



95419
DOUBLE JEOPARDY

Written by
David Tynan

Highlander

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Production #95419

February 2, 1996 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"Double Jeopardy"

Production #95419

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD

MORGAN D'ESTAING (formerly G'ESTAING -- PLEASE NOTE: New pages have not been issued to reflect this change.)

RENEE DELANEY

XAVIER ST. CLOUD

MANAGER

INSPECTOR DUFAY

PHILLIPE D'ESTAING (formerly G'ESTAING -- PLEASE NOTE: New pages have not been issued to reflect this change.)

ANGELA

CHARLOTTE D'ESTAING (formerly G'ESTAING -- PLEASE NOTE: New pages have not been issued to reflect this change.)

BERNARD D'ESTAING (formerly G'ESTAING -- PLEASE NOTE: New pages have not been issued to reflect this change.)

HASTINGS

WAITER

DETECTIVE

HIGHLANDER

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SET LISTINTERIORS

JEWELRY STORE
POLICE STATION
 /INSPECTOR DUFAY'S OFFICE
 /HALLWAY
WAREHOUSE
RENEE'S APARTMENT
 /BEDROOM

G'ESTAING CHATEAU - 1799/1802
 /ANOTHER HALLWAY
 /HALLWAY
 /PARLOR
 /BERNARD'S BEDROOM
G'ESTAING CHATEAU - THE PRESENT
 /PARLOR
RESTAURANT
G'ESTAING FAMILY CRYPT - 1799
JAIL
 /HALLWAY
 /CELL

EXTERIORS

MACLEOD'S BARGE
JEWELRY STORE
POLICE STATION
STREETS
STREETS OUTSIDE WAREHOUSE
RENEE'S APARTMENT
 /STREET OUTSIDE
G'ESTAING CHATEAU - 1799/1802
 /COURTYARD
G'ESTAING CHATEAU - THE PRESENT
 /COURTYARD
G'ESTAING FAMILY CRYPT - 1799
 /FIELDS NEARBY
JAIL
ALLEY

HIGHLANDER

"Double Jeopardy"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1901 EXT. JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

1901

An exclusive shop in an elegant section of Paris. OVER we hear the voice of the store MANAGER.

MANAGER (O.S.)

There is not only size and color to take into consideration, but quality as well.

1902 INT. JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

1902

CLOSE - A DIAMOND

the glittering facets shooting off sparks as it is held to the light in the Manager's hand. He is showing it off to a young couple, MORGAN and ANGELA. Both in their 20s, neither is dressed like they belong in this upper-crust store. Morgan's in a long Raiders jacket, with a modern, slightly punk haircut -- close-shaven around the back and sides -- a Raiders baseball cap pulled low over his eyes. Angela is in the littlest miniskirt the law allows and a black lace top.

The Manager, of course, treats them with barely concealed disdain. In the background, a GUARD is letting out the last of the shoppers. The store is past closing.

MANAGER

For instance, this stone... Four carats, only a very slight inclusion...

MORGAN

(taking it from him)
The finish is lousy.
(showing it to Angela)
Its proportion sucks, it's got at least one extra facet and an oversized culet. It's garbage.
(to the Manager, with a sneer)
You cut this one yourself?

The Manager is taken aback at Morgan's expertise.

MANAGER

Monsieur is in the diamond trade?

(CONTINUED)

1902 CONTINUED:

1902

MORGAN

Monsieur does not trade, he collects.

He reaches out, strokes Angela's cheek. She smiles back.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

See how beautiful she is? The diamond has to be at least as perfect.

(a smile)

And I don't care how much it costs.

He turns away from the tray of second-rate stones, dismissive, scanning the displays. The Manager hurries to unlock another case, suddenly eager to please in the face of Morgan's disdain, and places a new tray on the glass top, revealing a stunning DIAMOND NECKLACE.

MANAGER

They say it's part of the great Koh-I-Noor diamond. It was made for an English Prince's daughter.

Morgan's interest picks up. He takes it and examines it.

MORGAN

And reset in Germany. About 1910. Near forty carats... This is the best you have?

MANAGER

It's the best anyone has.

Morgan holds it up to Angela's throat.

MORGAN

I'll take it.

MANAGER

Excellent. And how does Monsieur choose to pay... ?

MORGAN

I said I'd take it.

(beat)

I didn't say anything about paying for it.

Morgan drops a small glass vial to the floor. It SHATTERS with a loud POP -- and clouds of deadly GAS mushroom into the air.

The Manager turns to the counter, about to reach for the hidden security alarm

(CONTINUED)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I wouldn't bother with that if I
were you. You won't have the time.

ANGELA

Reacts in panic.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Wait... wait, I'm not ready!

MORGAN

Nobody ever is.

He takes a GAS MASK from his coat and pulls it on with
practiced speed.

The Manager and Guard clutch their throats, choking,
staggering. Angela jerks her face away from the deadly cloud,
frantically covers her mouth with a sleeve, screams at Morgan.

ANGELA

My mask! Give it to me!

Morgan holds the second GAS MASK aloft -- but he dangles it
just out of her reach. Angela's eyes widen in terror as the
fumes hit her. She lunges for the mask, but he holds her
away.

MORGAN

Let's not make a scene. It'll all
be over in a second.

She makes a last, futile grab for Morgan's mask -- then the
gas overcomes her. Eyes wide, she slides down, drags a GEM
TRAY with her, crashing to the floor.

Morgan calmly steps over her, pulling a bag from his coat
and starts scooping gems into it from the cabinets, humming
as he does. He's efficient, selective, only taking the best.
Finally he lifts the DIAMOND NECKLACE, holds it admiringly.
He glances Down at Angela, his former partner.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Sorry, sweetheart. Truth is, you'd
never have done it justice.

He slips it into his bag and leaves. And OFF Angela, lying
on her back, covered with scattered jewels --

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1903 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

1903

To Establish, as we hear

MACLEOD (O.S.)

Maybe if I had some idea what this
was about, I could help.

1904 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

1904

MacLeod is being led through the station by a UNIFORMED COP.
He hasn't been told why he's been called in, and the silent
cop he walks with is saying nothing.

MACLEOD

Hello... Hello.

(beat)

Tell me, are you like this with
everybody, or is it just me?

The cop still says nothing.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(playing the cop)

Oh, I'm sorry for dragging you out
of bed, Mr. MacLeod...

(pointed)

At five o'clock in the morning, Mr.
MacLeod, but this is a matter of
life and death, Mr. MacLeod.

(to the cop)

Pay attention, this is your part.

The cop gives MacLeod a hard look, then opens an office door,
and ushers MacLeod in.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Nice talking to you.

He enters.

1905 INT. POLICE STATION - INSPECTOR DUFAY'S OFFICE - DAY

1905

MacLeod enters to find INSPECTOR DUFAY behind his desk.
Dufay is 40ish, pleasantly craggy. Off to the side, a BLONDE
WOMAN stands with her arms crossed, her back to MacLeod.

DUFAY

Ah, Monsieur MacLeod. I'd like to
thank you for your cooperation.

(CONTINUED)

1905 CONTINUED:

1905

Smiling, he raises up to shake hands.

MACLEOD

(dry)

I was under the impression I didn't exactly have a choice.

DUFAY

One always has a choice.

