



95410
CHIVALRY

Written by
Michael O'Mahoney
&
Sasha Reins

Highlander

"CHIVALRY"

Written by

Michael O'Mahoney
&
Sasha Reins

Production #95410

October 16, 1995 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

95410

"Chivalry"

Final Shooting Script 10/16/95

HIGHLANDER

"Chivalry"

Production #95410

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD
RICHIE RYAN

KRISTIN
METHOS

MARIA ALCOBAR
LOUISE BARTON

COACHMAN
HIGHWAYMAN #1
WOMAN

HIGHLANDER

"Chivalry"

Production #95410

SET LISTINTERIORSMACLEOD'S LOFT
DOJOKRISTIN AGENCY
/RECEPTION AREA
/KRISTIN'S OFFICE
RICHIE'S BEDROOM
KRISTIN'S BATHCHAMBER - NORMANDY - 1659
KRISTIN'S BEDCHAMBER - NORMANDY - 1659
PHOTO SHOOTEXTERIORSDOJO
MACLEOD'S VICTORIAN
WOODED ROAD - NORMANDY - 1659
/WOODS - NORMANDY - 1659
/CLEARING - NORMANDY - 1659
RICHIE'S STREET
GAZEBO BY THE SEA - NORMANDY - 1659
/WATER'S EDGE - NORMANDY - 1659

KRISTIN'S BEACH HOUSE
/POOLSIDE
BEACH

HIGHLANDER

"Chivalry"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1001 EXT. WOODED ROAD - NORMANDY - 1659 - DAY

1001

SUPER: NORMANDY 1659

An enclosed and curtained carriage, drawn by a matched pair, canters down the narrow road in the woods.

The liveried COACHMAN reins the team to a trot --

A MOUNTED HIGHWAYMAN

blocks the path ahead. Ye Olde Tyme Armed Robberye.

THE COACHMAN

looks quickly back, sees: HIGHWAYMAN #2 bringing up the rear. THE COACHMAN instead of halting, whips the reins and urges the horses forward at a full gallop.

HIGHWAYMAN #1

is startled out of the road, his horse rearing out of the way of the racing carriage.

THE CARRIAGE

thunders through the woods, the Coachman flailing the harness reins for all he's worth. He glances back, checking on the pursuit.

COACHMAN

Hayup! Hayup!

THE TWO HIGHWAYMEN

give chase at breakneck speed. But there's no room on the narrow road to overtake the roadhogging carriage.

HIGHWAYMAN #1

(shouting)

Yield! Yield or die!

1002 EXT. WOODS - NORMANDY - 1659 - DAY

1002

MACLEOD, in rough traveling clothes, is riding at a leisurely pace beside a stream. He's been on the road a while, with no particular goal.

(CONTINUED)

1002 CONTINUED: 1002

He reacts to the O.S. SHOUTS and WHIP WHACKS; spins his horse and spurs him through the woods.

1003 EXT. WOODED ROAD - NORMANDY - 1659 - DAY 1003

The Coachman drives for all he's worth.

COACHMAN

Vite! Vite!

The Highwaymen are eating dust -- but are on his tail.

1004 EXT. WOODS - NORMANDY - 1659 - DAY 1004

MacLeod races "cross country" -- jumping over a few logs, ducking under a few limbs. We HEAR a pistol SHOT up ahead.

1005 EXT. CLEARING - NORMANDY - 1659 - DAY 1005

Where the road forks, the Highwaymen have overtaken the carriage. The Coachman holds a hand over the bloody wound in his arm.

HIGHWAYMAN #2

holds a saber in one hand -- and the reins to the team in the other.

HIGHWAYMAN #1

has his remaining pistol aimed at the rear door of the carriage.

HIGHWAYMAN #1 (CONT'D)

You, inside! Stand down! Before
the carriage door can open

THE CAVALRY

in the guise of MacLeod, races into scene.

He pulls up at the edge of the clearing, getting the BUZZ.

He takes in the Coachman, the two bandits -- not them. His eyes go to the closed carriage door.

MACLEOD

(to the Highwaymen;
mild)

You have chosen the wrong traveler,
gentlemen. I suggest you let this
coach pass.

The two highwaymen exchange a look. Then, with a shrug,

(CONTINUED)

1005 CONTINUED:

1005

HIGHWAYMAN #2

drops the reins, as though capitulating. Then WHOMP: the hilt of the sword sends the Coachman nose diving to the dirt.

Highwayman #1 swings his one loaded pistol around to aim at MacLeod.

HIGHWAYMAN #1

I suggest you ride on, stranger.

MACLEOD

charges forward.

THE HIGHWAYMAN

fires as MacLeod ducks low over his horse's neck. The projectile misses. MacLeod crashes against Highwayman #1, knocking him to the ground.

HIGHWAYMAN #1

doesn't know what hit him as MacLeod thunders by.

MACLEOD

sword out, rides down on Highwayman #2. Highwayman #2 raises his own sword to defend himself, but MacLeod's strength and momentum are too much -- the sabre is knocked from his hand by MacLeod's first blow.

HIGHWAYMAN #1

scrambles to his hands and knees and reloads. As MacLeod turns to face him, he fires at

MACLEOD

The bullet hits him in his left shoulder. He falls from his horse. He comes to his feet quickly, grabbing up his sword.

BOTH HIGHWAYMEN

are coming at him, swords in hand.

MACLEOD

(to the coach's
occupant)

Hello in the coach!

MACLEOD

has his hands full defending himself against their blows, circling, parrying first one, then the other.

(CONTINUED)

1005 CONTINUED: (2)

1005

He backs against the coach to protect his flanks and calls out to the coach's unseen occupant.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Any time you would care to join me.

(beat)

Now would be appropriate.

HIGHWAYMAN #1

gets over-confident, steps too close.

MACLEOD

envelops his sword, disarming him, and cold cocks him with the hilt of his sword. As he falls, MacLeod picks up the Highwayman's fallen sword. He turns, a sword in each hand, to face

HIGHWAYMAN #2

who reacts to MacLeod's look and backs toward his horse. His momma didn't raise no fool. As he mounts and gallops away

MACLEOD

bloodied, battered and annoyed, angrily yanks open the coach door.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

You carry a sword. Why did you not use it?

First a blade appears at MacLeod's throat. The blade is followed by

KRISTIN

Immortal, beautiful, sexy, sophisticated in a hard sort of way, steps down from the coach. She is a heart stopper. MacLeod backs away.

KRISTIN

I could use it now.

(with a smile)

But then I could not do this.

She smiles winningly, drops her sword to her side and kisses MacLeod on his lips.

And off MacLeod's thunderstruck reaction --

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1005A EXT. MACLEOD'S VICTORIAN - DAY

1005A

MacLeod and Richie are busy working on the house together.

MacLeod is doing some finish work. Richie is hauling insulation.

RICHIE

(re the house)

How any more weeks till you figure it's done?

MACLEOD

About three.

(re a tool)

Hand me that, will you?

Richie hands him the tool.

RICHIE

I gotta tell you, when you first bought it, I thought you'd gone a little crazy.

(beat)

Figured it was some sort of mid-Life crisis.

(beat)

Do Immortals have mid-life crises?

