



#96506  
MONEY NO OBJECT

Written by  
James Thorpe

# Highlander

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Production #96506

August 14, 1996 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

**HIGHLANDER**

"Money No Object"

Production #96506

**CAST LIST**

DUNCAN MACLEOD  
RICHIE RYAN

AMANDA  
CORY RAINES

REYNALDO  
DETECTIVE DENNIS TYNAN  
SAM GRINGKOV

FARMER

HIGHLANDER

"Money No Object"

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SET LISTINTERIORSMACLEOD'S LOFT  
DOJOCHECK CASHING PLACE  
VAN  
1924 PACKARD  
CORY'S PLACE  
CLASSIC CAR BODY SHOP  
ROADSTER - MISSOURI - 1926  
BANK - OKLAHOMA - 1926  
CONSTRUCTION TRAILEREXTERIORSINNER CITY STREET  
/CHECK CASHING PLACE  
ROAD OUT OF TOWN  
/VAN  
/CLEARING  
/DITCH  
CORY'S PLACE  
ROAD - MISSOURI - 1926  
DUSTBOWL FARMHOUSE - MISSOURI - 1926  
PAUPER'S GRAVE - MISSOURI - 1926  
COUNTRY BACK ROAD - KANSAS - 1926  
SMALL TOWN BANK - SOUTH DAKOTA - 1926  
BACK ALLEY  
INTERSECTION  
DOCK YARD  
/CONSTRUCTION TRAILER  
CEMETERY - MISSOURI - 1926

HIGHLANDER

"Money No Object"

TEASER

FADE IN:

601 EXT. INNER CITY STREET - DAY 601

GRAFFITI screams from the walls. HOMELESS push shopping carts overflowing with the debris of other people's lives. Hope, like Elvis, has definitely left the building.

VRRROOOM!

-- a motorcycle screams by with two riders. A WOMAN'S LAUGH drifts back, on a trail of exhaust.

602 EXT. CHECK CASHING PLACE - DAY 602

A shining bastion of international commerce. Garish red and yellow signs proclaim "CHECKS CASHED" in more languages than Saturday afternoon cable access.

The bike ROARS up to the curb and stops. It's Richie.

RICHIE

You gotta be joking.

AMANDA (O.S.)

I never joke about money. Especially when it's mine.

Amanda pops her head up from behind Richie's shoulder. She looks over at the store.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Besides, the place has atmosphere.

Richie sniffs the air, wrinkles his nose.

RICHIE

Yeah. I can smell it from here. What's wrong with a regular bank?

Amanda swings herself off the bike.

AMANDA

Unfortunately, dear boy, regular banks are full of sad little men who would insist on knowing all the dreary little details of my overseas money transfer.

(CONTINUED)

602 CONTINUED:

602

RICHIE

So?

Amanda gestures toward the store.

AMANDA

Behold the "Temple of No Questions  
Asked."

RICHIE

Amanda, that's called fraud.

AMANDA

It's called C.Y.A.  
(off his look)  
Cover your assets.

She heads for the front door.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Coming?

Richie casts a wary glance up and down the street.

RICHIE

I'd better stay with my bike.

603 INT. CHECK CASHING PLACE - CONTINUOUS

603

Peeling paint, chipped counter... and one very terrified  
male CLERK behind the counter.

The Clerk slides a canvas bag across the counter to a MASKED  
BANDIT. The Bandit wears a grey FEDORA pulled down over his  
eyes, a HANDKERCHIEF tied over his face and brandishes an  
old-fashioned TOMMY GUN.

CORY

Relax! I'm not going to hurt you.

He stops, getting the BUZZ. A BELL TINKLES behind him. The  
Masked Bandit spins just as the front door swings shut behind  
Amanda.

AMANDA

Uh, oh.

Amanda and the Masked Bandit lock eyes. A flash of  
recognition.

CORY

Amanda!?

Her jaw drops...

(CONTINUED)

603 CONTINUED:

603

AMANDA

Cory!?

The Clerk sees his chance to hit the ALARM. SIRENS galore.

CORY

Damn!

He grabs the money from the counter, grabs Amanda's arm.

CORY (CONT'D)

C'mon! Time to blow.

604 EXT. INNER CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

604

At a corner food stand, Richie trades SOUVLAKI SAM two bucks for Indigestion on a Stick. He's about to take a tentative bite when Cory explodes out the front door of the check cashing place pulling Amanda behind him. She's yelling with excitement.

AMANDA

Yeeeeee!

From down the street Richie sees the masked man, the gun, Amanda screaming -- puts two and two together. He drops his lunch and rushes to her rescue.

RICHIE

Hey!!!

Cory swivels toward the noise, his Tommy Gun BARKING BULLETS into the air.

CORY

Stay back! Everybody!

Souvlaki Sam SCREAMS. Richie hits the dirt. So do the rest of the PASSERSBY, obviously familiar with the duck and cover two-step.

Cory and Amanda dash up to a VAN. He pulls open the side door, shoves Amanda in and jumps in after her.

Richie's on his feet again and pounding the pavement --

RICHIE

Amanda!!!

As the van BURNS RUBBER and disappears down a side street.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Amanda!!!

FADE OUT.

(CONTINUED)

604 CONTINUED:

604

END OF TEASER



ACT ONE

FADE IN:

605 EXT. ROAD OUT OF TOWN - DAY 605

The van speeds down the road, quickly leaving the city behind.

AMANDA &amp; CORY (O.S.)

Yeeeehaaaaaw!

