



HIGHLANDER

The Series

#96505
DRAMATIC LICENSE

Written by
Michael O'Mahony
&
Sasha Reins

Highlander

"DRAMATIC LICENSE"

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Production #96505

August 12, 1996 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"Dramatic License"

Production #96505

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD

AMANDA
TERENCE COVENTRY
CAROLYN MARSH

ROXANNE
TIM

GERALD

ASSISTANT

HIGHLANDER

"Dramatic License"

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SET LISTINTERIORS

MACLEOD'S LOFT

DOJO

/OFFICE

JOE'S

BOOKSTORE

TERENCE'S HOUSE

/KITCHEN

/DINING ROOM

/BOTTOM LANDING

PUBLISHER'S PARTY

BEDROOM - 1786

EXCLUSIVE CLOTHING STORE DRESSING ROOM

EXTERIORS

JOE'S

DOJO

ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN - 1786

PUBLISHER'S HOUSE

/PATIO

LAKE

HIGHLANDER

"Dramatic License"

TEASER

FADE IN:

501 EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN - 1786 - DAY

501

In a dreamy haze of summer light, an ornate FOUNTAIN stands twined with idyllic blooms. From the far side of the fountain, a soft Scottish BURR recites a sonnet:

MACLEOD (O.S.)

When I am gone, dreame me some
happinesse, Nor let thy lookes our
long hid love confesse...

CAMERA TRUCKS AROUND FOUNTAIN where we find --

MACLEOD

in a Beau Brummel flouncy shirt, wind gently blowing his long, flowing, backlit locks. He shuts a sheaf of sonnets, declaiming from memory, with great sensitivity --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Nor praise, nor dispraise
me... ..nor blesse nor curse
Openly love's force...

Suddenly a blood-curdling SCREAM shatters this idyll. MacLeod quickly puts the book aside, to see --

ROXANNE

young, beautiful, and bodice-ripped: a delicate-mannered innocent of noble breeding who looks like she's been ravished against her will. She dashes into the garden, stumbles as she looks over her shoulder in tear-streaked fear. MacLeod catches her up in his arms.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

What is wrong, fair lass?

ROXANNE

Save me! Save me, kind sir, for
pity's sake!

She claws at his shirt in desperation, tearing MacLeod's blouse open, exposing his powerful chest.

(CONTINUED)

501 CONTINUED:

501

MACLEOD

What miserable villain would take
liberties with one so fair?

ROXANNE

A monster... a depraved, unspeakable
beast... Coventry!

MacLeod pulls her protectively close. Between ripped bodice
and ripped shirt there's a lot of exposed skin in contact.

MACLEOD

Fear not. None shall harm you, save
he first defeat me.

TERENCE (O.S.)

(shout)

There you are!

She gasps in fear. MacLeod moves her aside, to face --

TERENCE COVENTRY

storming into view. Scowling, unshaven, a barbarian with
huge black boots and a large, ugly, hairy mole on his cheek.
He glares at Roxanne, cowering behind MacLeod.

TERENCE

Damned wench! I warned you what
would happen if you ever tried to
leave me.

(beat)

Now get back to my bedchambers!

ROXANNE

(repulsed)

I would rather die.

TERENCE

You'll wish it so... once I've had
my way with you.

He leers and reaches for her, but MacLeod grabs his arm in a
grip of steel, holds him fast.

MACLEOD

The lady does not want you.

(beat)

And any fool can see why.

He pushes Terence away.

TERENCE

I've flayed men alive for less than
that!

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

And I have heard frogs with a louder croak.

TERENCE

You dare to insult me?

MACLEOD

I believe I do.

TERENCE

Then you are a fool and you are soon to be a dead fool.

(beat; proudly)

You must not know to whom you are speaking.

MacLeod sizes up Terence, strolls around him with a studied, casual air.

MACLEOD

I think I do.

(beat)

Let me see. Now, don't coach me, I want to get this right.

(beat; eyeing Terence)

A bully, a wart hog... and from what I see, one who must make up in sheer ugliness for what he lacks in...

(beat)

Other areas.

Terence goes white with rage, draws his sword.

TERENCE

You'll need more than fine manners and a sharp tongue to save you.

MACLEOD

(confident)

I have a sharp sword.

Without warning, Terence lunges -- but MacLeod dodges the thrust, pulls his own sword. The fight is old-time Hollywood: parry, thrust, dramatic leaps on the fountain -- nasty LOW BLOWS that MacLeod agilely LEAPS to avoid. MacLeod is polished, classy -- Terence a graceless, backstabbing cur. It's Errol Flynn vs. Conan.

ROXANNE

watches through wringing hands, each near-miss bringing adlibbed GASPS and CRIES.

As MacLeod gains the upper hand --

(CONTINUED)

Terence pulls a DAGGER, slashes MacLeod's shoulder. MacLeod falls back, blood marking his pure white blouse. Roxanne screams, but MacLeod only shrugs off the pain, and goes for Terence with more force.

Terence falls back, looking like a trapped rat. He lunges, grabs Roxanne, and puts his sword to her throat.

TERENCE

Drop your blade, or she dies!

(beat)

I swear, I will kill her where she stands.

MACLEOD

You coward.

TERENCE

Drop it.

(beat)

Drop it, I say.

MacLeod has no choice. He reluctantly lowers his arm, lets the sword fall to his feet.

MACLEOD

Harm one hair and you'll answer to Duncan MacLeod.

TERENCE

Fie upon you, MacLeod! Here's my answer.

Keeping an eye on MacLeod, his blade at her throat, he RIPS her dress, exposing her shoulder, runs his unshaven mouth over her skin. She shudders in disgust as Terence ravishes her, and turns pleading eyes on MacLeod.

CAROLYN (V.O.)

Roxanne hoped, deep in her heaving breast, that this stranger, this Duncan MacLeod of the Clan MacLeod, would somehow save her... but with the brutish Coventry's blade at her throat, all seemed lost.

ECU - MACLEOD

there's a twinkle (OPTICAL - SFX: TRIANGLE) in his eye.

CAROLYN (V.O.)

Then suddenly...

(CONTINUED)

501 CONTINUED: (4)

501

ANGLE - MACLEOD'S BOOT

The sword lies across it. Suddenly MacLeod flips it UP --

WIDER

as he deftly catches the sword, brings it back in a god-almighty swing, and we:

FREEZE FRAME.

AMANDA (V.O.)

And? And?!

502 INT. BOOKSTORE - PRESENT DAY

502

A chain book-store, and there's a "reading" going on. 90% of the customers are women -- the few guys are the type that cruise these events.

AMANDA

is in the group.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

So what happened? Does he save her?

CAROLYN MARSH

stands at a microphone, eyes Amanda with barely contained annoyance. 30, hip expensive clothes, she's definitely not saccharine -- a big ego and plenty of attitude.

CAROLYN

For that, you'll have to buy the book.

She shuts her copy book, turns coolly from Amanda -- takes a book from the crowding CUSTOMERS and begins to sign.

AMANDA

(overly sweet)

Oh, I'll buy two.

REFRAME AMANDA

to include an oversized COVER-FLAT next to her: the lurid artwork of a mainstream historical romance novel. An artist's rendering of a swashbuckling version of "Duncan MacLeod" stands heroically, sword aloft, exaggerated chest, a buxom Roxanne-type wrapped around his legs. (The "Duncan MacLeod" in the artwork should resemble only superficially our Duncan MacLeod -- the same coloring, but a different face.) The signage reads "Author CAROLYN MARSH reads from her novel, 'BLADE OF THE MACLEODS.'"