MACLEOD

Only if they live long enough.

RICHIE

I hope when I hit four hundred, I go out and buy an old Corvette or Harley or something. That is, if they still have old Harleys or Corvettes.

(beat)

What do you think it's gonna be like in four hundred years?

MACLEOD

I haven't the faintest idea.

RICHIE

You know whenever I get bummed about not being able to have kids ... or a regular life, or the fact that someone may come along who I never met and cut my head off, I start thinking about the things I might get to see.

(CONTINUED)

1005A CONTINUED:

1005A

MACLEOD

There's definitely an upside to being
Immortal.

(beat)

In four hundred years you might be
racing an old starship instead of an
old Harley.

RICHIE

You think things could really change
that much?

MACLEOD

When I was your age the fastest way
to travel was on a horse, and the
only things that flew were birds.

Richie picks up a drill and moves to a doorway to place a
couple hinges.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I'll do that.

RICHIE

It's okay. I got it.

MACLEOD

No, really.

RICHIE

I know how to hang a door.

MACLEOD

I'm sure you do.

RICHIE

You don't trust me.

MACLEOD

Richie, I trust you with my life.

RICHIE

Just not with hanging the door.

MACLEOD

I didn't say that.

RICHIE

Not in so many words.

(beat)

One of these days I'm gonna be better
than you at something.

MACLEOD

You already are.

(CONTINUED)

1005A CONTINUED: (2)

1005A

RICHIE

Right.

(checking his watch)

I gotta get going. I'm having dinner
with my old foster mother and her
family.

MACLEOD

Have a good time.

As Richie moves off.

RICHIE

(with a smile)

Mac, when we race those starships...

(beat)

I'm gonna whip your ass.

MACLEOD

We'll see.

As MacLeod smiles and watches him go.

1006 INT. KRISTIN AGENCY - DAY

1006

RICHIE and MARIA walk down a corridor lined with blow-ups of
glamour shots, towards the Kristin Agency. Models as
beautiful as the ones in the photos pass them in the corridor.

Maria, 18, is pretty, slim and has legs that won't quit.

She's like a little sister to Richie -- the daughter of a
woman from the old neighborhood.

MARIA

When my mother told me she asked you
to come with me, I almost killed
her.

RICHIE

If you want me to go, I'm gone.

MARIA

No, I'm glad you're here.
(nervously)
We're not late, are we?

RICHIE

Maria, we're a half hour early.
Will you relax?

MARIA

I can't... You know what it means
if Kristin signs me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1006 CONTINUED:

1006

MARIA (CONT'D)

I was up all night thinking about
it.

(sudden fear)

Oh God, I don't look it, do I?

RICHIE

You look beautiful. Stunning.
Perfect.

Maria relaxes slightly, glowing with the praise. Richie
keeps it up.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

You're a Ferrari among Fords.

(beat)

A Dior among Deadheads.

Maria laughs and gives him a quick squeeze.

MARIA

I get the picture, Richie. Thanks.

1007 INT. KRISTIN AGENCY - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

1007

Richie holds the door open to let Maria pass -- and gets the
BUZZ.

There are maybe four MODEL WANNABES waiting, and Richie scans
them, looking for the Immortal.

Suddenly, all heads turn to:

THE INNER SANCTUM DOORS

As KRISTIN appears. Kristin doesn't enter a room, she takes
it. She glances at Maria, locks eyes with Richie.

KRISTIN

(offering her hand)

Kristin.

RICHIE

Richie Ryan.

(indicating)

Maria Alcobar. Your eleven o'clock
appointment?

KRISTIN

And you two are... together?

MARIA

Richie's like family.

(CONTINUED)

1007 CONTINUED:

1007

RICHIE

I'm just here for moral support.

KRISTIN

(with a smile)

Come right in. Both of you.

MARIA

(off the waiting wannabes)

We're a little early.

KRISTIN

(touch of ice)

They can wait.

She hasn't taken her eyes off Richie.

1008 INT. KRISTIN AGENCY - KRISTIN'S OFFICE - DAY

1008

The office is pure elegance but not frilly; softlit and warm. Kristin sits on the edge of her desk, making quite sure Richie is aware of her world class set of gams, paging through Maria's slim portfolio. Note: There is a seascape of the Normandy coast behind her.

MARIA

I had shorter hair here. I'm letting it grow. I could make it short again if you wanted.

KRISTIN

These photos don't do you justice.

She closes the book, moves to stand over Maria. Puts her hands on her shoulders and raises her to stand. It's commanding, almost sensual.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

There's a certain look, a quality, a glow... not many have it.

Maria is almost breathless with the possibility that Kristin is interested in her.

MARIA

Me -- ?

Kristin releases her, moves around her, regarding her critically, tucking back a lock of hair, adjusting Maria like a Barbie doll.

KRISTIN

(at Richie)

You.

(CONTINUED)

1008 CONTINUED:

1008

Kristin appears to be speaking to Maria, but her eyes are on Richie. She is directing her comments toward him, letting him know she means him.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

Discovering raw talent is what I do best. That's why I've opened an agency here.

MARIA

I've done a couple of local ads, nothing major yet.

KRISTIN

I think you'll be too busy for local ads, Maria.

(beat)

I'll have Gustav do new photos, get this portfolio in shape, start sending you out.

RICHIE

You're gonna sign her?

KRISTIN

(her double-meaning clear)

When I see potential, I grab it.

(to Maria, but still with an eye on Richie)

Young people need a mentor. A guiding hand.

(to Richie)

Don't you agree?

RICHIE

Absolutely.

MARIA

You just tell me what to do, I'll do it.

KRISTIN

(a slow smile)

I know we're going to have a great future together. All of us.

She leans over provocatively, giving Richie reason to catch his breath, and punches the Intercom button on her phone.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

Amy, draw up a contract and take Maria down to Lilliane. See what she can do with her hair.

(CONTINUED)

1008 CONTINUED: (2)

1008

Maria can't repress a squeal of delight. She gives Richie a huge hug. Amy enters and guides Maria out.

MARIA

I can't believe this is happening.

Kristin turns to Richie.

KRISTIN

I meant what I said, Richie. I know
promise when I see it.

(beat)

I think we have a lot to explore.

Richie gets the message. Their eyes lock.

1009 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY

1009

Samples of different kinds of wood trim are spread on the counter.

MacLeod is going over them, trying different combinations, making decisions.

He gets the BUZZ and moves to the side door. Pulls it open to find:

METHOS

a little ruffled, just off the plane, a duffelbag over one shoulder.

METHOS

Candygram.

MacLeod is surprised and pleased. He swings the door wide.

MACLEOD

Methos! Or is it Adam today?

METHOS

(as he enters)

Only you and Joe know that I'm Methos
the Immortal. To the rest of the
world, I'm still Adam Pierson, mild-
mannered Watcher.

MACLEOD

(a hint of a smile)

Whoever you are, mi casa es su casa.

Methos acknowledges the subtle jibe with a nod as they move into the loft.

(CONTINUED)

1009 CONTINUED:

1009

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

How's Paris?

METHOS

A lot quieter since you left.

Methos notices the collection of wood trim on the counter.

METHOS (CONT'D)

Taking up whittling?