(agreeably)

But coming in voluntarily is so much more civilized than being put in handcuffs, don't you agree?

MACLEOD

I'm all for civilization. Now maybe you'd explain why I'm here?

DUFAY

Perhaps my colleague can explain it better.

He turns to the woman, who has until now had her back to US. She turns now, stepping into the light from the window -- it is

RENEE DELANEY.

MacLeod is thrown. He hasn't seen her since a brief encounter two years before. Renee looks tight.

DUFAY (CONT'D)

I believe you know Agent Delaney, from the American CID?

MACLEOD

You might say we came in contact once.

He looks Renee in the eyes. She looks away, talking a little too fast.

RENEE

Briefly. It was a completely different matter.

MACLEOD

Hello, Renee. If you wanted to see me, you could have just dropped by the barge.

RENEE

I don't think so.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1905 CONTINUED: (2)

1905

RENEE (CONT'D)

(beat)

This is French police business, Mr.
MacLeod.

There's an unexpected coolness in her tone -- all
professional.

MACLEOD

(lightening the moment)

Please. You can call me Duncan.

RENEE

Okay, Duncan.

(beat)

You can call me Agent Delaney.

She's not warming up.

DUFAY

She's here to assist us in a serious
criminal matter, Monsieur MacLeod.
We hoped you'd be able to assist us
as well.

MACLEOD

I don't see how I fit into this.

(beat)

Or the CID for that matter.

RENEE

There have been a series of robberies
in the Paris area.

DUFAY

And murders.

RENEE

They fit a pattern I've investigated
before.

Dufay's watching MacLeod closely.

MACLEOD

Really.

(beat)

Am I supposed to be a suspect?

RENEE

Not at this point.

MACLEOD

That's reassuring. I take it you
called me in for moral support.

(CONTINUED)

1905 CONTINUED: (3)

1905

RENEE

Copping an attitude won't make this any easier. In going through files on the suspect, it seems your name turned up too.

(beat)

We hoped you could tell us something about him.

MACLEOD

That depends. Who'd you have in mind?

RENEE

(beat)

Xavier St. Cloud.

She watches him closely. The barest BEAT of a reaction washes over MacLeod's face -- then disappears.

MACLEOD

I can't help you.

RENEE

No? Maybe you'd like to hear a little more before you decide?

(off MacLeod's look)

Male, very expensive tastes...

MACLEOD

Good. We've narrowed it down to half the population of Paris.

She tosses a picture of Xavier on the desk.

RENEE

He has a passion for rare jewelry. He kills to get it...

(beat)

And he uses gas. I'd say that narrows it down a bit, wouldn't you?

MacLeod looks at the photo.

MACLEOD

(beat)

There's nothing I can tell you.

RENEE

(pushing)

Two days ago he hit a jewelry store. Three people are dead. Still nothing to tell us?

(CONTINUED)

1905 CONTINUED: (4)

1905

MACLEOD

I'm sorry, but I can't help you.
Now if there's anything else?

Renee and Dufay exchange looks. Dufay shakes his head.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Then I'll be going. Inspector, Agent
Delaney...
(dry)
Nice seeing you again.

He turns and walks out. Dufay exchanges a look with Renee.

1906 INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

1906

MacLeod is heading down the hall as Renee emerges from Dufay's office and hurries after him.

RENEE

Duncan! Duncan, wait.

MacLeod hesitates, then stops to let her catch up.

RENEE (CONT'D)

Look, it wasn't me that dragged you
down here, it was Dufay. I did my
best to keep you out of it.

MACLEOD

Then I guess my thanks are in order.
(beat)
But I don't have anything to hide.

RENEE

Right. The last time I was chasing
St. Cloud, you were right in the
middle of it.

(beat)

C'mon, you're one of the good guys.
Give me a hand here. You know I'd
never screw you.

(embarrassed)

I didn't mean that the way it
sounded... not that I would... I
mean...

MacLeod looks at her for a moment.

MACLEOD

It's okay.

MacLeod starts to walk away.

(CONTINUED)

1906 CONTINUED:

1906

RENEE
MacLeod... give me something.

MACLEOD
(considers for a moment)
You're after the wrong man.

RENEE
What makes you so sure?

MACLEOD
(beat)
Xavier St. Cloud is dead.

BEAT. Renee stares, thrown, then moves after him.

RENEE
You can't just walk away after
dropping a bomb on me like that.
How do you know?

MACLEOD
I've got a reliable source.

TRANSITION TO:

1907 EXT. ROOFTOP - PARIS - TWO YEARS EARLIER

1907

(FROM "UNHOLY ALLIANCE III")

MacLeod fights the one-armed Xavier St. Cloud across the
roof, finally takes his head.

TRANSITION TO:

1908 INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - THE PRESENT - RESUME SCENE

1908

MACLEOD
Whoever's out there, it's not St.
Cloud.

RENEE
That's it? That's all you're going
to tell me?

MACLEOD
I'll see you around, Renee.

He turns to go. She takes his arm.

RENEE
I'm sorry about the cold shoulder.
I figured you wouldn't want the cops
knowing about us.

(CONTINUED)

1908 CONTINUED:

1908

MACLEOD

What's to know?

She doesn't know quite how to begin this. Awkwardly.

RENEE

What happened between us.

MACLEOD

As I remember, not much happened.

RENEE

(beat)

I just want to make it clear that
what ever it was, it's over.

MACLEOD

If you say so.

RENEE

(floundering)

I do... I have to. I'm engaged.

MACLEOD

Really.

RENEE

His name is Paul. He's a lawyer in
Washington. Even thinking of running
for Congress.

MACLEOD

(a smile)

I thought you took an oath to fight
crime.

RENEE

Duncan, be serious.

(beat)

I just don't want this to... to get
in the way. I don't want us to be
enemies.

She watches him anxiously, wanting his understanding, not
knowing how he'll react.

RENEE (CONT'D)

Say something.

A BEAT. Then to her consternation, he leans in, kisses her
on the cheek, and smiles. It's all very casual.

MACLEOD

Congratulations.

(CONTINUED)

1908 CONTINUED: (2)

1908

He turns and leaves. Renee stares. This is not what she expected.

RENEE

Go figure.

She's still there, touching her cheek, when Dufay comes up beside her. He looks at her questioningly.

DUFAY

Well?

RENEE

(beat)

He knows something.

And OFF Renee, rubbing her cheek --

1909 EXT. BARGE - DAY

1909

MacLeod heads down the embankment, As he nears his barge, he stops -- he's getting the BUZZ. He turns, follows it up to the embankment --

MACLEOD'S POV - THE IMMORTAL

A man, dressed in a dark overcoat, scarf and gloves, hat obscuring his face. It is MORGAN, but from this distance, he looks uncannily like Xavier St. Cloud.

RESUME MACLEOD

reacting. He knows St. Cloud is dead, but the words come involuntarily, a gut reaction.

MACLEOD

Xavier.

As he starts toward him, the Immortal turns and walks quickly away. MacLeod goes after him, runs up the embankment.

1910 EXT. STREET - DAY

1910

MacLeod reaches the street, scours it -- it looks like he's lost the Immortal. Then --

ANGLE - MORGAN

across the street. He's moving away, trying to escape.