(CONTINUED)

502 CONTINUED:

502

And OFF Amanda's look, we:

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

503 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY

503

MacLeod is working on a water pipe with a wrench and other tools. He gets the BUZZ and pivots to see:

AMANDA

entering, clutching enough designer bags to qualify for the Imelda Marcos medal.

AMANDA

Well, that's it. Would you believe
I maxed out every card I have?

MACLEOD

(dry)
Everything but your library card.

He continues working.

AMANDA

Speaking of books...

She pulls out her book, flips to a section.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(reading)
"As he strode into the room, she
felt her knees weaken. The dark
eyes that roved over her were the
color of midnight. His muscles as
hard as the Highland hills that formed
them...."

MACLEOD

(rolls his eyes)
Give me a break.

AMANDA

I'm not finished! "A mane of flowing
hair to rival Lancelot's charger..."

MACLEOD

Fabio?

He continues to work, but it looks like he's sucking in his gut.

(CONTINUED)

503 CONTINUED:

503

AMANDA

"This was the man her father had
hired to protect her. This barbarian,
this smoky-eyed Scot..."

(punching it)

"This Duncan MacLeod."

The sound of his name causes him to tug the wrench harder
than he wanted. The pipe comes loose, soaking him with water.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Gotcha.

MacLeod grabs the book away. And OFF his face --

DISSOLVE TO:

504 INT. DOJO - A LITTLE LATER

504

MacLeod and Amanda are leaving the elevator. MacLeod fumes
as he thumbs through the book as Amanda looks on, sucking on
a popsicle.

MACLEOD

I don't believe it.

AMANDA

Neither do I, frankly.

(beat)

I mean, she got the eyes just about
right.... but "Muscles as hard as
Highland hills..."?

MACLEOD

I meant that someone's actually
writing this!

AMANDA

Figured you'd written it yourself...
Except I met the writer.

MACLEOD

(re: book)

Marsh... Marsh... Who the hell is
Carolyn Marsh?

AMANDA

I thought you might know.

MACLEOD

You think I'd tell a mortal about
our lives?

AMANDA

You have before.

(CONTINUED)

504 CONTINUED:

504

MACLEOD

But not some romance novelist.

AMANDA

Someone did. You're a best-seller,
MacLeod.

MACLEOD

It's not funny.

(beat, reading)

"Roxanne's breath came in labored
gasps as he crushed his lips to hers,
her hands reached for his kilt, where
they found..."

(stops, disgusted)

I don't believe it.

Amanda looks interested, grabs the book away.

AMANDA

I missed that...

(reads, interested)

Ooh. So it's a little purple.

(off his look)

The prose, I mean.

MACLEOD

A little! That's not even close to
the way it happened...

TRANSITION TO:

505 EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN - 1786 - DAY

505

The FOUNTAIN from the teaser, but it's grungy, covered with
pond scum. A MAN bends over it, slurps noisily. He
straightens -- it's MACLEOD, unshaven and travel-worn,
stopping to water himself and his horse in the fountain. He
slaps clouds of ROAD-DUST off his breeches, examines a couple
RIPS in his pants -- real life. He looks up at --

ROXANNE

'Elp! 'elp, 'ee's after me!

An over-painted, busty hussy, ROXANNE, ducks through the
trees. The same woman in the Teaser -- but she has a coarse
ACCENT, heavily-rouged cheeks, cheap but sexy.

ROXANNE (CONT'D)

Sir! Sir! 'Elp me, I beg you!

She throws herself into MacLeod's surprised arms -- and from
his reaction, we note that she's not a fan of soap. Still,
chivalry and all that...

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

(beat)

What seems to be the problem?

ROXANNE

(pointing off)

That pig! E's tryin' to take
advantage 'o my maidenly honor!

MACLEOD

(eyeing her)

Isn't it a little late for that?

MACLEOD

gets the BUZZ. He pushes Roxanne aside, and she almost falls.
MacLeod turns to face --

TERENCE COVENTRY

riding up on his hunter. He gets the BUZZ. He's now
elegantly dressed, smooth shaven and mole-less. He has a
civilized, couth air, and his anger is all civil indignation.

TERENCE

So! Thought you could take advantage
of a gentleman?

He's off his horse and moving towards the cowering Roxanne,
who grabs MacLeod.

ROXANNE

Save me, kind sir, from a fate worse
than death!

TERENCE

Oh, please.

(to MacLeod, politely)

I beg your pardon, sir, but this is
none of your affair.

MACLEOD

I'm afraid it is, sir. It seems you
are distressing this... this...

(for lack of a better
word)

lady.

TERENCE

Lady?

(amused)

Stand clear, sir. The hussy and I
have a score to settle.

He steps forward. MacLeod stops him with a hand.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

I beg to differ. She is under my protection now.

TERENCE

Do you know what you are protecting?

MACLEOD

A woman in need.

TERENCE

That is no woman, sir.

ROXANNE

(offended)

I beg your pardon!

MACLEOD

Your opinion of her is no matter to me.

TERENCE

I am amazed how easily you discard something you have not heard.

MACLEOD

Whatever she is, she needs my help.

TERENCE

(droll)

Oh, spare me.

Terence pulls a sword out. MacLeod draws his own sword, handing the reins of his horse to Roxanne.

MACLEOD

I am Duncan MacLeod, of the Clan MacLeod. I have no wish to kill you, but I will defend what's left of the lady's honor.

Terence bows slightly in acknowledgement.

TERENCE

Terence Coventry.

(beat)

And it's clear she has none left to defend.

Terence makes the first move, but this time, he is a fighter of accomplished skill. The pair show great elan as they fight around the fountain, then break --

(CONTINUED)

TERENCE (CONT'D)

You've been duped, sir. The woman is a common thief, a barmaid who has stolen my purse.

MACLEOD

Harsh words, sir. Where is your proof?

Terence points with his sword. MacLeod turns to see --

ROXANNE

on MacLeod's horse, spurring it to gallop.

RESUME MACLEOD

stunned. He takes a few futile steps after her.

MACLEOD

My horse! Come back with my horse!

She doesn't.

TERENCE

See? You see how chivalry is rewarded? There's no justice.

They look at each other, then both sheath their swords.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

I'd buy you an ale to drown your sorrows... but she stole every penny I had.

MacLeod hefts his coin purse, the coins chinking.

MACLEOD

At least you have a horse. If you'll give me a ride to the next tavern, I'll buy the ale.

(beat)

We can discuss the death of chivalry.

TERENCE

(a smile)

Done.

He swings up into his saddle.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

Gentlemen of our caliber must stick together. Especially when we're taken advantage of...

(CONTINUED)

505 CONTINUED: (4)

505

MACLEOD
(stepping on line)
By a hussy of that sort.

He swings up behind Terence.

TERENCE
Actually, I had a better word in
mind...

And as they RIDE OFF, we hear the pre-lapped voice of

TERENCE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(furious)
That conniving, back-stabbing...
(beat)
Gerald!

TRANSITION TO:

506 INT. TERENCE'S HOUSE - PRESENT DAY

506

A beautiful study in a well-appointed, luxurious home, Terence
flings "Blade of the MacLeods" across the room in a fury.

TERENCE
Gerald!