606 INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS 606

CORY RAINES is at the wheel. Unmasked, fedora cocked back, he looks every part the handsome, debonair, gentlemanly... thief. Amanda rides shotgun, feeding off his adrenalin rush, matching his excitement whoop for whoop.

CORY

Seems like old times.

AMANDA

Too old. I haven't been in a getaway car since... well, too long.

CORY

Miss it?

AMANDA

Yeah, I do.

Cory glances at her out of the corner of his eye.

CORY

Miss anything else?

Amanda smiles mischievously, fondly remembering...

AMANDA

Well --

They both get the BUZZ. Cory checks his rearview. It's Richie on his bike.

CORY

Hmmm... persistent little devil.  
Know him?

AMANDA

A friend.

Cory squints back at the bike.

(CONTINUED)

606 CONTINUED:

606

CORY

Let's take a look at who you're making  
friends with these days.

His foot eases off the accelerator and

RICHIE

speeds up alongside the driver's side. He cranes his neck  
to look in the window and sees

AMANDA AND CORY

looking back. A sly smile curls Cory's lips. Suddenly

THE VAN

lurches toward Richie.

RICHIE

reacts to the van.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Hey!

He swerves.

WIDER - THE BIKE

losing control, flying up and over an embankment, plunging  
head first into a muddy stream.

607 INT. VAN

607

Speeding along, leaving Richie behind. Amanda turns to Cory --

AMANDA

What was that for?

But Cory just shrugs it off -- a well worn gesture.

CORY

Maybe I want you all to myself.

AMANDA

I'm flattered, of course, but that  
was too much.

CORY

Don't get your knickers in a knot.  
He's an Immortal. Takes a lickin'  
and keeps on tickin'.

608 EXT. VAN 608

Cory takes a side road on two wheels and pulls up into a clearing.

609 EXT. CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER 609

Cory wipes down the van for fingerprints.

AMANDA

Since when were you so careful?

CORY

Since forensics got better. Gettin' hard for an honest man to make a dishonest living these days.

He glances at his watch, looks over to Amanda.

CORY (CONT'D)

Don't just stand there, we're two minutes behind schedule already.

AMANDA

We? I'm just an innocent bystander.

CORY

Don't kid yourself, sister. Minute you jumped in the van, you became an accomplice.

Cory walks up to her, feels the heat of her excitement.

CORY (CONT'D)

You and me, together again. Look at you. Your cheeks are flushed. You love it.

AMANDA

(tries to play it cool)

Merely a metabolic surge in reaction to external stimuli.

Cory crosses to a large TARP under a tree. With a magician's flourish, he whips off the tarp revealing a glittering 1924 PACKARD. Mint condition.

Amanda loses her cool.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

The twenty-four Packard! I don't believe it.

Cory glances suggestively from the car to Amanda.

(CONTINUED)

609 CONTINUED:

609

CORY  
(eyeing Amanda)  
I've always appreciated the  
distinctive allure of a classy  
chassis.

AMANDA  
You silver-tongued devil.

Opening the passenger door, he puts out a gallant hand.

CORY  
Your chariot awaits, my queen.

610 EXT. DITCH - SAME TIME

610

Sopping wet and coveted with mud, Richie drags his crippled  
bike up the embankment. He stands in the road, surveying  
the damage.

RICHIE  
(pissed)  
Someone's gonna pay.

He hears a car approaching. He steps into the road, tries  
to wave it down.

RICHIE'S POV

A 1924 Packard GRILLE roaring towards him at warp speed.  
It's speeding up.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
(resigned)  
Damn.

THWACK!

He bounces off the hood, up into the air and back flips down  
into the muddy stream. Again.

611 INT. 1924 PACKARD - CONTINUOUS

611

Cory turns to Amanda.

AMANDA  
(shocked)  
Cory!

CORY  
(peering out windshield)  
I think he smudged my hood ornament.

And the Packard chews up the road.

612 OMITTED 612  
612A EXT. DOJO - TO ESTABLISH - DAY 612A

                          RICHIE (O.S.)  
                          (frustrated)  
                          There's got to be something else we  
                          can do.

613 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY 613

Richie sits poring over a glossy antique car book.

                          MACLEOD  
                          If you've got a better idea, I'm  
                          listening.

                          RICHIE  
                          (frustrated)  
                          No. No. No...

He stops.

                          RICHIE (CONT'D)  
                          Wait. Here.

He points to a gorgeous shot of a car that looks just like  
Cory's.

                          RICHIE (CONT'D)  
                          This is it.

MacLeod looks over his shoulder.

                          MACLEOD  
                          1924 Packard. You're sure?

                          RICHIE  
                          I'm sure.  
                          (rubs shoulder)  
                          I got a real close look at that grill.  
                          (beat)  
                          What the hell's he want with Amanda?

                          MACLEOD  
                          What do Immortals usually want with  
                          other Immortals, Richie?

Off their worried looks we...

614 INT. CORY'S PLACE - DAY 614

Cory slips up behind Amanda, slides his arms around her waist.

(CONTINUED)

614 CONTINUED:

614

CORY

It's great to see you again.

He tries to nibble her neck, but she wriggles free.

AMANDA

I can tell.

CORY

You always were a great-lookin' skirt.

AMANDA

Skirt?

(beat)

Cory, you're stuck in the past.

CORY

What can I tell ya, some habits are hard to break.

(moving in again)

I remember one in particular.

He nuzzles her ear, draws her to him. She slips away.

AMANDA

Cory... look, I'm flattered. Really. But no.

CORY

You're married!?

AMANDA

Of course not. But you know me... the original serial monogamist. One man at a time.