MACLEOD

Renovating an old house.

METHOS

It's good to keep busy.

MacLeod goes to the fridge, grabs two beers, puts one on the counter in front of Methos.

MACLEOD

So, what brings the five thousand year old man to me?

METHOS

Kristin's in town. She's just opened a branch of her agency.

He's expecting a reaction. MacLeod stays calm, like it means nothing.

MACLEOD

So?

METHOS

So... I thought you should know.

MACLEOD

Okay... Now I know.

(off Methos' look)

It's over. History. Done.

METHOS

If you say so.

(beat; disingenuous)

You've got a friend, Richie Ryan?

(beat)

He met her yesterday morning.

MacLeod reacts to that, looks at Methos sharply.

MACLEOD

He didn't say anything to me.

Methos looks at his watch.

(CONTINUED)

1009 CONTINUED: (2)

1009

METHOS

Probably because he hasn't gotten
out of bed yet.

1010 INT. RICHIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

1010

A droplet runs down a very steamed up window. We pull back
to reveal the source: Kristin's head is working its way north,
as she "love bites" Richie's chest. Richie is having trouble
breathing. Kristin has found all his E-zones.

RICHIE

(panting, overwhelmed)
Un-bee-leave-able. You are absolutely
unbelievable. I didn't even know
some of those things were possible.

KRISTIN

(warmly)
Anything's possible. All you have
to do is want it bad enough.

Richie gives her a look.

RICHIE

(doesn't quite know
how to say it)
I've been with other women before...

KRISTIN

(cutting in)
None like me.
(off his nod)
That's because there is no one like
me... or like you.

RICHIE

Yeah... sure.

Kristin lifts up Richie's chin.

KRISTIN

(beat)
I mean it. You make me feel
beautiful, Richie.

RICHIE

You are beautiful.
(beat)
So... are we gonna do this again?

KRISTIN

Would you like to?
(off Richie's nod)
Then we'll do it again.

(CONTINUED)

1010 CONTINUED:

1010

 RICHIE
 (hopefully)
 Now?

 KRISTIN
 (pushes him back)
 Later.

Kristin somewhat abruptly reaches out of the bed, to a jumbled pile of her clothing, and pulls out her cell phone.

 RICHIE
 Who are you calling?

She holds up a silencing hand, speaks into the phone.

 KRISTIN
 Johann. Out front, ten minutes.

She gets out of bed and starts dressing.

 RICHIE
 You're leaving? I thought we'd have
 breakfast.

 KRISTIN
 Let's make it dinner tonight. I
 have to get to work.

Richie fumbles for his clothes. He clearly doesn't want to let her out of his sight.

 RICHIE
 I'll give you a ride.

 KRISTIN
 It's not necessary.

Richie frowns and Kristin is immediately all warmth again, leaning down to kiss him.

 KRISTIN (CONT'D)
 We have plenty of time to be together,
 Richie.
 (brisk)
 But now I have to prep Maria's shoot.

Richie reacts, sitting bolt upright.

 RICHIE
 Oh, my god, Maria! I have to pick
 her up!

He grabs for his clothes.

(CONTINUED)

1010 CONTINUED: (2)

1010

KRISTIN
(suspicious)
You guys are good friends?

RICHIE
Since we were kids. I was in one
foster home after another. Maria's
mom took me in for a while.
(beat)
Getting this job means a lot to her.

KRISTIN
It should -- and I'm sure you'll
find a way to thank me.

1011 EXT. RICHIE'S STREET - DAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

1011

As Kristin's limo turns the far corner and approaches, Kristin
and Richie emerge from the building. They stop on the curb
and she kisses him.

KRISTIN
Parting is such sweet sorrow.
(beat; a touch maternal)
Off you go.

RICHIE

has trouble throwing his leg over his bike.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
I'll see you at the shoot?

KRISTIN
Two o'clock.

RICHIE
(revving the bike)
Guaranteed.

Richie SCREECHES away.

KRISTIN

moves toward the limo as the driver opens the door for her.

Then, the BUZZ. She stops with a hand on the open door,
looks around.

MACLEOD'S T-BIRD

is pulling up, MacLeod and Methos in it.

(CONTINUED)

1011 CONTINUED:

1011

MACLEOD

spots Kristin and is out of the car almost before it's parked, moving toward her.

MACLEOD

Kristin!

KRISTIN

(to the driver)

It's all right, Johann. He's an old friend.

TRANSITION TO:

1012 INT. KRISTIN'S BATHCHAMBER - NORMANDY - 1659 - DAY

1012

The door of the bathchamber opening as MacLeod is soaking, dozing and luxuriating in a high-backed copper tub.

KRISTIN (O.S.)

A work of art.

KRISTIN

stands in the doorway -- holding her hands to form an imaginary frame.

MacLeod is a little startled as he opens his eyes. Modesty causes him to reach for his clothes, and finds them gone.

MACLEOD

Where are my clothes? They were right here.

KRISTIN

The servants took them.

MACLEOD

To clean?

KRISTIN

To burn.

MACLEOD

What?!

He starts up, then realizes he's better covered under water and stays in the tub.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I have no others. What will I travel in?

(CONTINUED)

1012 CONTINUED:

1012

KRISTIN

Who said you were going anywhere?

With a suggestive smile, she holds up something made of blue velvet.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

I think this is more appropriate attire for a gentleman, no?

MacLeod holds his hands out for her to bring it over.

MACLEOD

Hand them over and leave.

But she doesn't move.

KRISTIN

Come and get them.

MACLEOD

Don't think I won't.

KRISTIN

(a knowing smile)
I'm hoping you will.

MacLeod hesitates a moment.

MACLEOD

(as a threat)
I'm getting up.

KRISTIN

I can't wait.

MACLEOD

I really mean it.

Kristin doesn't move.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Have you no shame?

KRISTIN

None whatsoever.

ANGLE ON KRISTIN

as MacLeod emerges from the bath. We see his bare back; she's got a view of the front.

She checks him out from head to toe. Likes what she sees.

(CONTINUED)

1012 CONTINUED: (2)

1012

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

I think I can work with you.

MACLEOD

All work and no play...

As he moves toward her, we STAY on the tub, hearing only Kristin's startled O.S. giggle.

1013 INT. KRISTIN'S BATHCHAMBER - LATER

1013

MacLeod is dressed in the outfit Kristin brought him -- a very fashionable, somewhat dandy, outfit. Think seventeenth century Armani. Kristin is doing a slow 360 around him, checking, adjusting, admiring.

KRISTIN

Aren't these preferable to the muddy rags you were wearing?

MACLEOD

Those muddy rags have seen me through many's the hard day and night.

KRISTIN

That much is obvious.
(adjusting his shirt)
Now tell me you do not prefer the feel of velvet and silk.

MACLEOD

Aye... it is pleasant, at that.

She steps back to regard his appearance with a critical eye.

KRISTIN

Yes ... You'll be quite presentable.
With proper tutoring, of course.

MACLEOD

(defensive)
I can read.

Kristin smiles that disarming smile that has brought centuries of men to their knees.

KRISTIN

Of course you can. But there is more in life to learn than reading.

