip on himself, pats their shoulders
reassuringly.

MARKUM

It's all right. It's okay.

He steps toward Richie. Looks at him. Richie starts to
speak -- Markum's arm shoots out, grips Richie's, as he pulls
him aside, pleading desperation in his voice.

(CONTINUED)

MARKUM (CONT'D)

Look, I know you were there. I know it.

(beat)

Is it money? Is that it?

RICHIE

No. It's not like that...

Markum yanks out a checkbook, fills out a check with almost ferocious speed.

MARKUM

(as he writes)

Here. Two-hundred thousand dollars...
It's all I have.

He tears it out and thrusts it at Richie's face.

MARKUM (CONT'D)

Two-hundred thousand, just for telling the truth!

RICHIE

(torn)

It's not the money...

MARKUM

Then what does it take?! Dammit, it's all I got! Take it!

He grabs Richie's hand, jams the money into it. Richie can't answer for a moment. Then he takes the check, places it in Markum's pocket.

RICHIE

(beat)

I can't.

Richie, holding his eyes. Markum looking at him. Then Markum seems to shrink, collapse into himself. Still eyeing Richie, he pulls his daughters to him.

MARKUM

Come on. We're going home.

He turns and they walk out. Richie watching him. Eating his insides.

Mid-scene. Richie is relating what has occurred.

820 CONTINUED:

820

RICHIE

Two-hundred grand, Mac... in my hand,
for telling the truth.

(beat)

You know what I could do with that
money?

MacLeod throws him a sharp look.

MACLEOD

You didn't take it.

RICHIE

Of course not.

(beat)

But I can't say I wasn't tempted.
It would've changed my life.

MACLEOD

Or got you killed.

RICHIE

You saw Markum back there. Those
kids...

(beat)

The guy's eating himself up.

MACLEOD

(shortly)

I know.

RICHIE

Then why the hell can't we help him?

MACLEOD

(hard)

Because Kinman is mine.

Richie chewing this over. Frustrated.

RICHIE

I don't get you, Mac. I mean, we
talk about justice, about what's
right.

MACLEOD

That's what this is about, Richie.
Justice.

RICHIE

Dammit, for a guy who died over two
centuries ago!

Richie grabs MacLeod's arm.

(CONTINUED)

820 CONTINUED: (2)

820

MACLEOD

Time doesn't make it any easier,
Richie.

BEAT. He releases MacLeod's arm and they move on.

RICHIE

What about David Markum? What about
his kids?

MACLEOD

(beat)

Kinman's going to pay for what he's
done.

RICHIE

You kill Kinman, they'll never know
about it! They'll spend the rest of
their lives thinking he got away...

He trails off.

MACLEOD

And that we let him. I know.

RICHIE

And we just live with that?

MacLeod doesn't answer. His face reflects the conflict he
feels.

821 INT. MARKUM'S GROCERY - LATER

821

Markum is checking the shelves, doing an inventory. He looks
up as the door opens and MacLeod approaches. Markum is
calmer, somewhat less accusatory as:

MARKUM

What do you want?

MACLEOD

Why did Kinman come after you?

Markum turns away.

MARKUM

You don't want to come forward, fine.
Just leave.

MACLEOD

Answer the question.

MARKUM

I don't know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARKUM (CONT'D)

(beat)

Look at me, MacLeod. What do you see?

(beat)

You see nothing, because that's what I am... nothing.

MACLEOD

That's not what I see. I see a man so hurt he doesn't know what he's doing. So angry he'd use his children's grief as a weapon.

(beat)

You want to tell me why?

MARKUM

My wife is dead. The killer goes free. That's not enough reason?

MACLEOD

There's more than that. Why did Alice die, David?

Markum looks away. Pain, guilt.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(knowing)

What did you do?

MARKUM

(faltering)

It should have been me.

(in pain)

I deserved it. It was my fault.

He's looking at MacLeod, a man in pain, pleading for understanding.

MACLEOD

(quietly)

What happened?

MARKUM

I'm not a rich man, Mr. MacLeod. Just a little bit successful.

(beat)

I had to... buy... that success.

(beat)

I took a loan from a man I had no business knowing.

(with shame)

Vince Petrovic.

MacLeod's been around. He knows the name.