MacLeod grimly follows.

1911 EXT. STREETS - VARIOUS ANGLES

1911

The two Immortals weave through cars and pedestrians in a (HAND-HELD STEADYCAM) foot-chase. MacLeod loses sight of his quarry, then catches tantalizing glimpses of him. As he does, he has brief FLASHES of the real Xavier St. Cloud.

FLASH - ST. CLOUD

in the first World war.

FLASH - ST. CLOUD

using gas.

FLASH - ST. CLOUD

trying to kill MacLeod. He is dressed like the Immortal he's now chasing.

We INTERCUT the flashes with the chase, the speed and intensity building as the two immortals play cat and mouse

Past through streets, until --

NEW ANGLE

as the Immortal ducks into a side street. MacLeod follows after him, stepping into --

1912 EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

1912

A deserted street. The Immortal has vanished. On the side of an old building, a large DOOR stands open -- the only place he could have escaped. MacLeod enters after him.

1913 INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

1913

The space is dark, foreboding, filled with dripping water and huge crates, old machinery. The only light comes from a dirty window high on the wall.

MacLeod draws his sword and edges through the silent space, calling into the darkness.

MACLEOD

Who is it?! Who the hell are you?!

His voice echoes in the space. Silence.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Face me!

No answer. As he moves on, he feels the BUZZ ahead of him. He readies himself, moves around a crate --

(CONTINUED)

1913 CONTINUED:

1913

WIDER

as a GAS PELLET explodes at his feet, sends up clouds of gas. MacLeod covers his face, starts to choke. He starts to turn back --

ANOTHER PELLET explodes behind him. More fumes. Covering his mouth with his sleeve, he turns to try for the door --

ANGLE - THE DOOR

as it SLAMS SHUT, trapping him.

MacLeod grabs the door, throws his shoulder at it -- but it won't budge. He's trapped, choking, half-blind. As he keeps slamming against the door --

IMMORTAL'S POV - BINOCULAR MATTE - MACLEOD

seen through the lenses of a GAS MASK. We hear the Immortal's raspy BREATHING, see MacLeod choking, trying vainly to break the door -- and failing, sagging, trying desperately to stay on his feet. As the Immortal moves closer, MacLeod looks up --

RESUME SCENE - MACLEOD'S POV - THE IMMORTAL

a dark outline, stepping eerily through the gas: black coat, the gas mask hiding his face, a glove on one hand, the other held behind him -- it looks like XAVIER ST. CLOUD.

MacLeod is stunned. He KNOWS he killed St. Cloud, but this looks enough like him to be his ghost. MacLeod is choking, confused, he knows he'll go down any moment.

He raises his sword defensively, backs blindly away.

As the Immortal raises his sword, MacLeod sees a FORKLIFT behind him. His only chance. He grabs a large PACKING CRATE, tips it into the Immortal's path, blocking him.

NEW ANGLE

MacLeod clambers onto the forklift, choking, lungs searing. He fumbles the IGNITION SWITCH -- and the MOTOR coughs into life, just as --

THE IMMORTAL

charges around the crate, his sword out. MacLeod can barely see. He floors the forklift, turns the wheel, and whips it around, the big FORKS slashing through the air --

(CONTINUED)

1913 CONTINUED: (2)

1913

THE IMMORTAL

is forced to dodge aside to avoid the forks. He swings, his sword clangs harmlessly off the side of the machine as MacLeod swings around, heads straight for the door. He's hanging on, slumping over the wheel just as the forklift plows into the door.

1914 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

1914

As the FORKLIFT crashes through the door, sending wood flying, and veers into the street where it crunches into a PARKED CAR and stops. MacLeod slumps over the wheel, half-dead. Two nearby TRUCK DRIVERS leap from their truck and run to MacLeod. As they do, MacLeod throws a look back to the door --

ANGLE - THE DOOR

a face, clad in a gas-mask, watching him.

RESUME SCENE

as the Truckers pull MacLeod from the forklift, help him to his feet. He's coughing, weak, but recovering. He tries to pull away from them --

MACLEOD

It's okay... I'm all right.

He turns back to the door -- there is no one there. The Immortal has vanished.

And OFF MacLeod's face, as he slumps against the forklift --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

1915 EXT. RENEE'S APARTMENT - DAY - ESTABLISHING. 1915

As we HEAR over --

MACLEOD (O.S.)
Nice place you have here...

1916 INT. RENEE'S APARTMENT - DAY 1916

It's a sumptuous apartment. Renee sits at her desk, facing a couple of telephones and a laptop computer. MacLeod is facing her, glancing around the room.

RENEE
Government housing. I'm out as soon as the next Congressional junket arrives.
(beat)
So, is this a social call?

MACLEOD
It's about your case.

RENEE
I thought you couldn't help us.

MACLEOD
(beat)
I changed my mind.

RENEE
What happened? You take a walk and meet a good Samaritan?

MACLEOD
Something like that.
(beat)
I'd like to see your files on Xavier St. Cloud.

RENEE
The dead guy?

MACLEOD
You have to start somewhere.

RENEE
What's the matter? Your source not as reliable as you thought?

(CONTINUED)

1916 CONTINUED:

1916

MACLEOD

I'm offering help. You want it, or not?

BEAT -- he's got her. She opens up a file on her desk.

RENEE

This is what we have.

As he reads, she paces the room.

RENEE (CONT'D)

St. Cloud is a suspect in unsolved cases all over Europe. The police never got close to him. The guy came and went like a ghost.

MACLEOD

Until two years ago.

RENEE

(beat, sharply)
That's not in the files.

MACLEOD

Word gets around.

RENEE

So it seems.

(beat)
They figured he was on some tropic island, working on his tan... Looks to me like our boy came out of retirement.

MACLEOD

Except he's not our boy.

RENEE

I thought the Bureau was stubborn -- but you've got them beat to hell.

MACLEOD

Centuries of practice.

RENEE

(ticking it off)
He has the same targets, same M.O... the lab even found the same gas in the victim's bodies. Who else could it be?

MacLeod looks thoughtful, pushes the computer away.

(CONTINUED)

1916 CONTINUED: (2)

1916

MACLEOD

Any pictures? Surveillance tapes?

RENEE

Erased. The guy is very good.

MACLEOD

Witnesses?

RENEE

Several.

(beat)

All in the morgue.

MacLeod looks tense, distracted. He starts to pace. A suspicion hits Renee.

RENEE (CONT'D)

Duncan? What's really going on here?

(beat)

My gut keeps telling me that there's something happening you don't want me to know about.

MACLEOD

(wary)

Like what?

RENEE

I think the truth is the best thing we have going.

MACLEOD

The truth.

RENEE

About us... The thing we had.

MACLEOD

(relieved)

And that's why you think I'm here.

RENEE

Maybe.

(beat)

I just want to get it out in the clear. If we do this together, it's strictly professional.

It's clear she's still attracted to him, and she's trying to convince herself as much as him. MacLeod is amused.

MACLEOD

Strictly.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1916 CONTINUED: (3)

1916

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(beat)

There's another file I'd like to run
a check on.

RENEE

You have a name?

MACLEOD

Morgan G'Estaing.