GERALD

the personal assistant appears at the door, stone faced.

GERALD (CONT'D)
Sir?

TERENCE
(under his breath)
I'll kill her. I'll absolutely kill
her.

TERENCE

picks up the book, flips to the title page, rips out the
imprint.

TERENCE (CONT'D)
(to Gerald)
Buchanan Books. Find out who's the
editor of this miserable piece of
drek! Then find me the author.

He thrusts the torn sheet at Gerald.

GERALD
Immediately, sir.

(CONTINUED)

506 CONTINUED:

506

He goes. Terence looks at the back page of the flyleaf with Carolyn's heavily air-brushed PUBLICITY PHOTO.

TERENCE

I told you I'd never let you get away with a stunt like this.

(dark)

Now you're going to pay.

He holds up Carolyn's PICTURE and slowly, with feeling-- tears it in half. And OFF his dark look --

507 INT. DOJO - DAY

507

THREE YOUNG MUSCULAR JOCKS glisten with sweat. One skips rope, another, a lithe black guy, buzzes the speed bag, a third pounds a heavy bag with bone-crushing hooks. Enough rippling muscle to propel a roller coaster.

CAROLYN

enters the dojo and surveys the pumping flesh.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

Oh, my.

She moves closer, looking like a fox in a chicken coop, as she samples the material: grabs the biceps of one, the buttock of another. She's a man-eater.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

(to Jock#1)

MacLeod? Duncan MacLeod?

The fondled BOXER jumps and backs off, shaking his head. Carolyn shrugs and moves on, pausing by the rippling black guy. He sees her staring, looks back.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

Don't suppose you're Scottish.

(off his stare,
regretful)

Oh well, forget it.

She sights on the next guy, moves toward him.

508 INT. DOJO - OFFICE - DAY

508

MacLeod is on the phone, agitated. Amanda lounges in his chair, idly playing with the slinky as:

(CONTINUED)

508 CONTINUED:

508

MACLEOD

(into phone)

The editor of the Carolyn Marsh books,
please.

(a beat)

Regarding "Blade of the MacLeods."

(then)

No, I do not want to be put through
to her fan club!

Too late. MacLeod puts down the phone, hard.

AMANDA

I didn't expect you to take this so
seriously.

MACLEOD

It's my name... my life! You want
me to just ignore it?

Amanda is suddenly staring out into the dojo.

AMANDA

Well, well. Look what the cat dragged
in.

MACLEOD

(following her look)

What's she doing?

AMANDA

By the look of it? I'd say she's
shopping for tenderloin.

MacLeod heads into the dojo. Amanda follows.

509 INT. DOJO - CONTINUOUS

509

MacLeod crosses over to Carolyn. Amanda hangs back slightly,
grinning -- this oughta be good.

CAROLYN'S POV - MACLEOD

irritated, but looking the total leading man.

MACLEOD

Excuse me, but is there something I
can do for you?

She goggles, touches his arms, losing her composure for a
BEAT.

CAROLYN

Oh yes...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAROLYN (CONT'D)
(recovering)
Please, just tell me you're Duncan
MacLeod.

MACLEOD
(dubious)
Okay. I'm Duncan MacLeod.

CAROLYN
Thank God! I thought I'd died and
gone to Chippendales.

She runs a hand down his arms.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)
You know what I've been through to
find you? You are perfect...
Perfect.
(beat)
There's a funny smell in here.

Amanda's had enough. She steps in.

AMANDA
Probably lust.
(to MacLeod; wickedly)
This is Carolyn Marsh. You know,
the one with the book?

MacLeod gives her a look -- "thanks for mentioning it."

MACLEOD
You don't say.

CAROLYN
(to Amanda, frosty)
Excuse me, but do I know you?

AMANDA
The book signing. This morning?

The cat claws come out.

CAROLYN
Sorry. With so many fans, just another
face in the crowd... you understand.

AMANDA
(through her teeth)
Perfectly.

CAROLYN
Duncan... I can call you Duncan,
can't I -- we have to talk.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD
(pointed)
I agree.

CAROLYN
(a glance at Amanda)
Good. It'll be so much easier to
explain over a drink.

She takes MacLeod's arm. Amanda takes his other arm.

AMANDA
Come on. We can all talk about it.

CAROLYN
(cool)
I really don't think that's necessary.

AMANDA
I do.

CAROLYN
(ice)
This is business.

AMANDA
(harder)
In that case, I insist.

MACLEOD
(trapped)
Anything. But let's do it before I
lose an arm.

They head toward the door, Carolyn shooting daggers at Amanda,
MacLeod in the middle.

Amanda, MacLeod and Carolyn are sitting at a table nursing
drinks.

MACLEOD
(fishing)
So, Carolyn, your book's pretty...
imaginative.

CAROLYN
And you're wondering where I get my
ideas?
(off his look)
A lot of people ask that.

AMANDA
Really.

(CONTINUED)

CAROLYN

It's simple. Duncan MacLeod is real.

MacLeod chokes on his drink.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

For four hundred years, that name's been popping up in legends all over the world. Scotland, Italy, Turkey...

AMANDA

Turkey? Imagine that.

MacLeod kicks her under the table.

CAROLYN

It's always the same story. A warrior from the Highlands, fighting battles, protecting the weak... always Duncan MacLeod. What do you think of that?

MACLEOD

Fascinating.

CAROLYN

At first it drove me crazy. Then I finally figured it out.
(pause for effect)
I know the truth.

MacLeod and Amanda trade looks.

MACLEOD

(strangled)
Which is?

CAROLYN

What does man need most?
(off Amanda's look)
Besides that.
(beat)
Heroes... and when there aren't any, we create them.
(beat)
"Duncan MacLeod" exists because we want him to exist! We need him to exist.

She slaps the table in triumph.

AMANDA

Then, you don't really think it's the same man?

(CONTINUED)

CAROLYN

(staring)

Are you nuts? He'd have to be
immortal.

She laughs. Amanda laughs. She slaps MacLeod's back hard --
MacLeod finally laughs.

MACLEOD

Hilarious.
(beat, serious)
But about this book...

CAROLYN

(correcting)

Books. Whole series. Each one set
in a different time period.

(off his look)

It's a gimmick.

(beat)

To really sell it, I need to find
today's Duncan MacLeod.

(beat)

That's where you come in.

MACLEOD

(firmly)

This is where I get out.

He rises. Carolyn rises, stopping him.

CAROLYN

But this is a gold mine!

MACLEOD

Not interested.

MacLeod rises, taking Amanda's arm. Amanda shrugs a "you
lose" look at Carolyn. Carolyn goes after them.

CAROLYN

Look, I saw your dojo, or whatever
you call it -- I've seen dumpsters
with better facilities!

AMANDA

True... but it's him.

CAROLYN

I know you could use the cash, so
what's the deal here?

MACLEOD

There's no deal here.

(CONTINUED)

CAROLYN

(beat, suspicious)

Maybe I should do a little research
on this Duncan MacLeod.

AMANDA

Maybe you'll find out he was born in
the Highlands of Scotland four hundred
years ago.

MacLeod stops her with a look.

CAROLYN

Maybe he has something to hide.

(beat)

Do you have something to hide?

MACLEOD

(to Carolyn)

What'll it take for you to leave me
alone?

CAROLYN

Come to the party my publisher is
throwing. Just give it a try. If
you don't like it, I'm gone. Deal?