(CONTINUED)

821 CONTINUED: (2)

821

MACLEOD

So when you tried to pay him back...

MARKUM

(confirming)

He wanted half my store. He told me he was my partner.

(beat)

I told him to go to hell.

MACLEOD

(disbelief)

And you thought held just let it go.

MARKUM

I thought I could handle it. That I was tough enough. I never thought... Alice never even knew about the loan.

MACLEOD

(beat, quietly)

You didn't tell the police about this.

MARKUM

If I did, he'd come after my children.

(beat)

To lose someone like that... To have it happen because of you. You can't understand what that feels like.

MACLEOD

(beat)

Maybe I can.

And OFF MacLeod's face --

822 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

822

To Establish, as we HEAR --

BROOKS (O.S.)

I don't know why you decided to come forward, Mr. MacLeod.

823 INT. POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

823

We are in the OBSERVATION ROOM, MacLeod stands before the glass, BROOKS beside him, watching him.

BROOKS

But I'm glad you did.

ANGLE - THROUGH GLASS - THE INTERVIEW ROOM

(CONTINUED)

823 CONTINUED:

823

As Frank leads Kinman in.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Take your time, Mr. MacLeod. He
can't see you.

(reassuring)

He won't even know you're standing
here.

As she says this --

CLOSE - KINMAN

his face swivels to the glass, towards the BUZZ he's feeling.
His eyes bore directly into MacLeod's. He smiles faintly,
mockingly, knowing exactly who's on the other side of the
glass.

MacLeod feels the same thing as Kinman.

MACLEOD

Of course not.

He looks at Kinman a LONG beat. THEN --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

That's the man who killed Alice
Markum.

BROOKS

You're positive?

(beat)

After all, it was pretty dark...
You'll be under oath...

MACLEOD

It's him.

BEAT.

BROOKS

Then we're done... Except for one
thing.

MACLEOD

What's that?

BROOKS

I heard that Markum has taken a second
mortgage on his house and is borrowing
everything he can on his store.

MACLEOD

So?

(CONTINUED)

823 CONTINUED: (2)

823

BROOKS

Some people are saying that he might have paid you to testify. If that came out in court, it wouldn't be good for either of us.

MACLEOD

He didn't.

BROOKS

That's all you have to say?

MACLEOD

That's all there is.

Brooks eyes him.

BROOKS

We'll be in touch.

She's looking at MacLeod, but he's looking at the window.

MACLEOD'S POV - KINMAN

as Frank opens the door to lead him out, he remains there, staring into the glass. He lifts a hand in a subtly menacing gesture, mimes shooting at the window... Bang.

He smiles.

823A EXT. OPEN-AIR MEAT MARKET - NIGHT

823A

Like New York's Fulton Street, a brick-lined street in the old district, near the harbor, where wholesale Meat and Fish markets fill the streets at dawn. One is PETROVIC'S.

Petrovic is standing in front of his wholesale market counting a wad of cash in his hand that could choke a horse. His caddy is parked nearby and leaning on it is his BODYGUARD/DRIVER.

MACLEOD (O.S.)

That's a lot of cash to be carrying.

Petrovic looks up and finds MacLeod standing in front of him.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I've heard this neighborhood isn't safe after dark.

Petrovic pockets the cash.

(CONTINUED)

823A CONTINUED:

823A

PETROVIC

That depends on who you are.

(beat)

Do I know you?

MACLEOD

No. I'm Duncan MacLeod.

PETROVIC

(beat)

What can I do for you, Duncan MacLeod?

MACLEOD

You can leave David Markum alone.

PETROVIC

Who?

MACLEOD

The man you hired Paul Kinman to kill.

The driver takes a step toward MacLeod.

PETROVIC

It's okay, Joey... Listen to the mouth on this guy.

(beat; to MacLeod)

Is it slander or libel, I forget which? But either way...

(cold)

Accusations like that could get a man in a lot of trouble.

MACLEOD

Kinman's going away for life. Don't send anyone else.

PETROVIC

If this wild fantasy you concocted was true and I could

(pointed)

Order someone's death with a phone call, why wouldn't I order yours?

MACLEOD

Because you're a business man. You like to deal in what you know, and you don't know me and that worries you a little.