As MacLeod's eyes go to a painting of the French countryside --

TRANSITION TO:

1917 INT. G'ESTAING CHATEAU - FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - 1802 - DAY

1917

The time of the Napoleonic Wars. A French noble, PHILLIPE
G'ESTAING, hurries his family through the halls -- his wife,
CHARLOTTE, and 21 year-old son, BERNARD.

G'ESTAING

Vite, vite. The English will be
here any minute.

CHARLOTTE

But the house, Phillipe, the land,
we cannot leave!

G'ESTAING

The war is on our doorstep, Charlotte.
We must hurry.

(to Bernard)

Get the silver.

Bernard hurries through a door into the next room. A moment
later --

BERNARD (O.S.)

Father!

G'Estaing and his wife react to the cry, hurry into

1918 INT. G'ESTAING CHATEAU - PARLOR - 1802 - DAY

1918

G'Estaing and Charlotte react in horror to the sight of MORGAN
holding Bernard, his knife to the young man's throat.

MORGAN

Hello, Father... Mother.

CHARLOTTE

Morgan. My God!

(CONTINUED)

1918 CONTINUED:

1918

G'ESTAING

(incredulous)

It can't be you. You're dead!

MORGAN

And this is all a nightmare that
will end when you die.He presses the knife to Bernard's throat -- but a HAND grips
Morgan's hand, stays it.

XAVIER

Gently, Morgan. You'll have what's
coming to you.

G'ESTAING

(to Xavier)

Who are you?

XAVIER

Think of me as a friend of the family.
(beat)
Please... sit down.It's said politely, but the threat is clear. Charlotte and
G'Estaing sit edgily; Morgan forces Bernard into a chair
beside them.Xavier moves to a sideboard where a few bottles of wine stand,
examines them as he speaks casually over his shoulder to
G'Estaing.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

The G'Estaing family took centuries
to acquire land, titles, wealth...

(beat)

But the revolution took your titles.
Napoleon took your land, and the
English army is about to take your
wealth. If not your lives.

(reasonably)

Wouldn't it be better to give it to
us, than to an invading army?

G'ESTAING

There's nothing left. Only the house.

XAVIER

I doubt that.

(beat)

You've never been known as a careless
man. Would you flee your estate
penniless and unprotected?

(harder)

A stash of jewelry, perhaps? Silver?

(CONTINUED)

1918 CONTINUED: (2)

1918

He opens one of the bottles, pours out a glass of wine.

G'ESTAING

I told you. There's nothing.

MORGAN

We're wasting time.

(beat)

Why not cut their throats and have done with it?

XAVIER

You're going to be around a long time, Morgan, you have to learn patience.

(to G'Estaing)

What do you say, Baron? Give me the money and you and your family can be on your way... or wait here for the English to march in.

G'Estaing stiffens, gathering his courage.

G'ESTAING

I'm not afraid to die.

XAVIER

No. Not when you're faced with a lifetime of poverty.

He takes a red-hot POKER from the fire, lifts it thoughtfully, sticks the tip in the glass of wine. The heat makes the glass explode.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

But there are worse things than death.

G'Estaing pales, starts to sweat.

G'ESTAING

This is monstrous! Barbaric!

MORGAN

(interrupting)

You're one to talk.

XAVIER

Au contraire. It's the pinnacle of modern science.

(beat)

I spent a lifetime studying pain. How it travels along the nerves, to the brain. Of course, certain areas contain more nerves than others.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1918 CONTINUED: (3)

1918

XAVIER (CONT'D)

(beat)

The hand... the tongue...

(breaks off)

Well. You can imagine the possibilities.

G'ESTAING

(gritting his teeth)

I am prepared to suffer.

XAVIER

Perhaps. But what about them?

He turns to Charlotte and Bernard, touches the table before them. As the wood HISSES, Bernard panics.

BERNARD

Tell him, papa! Tell him!

G'Estaing can't take this. He caves.

G'ESTAING

If you promise to let my family live.

MORGAN

(to Xavier)

No! We had an agreement!

Xavier waves Morgan back.

XAVIER

(to G'Estaing)

You have my word.

G'ESTAING

(defeated)

The wall. Behind the cross.

Morgan moves quickly to the wall, pulls aside the cross, takes out a small STRONGBOX.

G'ESTAING (CONT'D)

You gave your word.

Xavier pours a few more glasses of wine.

XAVIER

Then let us drink on it.

(beat)

As gentlemen.

Xavier raises a glass of wine. G'Estaing hesitates, then lifts a glass. His scowl is directed at Morgan.

(CONTINUED)

1918 CONTINUED: (4)

1918

G'ESTAING

Anything to get that... monster...
out of our lives forever.

XAVIER

Please, at least let us part as
friends.

Bernard and Charlotte drink with G'Estaing. Xavier lowers
his glass, takes Morgan by the arm.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Come.

He pulls the disbelieving Morgan out with him.

1919 INT. G'ESTAING CHATEAU - ANOTHER ROOM - 1802 - CONTINUOUS

1919

Morgan is furious as they cross the room, can't contain
himself any longer.

MORGAN

We were supposed to kill them! All
of them!

XAVIER

Calm yourself. A few moments and
they'll be silent forever.

Morgan stops as it hits him.

MORGAN

The wine. You put poison in the
wine.

XAVIER

Never bloody your hand unless you
must. Thus endeth the first lesson.

He continues walking. A BEAT before Morgan catches up.

MORGAN

But you gave him your word.

XAVIER

I also gave you my word that they
would die. And it's not whether you
give your word... it's who you give
it to.

MORGAN

Perhaps one day you'll betray me.

XAVIER

And that will be the second lesson.

(CONTINUED)

1919 CONTINUED: 1919

He pats Morgan on the back. Morgan breaks into a smile.

1920 EXT. G'ESTAING CHATEAU - COURTYARD - 1802 - NIGHT 1920

MacLeod, in uniform, enters, leading a few men, including HASTINGS.

MACLEOD

(off the layout)

We'll put the Colonel's office in
the house... the men's tents in
this yard...

Infirmary behind the kitchen. Has someone checked out the barn?

HASTINGS

Looking into it now, Sir.

MACLEOD

All right. See if the owners are
here. Ask them to surrender the
property.

Hastings salutes, and he and three other men hurry off into the darkened house.

MacLeod moves toward the entrance. As he does, he gets the BUZZ. He turns to see --

Xavier, leaving with Morgan. MacLeod looks at Xavier with cold hate. He steps over to him.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Xavier.

XAVIER

MacLeod. I'm touched that you
remembered.

MACLEOD

You don't forget those who kill your
friends.

(beat)

If we were alone, you'd be dead.

XAVIER

Wars can be so troublesome, can't
they? On the other hand, they can
be quite convenient.

MACLEOD

Only for those who make a profit by
them. Why are you here?

(CONTINUED)

1920 CONTINUED:

1920

XAVIER

Perhaps you'll think me sentimental,
but I couldn't bear to think of the
treasures of France in the hands of
the English.

MACLEOD

So you decided to take them for
yourself.

Xavier points to Morgan.

XAVIER

On the contrary. This is Morgan
G'Estaing, the only remaining heir.

Hastings returns in a hurry.

HASTINGS

We found the family, Sir. All dead.
Must have been suicide when they
heard us coming.

MacLeod eyes Xavier with ill-concealed suspicion.