1014 INT. KRISTIN'S BEDCHAMBER - 1659 - NIGHT - SOMETIME LATER

1014

MacLeod is wearing another outfit and he's polishing up nicely, but he seems a little restless.

(CONTINUED)

1014 CONTINUED:

1014

KRISTIN

hands him a wine goblet and he tastes it.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

Well?

MACLEOD

It's good.

KRISTIN

Is it a burgundy or a claret?

MACLEOD

Claret.

She pours him another and offers it to him.

KRISTIN

And this?

MACLEOD

I do not care.

KRISTIN

What was that?

MACLEOD

Does knowing about wine or silk give me a stouter heart or a stronger sword arm?

KRISTIN

No, but it may make you a gentleman.

MACLEOD

No thank you. The gentlemen I've known I wouldn't care to imitate.

KRISTIN

Fine... If you want to remain Duncan MacLeod, the Highland barbarian the rest of your life... so be it.

MACLEOD

Duncan Macleod is what I am, Kristin. Not some silken fop.

(beat)

All this, the clothes, the wine, mean nothing. It is all appearance. There is no meaning to it.

KRISTIN

And no meaning to me?

(CONTINUED)

1014 CONTINUED: (2)

1014

MACLEOD

That is not what I meant.

KRISTIN

I thought you liked it here with me.

(beat)

Do I not give you pleasure?

MACLEOD

Yes!

(beat)

You have given me great pleasure.

KRISTIN

(beat)

And you do care about me?

MACLEOD

I care about you a great deal, but
all this ... It's not me. It's not
right.

KRISTIN

Then I'll make it right.

She kisses him.

1015 EXT. WOODS - NORMANDY - 1659 - DAY

1015

MacLeod is out walking alone down a path deep in thought
when he gets the BUZZ. Kristin rides up behind him.

She is dressed differently, a little softer than before,
looking not quite as fashionable, dressed as a lady from the
Highlands. She dismounts. She smiles at MacLeod. It seems
a little forced.

KRISTIN

Surprise.

MACLEOD

(re the dress)

What's this?

KRISTIN

I had it made specially.

(beat)

Tell me, do I look like a Highland
lass?

MacLeod looks at her a moment.

MACLEOD

You look beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

1015 CONTINUED:

1015

KRISTIN

You really think so?

(beat)

When we first met I thought I would
remake you in my image. Instead,
you have remade me in yours.

There's something MacLeod wants to say.

MACLEOD

Kristin, this is not the answer.

KRISTIN

You have not heard the best part.

(beat)

I have employed Louise Barton to do
your portrait and my tailors have
found the perfect fabric. You will
be Duncan MacLeod of the Clan MacLeod.

MACLEOD

What is this for?

KRISTIN

To remind me of you after you're
gone.

MACLEOD

(after a beat)

All right, I'll sit for the portrait
but after that...

KRISTIN

(suddenly cold)

You will not leave me, Duncan
MacLeod.. :

(off his look; suddenly
sweet)

Because you will not want to.

Kristin's hand lightly rests on MacLeod's arm.

TRANSITION TO:

1016 EXT. RICHIE'S STREET - DAY

1016

MacLeod's hand grips Kristin's arm. Kristin eyes his hand
on her arm.

KRISTIN

(ironic)

You've missed me that much?

(CONTINUED)

1016 CONTINUED:

1016

MACLEOD

(tightly)

Leave Richie alone.

KRISTIN

After all these years, Duncan, are
you jealous?

MACLEOD

I never was.

(beat)

He's my friend.

KRISTIN

And now he's my friend.

(off his black silence)

He's a big boy. He wants me. I
want him.

(hot)

You do remember what that feels like?

MACLEOD

Stay away from him, Kristin.

KRISTIN

Or what? You're going to kill me?
Tell me, do you kill all your lovers
when you're through with them?

MACLEOD

is not going to fight her. She knows it. He knows it.

Hell, Methos knows it. He reluctantly releases her arm.

KRISTIN

smugly steps into her limo and the Driver closes the door.

He gets behind the wheel and the limo pulls away.

MACLEOD

is fuming -- Methos watches him.

METHOS

Round one to Kristin.

And on MacLeod's expression we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

1017 INT. DOJO - DAY

1017

MacLeod is doing a kata with his sword as Methos enters.

Methos watches him for a moment. MacLeod finishes.

METHOS
(re the sword)
Nice piece of work.
(holding out his hand)
May I?

MACLEOD

distracted, hands it to him.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Here.

METHOS

is on MacLeod immediately. He presses the sword to MacLeod's neck and forces him back to the wall.

MACLEOD
Not funny, Methos.

METHOS
Not supposed to be.
(bemused)
Not only are you naive... now you're
weaponless. How have you lived this
long? Do you know how many Immortals
she's killed? You want a list?

MACLEOD

is less than happy about having the sword to his throat.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
You've made your point.

METHOS
Have I?
(his point:)
On day she's going to kill you.

MACLEOD
She's tried before.

(CONTINUED)

1017 CONTINUED:

1017

METHOS

You're better with a blade. Yes.

You're stronger. Yes.

(beat)

But if you keep letting her walk away, one day she'll get lucky and take your head.

(with emphasis)

Yes.

MACLEOD

seems to consider it. He's actually subtly shifting his weight as he distracts Methos with:

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Oh, I don't know. She'll probably stop to gloat, like you, and then --

MacLeod hooks Methos's ankle with one foot, pushes the arm with the sword away -- Methos is on his ass in a twinkple. MacLeod grabs another katana off the wall and squares off.

METHOS

scrambles to his feet and goes into the counter position. They circle each other, senses alert.

METHOS (CONT'D)

Great, you knock me on my ass for making a bad joke ... That's very macho. But letting her walk away without taking a shot.

(beat)

That's very suicidal.

MACLEOD

You know what she was to me.

METHOS

And I know what she is. She's a killer. Treat her like one.

Methos' hand reaches for to MacLeod's shoulder. His hand becomes the

TRANSITION TO:

1018 EXT. GAZEBO BY THE SEA NORMANDY - 1660 DAY

1018

Hand that guides the stroke of a paintbrush. The paintbrush belongs to society painter LOUISE BARTON, 26.

Underneath her demure exterior is real strength.

(CONTINUED)

1018 CONTINUED:

1018

She's working on a full-length portrait of MacLeod, who stands posing nearby, leaning on his sword, perfectly attired as a Clansman.

The portrait is close to completion. Kristin stands behind Louise, looking it over.

KRISTIN

Are you not yet finished, Louise?

LOUISE

I know it's taken longer than we agreed. I'm not totally happy with the light.

KRISTIN

(with a touch of doubt)

Perhaps.

(crossing to MacLeod)

I believe you've captured the subject beautifully. But he should look happier.

LOUISE

(a touch irreverent)

I cannot paint what is not there, madame.

(eyeing MacLeod)

Perhaps he has little to be happy about.

KRISTIN

(brushing it off)

He has me.

(beat)

You will paint him as I wish.

LOUISE

(stifling a smile)

Yes, Madame.

Kristin runs her hand over MacLeod's chest, quite territorial, and familiar. She adjusts his collar.

MacLeod submits, but he's clearly uncomfortable.