PETROVIC

Do I look worried? You got nerve, I'll give you that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

823A CONTINUED: (2)

823A

PETROVIC (CONT'D)

(turning to Joey)

I think I've heard enough from this clown.

Joey takes one step toward MacLeod and MacLeod drops him with a roundhouse kick.

MACLEOD

Hey, Joey, I could've been a contender.

(to Petrovic)

Stay away from Markum. It's good business.

MacLeod turns and walks away. Petrovic eyes him, wondering just who the hell is this guy.

824 EXT. POLICE STATION UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

824

A door opens -- Brooks steps out, hand on her sidearm, just another watchful cop transferring an accused prisoner. As she gives the lot a cursory glance --

KINMAN

steps out behind her. He's shackled, handcuffed, shuffling along with Frank right behind him. Frank is careful, one hand on Kinman's back, guiding him towards their car. Brooks is checking her pockets.

BROOKS

Damn.

FRANK

What is it?

BROOKS

I left the transfer sheets in an office. Wanna get 'em?

FRANK

Forget it. They'll fax 'em over later.

BROOKS

You know what a pain in the ass they can be at County.

(beat)

Just get the papers.

FRANK

And leave you alone with this ... ?

(CONTINUED)

BROOKS

I can handle him.
(beat)
They're gonna be pissed.

FRANK

So let lem be pissed.
(beat)
Let's go.

He pushes Kinman, who stumbles slightly, finds the shackles awkward.

KINMAN

(contemptuous)
Was that supposed to be police brutality?

FRANK

Just keep it moving, scuzzball.

KINKAN

(re: the shackles)
I don't mind the chains ... but I do hate walking like this. No dignity.

FRANK

So write a book in prison.

KINMAN

(beat)
Not in my plans.

FRANK

Can't write?

KINMAN

Actually, I write rather well.
(beat)
But I'm not going to prison.

FRANK

That's what they all say.

Kinman smiles.

KINMAN

I know.
(beat)
But they're not all screwing your partner.
(beat)
Or are they, Kaayla, my love?

(CONTINUED)

824 CONTINUED: (2)

824

FRANK

starts to turn to Brooks, scowling at what he thinks is Kinman's insolence.

BROOKS

has her gun pulled out, nervously trained on Frank.

FRANK

Jesus, Kaayla ...

BROOKS

(plaintively)

Why didn't you go for the damn papers, Frank?

FRANK

Don't.

Brooks hesitates. Kinman's face tightens.

KINMAN

(as a command)

Do it.

(off her hesitation)

Kaayla! Do it!

BROOKS

fires almost reflexively. Frank goes down.

Brooks looks at him for a BEAT, a twinge of second thoughts and regrets.

KINMAN

Forget him.

Kinman holds his hands out with the bracelets.

KINMAN (CONT'D)

I'm waiting.

And as she unlocks his manacles --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

825 EXT. MACLEOD'S VICTORIAN - DAY

825

MacLeod's up on a ladder, touching up the windows. He gets the Buzz and comes down in a hurry, going for his sword.

It's just Richie.

RICHIE

(re the sword)

So you heard.

(off MacLeod's look)

Kinman escaped from jail.

MACLEOD

(shakes his head)

Just being careful. When?

RICHIE

Last night. They were moving him.

He killed an FBI guy and disappeared.

(beat)

You think he's gonna, you know, come looking?

MACLEOD

Held have come by now.

He picks up the sword and his coat and starts heading for the car.

RICHIE

You going looking for him?

MACLEOD

Yes.

RICHIE

I thought you said he was good.

Really good. Like maybe better than you?

MACLEOD

I don't care.

RICHIE

You want him that bad?

MacLeod does. The taste of his shame is still bitter.

MACLEOD

I let him walk away once. Not again.

(CONTINUED)

825 CONTINUED: 825

He exits, leaving Richie looking after him.

RICHIE

Note to myself -- don't piss off
MacLeod.

826 EXT. DESERTED ROADSIDE - DAY 826

Brooks' car is pulled up on the shoulder. She paces,
agitated, talking a mile a minute.

KINMAN

It wasn't smart, killing Frank like
that.

BROOKS

I know.
(beat)
We just have to think this through.

Kinman watches her with a jaundiced eye.

KINMAN

I'm sure you're right.