(beat)

Or do I set the research drones to
work?

MacLeod is trapped.

MACLEOD

(beat)

One time. One party. No publicity
photos, no press. End of story.
That's the deal.

CAROLYN

(giving in)

Okay. Deal.

(beat)

But try to come alone.

She throws Amanda a catty smile, turns and mows her way out.
Amanda looks after her.

AMANDA

Not in your lifetime.

CUT TO:

511 EXT. PUBLISHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 511

A lavish manse, stretch limos in the drive, as we hear the CLINK of champagne glasses and swirling MUSIC.

512 INT. PUBLISHER'S PARTY - NIGHT 512

MacLeod is forcing a pained smile to a group of admiring young women, several holding copies of Carolyn's book. He gives a bow to his "fans" and moves away to Amanda, wearing an elegant black number, watching in amusement. In the background, two men are at the door checking invitations and letting people in.

MACLEOD

I hate this.

AMANDA

You agreed... and I don't remember any torture chamber.

MACLEOD

What choice did I have?

AMANDA

Come on, admit it. You love being the all-Scottish action hero.

MACLEOD

That's ridiculous.

A couple of stunning YOUNG WOMEN go by, beaming at him. MacLeod beams back, preening perceptibly.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

But I'll just have to force myself.

Amanda rolls her eyes.

ANGLE - NEAR FRENCH WINDOWS

Carolyn huddling with her flack, TIM, a slightly fey, balding young man. Both are scanning the room.

CAROLYN

What's the body count, Tim?

TIM

So far, three reviewers and a Vanity Fair editor had to have smelling salts. Carolyn, he's absolutely brilliant.

(CONTINUED)

CAROLYN

I told you. Did I tell you? He's a goldmine.

TIM

Gorgeous is what he is.

(beat)

The camera's gonna love him.

CAROLYN

Here he comes.

TIM

(breathless)

Be still, my beating heart.

AMANDA AND MACLEOD

stroll up to Carolyn and Tim.

CAROLYN

Duncan, this is Tim, my publicist.

As MacLeod and Tim shake --

AMANDA

In your research on MacLeod, did you ever come across any... archetypal woman? A goddess type?

CAROLYN

(offhand)

He got tangled up with someone once... somewhere in Turkey.

(Amanda brightens)

But she was just a cheap whore and a thief. Not worth mentioning.

AMANDA

(icy)

Really.

BEAT -- MacLeod and Amanda react to a BUZZ.

MACLEOD

Excuse us for a moment, will you? We have something to discuss.

AMANDA

In private.

He pulls Amanda away from Carolyn and the smitten Tim, and heads for the patio doors and the BUZZ.

(CONTINUED)

512 CONTINUED: (2) 512

MACLEOD

Now what?

AMANDA

Maybe it's the real Duncan MacLeod.

513 EXT. PUBLISHER'S HOUSE - PATIO - NIGHT 513

They step warily onto the empty balcony -- TERENCE COVENTRY steps from the shadows, elegant and glowering.

TERENCE

(snide)

If it isn't the superhero himself...
Duncan MacLeod.

MacLeod recognizes him, steps forward to meet him.

MACLEOD

Terence Coventry. Are you here for
me?

TERENCE

Don't flatter yourself.
(looking past him)
I'm here for her.

His eyes stare through the patio doors, into the party where
we see --

CAROLYN

framed in the French doors, signing books, oblivious to the
danger.

RESUME TERENCE

staring at her, seething with hate.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

514 EXT. PUBLISHER'S HOUSE - PATIO - NIGHT

514

Terence starts for Carolyn, but MacLeod blocks him.

MACLEOD

If anyone had a reason to kill her,
it should be me. I'm the one with
my name on the cover.

TERENCE

And I'm the pig with a mole on my
face! A hairy mole!
(points to his face)
Do you see a mole?! Do I dress like
a pig?!

MACLEOD

It's a book, Terence -- it'll be
forgotten in a few months.

TERENCE

Fine for you, she made you the damn
hero!
(seething)
I'm a spineless coward who tries to
kill unarmed women!

AMANDA

You think that's bad? She called me
a cheap whore and a thief.

A LONG BEAT as the two men fall silent.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(indignant)
I was never cheap!

MACLEOD

Terence, I don't like it either, but
it's just a book. You can't kill a
defenseless mortal.

AMANDA

Says who?

MacLeod's reply is forestalled as he notices, over Terence's
shoulder, Carolyn making her way toward them. He hastily
shifts so that Terence and Amanda are looking the other way,
don't see Carolyn.

(CONTINUED)

514 CONTINUED:

514

They look back at him accusingly, arms crossed. A beat, he considers his options, then:

MACLEOD

(warning)

We haven't finished talking.

He strides past them to meet Carolyn. Amanda and Terence watch him go, both looking pissed.

TERENCE

She needs to have an accident. Break her writing arm, get her jaw wired.

AMANDA

I'd use poison. A big rock...

(beat)

Maybe a stake through the heart.

Terence manages a smile.

TERENCE

I do like the way you think.

He offers his arm. Amanda takes it, and they head into the party.

515 INT. PUBLISHER'S PARTY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

515

MacLeod joins Carolyn inside.

CAROLYN

There you are. You can't just take off like that. Remember our deal. You're supposed to be on display!

MACLEOD

(through gritted teeth)

I don't like being on display.

CAROLYN

Now don't pout... it's not very attractive.

(with a smile)

Your public's waiting.

MacLeod is about to answer -- he spots Terence and Amanda entering.

MacLeod takes Carolyn's arm and quickly leads her into the crowd.

MACLEOD

Look, you've made your rounds... why don't we get out of here?

(CONTINUED)

515 CONTINUED:

515

She looks at him, surprised but flattered.

CAROLYN

Why, Duncan... That would be a
premature evacuation, n'est-ce pas?
Why the rush?

MACLEOD'S POV - TERENCE

heading their way. Murder in his eyes.

MACLEOD

I'll tell you later.

CAROLYN

follows his look -- sees Terence for the first time. She
winces, covers it, smiles at MacLeod.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

Where should we go? The Highlands?
Bali?

MACLEOD

Anywhere you like.

CAROLYN

(a nano-beat)
Okay. Your place.

MACLEOD

is cornered. Terence is bearing down, making his way through
the crowd like a gentleman -- intent on murder.

MACLEOD

Now.

He grabs her arm. He pulls her toward the door and the two
men checking invitations. He points to Terence.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

See that guy?
(beat)
He just tried to lift my wallet.

As the two men move to interrupt Terence, MacLeod slips out
the door.

516 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT

516

Mid-scene. MacLeod is uncorking wine, rolling his eyes as
Carolyn browses the place, poking around, rattling on.

(CONTINUED)

CAROLYN

It's simple, really. Duncan MacLeod is every woman's sexual fantasy. A warrior with the heart of a poet.

MACLEOD

(beat, sarcastic)
I'd love to meet him.

CAROLYN

But he's more than that. He's a man of principle... ethics. The tragic romantic hero.

(beat)
If he didn't exist, we'd have to invent him.

MacLeod hands her a glass.

MACLEOD

So what else did you learn about this... fantasy?

CAROLYN

You really want to know?