KRISTIN

Behave yourself or we'll never see the end of these sittings.

Finishing her touch-up, Kristin moves away. As she gets into her carriage, MacLeod and Louise lock eyes. There's heat, the electricity of an unconsummated relationship.

(CONTINUED)

1018 CONTINUED: (2)

1018

LOUISE
(as a confession)
She's right. This should have been
done weeks ago.

MacLeod moves to Louise.

MACLEOD
I know.
(re the painting)
You have made me look sad.

LOUISE
It's your eyes. They've seen so
much more than she thinks.

MACLEOD
And what do your eyes see?

Louise turns away. He puts his hand on her shoulder.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
It's in your eyes. It's in my eyes.
For months now I've seen it. Why
can we not talk about it?

LOUISE
Because you are not free. You're
with the lady.

MACLEOD
She does not own me.

LOUISE
You'd leave her life? You'd leave
her bed?

MACLEOD
The moment the painting is done, I
will take my leave.

LOUISE
You do not love her?

MACLEOD
How can I, when I love you?

He puts out his hand and she takes it.

LOUISE
Promise.

MACLEOD
(with a smile)
Here is my promise.

(CONTINUED)

1018 CONTINUED: (3) 1018

He kisses her...

1019 INT. KRISTIN'S BEDCHAMBER - NORMANDY - NIGHT 1019

A table is set for a private dinner for two lit candles, covered dishes, a bottle of wine. Kristin, in a dressing gown, moves to the table as MacLeod enters, dressed in a plainer, almost sensible -- but still exquisitely tailored -- outfit. MacLeod's portrait sits on an easel nearby.

KRISTIN

I had Armand make us something special tonight. The first rabbit of spring.

She pours out the wine, hands him the goblet.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

Lord Albrecht sent it. Try.

MACLEOD

No, thank you.

He puts it down. Kristin misinterprets his dismissal of the meal.

KRISTIN

You are not hungry?

She starts to move in on him with a purr. He steps back hastily, holding her at arm's length.

MACLEOD

Kristin, I --
(this is hard)
You have been very special to me.
And you have done so much. More
than I can repay.

Kristin's beginning to sense where this is going.

KRISTIN

What are you trying to say?

MACLEOD

That I will always be grateful.

Kristin stares at him, disbelieving. He's dumping her?

KRISTIN

It's that painter, isn't it?

MACLEOD

It was not something either of us
sought out. It simply happened.

(CONTINUED)

1019 CONTINUED:

1019

KRISTIN

(shakes her head)

Nothing simply happens. The little bitch planned it all.

MACLEOD

There was no plan.

KRISTIN

(patronizing)

You can't see how she's manipulated you.

(beat)

You're too young to know how women can be.

MACLEOD

I'm not too young to know that I love her.

KRISTIN

You can't love her, you love me!

(beat)

You told me that I brought you pleasure. I can bring you more.

MACLEOD

Kristin... I care for you greatly, but I don't love you. Please, let us part as friends.

KRISTIN

Friends? I gave you everything. Now you take my heart and tear it from my breast ... and you want to be my friend.

(ballistic)

You're mine, do you understand?! You were nothing when you came to me!

(tearing at him)

I made you.

MACLEOD

(quietly)

Goodbye, Kristin.

He turns away. She grabs him.

KRISTIN

I decide when you go -- not some interfering little sow with a paintbrush.

(CONTINUED)

1019 CONTINUED: (2)

1019

He holds her off, pushes her away a little harder than he intended.

MACLEOD

I wish this had ended differently.

He turns to leave. He doesn't see

KRISTIN

pull her sword from under the bed and run at him.

MACLEOD

literally doesn't see it coming. His face changes to complete astonishment as he turns at a sound behind him. It saves his life as Kristin's sword cuts his side.

He pulls his own sword and manages to block her downward blow, aiming for his head. He rolls aside and manages to get to his feet, holding his injury with one hand. Looks at the wild-eyed Kristin like a complete stranger.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

KRISTIN

Taking what is mine!

KRISTIN

attacks MacLeod like a woman possessed. What she lacks in finesse she makes up for with pure fury.

MACLEOD

is in a total defensive mode -- and the battle rages around the bedchamber. Chairs are overturned, drapes are slashed, and jugs are smashed. MacLeod keeps retreating, just trying to stay alive.

KRISTIN

lunges too far, leaving an opening. MacLeod steps inside her defense and grabs her arm, hard, and twists. Her desperation is no match for his sheer strength -- she's forced to drop her sword.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

And now you kill me.

He stares at her. She's sweaty and panting, eyes crazed. So unlike the Kristin he lay with.

(CONTINUED)

1019 CONTINUED: (3)

1019

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

You might as well. What do I have
to live for?

(off his hesitation)

Go on.

MacLeod kicks her sword aside, lowers his own.

MACLEOD

I cannot.

MacLeod backs to the door - then turns on heel at the last
few steps and exits with his back to Kristin.

ON KRISTIN'S

look of cold hatred. She lifts her sword and hacks away at
MacLeod's painting. Her sword becomes --

TRANSITION TO:

1020 INT. DOJO - DAY - RESUME

1020

A sword in the present as MacLeod and Methos spar across the
Dojo, friendly but intense. Methos puts up the good fight --
but he's in retreat.

MACLEOD

You're using Bonetti's Defense against
me?

METHOS

It's working.

MACLEOD

with a flourish, disarms methos -- and surprisingly moves in
for the kill.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Not anymore.

METHOS

is pinned against the wall, the sword to his throat.

METHOS (CONT'D)

I gotta start practicing more. New
guys come along, new techniques...

MACLEOD

It's called progress.

(CONTINUED)

1020 CONTINUED:

1020

METHOS

(sober)

So get with it. Before Kristin
kills you and your friend.

Before MacLeod can answer, they both react to THE BUZZ.

RICHIE

enters and is taken aback to the sight of MacLeod with a
sword to Methos' throat.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Hello? Is this for real?

METHOS

(dismayed)

God forbid.

MACLEOD

steps back, lowering the sword.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Just making a point.

Methos steps forward, extending a hand to Richie, forestalling
any introduction MacLeod might make.

METHOS

Adam Pierson. You must be Richie.
Zorro here speaks very highly of
you.

RICHIE

Nice to meet you.

(to MacLeod,
enthusiastic)

I gotta tell you about this woman I
met.

And as MacLeod and Methos exchange a look, we go --

1021 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY - LATER

1021

Methos hovers in the background as:

RICHIE

(passionate)

You're wrong about her, Mac. She's
not like that.

(trying to convince
him)

She's beautiful, smart, generous.

(CONTINUED)

1021 CONTINUED:

1021

MACLEOD

That's how it starts. But it ends
with her trying to kill you.

RICHIE

No way... Not me.
(means it)
We have this thing between us.
It's like an electrical connection.
(beat)
Why can't you understand that?

METHOS

(to MacLeod, wry)
They didn't have electricity when
you knew her.

MACLEOD

(ignoring him)
Richie, I've been there.

RICHIE

(to MacLeod)
Mac, maybe that's the problem. You've
"been there, done that." But this is
all new to me. You guys didn't work
out. Maybe you just weren't right
for each other.

MACLEOD

But she's right for you?