BROOKS

I've got it.
(beat)
You rough me up a little, make it
look good, put the cuffs on me, I'll
stagger back to that last gas station.

KINMAN

I kidnapped you, is that the story?

BROOKS

Sure. You got my gun away, killed
Frank, made me drive you out here,
then you dumped me outta the car.
(moving closer, breathy)
Then, a few months later, post-
traumatic stress. I resign from the
Bureau ... and I meet you at the
villa.
(caressing him)
And we start our life together.

KINMAN

Happily ever after.

Kinman regards her evenly. Hard to tell what he's thinking.

KINMAN (conltd) (CONT'D)

And you think that'll work.

(CONTINUED)

Brooks gets defensive.

BROOKS

(beat)

Why not?

(beat)

I've given up everything for you,
friends, my job... I killed my partner
for you.

KINMAN

And I'm very grateful.

BROOKS

I love you, Paul.

He caresses her.

KINMAN

Of course you do. But we have to be
realistic about these things.

(beat)

I was chained hand and foot. Nobody's
going to believe I got your gun away
and turned it on you.

BROOKS

I can be very convincing, remember?

KINMAN

It'll never hold. They'll know you're
lying, and they'll use you to find
me.

BROOKS

Paul ... no. You know I would never
turn you in. Never. I'd die first.

He finally starts returning her embrace, his arms going around her.

KINMAN

Maybe you're right...

(his hand going under
her jacket)

Maybe I did get your gun away.

He turns it on her.

BROOKS

Paul! What are you doing?

KINMAN

Making you more convincing.

(CONTINUED)

826 CONTINUED: (2)

826

BLAM -- he blows her away.

KINMAN (CONT'D)

(cold)

The villa won't be the same without
you.

He gets in the car and drives off.

826A EXT. MARKUM'S GROCERY STORE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

826A

MACLEOD (O.S.)

Kinman's escaped.

827 INT. MARKUM'S GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

827

Mid-scene.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I think you should take your little
girls and get out of town for a few
days.

Markum says nothing, just moves through the store, adjusting
displays, trying to avoid MacLeod's gaze.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I have a cabin in the country. Give
you a chance to be with your kids.
(beat; off Markum's
silence)
You'll be safe.

MARKUM

Don't worry about me, MacLeod. I
went to see Petrovic.

MACLEOD

(beat; realizes)
You caved.

Markum tries to turn away. MacLeod grabs his arm.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

You gave him a piece of your business.

MARKUM

You bet your ass I did! I go to
sleep scared and I wake up scared.
What if he sends someone else after
me? What if my little girls are in
the way?
(beat, quiet)
It's done. He wins.

(CONTINUED)

827 CONTINUED:

827

MACLEOD

You think it's over? It's never over. He takes half your business now. In six months, he'll have all of it. You refuse and you're going to spend the rest of your life wondering when the next bullet's coming.

MARKUM

(quiet)

What else could I do?

828 EXT. OPEN-AIR MEAT MARKET - NIGHT

828

Petrovic is in the middle of bullying a shop manager in a bloody apron:

PETROVIC

I got a business to run here, Barney. It doesn't pay to be soft. Your boy's out sick, he's outta work. Get somebody else in here before we open or you can go with him.

The manager scurries off, cowed. Petrovic starts to leave, moving among hanging slabs of meat.

KINMAN

is standing behind one, stock still and deadly. As

PETROVIC

passes --

KINMAN

Greetings.

Petrovic starts, tries not to show his surprise.

PETROVIC

Kinman. I heard you were out.

KINMAN

I came for my money.

PETROVIC

What money? You missed. You got caught.

(dismissal)

I was told you were a pro.

He starts to walk away. Kinman gets in his way.

(CONTINUED)

828 CONTINUED:

828

KINMAN

Maybe you don't understand me. I've got police and FBI looking for me. I need my money, and I need to get out of the country.

PETROVIC

That's your problem.

KINMAN

True. But now I'm making it your problem.

He pulls Brooks' gun and points it at Petrovic.

KINMAN (CONT'D)

So let's have a little cooperation, shall we?

PETROVIC

You'll die for this.

KINMAN

Does that mean you're not going to help me?

PETROVIC

Nobody threatens me! You don't know it, but you're already a dead man, Kinman.