XAVIER

A tragedy, really.

(beat)

Now, if you'll excuse us, my friend
needs to grieve.

(to Morgan)

Come, Morgan. Let's leave MacLeod
to his toy soldiers.

MACLEOD

I'll see you again.

XAVIER

I look forward to it.

TRANSITION TO:

1921 INT. RESTAURANT - THE PRESENT DAY

1921

MacLeod sits with Renee. Inspector Dufay appears. MacLeod
looks at him surprised, then turns to Renee with a surprised
glare.

RENEE

We're all in this together, aren't
we?

DUFAY

(sitting)
May I join you?

(CONTINUED)

1921 CONTINUED:

1921

MACLEOD

I think you already have.

DUFAY

We're running a check on G'Estaing.

(frowning)

I've never heard of him, but if he has a record, we'll find it.

Renee gives MacLeod a look.

RENEE

Provided he isn't dead.

MACLEOD

He isn't.

RENEE

Have you got a description?

MacLeod doesn't answer -- he's getting the BUZZ. He looks up -- and it's Morgan, moving towards them.

He gives MacLeod a mocking salute as he comes up.

MORGAN

MacLeod! It's good to see you again.

MACLEOD

It's been a while.

Morgan turns to the others, flashes a brilliant smile.

MORGAN

(playing with him)

You didn't call. You didn't come by. I've missed you.

(eyeing Renee)

But I see you've been busy.

(to Renee)

Whoever you are, you're perfect.

RENEE

Duncan? Are you going to introduce your friend?

MACLEOD

Just an old acquaintance from the wars.

DUFAY

Won't you join us, Monsieur...?

(CONTINUED)

1921 CONTINUED: (2)

1921

MACLEOD

I'm afraid he doesn't have time.
Actually, we have something to
discuss.

(beat)

Now.

He rises, locks eyes with Morgan. Morgan nods at Dufay, his eyes lingering on Renee.

MORGAN

I'll be seeing you again.

They head for the other end of the bar.

DUFAY

You believe MacLeod?

RENEE

Let's just say I believe he wouldn't
lie to me unless he had a very good
reason.

NEW ANGLE

in a corner of the restaurant, MacLeod sits face to face with Morgan. Morgan has a glass of wine before him.

MACLEOD

The jewelry store, the warehouse...
it was you.

Morgan claps his hands with immense sarcasm.

MORGAN

Bravo, MacLeod. Well done!

(beat)

Xavier taught me well In fact, he
taught me everything know.

MACLEOD

If this is about revenge, why not
just fight me? Why the game?

MORGAN

Tell me, for a minute there did you
think it was him?

(beat)

Do you feel his presence now? I do.

As he raises his glass, we INTERCUT --

(CONTINUED)

1921 CONTINUED: (3)

1921

RENEE AND THE INSPECTOR

WAITER

A present, Monsieur. From the
gentleman.

He presents them a rare bottle of wine, pointing across the
room, to where MacLeod sits with Morgan. Dufay assumes he
means MacLeod.

DUFAY

Your friend is unusually generous.

RENEE

(beat)

He's definitely unusual.

As the wine is uncorked - RESUME MACLEOD AND MORGAN

MORGAN

Did you think he was a zombie back
from the dead? Did you feel that
fear?

MACLEOD

Hate and fear aren't the same thing,
Morgan. I hated Xavier...

(beat)

You're just a cheap imitation.

MORGAN

Not an imitation, MacLeod... an
homage, a tribute to a great artist.

(cold)

One you killed.

MACLEOD

St. Cloud got what he deserved.

MORGAN

Maybe you're right.

(beat)

Maybe we all get what we deserve.

Something about his look twigs MacLeod. He looks up

MACLEOD'S POV - DUFAY AND RENE

Dufay is tasting the wine, smiling. As he lowers his glass,
nodding, the Waiter pours for Renee.

RESUME MACLEOD

as he looks at Morgan. Morgan raises his glass in a mocking
toast.

(CONTINUED)

1921 CONTINUED: (4)

1921

MORGAN

Fair's fair.

MacLeod shoves off his seat and races toward Renee.

MACLEOD

Stop! NO!

RENEE

is raising her glass, clicking with Dufay. MACLEOD pushes past Waiters and Patrons.

RESUME RENEE

she's about to drink -- but MacLeod swats the glass from her hand, sends it flying.

DUFAY

(outraged)

Monsieur!

MacLeod ignores him, turns to the stunned Waiter.

MACLEOD

Call an ambulance!

RENEE

MacLeod, what the hell is wrong with you!?

MACLEOD

Call an ambulance! NOW!

As the Waiter scurries off, MacLeod turns to Dufay.

RENEE

You better have a damn good excuse for this --

She breaks off as Dufay suddenly gags, clutches his throat -- and collapses over the table, choking.

They lay him on the floor, Renee bending over him, frantically performing C.P.R., trying to help -- but there's nothing they can do.

Renee stops, looks up at MacLeod in shock.

RENEE (CONT'D)

He's dead.

(CONTINUED)

1921 CONTINUED: (5)

1921

MacLeod looks around, over to the seat where Morgan sat but he's gone.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

1922 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

1922

RENEE (O.S.)

He had a wife. A daughter just going
off to college.

1923 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

1923

Renee is pacing before Dufay's vacant desk. MacLeod trying
to comfort her.

MACLEOD

I'm sorry.

RENEE

Me too.

(beat)

Dammit. We thought it was from you.

MACLEOD

(gently)

Stop beating yourself up, Renee.
You couldn't have known.

BEAT. She looks up at him. Accusing.

RENEE

But you did.

MACLEOD

(beat)

A hunch.

RENEE

Right. If you'd been a few seconds
slower, I'd be dead, too.

(cold)

That's some hunch.

MACLEOD

You think I did this?

Renee looks at him a long BEAT. Finally --

RENEE

No.

(beat)

So how'd you know about the wine?

(CONTINUED)

1923 CONTINUED:

1923

MACLEOD

St. Cloud didn't like to kill face
to face. He used gas, poison,
bombs... It was his trademark.

RENEE

But St. Cloud's dead.

MACLEOD

Morgan worked with St. Cloud.

RENEE

(occurring to her)

It was the guy at the restaurant.
He's Morgan.

(off his look)

And you didn't say anything.

(pissed)

What kind of game are you playing,
MacLeod?

MACLEOD

It's no game.

(beat)

Just trust me. I'm not one of the
bad guys, remember.

A knock at the door. An OFFICER enters, hands the poisoned
wine bottle to Renee, along with a file folder. She puts
the bottle on the desk, cracks the report.

RENEE

No prints. The poison was injected
through the cork. A curare
derivative. No known antidote.

(beat)

This guy knows what he's doing.

MACLEOD

He had a good teacher.

RENEE

He also went to a lot of trouble.
The wine was worth a fortune.

MACLEOD

Trace the bottle.

Renee shakes her head.

RENEE

It hasn't been available for decades.
According to the report, this wine
shouldn't even exist.

(CONTINUED)

1923 CONTINUED: (2)

1923

MACLEOD

What about private cellars?

RENEE

In France? There must be thousands.
It'd be easier to trace a handgun in
L.A.

MACLEOD

Somebody bought it.