RICHIE

I don't know, I've only known her a
couple of days. But when I see her,
it's just, Zing, you know? Everything
about her...
(beat, incredulous)
You want me to give that up?

MACLEOD

I want you to trust me, Richie.
Kristin's not for you.

RICHIE

(beat)
You know, sometimes you knowing
everything gets to be a real pain in
the ass.
(beat)
Later.

RICHIE

grabs his helmet and heads for the door.

(CONTINUED)

1021 CONTINUED: (2)

1021

MACLEOD

looks after him, unhappy about the situation.

MACLEOD

He's not listening to me.

METHOS

How could he? She's got him tingling
in places he didn't know he had.

(beat)

Maybe he needs room to make his own
mistakes.

MACLEOD

Even if it gets him killed?

MacLeod heads for the door.

1022 INT. PHOTO SHOOT - DAY

1022

Butterfly nets, reflectors, strobe lights are set up for a
photo shoot. Maria comes out of a trailer looking sexy,
stylish, and one item of clothing light. Kristin is
conferring with the Photographer.

KRISTIN

I want you to give it the Gustav
magic, Darling. Make her look like
a Kristin girl.

She steers Maria up onto the platform.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

Make the little boys cry, Sweetheart.

As Maria poses and the Photographer snaps, Kristin moves a
few steps away, where Richie is watching. Maria glances
over and Richie gives her a thumbs-up.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

(mock angry)

You were late.

RICHIE

I know, I'm sorry.

KRISTIN

It's all right this time, but Maria
has to be careful.

(with significance)

When you're just starting out, you
have to make a good impression.

(CONTINUED)

1022 CONTINUED:

1022

RICHIE

It was my fault.
(his most winning
smile)
Forgive me?

KRISTIN

(teasing, all is
forgiven)
That depends. Where were you?

RICHIE

With a mutual friend, Duncan MacLeod.

Kristin pretends to think about it.

KRISTIN

(vague)
We had a moment... a long time ago...
but he was too young. Too possessive.
It even came to swords between us
once.
(beat)
I finally had to send him away.
(a little laugh)
Don't tell me he's jealous?

Before he can answer, they get the BUZZ. MacLeod is approaching. Kristin plasters on a fake smile as MacLeod reaches them.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

Duncan. How charming to see you
again.

He ignores her, speaks directly to Richie. His tone is gentler -- he really wants to get through to Richie.

MACLEOD

Richie, I've been wrong a lot of
times in my life, but this is not
one of them. You have to believe
me.

Kristin takes Richie's hand.

KRISTIN

(to Richie)
He's jealous.

Richie moves to MacLeod.

RICHIE

You're not my father, Mac.

(CONTINUED)

1022 CONTINUED: (2)

1022

MACLEOD

I'm your friend.

RICHIE

Then do me a favor... friend... Go away.

Richie moves away. MacLeod spins him back.

MACLEOD

And let her kill you. Because that's what she'll do when you try and leave her.

RICHIE

It'll never happen.

MACLEOD

It did to me.

(beat)

The woman is disturbed. You'd know that if you'd just open your eyes.

RICHIE

There you go, telling me what I know.

(beat)

I think this is because she wants me and not you.

MACLEOD

Then you're a fool.

Richie turns back to Kristin and kisses her hard on the mouth.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(ice)

Fine. You're on your own.

MacLeod walks away from the scene. Kristin takes Richie's hand and watches MacLeod go. Richie doesn't look happy.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

1023 EXT. MACLEOD'S VICTORIAN - DAY

1023

MacLeod, with help from Methos, is fitting a new porch stair into place. The join where the staircase meets the deck is a tight fit and MacLeod hammers it into place angrily.

MACLEOD

He wasn't listening to a word I said.
He'd already made up his mind.

METHOS

(mild)
That happens.
(beat)
This must be what it's like to have
kids.

MACLEOD

You think so?

METHOS

You do your best to teach them what
you know, set them on the right path --
and then you have to stand back.

MACLEOD

And watch them make the same idiotic
mistakes you did.
(beat)
I tried to warn him. What else could
I do?

METHOS

You could tell him the rest of it.

MACLEOD

(stubborn)
There is nothing else.

METHOS

Since when is murder nothing else?

As MacLeod reacts, we --

TRANSITION TO:

1024 EXT. GAZEBO BY THE SEA - NORMANDY - 1660 - DAY

1024

MacLeod rides over to the little gazebo where Louise's easel and paints are set up. He dismounts and unstraps a 17th century picnic basket and blanket.

(CONTINUED)

1024 CONTINUED:

1024

MACLEOD

(calling)

Where's my starving artist?

MACLEOD

puts the basket and blanket down in the gazebo and scans the immediate environs.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(louder)

Louise?

MACLEOD'S POV - UP THE BEACH

A knot of PEOPLE are gathered on the shoreline.

MACLEOD

races towards the scene.

1025 EXT. WATER'S EDGE - NORMANDY - 1660 - DAY

1025

The PEOPLE are gathered around the body of a drowned woman.

MACLEOD

(pushing through)

Let me through. What has happened?

WOMAN

It is a drowning, Sir. Thomas found her.

MACLEOD

No...

WOMAN

(with pity)

And she was so young.

MACLEOD

pushes closer for a look.

THE CORPSE

soaking wet, is clad in a familiar dress. It's Louise.

MACLEOD

falls to his knees beside the body, pulling her into his arms.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Oh, Louise, no...

(CONTINUED)

1025 CONTINUED:

1025

THE ONLOOKERS

step back a bit, out of shock and respect. The Woman who spoke to MacLeod touches his shoulder with compassion.

WOMAN

Perhaps a wave took her.

MacLeod is beyond answering. His trembling hand smooths the wet hair off Louise's pale, drowned face. She's cold in his arms.

1026 INT. KRISTIN'S BEDCHAMBER - NORMANDY - 1660 DAY

1026

MacLeod enters, full of hurt and anger.

KRISTIN

Duncan, how nice to...
(off his look)
Has something happened?

MACLEOD

(cold)
Louise is dead.

KRISTIN

I'm so sorry.

She reaches out to him.

MACLEOD

(incredulous)
What are you?
(beat)
Damn you! You did this!

KRISTIN

What are you saying?

MACLEOD

You killed her!
(in anguish)
If you hated me so much, why didn't
you come after me?

KRISTIN

(in shock)
Duncan, how can you think that? I
was angry when I attacked before. I
was hurt, but I'd never really hurt
you... or her.
(wounded)
I love you. How can you think me
such a monster?

(CONTINUED)

1026 CONTINUED:

1026

MACLEOD

wavers. Kristin seems sincere.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

You swear you did not harm her?

KRISTIN

If you really believe I did such a thing, Duncan... and you really loved her...

(brushing back her hair to reveal her neck)

Then go ahead and strike. Either believe me or kill me now.

He stares at her. Maybe he was wrong.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

You know I didn't do this.

She tries to reach for him, to stroke his face. He pulls back.

MACLEOD

I don't know.

Kristin reacts as though stung. Turns away.

KRISTIN

Then you don't know me.

TRANSITION TO:

1027 EXT. MACLEOD'S VICTORIAN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

1027

Methos and MacLeod are tacking long strips of molding on a railing.