MATCH DIALOGUE TO CLIPS -- scenes from MacLeod's life in 1605-1622 (from "Prophecy," "Homeland," "Family Tree") unspool under as Carolyn speaks:

CAROLYN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The first time Duncan MacLeod turns up, he's a chieftain's son, raised to lead a Highland Clan. He fell in love with the daughter of a neighboring chief, but she was pledged in marriage to his kinsman. You know, a Romeo and Juliet kind of thing? Anyhow, there was a fight... and he killed his cousin. Now here's the tragic part... the woman he loved died anyway. He left his clan shortly after that... the stories are pretty unclear about exactly why... but they say he's wandered the world ever since.

MACLEOD

is lost in thought, moved by the memories.

CAROLYN

You know they still tell that story in a little village in Scotland... Glenfinnan.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

(far away)

On the shores of Loch Shiel.

CAROLYN

How did you know?

MACLEOD

(beat, covering)

It's in your book.

CAROLYN

Of course.

(moving in)

And I thought you weren't a fan.

She moves up behind him, running her fingers over his back, his shoulders.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

Imagine the loss ...

(with feeling)

Wandering the earth alone, longing for warmth, for companionship... for love. With no one who can truly understand his soul, share his pain.

MacLeod is distracted -- it's his LIFE she's describing. She's moving as she speaks: touching him, playing him.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

I'd do anything for that man. I'd be his willing slave.

Suddenly she plants a wet one on him, pulling at his shirt -- trying to jump him. MacLeod tries to pull free, but Carolyn hangs on like a tick. They fall backwards over a table --

NEW ANGLE

and land on the floor, Carolyn STRADDLING MacLeod, jockey-like, kissing him passionately.

CAROLYN

I want it, you want it... stop fighting it!

MACLEOD

(muffled)

Mgumph!

She crushes his mouth with hers again. MacLeod's EYES grow wide as he feels a BUZZ. Finally he wrenches his lips free, looks up to see --

(CONTINUED)

516 CONTINUED: (3)

516

AMANDA

staring down at them, eyes like icy stalactites a mile underground.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Well, yipee-kayai. The rodeo's in town.

They scramble to their feet, Carolyn smoothing her dress down, pissed.

CAROLYN

Didn't you ever learn how to knock?

AMANDA

You'd be surprised what I learned.
(ominous)
Maybe you want to find out?

She steps forward, murder in her eyes. MacLeod quickly steps between them.

MACLEOD

Amanda, it's not what you think!

AMANDA

What I'm thinking, you don't want to know.
(beat)
There's a cabby waiting downstairs.
Thirty bucks, to bring me back from your little soiree.

MacLeod opens his wallet, starts to proffer a fifty then sees her face and thinks better of it.

MACLEOD

I'll be right back. Just don't...

He looks at them, sees enough electrical tension in the room to start a lightning storm.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Just don't.

He heads towards the elevator. The women cross their arms and stare at each other.

517 INT. DOJO - NIGHT

517

MacLeod quickly pays off the CABBY standing at the door.

MACLEOD

Keep the change.

(CONTINUED)

517 CONTINUED:

517

The Cabby smiles and leaves. MacLeod turns to go back to the loft -- he gets the BUZZ. He freezes.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Please. Not now.

He turns, expecting the worst, and finds it as --

TERENCE

lurches in, obviously in his cups, and pissed off.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

She's here, isn't she?

MACLEOD

(blank)

Who?

TERENCE

Think I'm a fool? Carolyn Marsh,
who else!

He lurches around MacLeod, voice dripping sarcasm as he quotes from memory:

TERENCE (CONT'D)

"Sable mane..." "Muscles hard as
hills..." "Eyes like..."

(faltering)

Potatoes, or whatever the hell she
said. You're sleeping with her!

MACLEOD

Why would I do that?

TERENCE

To make yourself look good, and make
me look like a fool!

MACLEOD

I swear, I never went near her.

TERENCE

No?

(quotes)

"... as Duncan's lips crushed her to
him, her hands went to his
breeches..."

MACLEOD

(correcting)

Kilt.

(CONTINUED)

517 CONTINUED: (2)

517

TERENCE

Bastard!

He throws a haymaker -- catches MacLeod on the chin. He winces, holding his temper.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

Don't get between us again.

He lurches out the door. MacLeod turns to go back, rubbing his jaw.

517A INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT

517A

MacLeod enters from the stairs. He looks around the loft.

MACLEOD

Where is she?

AMANDA

She's gone.

MacLeod reacts.

MACLEOD

On the elevator?

AMANDA

On her broom.

MacLeod takes off down the stairs.

517B INT. DOJO - NIGHT

517B

Carolyn heads from the elevator to the front door where Terence just left. MacLeod enters from the stairs.

MACLEOD

Carolyn, wait!

She turns. MacLeod moves toward her.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Maybe you shouldn't go home tonight.

Carolyn smiles, misunderstanding. She pats his cheek.

CAROLYN

Sweet... but somehow I don't think your girlfriend would understand.

MACLEOD

(exasperated)

There's nothing to understand!

(CONTINUED)

517B CONTINUED:

517B

Carolyn shakes her head at this naivete.

CAROLYN

Men. First thing you do is get to
that all night florist on Water
Street. Two dozen white roses might
do the trick.

She kisses him on the cheek, starts to head toward the door.
MacLeod gets in her way.

MACLEOD

Carolyn, I'm serious. You're not
safe.

We hear a drunken bellow from outside.

TERENCE (O.S.)

Carolyn!

MacLeod grabs Carolyn's arm.

MACLEOD

Back door. Quick.

She's too startled to object as he hustles her to the side
door, pushes her through. Slams it shut behind her.

TERENCE (O.S.)

Carolyn, where are you?

MacLeod turns, looking "innocent" as Terence comes in the
front door.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

I heard her voice. Don't deny it.
Where is she?

MACLEOD

She's not here.
(beat)
Go home, Terence.

Terence raises himself shakily up to full height.

TERENCE

I shall not forget this.
(beat)
You, sir, are a skunk. A SKUNK!

He stalks out. And OFF MacLeod, looking after him --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

518 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT 518

CAMERA PANS DOWN from two dozen WHITE ROSES standing in a vase on a table. Amanda lies in bed in a soft pool of light, reading "Blade of the MacLeods" with rapt attention as she munches nuts from a bowl.

AMANDA (V.O.)

(reading aloud)

"... her naked flesh trembled under his touch. Slowly, slowly she lay back on the satin pillows, letting them caress her ivory skin..."

RIPPLE DISSOLVE TO:

519 INT. BEDROOM - 1786 - AMANDA'S FANTASY 519

There's enough Vaseline on the camera lens to start a chopstick factory. CAMERA PANS OVER the identical ripped dress worn in the TEASER; it lies draped over a chair. The same satin shoes are on the floor beside the bed.

ANGLE - THE BED

where a naked BLONDE lies, her hair fanned out on the sheets, face hidden by a dark-maned MacLeod as he kisses her sensually, as OVER we HEAR:

AMANDA (V.O.)

"... her silken blonde tresses cascaded over both their bodies as he caressed her. She had been kissed by men before, but never like this ..."

The woman's face turns so we can see it: back arched, eyes half-shut in breathless excitement -- it's Amanda! She stops, takes MacLeod's head in her hands, searches his eyes anxiously:

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(breathless)

Tell me... I have to know... Am I just another conquest for you?

MACLEOD

(beat)

On my honor... no woman I have ever been with could match you... And if I live a thousand years, none could.

(CONTINUED)

519 CONTINUED:

519

AMANDA

Then take me... now!