KINMAN

(almost pitying)

Why do men who have power always believe they're invulnerable?

He steps closer, cocking the gun.

KINMAN (CONT'D)

(musing)

There was a time when a man like me had the ear of Royalty. When a single man's death could change the course of a war or the fate of a nation.

PETROVIC

You're a freakin' whacko!

Petrovic starts to sweat, finally realizing Kinman is just crazy enough to do it.

(CONTINUED)

KINMAN
(ignoring him)
Now the Barons are paltry merchants
and money lenders, and the elegant
weapons of yesterday have been
replaced with this --
(off the gun)
-- machine.

The gun spits twice and Petrovic goes down, dead.

KINMAN
(let down)
Where's the challenge in that?

And then the Buzz, and

MACLEOD

comes striding down the aisle between meat racks, condensed
air swirling around his ankles.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
You want a challenge, Kinman, here
I am.

Kinman turns to him, a smile spreading across his face.
He's pleased, almost eager.

KINMAN
Grown a backbone, have we?
(beat)
Sabres at dawn?

MACLEOD
(drawing the katana)
This will do.
(beat)
Right now.

Kinman draws his own sword, starts to approach. But something
is awkward -- he holds the sword in his left hand.

When he gets close, his right hand comes up and we realize
he's still holding the gun.

MACLEOD

dives aside as he fires, and the bullet slams into a slab of
meat.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
What's the matter? Don't trust your
sword arm?

(CONTINUED)

828 CONTINUED: (3)

828

Kinman circles warily around the wounded beef. MacLeod isn't on the other side.

KINMAN

Nothing's changed. I'm still Paul
Kinman.

Kinman tosses the gun away.

MACLEOD

steps out.

The two men spar for a moment. MacLeod strikes Kinman with the sword.

MACLEOD

First blood.

KINMAN

backs away warily.

MACLEOD

steps into the open and attacks Kinman, fast and furious, forcing him to defend himself left handed. MacLeod slashes him badly and drives him back against the wall.

KINMAN

barely manages to get his sword between himself and MacLeod blade and they lock swords, face to face.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I don't fight for sport, either.

He hammers down on Kinman's right arm and we hear the crunch as it snaps and the gun falls to the floor. The upswing catches Kinman in the chin, knocking his head against the concrete wall.

Kinman goes to his knees, right arm broken and limp, left arm barely able to hold the sword.

As MacLeod's sword comes up for the final blow, Kinman looks up at him in pain and disbelief, and --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Close your eyes and think of England.

SWOOSH.

(CONTINUED)

828 CONTINUED: (4)

828

The Quickening. Instant Hamburger. I wouldn't want to do
MacLeod's laundry.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

829 EXT. MARKUM'S STORE - DAY

829

Markum is there, watching as the once boarded-up window is being replaced by a glazier. He turns as MacLeod approaches, manages a tight, stiff-upper-lip look.

MARKUM

Life goes on, huh? I've got a business to run.

MACLEOD

You can forget about Petrovic. He's out of the meat business.

MARKUM

I heard. It's all over the street. Somebody shot him. I don't know why you did it...

(beat)

But thank you.

MACLEOD

It wasn't me.

MARKUM

Then who --

(realizing)

Kinman?

MACLEOD

Yes.

Markum takes this in, shaking his head.

MARKUM

I don't believe it. The man's not human. He keeps killing and keeps getting away.

(beat)

Now he's gonna get away with this one, too.

MACLEOD

(changing the subject)

How are the kids making out?

MARKUM

My sister flew in from San Francisco. She's going to be staying with us a while.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

That's good.

(beat)

Look, I have to go. I just wanted
to see how you were doing.

MARKUM

(welling up)

One day at a time.

BEAT, then Markum pulls it together.

MARKUM (CONT'D)

Thanks for all you tried to do.

He holds out his hand. MacLeod takes it, shakes it firmly.
Then both men turn away.

ON MACLEOD

as he walks away a few steps. He stops, wrestling with some
decision. Finally, he makes it. He turns back to Markum.

MACLEOD

David.

Markum looks up, questioning.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(beat)

Kinman didn't get away with it.

And off Markum's look, MacLeod turns and walks away.

FADE OUT.

THE END