RENEE

Duncan, whoever bought this wine is
dead by now.

MacLeod looks thoughtful. He takes the bottle, holds it up
and looks at the label a moment -- then hands the bottle
back.

RENEE (CONT'D)

Any ideas?

MACLEOD

I'll let you know.

He leaves. Renee puts the bottle down sits and starts to
leaf through the report. As she works, camera finds the

WINE BOTTLE. As we PUSH IN on the label, we --

DISSOLVE TO:

1924 EXT. G'ESTAING CHATEAU - THE PRESENT - DAY

1924

The same Chateau as the one on the label. There's a Masserati-
Citroen parked in the drive. MacLeod heads for the door.
It's open. He enters carefully.

1925 INT. G'ESTAING CHATEAU - CONTINUOUS - DAY

1925

MacLeod moves through the rooms, then gets the BUZZ. He
follows it carefully, enters a room --

1926 INT. G'ESTAING CHATEAU - PARLOR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

1926

MacLeod stops. MORGAN stands before the blazing fireplace,
a glass of cognac in hand. He doesn't even bother to turn
around.

MORGAN

You don't waste time.

MACLEOD

You could've used another wine.

(CONTINUED)

1926 CONTINUED:

1926

MORGAN

But then you wouldn't know where to find me.

MACLEOD

Why bring mortals into this? Why'd you kill the Inspector?

MORGAN

Because I could.

MACLEOD

You really are like Xavier.

MORGAN

The man was a prince and he treated me like one.

MACLEOD

He was a murderer with expensive tastes.

Morgan tightens. The glass stem SNAPS in his hand.

MORGAN

He was much more than that.

He turns to the FIRE. PUSH IN on the flames there

TRANSITION TO:

1927 INT. G'ESTAING CHATEAU - PARLOR - 1799 - DAY

1927

A family party is in progress. Wine is being served by liveried servants. G'Estaing looks on with eighteen year-old son Bernard as Charlotte G'Estaing plays a minuet on the harpsichord. As she finishes a trill, the others break into applause. G'Estaing raises his glass.

G'ESTAING

A toast!

As the others lift their glasses --

MORGAN (O.S.)

What's the occasion?

The others turn, startled, to see --

MORGAN

entering. He wears hunting boots, rough vest, silk shirt open at the collar. He's been out in the fields, and he's baffled at the festivities.

(CONTINUED)

1927 CONTINUED:

1927

The others fall silent, pass uncomfortable looks as Morgan takes a wine glass from a tray.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

The war with the British isn't going well...

(baffled)

Have I forgotten a birthday?

There's an awkward silence. Morgan looks at his clothes.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I was riding the estate with the foreman. I should change...

G'Estaing puts his glass down, steps up to Morgan. The others watch, looking strained. Morgan has a sudden premonition.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

What is it? What's wrong?

G'ESTAING

I have been doing a great deal of thinking lately.

MORGAN

What about?

G'ESTAING

(with difficulty)

Things have changed, Morgan.

(beat)

When we thought we'd remain childless, we adopted you to carry our ancient family name. To carry on the G'Estaing line.

MORGAN

(puzzled)

But I know all this. You've never kept it secret.

G'ESTAING

(beat)

Then Bernard was born.

Morgan looks at them, lost -- he doesn't understand.

MORGAN

And I had brother. How does that change anything?

G'ESTAING

It changes everything.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1927 CONTINUED: (2)

1927

G'ESTAING (CONT'D)

(beat)

It means you're not to inherit the
G'Estaing Estate. Or the title.

(beat)

All that will go to Bernard. Of
course, you will get a monthly
allowance.

Morgan stares, stricken. Bernard is smirking at him.

MORGAN

An allowance?

(beat)

But it's mine! By rights, it should
go to me! I'm the oldest son!

BERNARD

(cold)

An adopted son.

MORGAN

I'm a G'Estaing! I'm one of you!

G'ESTAING

In name only. Bernard is a true
G'Estaing. My blood runs in his
veins.

(beat)

Nothing can alter that.

Morgan is stunned, can't speak.

MORGAN

But I loved you as a son! Your son!

He looks at Charlotte. She looks away, bites her lip.

G'ESTAING

Try to understand. You'll have a
place here...

(emphatic)

But Bernard will be master of the
Estate. It can be no other way.

Morgan takes a look at Bernard's smug face. It's more than
he can stand. He turns and leaves without a word.

Charlotte rises to go to him -- G'Estaing stops her. The
door slams behind Morgan.

1928 INT. G'ESTAING CHATEAU - BERNARD'S BEDROOM - 1799 - NIGHT

1928

Bernard lies in an elegant four-poster, sound asleep. As he
sleeps, a SHADOW falls over him.

(CONTINUED)

1928 CONTINUED:

1928

REVERSE -- it's Morgan, staring down at the young usurper with cold hatred. Slowly he lifts a pillow from the bed, holds it a moment.

MORGAN

(softly)

Sleep, little brother. Sleep.

Bernard's eyes open at the sound -- Morgan plunges the pillow over his face, smothering him. Bernard thrashes frantically, struggling to breathe -- but Morgan holds on, grimly bearing down.

1929 INT. G'ESTAING CHATEAU - HALLWAY - 1799 - SAME TIME

1929

G'Estaing is walking down the hall. As he passes Bernard's door, he hears strange, muffled sounds. He pauses, then opens the door --

1930 INT. G'ESTAING CHATEAU - BERNARD'S BEDROOM - 1799 - CONTINUOUS

1930

G'Estaing enters -- and sees Morgan, leaning over the bed, smothering Bernard.

G'ESTAING

Bernard! No!

He rushes to the bed, tries to pry Morgan away, but Morgan throws him off with manic strength and continues to smother the boy.

G'Estaing crashes against a table. A KNIFE lies there.

G'Estaing is frantic. He grabs it, rushes at Morgan -- and plunges it into Morgan's back.

Morgan straightens, in agony, the pillow in his hand. He stares at G'Estaing, trying to speak. He takes a step toward him -- then falls dead. G'Estaing rushes to Bernard, holds the gasping boy.

1931 EXT. FIELDS NEAR G'ESTAING FAMILY CRYPT - 1799 - DAY

1931

Xavier St. Cloud is riding by the crypt. He gets the BUZZ and dismounts, moves to the crypt. He smiles, raises his sword -- and pries the lock on the door open.

1932 INT. G'ESTAING FAMILY CRYPT - 1799 - DAY

1932

A rough coffin lies there. Fresh. Xavier pries the lid up -- and reveals Morgan lying there. Morgan coughs, comes back to life as the air reaches him. He looks up --

(CONTINUED)

1932 CONTINUED:

1932

MORGAN'S POV - XAVIER

staring down at him.

XAVIER

Well, well. What have we here?

He reaches a hand to Morgan. Morgan just stares at it, too stunned to move.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

You want to stay in there?

A BEAT -- Morgan takes the hand. As Xavier pulls him up.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

I didn't think so.

1933 EXT. G'ESTAING FAMILY CRYPT - 1799 - LATER - DAY

1933

A still weak Morgan leans against a stone wall.

MORGAN

(with anger)

They tried to kill me. I was their son.

(beat)

I loved them and they buried me alive.

XAVIER

Even they wouldn't try to do that.