He does. The two roll under the covers, FLASHES of bare flesh, blonde Amanda CRYING out in sheer ecstasy.

AMANDA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(reading)

"... under his caresses, her skin burned with a white hot passion she had never known in her life."

(reading, with growing excitement)

"They moved together, bodies joining in exquisite union again and again, until she could no longer bear it. Finally he cried out, the sound she was longing to hear..."

And OVER, drowning out everything -- a huge, male SNORE.

SMASH TO:

520 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT - PICK-UP ACTION.

520

Amanda lies in bed, reading, eyes glued to the book. Again the SNORE, and she looks over at --

MACLEOD

splayed in bed beside her, hair a mess, rumped and snoring. Definitely not the sex machine in the novel.

Amanda gives him a speculative look.

AMANDA

Duncan?

More SNORING. No action there. Amanda reaches over and pinches his nose shut. MacLeod SNARFS, rolls over. Amanda sighs, gives him a fond pat and goes back to her book.

521 INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

521

Carolyn and Tim are preparing for a book signing, fussing over the positioning of the poster and the stack of books. Tim suddenly lights up like a bulb.

TIM

He's here.

MACLEOD

entering the store. He's not smiling, but several female CUSTOMERS ogle him as he approaches the display.

(CONTINUED)

521 CONTINUED:

521

RESUME CAROLYN

CAROLYN
(re: the customers)
Look, they're already drooling.

TIM
(sighs)
Isn't he beautiful.
(as MacLeod approaches)
Mister MacLeod, Duncan... I'm so
glad you could make it!

MACLEOD
(politely)
Thank you.
(to Carolyn)
Could I see you in private?

CAROLYN
Now isn't the time, Duncan. We have
work to do...

She motions to the Tim to bring over a garment bag.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)
And you've got to get into character.

And OFF this, Tim holds up a Scottish costume.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)
We had it sent in from Western Costume
in Hollywood. It's the real Clan
MacLeod tartan.

MACLEOD
(losing patience)
I'm not here to play "Duncan MacLeod"
for you.

CAROLYN
I see.
(cooling)
Then put it in two words or less.

MACLEOD
(enunciating)
Terence... Coventry.

The shoe drops. Carolyn turns to Tim.

CAROLYN
Tim? Give us five?

Tim moves off, holding the costume.

(CONTINUED)

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

(avoiding)

Why bring up Terence Coventry? He's
the villain from my book.

MACLEOD

And from the party yesterday.

(off her look)

Drop the act, Carolyn. What's between
you and Coventry?

She gives up, throws her pencil aside.

CAROLYN

All right. Terence and I...

(beat)

We were once an item.

MACLEOD

And?

CAROLYN

And now we're not.

MACLEOD

(beat)

You used his name for your villain?
Just because you broke up?

CAROLYN

Writers do it all the time.

(with feeling)

He deserves it.

MACLEOD

And you expect him to ignore it and
walk away?

CAROLYN

(turning away)

I don't want to talk about it.

MACLEOD

That's a switch.

CAROLYN

(feeling cornered)

And I don't need advice from a cover
model.

(re the costume)

Are you going to do the "Duncan
MacLeod" thing or not?

(CONTINUED)

521 CONTINUED: (3)

521

MACLEOD

(a beat)

Not.

He turns and leaves. Tim looks after him in dismay.

TIM

Who's going to wear the kilt?

MACLEOD

(as he goes)

Mel Gibson.

TWO CUSTOMERS gawk at his exit.

522 INT. JOE'S - DAY

522

MacLeod and Amanda are finishing lunch. MacLeod signals for the bill.

AMANDA

I told you she was trouble. Why go in the first place?

MACLEOD

To try and get her to stop. She can't keep doing this to Terence.
(beat)

She can't keep doing this to me.

AMANDA

Making you a hero?

(beat)

That's a problem?

MACLEOD

She wanted to dress me in a kilt.

AMANDA

Really? I kind of like you in a kilt.

(off his look)

Nice legs.

MacLeod gives her a look.

MACLEOD

Very flattering, but no thank you.

AMANDA

So you're done with all of this?

MACLEOD

Absolutely.

(CONTINUED)

522 CONTINUED: 522

AMANDA

That's nice.

She takes a bite, and OFF MacLeod's look --

523 INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY 523

TIGHT ON: two big red lips impacting on a page. We WIDEN to reveal Carolyn putting her "signature" on the page. She smiles and hands the book to a gushing Fan, first in line, standing at her table.

CAROLYN

(taking a sip of water)

Enjoy.

What she's not doing is paying any attention to the customers in the line.

ANOTHER BOOK

is placed on the table. Carolyn flips to the dedication page, the pen at the ready.

CAROLYN

Who shall I dedicate it to?

TERENCE (O.S.)

(grimly)

How about... "Terence, The Beastly Boor."

TERENCE

stands over her, glowering.

CAROLYN

stands quickly.

CAROLYN

(pointed)

In case you haven't noticed, I'm busy.

TERENCE

I know. Putting knives in my back.

CAROLYN

I have a right to make a living.

He grabs the book and waves it.

(CONTINUED)

523 CONTINUED:

523

TERENCE

Not like this! You can't do this to me!

He turns, raging, to the few CUSTOMERS gathered there.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

Do you see a mole? Am I that ugly?!

The Customers fall back. Carolyn grabs the book, grabs her pen, and inscribes Terence's book.

CAROLYN

You want me to write something?

How's this?

(writing)

Dear Terence... screw you.

She throws the book at him.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

If I were you, I'd take a hike... before Duncan MacLeod shows up!

That does it. Terence throws her over his shoulder and carries her, kicking and screaming, towards the exit.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

Let go of me this instant! I'm gonna scream!

TERENCE

(not stopping)

Go ahead.

She does -- a high, ear-splitting SHRIEK.

THE CUSTOMERS, thinking this is part of the hype, burst out in delighted APPLAUSE.

524 INT. JOE'S - RESUME

524

ECU - ON LIPS - puckering in a kiss - WIDEN TO REVEAL: Amanda putting finishing touches on her lipstick, while MacLeod signs the credit card slip.

AMANDA

If you think Terence is that mad, why leave at all?

MACLEOD

Because she got me mad... and it was turning into a circus.

(CONTINUED)

524 CONTINUED:

524

AMANDA

Right. She pissed you off, so you left her to the wolves.

(off his protesting look)

I understand. I'd do the same thing in your shoes.

(beat)

You think the real Duncan MacLeod would have stayed?

MACLEOD

(piqued)

I am the real Duncan MacLeod.

AMANDA

I don't know what the fuss is about.

(beat)

To tell you the truth, it wouldn't bother me if he does kill her.

MacLeod eyes her for a moment.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

What?

He sighs, stands, and moves to the door.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

MacLeod...!

He's gone. Amanda looks down --

ANGLE - MACLEOD'S CREDIT CARD

lies on the table. Amanda picks it up.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

When the going gets tough...

(stands)

The tough go shopping.

She drops it in her purse.

525 INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

525

MacLeod is with Tim, who's packing up the display and book signing paraphernalia.

MACLEOD

What did the guy look like?

TIM

Handsome brute.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

525 CONTINUED:

525

TIM (CONT'D)

He was so insistent... threw her
over his shoulder and dragged her
out of here.

(beat)

It was incredibly romantic.

MACLEOD

Did you catch his name?

TIM

Sorry.