CORY

The guy on the bike?

But Amanda only shrugs noncommittally -- let him think what he wants. She glances at her watch, remarks coyly...

AMANDA

You know, I should really call home. He must be wondering...

615 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY

615

The TELEPHONE RING ricochets off the walls of the empty loft.

616 INT. CLASSIC CAR BODY SHOP - DAY

616

A vintage Pierce Arrow sits perched up on the garage lift. Underneath a well-oiled mechanic, REYNALDO, puts the finishing touches on the exhaust system as Richie and MacLeod enter.

(CONTINUED)

REYNALDO

You got an appointment?

RICHIE

We're looking for a 1924 Packard.

REYNALDO

I'm happy for you.

Reynaldo turns back to the job at hand, ignores them. Richie taps his shoulder.

RICHIE

(insistent)

This is important.

REYNALDO

Really? You a cop or something?

RICHIE

No.

REYNALDO

Then buzz off.

MacLeod thinks quickly, dons a French accent and the attitude to match --

MACLEOD

(indignant)

Does he not know who I am?

REYNALDO

I give up. Who?

MACLEOD

(isn't it obvious!)

I am Jacques Bellac!

Reynaldo stares blankly. So does Richie.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Oui! Jacques Bellac!

(beat)

The greatest director in all of France.

REYNALDO

(beat)

You make movies?

Richie clicks in, hurries to catch up --

MACLEOD

Movies... Pffft! I make film history.

(CONTINUED)

RICHIE

You heard him.

MACLEOD

I am desolate! I am destroyed!

RICHIE

(blindsided again)

You are?

MACLEOD

I am!

MacLeod paces the garage, hands waving, arms flailing, ranting against the cosmic injustice of it all. Angst personified.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I, Jacques Bellac, am on the threshold  
of creating my greatest masterpiece.  
And yet, the gods, they mock me.  
The only thing my creation lacks is  
a car. But not just any car.  
(wringing his hands)  
Mais, non! It must be a 1924 Packard!

MacLeod rages over to Reynaldo, his eyes ablaze with insane inspiration.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

You, monsieur.

REYNALDO

Me?

MACLEOD

You are also an artist.

MacLeod grabs Reynaldo's hands.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Just look at these hands.

Greasy palms, dirt under the fingernails, but MacLeod sees --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

The hands of a genius!

REYNALDO

A genius...

MACLEOD

But what good is genius if you don't  
have the right tools?

(CONTINUED)



REYNALDO  
(struggling to keep  
up)  
Oh yeah. Right.

MacLeod turns to Richie, beaming.

MACLEOD  
You see!? He understands. He knows  
my pain.

He embraces Reynaldo, declares passionately --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)  
I love this man.

Reynaldo quickly detaches himself, searches his memory.

REYNALDO  
Twenty-four Packard? There was a  
guy... Needed a part.

MacLeod, overwhelmed with gratitude, moves to embrace him  
again --

MACLEOD  
Genius! I love this man!

REYNALDO  
Gimme a minute.  
(breaking away)  
I'll check the order book.

Reynaldo hurries off to look for the address. MacLeod is  
proud of himself. He shoots Richie a look.

RICHIE  
I'll applaud later.

MACLEOD  
That'll be nice.

In the B.G., two UNIFORMS take notes while they talk to the  
Clerk. Off to one side, Robbery Detective DENNIS TYNAN, has  
just finished interviewing the owner, SAM GRINGKOV. Gringkov,  
from hard-working, immigrant stock, is clearly upset. Tynan,  
rumped, Peter Falk at 40, is on top of the case.

DETECTIVE TYNAN  
Well, Mr. Gringkov, look at it this  
way. No one got hurt. And they  
didn't get away with much.

617 CONTINUED:

617

Agitated, flustered, Gringkov nods quickly.

GRINGKOV

Yeah. Yeah. Few thousand, I guess.  
Too early to tell.

Tynan waves the Uniforms over.

DETECTIVE TYNAN

Okay, boys. We've taken up enough  
of these folks' time today. I'll  
finish up here... meet you back at  
the car.

(pats them on the  
back)

Save me a donut.

The Uniforms exit. Tynan closes the door and turns back to  
Gringkov.

DETECTIVE TYNAN (CONT'D)

So what happened?

Gringkov's eyes turn to ice. He drops the poor confused  
victim routine, spits his reply --

GRINGKOV

You tell me. There was one-point-  
four mil in laundered cash and I  
want it back! What the hell I pay  
you for? So lowlife can waltz in  
through front door and clean me out!?

DETECTIVE TYNAN

I've already put the word out on the  
street. Nobody knows nothing. The  
guy came outta nowhere.

GRINGKOV

I don't want hear no stinking excuses.  
All I know is I'm one and half million  
poorer than I was this morning. And  
I am not happy.

DETECTIVE TYNAN

I'll make it right.

Gringkov gets in Tynan's face.

GRINGKOV

You bet you make it right. Find  
money and bastard who stole it or  
it's your ass.

(beat)

How's my English?

(CONTINUED)

617 CONTINUED: (2) 617

DETECTIVE TYNAN  
I got the message.

618 EXT. CORY'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS 618

MacLeod and Richie creep stealthily around a bush, working their way towards a large log cabin. Rustic but ritzy, cedar deck, hot tub, and a 1924 Packard in the lane.

RICHIE  
This is it.

They slink along a row of bushes and up alongside the Packard. MacLeod fingers a fresh DENT in the hood.

MACLEOD  
I see you made a good impression.

RICHIE  
Very funny.