METHOS

You let her walk away then, you let her walk away now. What exactly are you waiting for?

MACLEOD

I had no proof.

METHOS

Right.

He leans over the railing to meet MacLeod's gaze squarely.

(CONTINUED)

1027 CONTINUED:

1027

METHOS (CONT'D)

You know she killed Louise Barton.
Because you know what kind of woman
she is.

(beat)

If she were a man, she'd have been
dead 350 years ago.

(a sigh)

A couple of Spanish songwriters come
up with the idea of chivalry one
rainy day, and you embrace it as a
lifestyle.

MACLEOD

This is not about chivalry.

METHOS

(over him)

You live and die by a code of honor
that happened to be trendy when you
were a kid.

MACLEOD

Would you rather I had no code of
honor at all?

METHOS

I'd rather you survived. Put that
first.

MACLEOD

You think it's easy killing a woman
you've held in your arms? A woman
you've made love to?

METHOS

Take it from me, it's easier than
dying.

(beat)

Look at me, MacLeod. I didn't last
five thousand years by worrying about
anyone but myself.

There's a beat. MacLeod looks at him, weighing the cynicism,
and what's behind it. Finally:

MACLEOD

Could have fooled me.

1028 EXT. MARINA - EVENING (E)

1028

Maria and Richie walk and talk.

(CONTINUED)

1028 CONTINUED:

1028

RICHIE

So, what's the big news you wanted to tell me?

MARIA

The Taylor Agency called me. They told me if I signed with them, they'd send me to Martinique. Paul Marcel saw me and wants me to model his jeans.

RICHIE

Hey, congratulations. That's great. I knew you had it in you.

MARIA

(beat)

They said if this works out they'll send me on tour and feature me in their TV ads... It's a half a million dollar deal, Richie.

RICHIE

Sounds like a primo gig.

MARIA

There's just one problem.

(off his look)

The jeans company won't work with Kristin.

RICHIE

Maria.

(beat)

You signed an exclusive. She has to release you or you can't take the job.

MARIA

What do I do?

RICHIE

You want me to talk to her?

MARIA

Would you?

Richie dismisses it.

RICHIE

No problem. We're going to dinner tonight. I'll take care of it.

1029 INT. KRISTIN AGENCY - KRISTIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

1029

Kristin's at her desk, looking up at Richie in astonishment.

KRISTIN

You want me to what?

RICHIE

Release Maria from her contract.

He hasn't realized that Kristin is fuming.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

She got this other offer to model jeans from the Taylor Agency. It comes with a free trip to Martinique. I figured since you don't have any work for her right now...

KRISTIN

(dangerous)

I wouldn't mind.

RICHIE

(oblivious)

This could mean a lot to her. I thought you could work something out. Split the commission.

KRISTIN

(beat)

Maria is a Kristin Girl, Richie.

RICHIE

So?

KRISTIN

She'll have to turn them down.

RICHIE

You're not serious. It's a half a million dollars.

(beat)

You have a hundred other girls and a thousand more lined up outside.

KRISTIN

She has a contract.

RICHIE

So give her a break.

(expects this to work)

For me? A favor?

(CONTINUED)

1029 CONTINUED:

1029

KRISTIN

Absolutely not. Nobody leaves me.

Richie gets a look at the Kristin MacLeod warned him about.

RICHIE

(getting angry)

That's it? She blows off the chance of a lifetime because your feelings are hurt?

KRISTIN

I'm trying to run a business. If you'd pay attention, you'd learn something.

RICHIE

What, how to be a hardass?

KRISTIN

I only signed her because of you.

RICHIE

What do you mean because of me?

KRISTIN

She owes me, Richie, and so do you.

RICHIE

This is all too much... I'm outta here.

Kristin reacts.

KRISTIN

We're having dinner.

RICHIE

Not hungry.

She moves closer.

KRISTIN

(pressing him)

Not even for me?

RICHIE

Some other time.

KRISTIN

You're sleeping with that little bitch, aren't you?

RICHIE

Don't be stupid.

(CONTINUED)

1029 CONTINUED: (2)

1029

KRISTIN

You're not leaving me!

RICHIE

doesn't like this one bit. He heads for the door.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

MacLeod was right about you.

He doesn't make it to the door. He stops cold, his face a mask of pain as

KRISTIN

withdraws the sword from his back.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

Nobody leaves me! Not Maria, and certainly not you!

She swings for Richie's head. He just ducks away from the blade.

KRISTIN

comes in swinging. Richie, wounded, just barely manages to avoid the blow.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

NOBODY LEAVES ME!

Richie backs away.

RICHIE'S POV

The big window behind Kristin's desk. A lovely view of the harbor. A 35-story drop to the dockside below. And no other way out.

RESUME SCENE

As Kristin charges, Richie dives out of her path and THROUGH the window.

1030 EXT. HIGHRISE BUILDING - NIGHT

1030

As we see Richie plummet to his death on the pavement below.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

1031 EXT. DOJO - NIGHT

1031

1032 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT

1032

Richie -- torn, battered and bloody from his fall is pacing, agitated.

RICHIE

She went nuts. She would have killed me.

METHOS

Round two to Kristin.
(shaking his head)
You dumped her then you turned your back on her? Talk about the blind leading the visually challenged.

MacLeod and Richie exchange a look. Methos is right, of course -- which changes nothing.

MACLEOD

Where is she?

RICHIE

In her office.
(realizing)
You think she'll come after me?

MACLEOD

is suddenly on his feet.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

No. I think she'll go after someone close to you.

RICHIE

Maria?

Richie is already moving to the door.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I'll catch you later. I'm going to Maria's.

As Richie leaves, MacLeod grabs his coat and starts to move out, as well.

METHOS

And where are you going?

(CONTINUED)

1032 CONTINUED:

1032

MACLEOD

Kristin's.

Methos waits a beat, then is on his feet, following MacLeod.

METHOS

This I gotta see.

1033 EXT. KRISTIN'S BEACH HOUSE - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

1033

Kristin pours a glass of champagne for Maria, who sits on a lounge chair.

KRISTIN

You know, Maria, I put a lot of faith in you.

MARIA

(nervous)

I know. And I appreciate it.

KRISTIN

I put a lot on the line whenever I sign a new girl. My reputation, my name... my loyalty.

(slightly ominous)

I count on that loyalty being returned.

MARIA

(heart sinking)

Richie told you about Martinique.

KRISTIN

Yes, he did.

(sadly)

I wish you'd had more faith in me, Maria. If you'd stuck with me, I would have made you a star.

MARIA

Kristin, I don't know what to say.

KRISTIN

(with pity)

You could have been a Kristin Girl.

MARIA

(suppressing a yawn)

It's just that... they offered me so much...

KRISTIN

I don't care if they offered you the Prince of Wales. Nobody leaves me.

(CONTINUED)

1033 CONTINUED:

1033

Maria is being hit by waves of exhaustion, and is fighting to keep her eyes open. She's suddenly lost all her energy.

MARIA

I'm sorry, all of a sudden I can hardly keep my eyes open.

KRISTIN

takes the champagne flute before Maria drops it on the deck.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

There's nothing to be sorry about...
It's the drugs. It will make it all easier.