(beat)

Wait...

He picks up the book Carolyn threw at Terence.

TIM (CONT'D)

He dropped this.

(reading dedication)

Terence.

OFF MACLEOD'S CONCERN, WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

526 EXT. PARK - DAY

526

There's a high-octane argument going on between Carolyn and Terence.

CAROLYN

It's my book, Terence... what I do in it is my business.

TERENCE

Not when you use my name, it isn't.
(beat)
And how could you make me such a tasteless bastard?

CAROLYN

I suppose you think I should have made you the hero.

TERENCE

(exploding)
You should never have written any of it!

CAROLYN

Are you finished?

TERENCE

(softer)
Carolyn, why are you doing this?

CAROLYN

(hesitates; without rancor)
Look, Terence, let's just forget it. You go your way, I'll go mine.

TERENCE

What about the book?

Not exactly what she wanted to hear. The hard edge returns.

CAROLYN

That's all you're interested in, isn't it?
(off no response)
Wait 'til you see the sequel.

She turns away. Terence stops her.

(CONTINUED)

TERENCE

Carolyn, you know that's not all I'm interested in.

(beat)

Come to the house tonight.

CAROLYN

Why? So the staff can hold me down while you put a knife through my heart?

TERENCE

It'll just be you and me... I'll even make dinner.

CAROLYN

All by yourself?

(sarcastic)

Then what? I sit around for five hours while you tell me what a hero you've been and about all the women you've had?

TERENCE

You talk. I'll listen.

CAROLYN

That'll be a change.

TERENCE

Just say yes.

He's earnest, beseeching. She hesitates, waffling.

CAROLYN

Maybe.

She stalks off. And OFF Terence's look --

CUT TO:

527 INT. EXCLUSIVE CLOTHING STORE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

527

Amanda steps from a cubicle to stand before a three way mirror in the outfit she's trying on. It's a knockout -- black, slinky, showing every feature to best advantage. As she looks herself over, reflected in the mirror beside her, ANOTHER FIGURE steps out --

CAROLYN

wearing an identical outfit. Carolyn freezes, eyes Amanda's body -- she doesn't like the competition. She smooths her hips, preens a little.

(CONTINUED)

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

I think Duncan would like this, don't you?

AMANDA

He'd love it.

(beat)

On me.

CAROLYN

(frost)

You might want to try last year's model. I hear it's a little roomier.

AMANDA

Why spend all that money getting into a dress?

(beat)

It'll come right off when the first man gets within fifteen feet.

An ASSISTANT approaches, seeing a double sale.

ASSISTANT

(brightly)

You both look absolutely faaaab-ulous!
Are you sisters?

They turn, look daggers at him. The Assistant backs quickly off. Amanda sidles up to Carolyn, hands on hips -- intimidating.

AMANDA

Forget Duncan. You're way out of your league.

(beat)

He and I go back a long ways.

Carolyn holds her ground.

CAROLYN

(snide)

And I wasn't going to bring age into this.

AMANDA

Listen, you garden variety slug, I read your little book. You think you're going to turn a guy like MacLeod into your fantasy lover, with you as the lady in distress?

(dismissive)

Get real. Look at you. You're not even close.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(beat)
You'll never be.

CAROLYN

How dare you?
(breaking down)
How... you...

Carolyn's eyes begin to well up with tears. She storms back into her dressing room, slams the door.

Amanda turns back to the mirror -- mission accomplished -- then from Carolyn's cubicle, we hear SOBBING.

AMANDA

What did I say?

Amanda shrugs, about to walk away -- but the sobs keep on. Carolyn is really torn up. Amanda waffles, but feels a twinge of compassion -- finally she knocks.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Hey in there. You all right?

CAROLYN

Leave me alone, I'm fine!

Still crying. Amanda pushes open the door, finds Carolyn sitting there, miserable, tear-streaked.

AMANDA

(quietly)
No, you're not.

CAROLYN

(fighting tears)
What the hell do you know!

AMANDA

(beat)
I know someone who's a complete wreck
when I see them.

Carolyn looks at her -- and howls even louder. Amanda rolls her eyes -- she doesn't feel like mothering this woman, but she forces herself to pat Carolyn's back.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(without conviction)
There, there. It's gonna be okay.

She uses part of her outfit to wipe Carolyn's tears.

(CONTINUED)

527 CONTINUED: (3)

527

The assistant enters and reacts as he sees Amanda wiping Carolyn's tears.

ASSISTANT

That's a five-thousand dollar dress!

AMANDA

Is that all?

As Amanda and Carolyn react.

527A EXT. WALK & TALK - DAY

527A

Amanda and Carolyn wearing the matching dresses move down the street. Amanda is trying to be nice.

AMANDA

So tell me all about it.

CAROLYN

No.

(beat, OFF Amanda's
look)

There's this man.

AMANDA

When isn't there?

(beat)

Not MacLeod?

Carolyn shakes her head.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

You love him?

CAROLYN

I hate him.

Amanda sees through the reaction.

AMANDA

No you don't. Take it from me.

(beat)

What happened?

CAROLYN

You were right. I'm out of my league.

AMANDA

He said that?

CAROLYN

He doesn't have to. I just know!

(CONTINUED)

527A CONTINUED:

527A

AMANDA

Rule number one with men -- never
assume you know what they're thinking.

(beat)

I'm sure there's lots of guys who'd
be thrilled to be book covers for
Carolyn Marsh.

CAROLYN

(shaking her head;
with a Jersey accent)

Carol Ann Marshak. From Newark New
Jersey. Carolyn Marsh is one of
those names the publishers like.
Classy... elegant.

(beat)

Like you.

AMANDA

C'mon... You had me fooled.

CAROLYN

Right... Maybe if I had hundreds of
years like you, I'd get it together.

BEAT. Carolyn sees her mistake, but it's too late.

AMANDA

(an edge)

How much do you know?

Carolyn looks trapped, sees it's too late to back out.

CAROLYN

A little.

(beat)

A lot.

AMANDA

Oh, boy. And the book? All this
stuff about the Blade of the MacLeods?

CAROLYN

It was a great story.

(beat)

And it was a way to get back at
Terence.

AMANDA

Terence? You're in love with Terence
Coventry?!

(CONTINUED)

CAROLYN

I was.

(beat)

We met at a Charity Ball six years ago. Everyone was in costume. He looked so good in a waistcoat. He started telling me these stories about an ancestor who'd been a wandering bard and a hired swordsman. I said he should write a book. He just laughed.

(beat)

I fell in love.

AMANDA

So... why not happily ever after?

CAROLYN

(beat)

He told me about being Immortal. That the stories were true -- that they were about him.

(beat)

All the worlds I'd dreamed of, read about, my whole life -- he was there. He's had princesses, queens...

(beat)

He's going to live forever. And me... I'm just going to get fat, get old. And always be from Newark.

(beat)

It was only a matter of time.

AMANDA

So you left him first.

(off Carolyn's
miserable nod)

Changed all his stories. And decided to come on to MacLeod.

CAROLYN

(beat)

I wanted to hurt him... To make him mad.

AMANDA

Congratulations, it worked. If he doesn't kill you, he's sure gonna kill --

(beat)

Oh, God. MacLeod.

And OFF her look --

528 INT. TERENCE'S HOUSE - DUSK 528

MacLeod enters the house warily, his senses in overdrive.
He gets the BUZZ, follows it to --

529 INT. TERENCE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN 529

Where Terence, his APRON on, is cooking over the stove with
a large SPOON. He turns as he feels the BUZZ -- MacLeod.