MacLeod and Richie share a look, move off toward the cabin.

619 INT. CORY'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS 619

A fire CRACKLES in the big stone fireplace. Bearskin rugs blanket a gleaming wooden floor. Gershwin TINKLES from concealed speakers. And standing center stage, Cory, in a burgundy silk robe, fills a crystal champagne flute with the best bubbly stolen money can buy.

He gets the BUZZ. No time to react.

MacLeod bursts through the front door. Richie kicks in the back. They rush the room, swords at the ready.

Richie lunges for Cory.

RICHIE  
Where is she, you bastard!?

He looks to his partner for backup, but MacLeod is LOWERING his sword!

MACLEOD  
Cory!?

Amanda appears from another room. She almost drops her champagne glass.

AMANDA  
MacLeod!?

Now it's Richie's turn. Relaxing his attack stance, he aims his dropped jaw in her direction.

(CONTINUED)

619 CONTINUED:

619

RICHIE

Amanda!?

And through it all, ever the charming host, Cory extends a champagne flute to MacLeod --

CORY

Champagne, anyone?

Off this tableau, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

620 INT. CORY'S PLACE - NIGHT

620

Like a game of "Statues," everyone is still frozen. Cory breaks the ice first.

CORY

Serial monogamy, Amanda?

He looks from MacLeod to Richie and back again.

CORY (CONT'D)

Unless I'm seeing double... I count two of them.

He offers a champagne flute to MacLeod.

RICHIE

rushes up, knocks it out of his hand. The glass SMASHES on the floor. Cory turns to Richie, snaps his fingers --

CORY

Now I recognize you. You look a little different flying over the hood of a car.

Richie cracks.

RICHIE

How would you like to go flying through a wall!?

AMANDA

Listen, Richie. Cory didn't mean anything personal by it.

(beat)

Did you, Cory?

CORY

No, of course not. I don't know him well enough to dislike him yet.

RICHIE

Alright! That's it!

Richie moves on Cory but MacLeod blocks him.

MACLEOD

Easy, Richie.

(CONTINUED)

620 CONTINUED:

620

CORY

Hey, kid. What's the big deal?  
You're an Immortal, right? It was  
all in fun.

RICHIE

All in fun? Are you nuts?

Cory puts his arm around Amanda.

CORY

Let's everybody relax. As you can  
see, the lady's not in any immediate  
physical jeopardy.

MACLEOD

(shoots her a look)  
Apparently not. In fact, she's  
positively glowing.

Amanda taunts him with a smile.

CORY

I was just going to suggest we dive  
into the ol' hot tub. Room for two  
more.

MACLEOD

I'll take a rain check. You know  
what they say. Two's company... but  
four's just not sanitary.

Cory turns to Amanda.

CORY

I think he's still jealous...

TRANSITION TO:

621 EXT. ROAD - MISSOURI - 1926 - DAY

621

Summer air shimmers in the heat. Sun-scorched wheat fields  
stretch to the horizon. The only crop this year -- dust.

ZOOM!

Bisecting this beige wasteland, a cherry red ROADSTER blazes  
through FRAME.

622 INT. ROADSTER - MISSOURI - 1926 - CONTINUOUS

622

At the wheel of her convertible roadster, Amanda argues with  
MacLeod. She is dressed in her circus spangles and wearing  
a glittery turban.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

Rules are made to be broken. So are contracts.

MACLEOD

But we signed on to Barnum and Bailey's for a year. We can't just leave. Where are they going to find an act to replace us?

AMANDA

Let 'em use that third rate lion tamer. The "Amazing Amanda" does not take second billing to anyone.

MACLEOD

I thought he was pretty good.

She punches it again. MacLeod grips the door handle.

AMANDA

And then expecting me to work that tacky fortune teller scam between shows!

She tears off the turban and tosses it out of the car.

MACLEOD

(trying to calm her)

But you were great. Really. With that turban and crystal ball... could've fooled me.

Amanda growls and tromps on the accelerator.

AMANDA

(dismissive)

Ugh. Parlor tricks for rubes. Is that why I spent sixty years perfecting my tightrope technique?

MacLeod mistakes this for a rhetorical question and doesn't reply. Besides, he's got his eye on a HERD OF COWS looming up ahead.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Well!? Is it!?

MACLEOD

Uh... Amanda. You may want to slow down a bit.

AMANDA

You're not even listening.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA (CONT'D)

You don't care about me. You don't care how depressed I get playing all these one-pump towns night after night. Where's the glamour? Where's the glitz? Where's the Great White Way?

Up ahead, a herd of cows move slowly across the road. MacLeod tries to get Amanda's attention.

MACLEOD

Amanda!

Taking desperate action, MacLeod wrenches the wheel from her grip and stomps on the brake with his foot.

The roadster SKIDS to a stop centimeters from the cows.

AMANDA

Edgy today, aren't we?

An ARMORED CAR pulls up and stops on the other side of the herd. MacLeod takes a deep breath and begins to relax, then he gets the BUZZ. Amanda checks her mirror but MacLeod points through the windshield.

MACLEOD

There.

They watch as a sleek black ROADSTER pulls up beside the Armored Car.

Out of this roadster jumps Cory, Tommy Gun in hand. He runs to the Armored Car and hurtles a GAS GRENADE through the view slot. It EXPLODES in a burst of SMOKE.

MacLeod and Amanda are out of their car in a flash. MacLeod starts moving through the cows that block his path.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Damn!

(to the cows)

Excuse me. Pardon me.