MARIA

is nearly out, and now it's clear she's totally stoned, not sleepy.

MARIA

It'll make... what... easier?

KRISTIN

takes a step back as Maria slumps to the ground.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

Drowning. Young model... drug
problem... tragic... happens all the
time.

1034 OMITTED

1034

1035 EXT. KRISTIN'S BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

1035

MacLeod and Methos jump out of the car. MacLeod draws his sword and makes his way to the house and the lights coming from the pool area. Methos follows, hands in his pockets -- this is MacLeod's fight.

1036 EXT. KRISTIN'S BEACH HOUSE - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

1036

Kristin has Maria under the arms, and pulls her towards the edge of the pool. She dumps her in the pool and stands over her with a self-satisfied look. Her look changes as she gets the BUZZ. She moves around the side of her beach house.

1037 EXT. KRISTIN'S BEACH HOUSE - SIDE - NIGHT

1037

She finds

(CONTINUED)

1037 CONTINUED:

1037

MACLEOD

approaching. Methos hangs back.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Kristin!

KRISTIN

Hello, Duncan.

MACLEOD

Where's Maria?

KRISTIN

(sweet)

How should I know?

MacLeod moves by her. Kristin moves with him.

MACLEOD

(tight)

Where is she, Kristin?

KRISTIN

(hurt)

You think I'd harm her? I was angry when I attacked Richie. I was hurt, but I'd never really hurt him... or you.

(beat)

I've always loved you, Duncan. How can you think me such a monster?

MACLEOD FLASHES

to 1660 to Louise dead in his arms and Kristin's voice playing over.

KRISTIN (O.S.)

Duncan, how can you think me such a monster.

BACK TO SCENE

MACLEOD

Because you are.

He moves around her and heads toward the pool where he sees MARIA floating face down in the pool.

KRISTIN

Forget her.

(CONTINUED)

1037 CONTINUED: (2)

1037

MACLEOD

sprints to the pool, tossing his coat aside, and dives in fully clothed. He swiftly brings Maria up to the side of the pool.

METHOS

is on his knees at the edge. He takes Maria under the arms as MacLeod hands her up to him. Together they get her up on the deck.

MACLEOD

looks up and sees

KRISTIN

moving off toward the beach.

MACLEOD

pulls himself out of the water and is quickly on his knees beside Maria, giving her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Come on, Maria ...

Maria coughs back to life, spitting water. She's disoriented and weak, but alive.

Methos helps her to sit up, wrapping his coat around her. MacLeod grimly retrieves his sword.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(to Methos)

Stay with her.

With that, he stalks off the deck in the direction Kristin went.

1038 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

1038

Kristin threads her way through a rocky cove. She's carrying her heeled shoes -- and should instead be wearing hiking boots.

KRISTIN

looks over her shoulder. MacLeod is easily covering the ground between them. Kristin looks for "high ground" and climbs to the highest of the rocks in the cove.

(CONTINUED)

1038 CONTINUED:

1038

MACLEOD

is coming at her like an juggernaut, leaping from rock to rock.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Kristin!

KRISTIN

backs away, trying a fragile look.

KRISTIN

You wouldn't hurt me. You can't.

MACLEOD

Why, Kristin?

KRISTIN

Because you left me. Because eventually they all leave me.

(beat)

Did you know that when I was twenty, Duncan, I was the most beautiful woman on the continent? Any man would have spent ten lifetimes... no, a hundred lifetimes with me.

MACLEOD

You still are beautiful.

KRISTIN

Am I? Then prove it. Come to me.

MACLEOD

That wouldn't prove anything, Kristin.

KRISTIN

(cold)

Then die.

She draws her sword and attacks.

MACLEOD

defends himself and returns the blow. He's not fighting defensively, this time -- he's fighting for real. He forces Kristin back, off the rocks, down to the shoreline. It's taking everything she's got to deflect his blows.

She reaches for a handful of sand to throw in his eyes, but the move is a mistake, it leaves her unprotected. MacLeod trips her and she falls back in the sand, losing her sword.

(CONTINUED)

1038 CONTINUED: (2)

1038

She looks up in real fear at MacLeod's sword raised over her.

MACLEOD

tightens, targets, hesitates -- and lowers his blade.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I...

(a beat)

Stay away from me. And stay away
from my friends.

MacLeod suddenly turns his back on Kristin and purposely strides away, up the beach.

KRISTIN

staggers to her feet, and gropes in the sand for her sword. She's got fire in her eyes.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

Bastard.

As her hand finds the hilt of her fallen sword.... The BUZZ.

METHOS

is on the beach, his sword drawn.

MACLEOD

is up the beach a bit, turning back in reaction to the Buzz.

METHOS

stands a few feet from Kristin, in fighting stance.

METHOS (CONT'D)

(iceman)

Pick it up.

KRISTIN

(irritated)

Who the hell are you?

METHOS

A man who was born long before the
age of chivalry.

(beat)

Pick it up and face me.

She raises her sword and runs at Methos. He steps out of the way of her thrust neatly, using a move he picked up from MacLeod in the earlier sparring scene.

(CONTINUED)

1038 CONTINUED: (3)

1038

Even as Kristin is turning back, Methos is setting himself for the death blow. He strikes.

KRISTIN

dies, falling into the tide.

METHOS

looks up at MacLeod.

METHOS (CONT'D)

Someone had to.

We GO OUT as the first blast of the Quickening hits.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

1039 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY

1039

MacLeod is standing at the counter going through a book of paint colors. A picture of the house is nearby (from previous episode). Both Richie and MacLeod re a little low. Richie points to a color.

RICHIE

That's not bad.

MACLEOD

You think so?

RICHIE

(beat)

Got a card from Maria. She says Martinique is beautiful.

MACLEOD

It is. You should go there sometime.

RICHIE

(a touch of pique)

So tell me, are you always gonna be right?

MACLEOD

I was almost seventy-five when I met her and I was still a kid. You'll catch up.

RICHIE

If I stay alive long enough.

Methos comes out of the elevator carrying a sack with beer.

METHOS

So, how we doing?

Richie looks at him a beat.

RICHIE

I'll catch you later.

He leaves.

MACLEOD

He'll get over it.

(CONTINUED)

1039 CONTINUED:

1039

METHOS

(beat)

She would have kept coming for you,
and one day she might have won.

MACLEOD

I know.

METHOS

And if you had it to do over again?
You still wouldn't kill her, would
you?

MACLEOD

Probably not.

METHOS

(shakes his head)

Duncan MacLeod of the Clan MacLeod.

MACLEOD

That's who I am.

METHOS

I guess somebody has to be.

(beat)

You'll get over it.

MACLEOD

Did you know Mencius?

Methos looks at him, wondering where he's going with this.

METHOS

A student of Confucius.

MACLEOD

(quoting)

"I dislike death indeed, but there
is that which I dislike more than
death."

METHOS

(finishing it)

"Therefore, there are occasions when
I will not avoid danger."

(beat)

Death before dishonor.

MACLEOD

(a shrug)

For some of us.

(CONTINUED)

1039 CONTINUED: (2)

1039

As they react, we:

FADE OUT.

THE END