(off Morgan's look)

Believe me, you were quite dead when they put you in the ground.

Morgan stares at him.

MORGAN

You're insane.

XAVIER

I'm very sane. You'll understand it all, in time.

He puts an arm on Morgan's shoulder.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Come. We have much to talk about.

Morgan pulls away from him.

MORGAN

They're going to pay for what they did to me! All of them!

(CONTINUED)

1933 CONTINUED:

1933

XAVIER

They will. I promise you.

(a smile)

As the Italians say... revenge is a
dish best eaten cold.

And OFF Morgan's face, watching him in wonder --

TRANSITION TO:

1934 INT. G'ESTAING CHATEAU - THE PRESENT - DAY

1934

Morgan is still talking.

MORGAN

They told everyone that I took my
allowance and ran off to America.

(beat)

They must have thought I was the
devil himself, when I came back to
kill them.

MACLEOD

That was his gift to you? Murder?

MORGAN

Justice. On a family who used me...
then betrayed me when I was no longer
useful.

(beat)

Xavier gave me my revenge. Now I'm
giving him his.

He lunges for MacLeod. They fight across the room. Morgan
is a tough, elegant fighter. He draws blood from MacLeod's
arm -- a minor slash then dances back, taunting.

As they close again -- the sound of approaching SIRENS.

Morgan throws a look of contempt at MacLeod.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

It seems your cavalry arrived,
MacLeod.

(beat)

Another time.

He puts his sword away, leaps to the door, pulls it open --
and stops.

ANGLE - THE DOOR

Renee is there, gun drawn, pointed at Morgan. She flashes
him a tight smile.

(CONTINUED)

1934 CONTINUED:

1934

RENEE

My French isn't so hot, but my aim's
just fine.

(beat)

So how about if you just freeze.

And OFF Morgan, as he slowly raises his hands.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

1935 EXT. G'ESTAING CHATEAU - COURTYARD - DAY

1935

Two POLICE CARS sit in the drive. MacLeod and Renee look on as a PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVE puts cuffs on Morgan.

RENEE

There's evidence inside to link Mr.
G'Estaing here to the robberies.

(hard)

Maybe some bottles of rare wine.
Like the one that killed the
Inspector.

MORGAN

I hope the Inspector appreciated it.

Renee loses it. She grabs Morgan by the shirt.

RENEE

You murdering bastard...

The DETECTIVE steps quickly forward and pulls Morgan away as MacLeod pulls Renee back.

MACLEOD

Don't. He's a problem for the French
Police now.

MORGAN

But not for long, MacLeod.

(to Renee)

Soon I'll be someone else's problem.

RENEE

Fat chance. Get him out.

Morgan leans closer to MacLeod, his leer taking in Renee.

MORGAN

She's quite something, MacLeod.
Young, fiery, intense...

(cold)

But oh, so temporary.

MACLEOD

She's nothing to do with me.

Morgan snorts. His look takes in both of them.

(CONTINUED)

1935 CONTINUED:

1935

MORGAN

Spare me. The minute you're alone,
she'll be all over you like a bitch
in heat.

Renee makes another lunge for Morgan, but MacLeod holds her back. The Detective pulls Morgan away, pushes him into a police car.

It pulls out, the other falling in behind.

Renee glares after him in frustration.

RENEE

Who the hell does that dirtbag think
he is? Where's he get that stuff
about us?

MacLeod turns to Renee. He's not particularly pleased.

MACLEOD

Never mind that now.
(beat)
You followed me.

RENEE

Like I had a choice. My intuition
said you had a lead, and you weren't
sharing.
(accusing)
Turns out I was right.

MACLEOD

I thought we were supposed to trust
each other.

RENEE

And I thought we were supposed to
work together.
(beat)
How'd you know where to find him?

MACLEOD

(beat)
Intuition?

RENEE

Not good enough, MacLeod.

MACLEOD

I know. It's the best I can do at
the moment.

RENEE

You can be exasperating.

(CONTINUED)

1935 CONTINUED: (2)

1935

MACLEOD

So I've been told.

(beat)

Just be extremely careful with Morgan.
He's dangerous.

RENEE

We can handle Morgan.

(beat)

But there's still a few questions
I'd like to ask you.

MacLeod turns to head for his own car.

RENEE (CONT'D)

Duncan, don't make me pull rank here.
I'm a cop. You know I could have
you brought in again!MacLeod smiles blandly, gets into his car. He waggles his
fingers in a wave, and pulls out.

1936 EXT. JAIL - PARIS - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

1936

RENEE (O.S.)

You don't have the death penalty
here, do you?

1937 INT. JAIL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

1937

A long hallway. Renee, the Detective and a Cop are heading
towards Morgan's cell to interrogate him.

DETECTIVE

Not since 1981, Agent Delaney.

RENEE

Too bad.

(beat)

I think I could pull the switch on
this creep myself.

(beat)

Has he got a lawyer yet?

DETECTIVE

He didn't want one.

RENEE

That's weird.

They stop outside the cell as the Cop unlocks the door.

They step in

1938 INT. JAIL - CELL - CONTINUOUS

1938

And freeze.

RENEE

Oh, no.

RENEE'S POV

Morgan's legs swaying in the air as Morgan hangs by his neck.

RENEE (CONT'D)

Quick, get him down! Hurry!

They race forward, Renee in the lead -- she's not about to let him escape trial and prison. They haul him down, Renee feels for a pulse -- but there is none.

RENEE (CONT'D)

Get a doctor!

The Cop takes off. Renee listens to his chest, starts pumping it.

RENEE (CONT'D)

You don't get off that easy!

(pounding)

Live! Live, dammit!

She keeps pumping until the Detective takes her hand.

DETECTIVE

He's dead.

Renee finally gives up, slumps back against the wall.

RENEE

Guess he didn't need a lawyer after all.

1939 EXT. STREET NEAR RENEE'S APT - NIGHT

1939

MacLeod and Renee walking towards her place. It's been a weird night. MacLeod is tense. He knows Morgan is out there somewhere.

RENEE

I can't believe somebody stole him from the morgue.

MACLEOD

Maybe nobody stole him. Maybe he just got up and walked away.

(CONTINUED)

1939 CONTINUED:

1939

RENEE

Very funny.

(beat)

Somebody had to be in it with him.
But why? What good is a dead body?

MACLEOD

What do you think?

RENEE

I think I don't want to think about
it anymore.

(beat)

Whatever happened, it's over.
Morgan's dead and I'm off the case.

They've reached Renee's apartment. She's feeling awkward,
but she tries to sound light.

RENEE (CONT'D)

This is it. Thanks for the lift.

MACLEOD

Any time. Sure you're all right?

RENEE

Fine. Duncan, now that this is
over...

(a breath)

I think it's best if we didn't see
each other again.

MACLEOD

(beat)

You're sure?

RENEE

Yeah. I'm sure.

An awkward moment. She puts her hand out to shake his then
drops it.

RENEE (CONT'D)

Oh, hell.

She leans up and kisses him, hard. MacLeod responds, and
the kiss goes on longer than she intended. Then MacLeod
gets the BUZZ -- and breaks off suddenly.

RENEE (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

MACLEOD

It's all right. I just...