On the other side of the herd, the two SECURITY GUARDS stumble out of the armored car, coughing and gagging from the gas. Cory cold-conks both of the Guards, apologizing as he goes.

CORY

Sorry, fellas. But it's all in the name of charity.

The Guards lie motionless as Cory drags a couple of money bags from rear of the armored car.

(CONTINUED)



622 CONTINUED: (3)

622

He takes a few bills, stuffs them into their shirt pockets.

CORY (CONT'D)

There's a little something for your  
trouble. I'll mail you a receipt  
for the rest.

Cory tosses the money bags into his roadster, jumps in, does  
a 180.

In the midst of the cows, MacLeod silently curses.

MACLEOD

(to cows)

Would you move? You're on my foot.

CORY

tips his grey fedora, waves a cheery adieu to his captive  
audience as he speeds away.

MACLEOD

That Immortal just robbed that armored  
car.

AMANDA

So? He saw it first. C'mon,  
Chicago's still fourteen hours away.

623 EXT. ROAD - MISSOURI - 1926 - DAY

623

Amanda and MacLeod are driving along.

AMANDA

How much you think he made?

MACLEOD

He didn't make it, he stole it.

AMANDA:

Picky, picky.

They react to the BUZZ and turn and see

THEIR POV

A ramshackle single story farmhouse. A tractor skeleton  
lies rusting nearby. An ancient truck stands out front  
overflowing with the family's possessions, next to Cory's  
roadster.

BACK TO SCENE

AMANDA

That's his car.

(CONTINUED)

623 CONTINUED:

623

MACLEOD

So.

AMANDA

I want to meet him.

MACLEOD

Why?

AMANDA

Please...

(beat)

Pretty please...

624 EXT. DUSTBOWL FARMHOUSE - MISSOURI - 1926 - DAY

624

On the front porch, Cory is handing out some of the stolen money to a poor young FARMER and his WIFE while their three malnourished CHILDREN look on. Dressed in rags, they have the gaunt, bleak faces of people who gave up hope a long time ago.

FARMER

We'll never forget you for this, Mr. Cory.

Cory finishes handing out the money and receives a grateful handshake from the Farmer and a big hug from his Wife.

As Amanda's roadster pulls up, Cory turns to it.

CORY

(friendly)

Cory Raines.

AMANDA

Amanda.

(beat; flirt)

They call me the Amazing Amanda, actually.

CORY

(re the spangles)

I'll bet they do.

MACLEOD

(wet blanket)

Duncan MacLeod.

(re the money)

You're giving it away?

CORY

What else is it for?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CORY (CONT'D)

(beat)

I just gave that family hope. Chance to head west to California and begin again. A new life.

Cory plays it up. He puts a hand on his heart. MacLeod's not buying.

MACLEOD

Oh, brother... let me get my violin.

CORY

Aw, c'mon, pal. It's not like I took all the bank's money. They've got lots left.

MacLeod points out the remaining money in Cory's bag.

MACLEOD

And so do you.

CORY

Try thinking of me as the Robin Hood of the Roaring Twenties.

MacLeod can't help but like Cory, but he knows he's an accident waiting to happen.

MACLEOD

Well, I got news for you, Robin. This isn't Sherwood Forest. And you're not robbing the rich. You're stealing from banks. Banks that hold other people's money.  
(gestures toward family)  
People like them.

While MacLeod and Cory talk, the Farmer tries to start the vehicle. He fails.

CORY

Hey. Nobody gets hurt, and I get to do a little good for the common folk.

MACLEOD

(re the truck)  
Block's cracked.

The Farmer's Wife sags against the truck, their new-found hope snatched away again.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

What now, Robin?

(CONTINUED)

624 CONTINUED: (2)

624

Cory sighs. Looks at the truck, looks at his roadster. He makes a decision.

CORY

Hey! Catch!

He tosses the keys to his beloved roadster to the Farmer.

CORY (CONT'D)

Take care of her and she'll take care of you.

The Farmer can't believe his good luck.

FARMER

Thank you. Thank you.

AMANDA

Cory, that was the most unselfish thing I've ever seen.

CORY

Thanks, Amanda.

MACLEOD

(with a half smile)

Now I suppose you'll be wanting a lift?

Cory slaps MacLeod jovially on the back.

CORY

I knew you'd come around!

MACLEOD

(resigned)

C'mon, Robin... get in.

(to the Farmer)

If I were you, I'd switch the plates before you hit the main road. She's probably a little hot.

CORY

A minor detail, Mackie-boy. A minor detail.

And as MacLeod gives Amanda an "I told you so" look, they head off down the lane.

625 EXT. ROAD - MISSOURI - 1926 - DAY

625

Just your typical pastoral scene -- sun shining, birds chirping, three Immortals speeding through the countryside in a red roadster.

(CONTINUED)

625 CONTINUED:

625

Amanda points up ahead.

AMANDA

Uh-oh.

MacLeod strains to see.

MACLEOD

Uh-oh.

Cory peeks around.

CORY

Oh brother.

There's a ROADBLOCK dead ahead. Three police cars block the way through. MacLeod starts a U-turn. Too late.

POLICE swarm out of the trees on either side of the road, effectively blocking any escape.

MACLEOD

Look's like this is the end of the party.

Amanda glances in the back seat.

AMANDA

This definitely doesn't look good.

Cory's not fazed at all. If anything, he's a little disappointed in his new playmates.

CORY

Oh, please. Where's your sense of adventure?

The CORDON of Police closes in.

MACLEOD

Right now, I'd say it's looking at ten to twenty years behind bars.