TERENCE

(icy)

What are you doing here?

MACLEOD

Where's Carolyn?

Terence tightens, advances on MacLeod, spoon in hand.

TERENCE

On her way. And we'd like to be
alone, if you don't mind.

MACLEOD

You think I'm just going to leave
her here?

TERENCE

(laughing)

Always the hero. Sounds like you're
starting to believe your own
publicity.

(beat)

What are you planning to do? Be the
lady's champion on a white charger?

MACLEOD

(a sigh)

If I have to.

TERENCE

En garde!

MacLeod looks almost embarrassed, clears his throat.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

What?!

Then he sees he's holding the SPOON, wearing his apron. He
rips it off, tosses them aside, and pulls his sword.

THE DUEL commences -- the dinner is being demolished, stuffed
tomatoes lose their stuff, a whole duck is a half duck.

(CONTINUED)

529 CONTINUED: 529

TERENCE

is actually a pretty polished swordsman. The battle moves out of the kitchen and into:

530 INT. TERENCE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 530

There's a table set for two: candles, champagne, flowers. They fight past it, then -- the BUZZ.

AMANDA AND CAROLYN

make their entrance. MacLeod and Terence react to their arrival. MacLeod tries to hastily conceal his sword.

MACLEOD

Carolyn. Uh, we were just --

CAROLYN

Fighting over me? How romantic!

MACLEOD

No!

TERENCE

Yes!

MACLEOD

Yes?

TERENCE

You won't have her!

MACLEOD

I don't want her!

TERENCE

Then what are you here for?

MACLEOD

I'm just trying to keep you away from her.

TERENCE

rushes him, sword swinging.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

What sort of hero are you, coming between a man and his wife?

MACLEOD

is struggling to A) keep up with the twists, and B) keep away from Terence's sword.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
Wife? She's your WIFE?

TERENCE
Like you didn't know.

MACLEOD
I didn't.

AMANDA
He didn't.

TERENCE
(to Carolyn)
You didn't?

CAROLYN
We didn't.

MACLEOD

deftly rebuffs Terence's thrust.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
I wouldn't.

MacLeod steps back, raises his sword in a "time out" position.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
Terence, there's nothing between
Carolyn and me!

Terence hesitates -- sees MacLeod is in earnest.

CAROLYN
It's true.

TERENCE
Then why did you leave me?

AMANDA
Because she loves you, you idiot.

TERENCE/MACLEOD
(together)
What?!

MACLEOD
(to Carolyn)
Is she serious?
(off Carolyn's nod)
I give up.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

Is it so hard to understand?

(to Terence)

What did you think would happen,
Terence? All those stories -- Terence
Coventry, world's greatest hero,
world's greatest lover. You swept
the poor girl off her feet.

TERENCE

Of course I did.

(to Carolyn, as it
sinks in)

I did?

She nods.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

So what did I do wrong?

AMANDA

You were too good to be true.

(beat)

What woman wants to find out she's
competing with Helen of Troy?

TERENCE

But she can.

(to Carolyn)

You can.

He moves toward her, locks eyes with her.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

All those stories... I told them to
you because I trust you. I wanted
you to know me.

(beat)

Those places, those people, they were
my life.

He takes her hands. It's a magic moment, candlelight
glinting.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

But you, Carolyn. You are my life.

He leans down to kiss her gently.

CAROLYN

Oh, Terence.

She grabs him around the neck and pulls him into serious lip-
lock.

(CONTINUED)

530 CONTINUED: (3)

530

AMANDA AND MACLEOD

Amanda is almost tearing up. MacLeod nudges her.

MACLEOD

C'mon. Before anyone changes their
mind.

They start out --

AMANDA

Why can't you be more like that?

And OFF this --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

531 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT NIGHT 531

CAMERA PANS over the remains of a romantic dinner. Candles burnt low. Lobster and oyster shells, champagne butt-up in an ice bucket.

AMANDA (O.S.)

(reading aloud)

"... his hands caressed the nape of her neck. Hands that had killed, hands that could wield the mightiest sword..."

AMANDA

reclines on the couch, reading "Blade of the MacLeods" with intense concentration.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(reading)

"... yet now they were at her service. Gentle, strong, sensitive ..."

As she reads -- HANDS slide into frame, stroking her neck and shoulders, following the passage she's reading.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(reading)

"... tracing the delicate line of her hair, down her throat, gently slipping her gown from one creamy shoulder."

As she says it, he does it.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(reading)

"Her breath quickened as his mouth approached the newly-bared flesh."

MacLeod stops, looks at her.

MACLEOD

Put the book down.

AMANDA

It's just getting good.

MACLEOD

We can do better.

(CONTINUED)

531 CONTINUED: 531

She lets go - the book drops. CAMERA FOLLOWS it to the floor,
PUSHES IN on the cover art. A BEAT later --

AMANDA (O.S.)
Mmmmm. You're right.

531A EXT. LAKE - DAY (E) 531A

MacLeod and Amanda walk arm and arm by the lake.

AMANDA
God, I'm a sucker for romantic
stories.

MACLEOD
I couldn't tell.

AMANDA
(beat)
So, do you think they'll live happily
ever after?

MACLEOD
I don't know.

They stop walking.

AMANDA
Of course you don't know. What I'm
asking you to do is guess.

MACLEOD
Why?

AMANDA
Because it's part of the conversation.
(beat)
I ask you a question. You answer the
question.

MACLEOD
(beat)
Okay, my guess is maybe.

AMANDA
You're no fun at all.

She starts to walk off by herself.

MACLEOD
(a wry smile)
That's not what you said last night.

That stops her in her tracks.

(CONTINUED)

531A CONTINUED:

531A

AMANDA

Bragging now, are we?

MACLEOD

(smug)

As a matter of fact

(beat)

Yes.

AMANDA

Okay... okay... I've got no problems
with you in that department, but...

(listing them)

You are vain. You are willful. You
are proud. And you are and always
will be a boy scout.

MACLEOD

(in fun)

One of the reasons you love me.

Amanda reacts to MacLeod's last statement.

AMANDA

Do we love each other, MacLeod?

MACLEOD

In our own way.

AMANDA

And what way is that?

MACLEOD

Amanda, you know this never turns
out well.

AMANDA

What? What never turns out well?

MACLEOD

When we try to dissect what we are.

AMANDA

You know what you sounded like just
then?

MACLEOD

What?

AMANDA

A man.

MACLEOD

Amanda... I am a man.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

That's beside the point.

MACLEOD

What we have is incredibly special.
But it's not mortal love.

AMANDA

So?

MACLEOD

So I want you to be honest with me.
How many years... no, decades...
maybe centuries could you see us
spending together? I don't mean
every now and then. I mean every
day... every hour.

AMANDA

You mean until one of us killed the
other?

MACLEOD

My point exactly.

Amanda turns and starts to walk off.

AMANDA

It's not fair. All a girl wants is
a little romance. To be swept off
her feet every now and then.

MacLeod comes up behind her and sweeps her off her feet. He
lifts her in his arms as if she was as light as a feather.
He kisses her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Now that's more like it.

He looks at her, lovingly.

MACLEOD

I do love you, Amanda.

AMANDA

I know.

As MacLeod carries her off --

FADE OUT.

THE END