(CONTINUED)

1939 CONTINUED: (2)

1939

Morgan is around somewhere. He has to stick with her. He puts on the charm, improvising.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

This was kind of sudden. I mean, you coming back, then leaving again... I think I should come up.

RENEE

I don't think that's a good idea.

MACLEOD

Just to talk. Really. For my sake.

Renee hesitates. She doesn't really want to say goodbye.

RENEE

Just don't expect anything.

MACLEOD

Scout's honor.

As she enters, he looks warily into the dark street, then follows her.

1940 INT. RENEЕ'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

1940

Renee moves around the apartment. Now that they're here, she's nervous. The kiss stirred her feelings for MacLeod.

RENEE

Drink? There's wine...

(beat)

Actually, forget the wine. I'm kind of off wine lately.

MACLEOD

(a smile)

Coffee's fine.

RENEE

Okay. I'll put it on.

(lamey)

The coffee.

She goes to make coffee, moving around an alcove.

MacLeod scouts the place, checking cupboards, drawers, doors -- trying to make conversation.

RENEE (CONT'D)

Won't be long now. As soon as I hand in my report, that's it. Back to the States.

(CONTINUED)

1940 CONTINUED:

1940

MACLEOD

It's hard, not being with someone
you care about.

BEAT. Renee's head comes out. She stares at him blankly.

MACLEOD

Paul? The guy you're going to marry?

RENEE

Paul. Of course, I thought...
Absolutely. You'd like him. He's a
normal guy...
(quickly)
Not that you're not normal, I mean.

MACLEOD

I know what you mean.

RENEE

But he's steady. Nine-to-five, no
secrets, no danger...
(beat)
Just what I need.

MacLeod turns from the window as she brings the coffee.

MACLEOD

Sounds right to me.

She hands him a cup. As she does, their hands touch -- the
sexual tension is electric. Renee is distracted, moves her
hand back too fast -- spills coffee on her outfit.

RENEE

Damn. I better put some salt on it.
Right back.

She steps into the bedroom to change.

1941 INT. RENEE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

1941

As Renee shuts the door firmly behind her and leans against
it. She takes a deep breath, tries to steady her nerves.

RENEE

Oh, boy.

INTERCUT:

MACLEOD

the moment she's inside, he's checking the place.

(CONTINUED)

1941 CONTINUED:

1941

RENEE AND MACLEOD

conversing through the door as she starts to peel off her outfit. She can't stop thinking about MacLeod.

RENEE

Duncan? You think there was anything to what Morgan said? I mean, about you and me? How it was so obvious.

(beat)

You think he was crazy?

MACLEOD

About some things.

Renee is reaching for a heavy sweatshirt. Beside it is a short, sexy, silk kimono. She hesitates.

RENEE

(to herself)

Not about this.

MACLEOD

What?

Renee picks the kimono, begins putting it on.

RENEE

When we kissed? You feel anything?

(beat)

Like your spine melting or something?

ON MACLEOD

getting the BUZZ. He's half-listening to Renee, half trying to keep her talking as he goes to the window.

MACLEOD

Or something.

RENEE

I think I've got this thing about you, Duncan ...

(beat)

It's chemical. I've spent the last few - nights thinking of at least a hundred reasons why we shouldn't go to bed.

(beat)

The problem is, if we don't, I'll never have any closure.

(beat)

For the rest of my life I'll wonder what I missed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1941 CONTINUED: (2)

1941

RENEE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I can't do that to Paul. It wouldn't
be fair to him.

ON MACLEOD

as he pulls away from the window, grim-faced. Outside, Morgan
is waiting for him.

MACLEOD

We do what we have to.

He heads for the door, shuts it behind him, just as --

ANGLE - THE BEDROOM

As Renee steps out, wearing the kimono. Incredibly sexy.

RENEE

This is the only way I'll get you
out of my system.

The room is empty. She stares around.

RENEE (CONT'D)

Duncan?

And OFF Renee, standing there in the empty room --

1942 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

1942

MacLeod steps into a darkened alley, following the BUZZ.
Morgan is waiting for him, leaning on his sword. MacLeod
draws his own sword and circles Morgan warily.

MACLEOD

Forget the girl. This is between
you and me.

MORGAN

How could I just walk away? Just so
you don't worry, after I kill you,
I'll take good care of her.

(beat)

She'll remember Morgan G'Estaing as
long as she lives.

(beat)

Think about that ... while you have
a head to think with.

He charges. MacLeod sidesteps, and they fight, battling
down the alley. As MacLeod parries a blow, Morgan makes a
sudden, unexpected move with his left hand.

(CONTINUED)

1942 CONTINUED:

1942

MacLeod winces and backs off. He looks at his arm -- there's a bloody slash.

Morgan is holding a small, sharp knife with a curved blade.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Poison, MacLeod. You've only got 30 seconds.

MacLeod looks at him. His face is hard as ice.

MACLEOD

That's fifteen more than I need.

He charges, launches a blistering attack. He drives Morgan back -- but the poison starts to hit him. He falters, waivers a BEAT.

MACLEOD'S POV - MORGAN

his mocking face, swimming as MacLeod's vision momentarily blurs -- then refocuses as he shakes it off.

MacLeod grips his sword. It's now or never. He charges again, and just as the poison hits him -- he strikes. In SLOW MOTION we see --

MACLEOD'S SWORD

coming down.

MORGAN'S FACE

a surprised snarl.

THE SWORD

completing its arc -- and Morgan falls.

RESUME MACLEOD

wavering. He takes a painful step then doubles up, crumples to the pavement, dead. His sightless eyes stare up at the sky.

Then the QUICKENING strikes, crackles along MacLeod's body, bands of energy shooting around him like ropes, cocooning him in blue flame.

HIS BODY

LIFTS off the pavement -- back arching with the power. Then it's over, he's lying on the pavement again.

(CONTINUED)

1942 CONTINUED: (2)

1942

A BEAT, and MacLeod's eyes slowly open. He's back.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

1943 EXT. BARGE - DAY

1943

MacLeod has come out of the barge to find Renee standing there. She's wearing a dark business suit, looking tentative and awkward. There's a government car behind her on the Quai.

MACLEOD

Looks like you're all dressed up
with somewhere to go.

RENEE

Washington.

(beat)

Paul's going to run for Congress. I
figured I could use a break... so we
moved up the date of the wedding.

MACLEOD

My congratulations.

(beat)

Look, Renee, about last night...

She places a finger on his lips.

RENEE

Don't explain. If you'd stayed, I
would have made a big mistake. You
could have taken advantage of the
situation, but you didn't.

(beat)

You were a gentleman. I want to
thank you for standing me up.

MacLeod is at a loss for words.

MACLEOD

What can I say?

RENEE

Just wish me luck... and kiss me
goodbye.

MacLeod does. It's a chaste kiss, both of them being careful.
MacLeod pulls gently away.

MACLEOD

Good luck. To both of you.

Renee nods. She turns to go, then stops. Hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

1943 CONTINUED:

1943

RENEE

Oh, hell.

She turns back, rushes toward him, grabs him around the neck -- and plants a scorching kiss hard on his mouth. It takes MacLeod completely by surprise. Her momentum carries them over the edge of the Quai, tumbling toward the Seine. As the camera FREEZE FRAMES their astonished looks...

FADE OUT.

THE END