CORY

Don't worry. I always got a plan.

Silence. MacLeod and Amanda are waiting.

MACLEOD

Now would be a good time.

CORY

Okay. I got it. You're my hostages, see?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

625 CONTINUED: (2)

625

CORY (CONT'D)

You didn't have anything to do with  
the robbery.

(warms to it)

Yeah, that's it! And you two get  
off scott free.

MACLEOD

What about you?

CORY

I'll be waiting for you guys to dig  
me up.

MacLeod and Amanda exchange looks... "Dig him up...?"

In a flash, Cory's out of the car, wielding his Tommy Gun.  
He sprays the air with hot lead, then he points his gun at  
the car.

CORY (CONT'D)

Freeze or I blast these hostages  
into swiss cheese!

Everybody freezes. MacLeod and Amanda raise their hands.  
Cory points the gun at the cops. He moves toward them  
threateningly.

CORY (CONT'D)

You'll never take me alive, coppers!

Like shooting a well-dressed fish in a barrel, the Police  
open fire and Cory goes down in a hail of bullets.

As several Cops crowd around his lifeless body. Amanda and  
MacLeod get out of the car.

AMANDA

Thank God you shot that horrible  
man! He threatened to kill us!

As an OFFICER approaches, MacLeod pulls her head down onto  
his shoulder, comforts her.

MACLEOD

There, there, dear. It's all over.

626 EXT. PAUPER'S GRAVE - 1926 - DAY

626

MacLeod and Amanda are digging up a pauper's grave. MacLeod's  
working, Amanda leans on her shovel.

AMANDA

Can't we dig any faster?

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

"We?"

MacLeod's shovel strikes wood.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

About time.

He starts to work on the coffin lid.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

You know, it'd serve him right...

AMANDA

MacLeod! Don't even think about it.

OFF her look he pries open the lid, revealing Cory inside.  
A shaft of sunlight strikes his face and his eyes pop open.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Cory?

MacLeod bends over to lend a hand, but Cory's up and out of  
the grave like a jack-in-the-box.

CORY

For a minute there I thought you  
guys weren't coming.

He dusts himself off.

AMANDA

(eyeing MacLeod)

Never crossed our minds.

MACLEOD

Speak for yourself.

Cory thinks he must be joking, slaps him on the back.

CORY

Guy's a riot. Listen, I got an idea.  
What do you say we run this same  
racket all over the country!

Amanda starts to catch on.

AMANDA

That's brilliant.

MACLEOD

It's stupid.

CORY

We'd make a fortune.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

You'll get caught.

CORY

Of course we will. Then we just die  
and start over.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(to Amanda)

You're not actually listening to  
this maniac?

AMANDA

Why not? It beats fortune telling  
for rubes.

MACLEOD

(beat)

If that's what you want, Amanda...  
go ahead.

AMANDA

Great!

MACLEOD

Just don't expect me to tag along on  
your little suicide junket.

He looks to Amanda. She's thrown.

AMANDA

You want me to go without you?

MACLEOD

If that's what you want.

AMANDA

If you want me to stay, then tell  
me.

MACLEOD

It's up to you, Amanda.

Not what she wanted to hear.

CORY

Hey, guys... can we get the show on  
the road here?

AMANDA

(to MacLeod)

That's how it's going to be?

(beat)

Okay, fine.

(CONTINUED)



626 CONTINUED: (3)

626

She takes Cory's arm.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Looks like it's just the two of us.

They walk to her roadster, Cory takes the wheel.

CORY

Just you and me, dollface.

(over his shoulder)

So long, Mackie-boy. It coulda been fun.

MacLeod watches as Amanda and Cory pull out of the graveyard.

Amanda turns to look back, something in her eyes pleading with MacLeod to stop her. But he stays strong. Hat pushed back, jacket slung over his shoulder, MacLeod just watches them drive away -- finally, the roadster becomes a dot on the horizon.

With a last look down at the now-empty grave, MacLeod turns and heads down the road the other way.

MONTAGE - FIVE STATE ROBBERY SPREE - 1926

627 INT. BANK - OKLAHOMA - 1926 - DAY

627

Cory backs out of a small town bank, Tommy Gun aimed and ready.

SUPER OVER - NEWSPAPER spins into frame, old newsreel style - front page headline reads "OKLAHOMA STAR - BANK ROBBERY SPREE SPREADS NORTH" as --

SIRENS approach. Cory jumps into the waiting getaway car with Amanda at the wheel. They speed off down the road.

628 EXT. COUNTRY BACK ROAD - KANSAS - 1926 - DAY

628

Amanda drives as Cory hangs out the window, his Tommy Gun rat-tat-tatting at the POLICE CAR pursuing them.

SUPER OVER - NEWSPAPER spins, front Page headline - "KANSAS GAZETTE - FEDERAL MARSHAL TRACKS DANGEROUS DUO"

629 EXT. SMALL TOWN BANK - SOUTH DAKOTA - 1926 - DAY

629

Cory backs out of the bank, heads for Amanda and the waiting getaway car. Suddenly the street is full of Police. The cops open up and Amanda and Cory are surrounded by a fury of gunfire.

SUPER OVER - NEWSPAPER spins, front page headline - "SOUTH DAKOTA COURIER - FIVE STATE SPREE ENDS IN BLOODY BATTLE" as --

(CONTINUED)

629 CONTINUED: 629

Their bullet-riddled bodies slump to the ground.

629A EXT. CEMETERY - DAY 629A

Two headstones mark the grave of Amanda and Cory.

MACLEOD

approaches with a shovel in his hand. He begins to dig.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(to himself)

This is getting very old.

TRANSITION TO:

630 INT. CORY'S PLACE - THE PRESENT - NIGHT 630

Richie looks to Amanda and Cory.

CORY

(fondly)

Boy, those were the days.

MACLEOD

Are you out of your mind? How many bullets did they pump into you?

CORY

More than Bonnie, less than Clyde. What's the difference?

MacLeod signals to Richie, they're leaving.

MACLEOD

C'mon Richie.

(to Amanda)

Amanda?

Amanda knows that tone, she puts her champagne glass down. She gathers up her things, follows Richie and MacLeod to the door. Cory calls after --

CORY

Amanda... think about tomorrow.

Amanda just smiles. As they move out, she blows him a kiss goodbye.

631 EXT. CORY'S PLACE - NIGHT 631

Amanda, Richie and MacLeod climb into the T-Bird. Richie's still pissed.

(CONTINUED)

RICHIE

How can you like this guy? He treats everything like a joke.

AMANDA

That's why I like him.

MACLEOD

Amanda, what did Cory mean about tomorrow?

She plays it cool, buffs her nails against her sleeve.

AMANDA

(vague)  
Tomorrow?

MACLEOD

Amanda...

She borrows the rearview mirror to fix her hair.

AMANDA

He wanted me to do a little job.

MACLEOD

(persistent)  
What kind of job?

Amanda sighs. He's worse than a parent, sometimes.

AMANDA

The Federal Reserve.

MacLeod reacts, hits the gas and with an angry roar, the T-Bird speeds off down the lane.

FROM THE BUSHES

comes a BEEPING noise. Concealed from the cabin, Detective Tynan dials a cell phone.

DETECTIVE TYNAN

(into phone)  
Gringkov? Yeah. I found him. But I'm gonna need some extra bodies.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

632 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT

632

MacLeod paces back and forth in front of an obstinate Amanda. From the sidelines, Richie's eyes track MacLeod like a tennis ball at Wimbledon.

MACLEOD

You're not actually thinking of helping Cory rob the Federal Reserve!?

Amanda only plants her feet firmer.

AMANDA

So what if I am?

MACLEOD

Amanda, this is not some Ma and Pa outfit in Hicksville. You're talking about the Federal Reserve!

AMANDA

C'mon MacLeod. It's not the whole Federal Reserve.

MACLEOD

(dryly)  
That's a relief.

AMANDA

It's more like... a Federal Reserve truck. A little one. And Cory promised no one will get hurt.

MACLEOD

He can guarantee that?

AMANDA

He's got a plan.

MACLEOD

He always has a plan!

AMANDA

You are jealous.

MACLEOD

I am not jealous.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

(doubts him)

Oh yeah?

(beat; believes him)

Why not?

MACLEOD

Because this is all a big joke to Cory, that's why. You're shot, you die, bingo, you pop back up again.

(with feeling)

Amanda, Immortality is a gift, not a game. You don't go running people down for fun.

RICHIE (O.S.)

Damn right.

They both turn to stare at Richie. In the heat of the moment, they forgot he was there. A LONG BEAT as Richie feels their eyes on him. He reddens.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Not that I'm taking sides.

MacLeod turns back to Amanda.

MACLEOD

Listen, you get in over your head, don't come looking for me to bail you out.

Amanda swallows. Richie does a double take.

AMANDA

What are you saying? You're throwing me out?

MACLEOD

I didn't say that.

AMANDA

Sounded a helluva lot like that to me.

MACLEOD

You don't need the money.

But she stopped listening long ago.

AMANDA

Far be it from me to stay where I'm not wanted.

She picks up her jacket, puts it on.

(CONTINUED)

632 CONTINUED: (2)

632

MACLEOD

I didn't say I didn't want you here.

AMANDA

I know what I heard. You don't need to tell me twice.

She spins on her heels and storms out.

MACLEOD

Amanda!

RICHIE

Very smooth.

MacLeod throws Richie a dark look.

632A INT. DOJO - NIGHT

632A

MacLeod comes out of the stairwell as Amanda moves toward the dojo entrance.

MACLEOD

Amanda!

AMANDA

(turns around; with an edge)

What?

MACLEOD

Why are you doing this?

AMANDA

Why shouldn't I do this?

MACLEOD

'Cause it's dangerous and it's stupid.

AMANDA

So now I'm stupid, too.

MACLEOD

Please...

AMANDA

Please what? Please don't rob the Federal Reserve. Please stay away from Cory?

MACLEOD

What you do with Cory is your business.

(CONTINUED)

632A CONTINUED:

632A

AMANDA

Exactly.

Amanda starts to walk away. MacLeod steps in front of her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Are you gonna stop me?

MACLEOD

No.

AMANDA

Then move out of my way.

MACLEOD

Amanda, what do you want from me?

AMANDA

It's amazing, MacLeod. We've known each other for 350 years and you still don't know.

MacLeod can only watch as she walks out the door.

633 INT. CORY'S PLACE - NIGHT

633

A surprised Cory opens his front door to find... Amanda.

CORY

Well, well, well. I thought you said you weren't interested.

She brushes past him.

AMANDA

Yeah... I say a lot of things. I changed my mind.

CORY

Woman's prerogative.

AMANDA

Okay, let's see this plan of yours.

She plops down on his sofa. Cory accepts his good fortune and decides to shut his mouth as well as the door. He pours Amanda a glass of wine, pulls out a map.

CORY

Let's get down to business.

634 EXT. CORY'S PLACE - NIGHT - LATER

634

POV CAMERA sneaks up behind the cabin. Peers through a

(CONTINUED)

634 CONTINUED: 634

curtained window to see --

635 INT. CORY'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS 635

Amanda lounging on the sofa. She gets the BUZZ and glances toward the window. She smiles, a knowing look on her face.

AMANDA

I knew you'd come after me.

But it's not MacLeod who comes through the back door.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Richie!? Where's MacLeod?

RICHIE

Where's Cory?

AMANDA

He's out.

(beat)

What're you doing here?

RICHIE

Trying to stop you from making a big mistake.

AMANDA

Forget it. I'm doing the job, and that's that.

RICHIE

I'm not talking about the heist.

(beat)

I'm talking about you and Mac.

AMANDA

You're wasting your time.

RICHIE

Look, you don't really want to be with Cory. You're just doing it to get back at MacLeod.

AMANDA

Thanks for the insight, Oprah. But you're wrong. I miss the good old days. Racing from town to town, always one step ahead of the cops.

RICHIE

I know Mac comes on a little strong. But that's only because he cares about you.

(CONTINUED)



635 CONTINUED:

635

Amanda looks up at him, half-hoping --

AMANDA

(beat)

He send you here to tell me that?

As soon as Richie shakes his head, he realizes his mistake.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

And that's the difference between  
MacLeod and Cory!

Amanda gets up, paces the room.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

A woman wants to be wanted. Hell,  
not just a woman... everyone wants  
that.

RICHIE

But he does want you.

AMANDA

Then why didn't he tell me to stay.

RICHIE

Amanda, nobody tells you anything.

AMANDA

That's beside the point.

She stops pacing, declares to no one in particular

AMANDA (CONT'D)

No. This is the right thing. It's  
time to cut loose again. Time to  
have some fun.

(beat)

You want to come along?

636 EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

636

SPARKS fill the screen.

CORY (O.S.)

Ouch!

WIDEN TO REVEAL

Cory hunched under the hood of a SAAB. He sucks on his burned  
fingers.

CORY (CONT'D)

Damn it!

(CONTINUED)

636 CONTINUED: 636

Takes out a pair of pliers and cuts a wire leading to the engine. Splices it with dynamite and starts humming a tune.

637 INT. CORY'S PLACE - NIGHT 637

Amanda spreads out Cory's map on a table, motions Richie over to see.

AMANDA

This is the armored car route.

RICHIE

Yeah, so?

She points to an intersection on the map.

AMANDA

And here's where they're gonna stop.

RICHIE

Because...

AMANDA

Because a nearby car will choose that moment to explode. Boom!

Richie catches on.

RICHIE

So that's where Cory is.

AMANDA

Wiring the dynamite as we speak.

RICHIE

You really are going through with this.

AMANDA

Why not!? Nice, elegant scheme. The armored car pulls off the road, we gas the security guards and make off with the loot. Nobody gets hurt.

RICHIE

You don't know that for sure.

Amanda tries appealing to his dark side.

AMANDA

Aw, c'mon, tiger. You weren't always such a boy scout. Remember the thrill of a plan well-laid... a lock well-picked... that adrenalin high. Or maybe you've forgotten?

(CONTINUED)

RICHIE

Oh, I remember alright. Being terrified. Never knowing who to trust. Always wondering if today was the day I'd bite it.

(shakes it off)

Uh uh. Been there. Done that. And I'm definitely staying away from anything to do with Cory.

AMANDA

Cory's a pro.

RICHIE

Cory's a jerk!

AMANDA

And you're not just saying that because he ran over you.

RICHIE

Twice.

Suddenly there's a pounding on the door.

DETECTIVE TYNAN (O.S.)

Police... open up!

Richie grabs Amanda and drags her toward --

RICHIE

C'mon!

AMANDA

The map!

She breaks his grip and dashes back to retrieve the plan. Just then, Tynan kicks in the front door --

DETECTIVE TYNAN

Freeze!

Richie sees two armed Cops rush in after Tynan. Amanda throws him the map and a look -- "I'm trapped. Get out!"

AMANDA

Go!

BLAM! The cops fire at Richie.

Tuck and roll and Richie somersaults to the back door, shoulders through it and into the surprised COP who waits. they both go down. Richie takes him out with a punch and takes off.

638 EXT. INTERSECTION - DAWN

638

The rigged Saab sits in the middle of the intersection.

INSERT EXPLOSIVE TIMER

8:24:01... 8:24:02... 8:24:03...

BACK TO SCENE

as CORY watches from behind cover. He scans up and down the intersection. The BUZZ. He half-turns, calls softly --

CORY

Doll face... ?

BAM!!! His answer is a FIST in the mouth. Reeling back, Cory comes face to face with MacLeod.

CORY (CONT'D)

MacLeod, what was that for?

(beat)

Where's Amanda?

BAM!!! MacLeod lets loose again. He's pissed.

MACLEOD

She's been arrested. Thanks to you.

Sensing another impending blow, Cory puts up his hands in surrender.

CORY

Let's talk this thing out, okay?  
What do you mean arrested? Where?

MACLEOD

Your cabin.

CORY

Damn!

He glances toward the ticking Saab.

CORY (CONT'D)

This does put a kink in things.

MACLEOD

I'm gonna put a kink in your ass!

He grabs him by the scruff of the neck.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Right after you help me get her out.

(CONTINUED)

CORY

Well, listen, I'd really love to,  
but we've got us a little situation  
here.

MACLEOD

What situation?

CORY

At 8:29 an armored car comes by.

Cory indicates the Saab.

CORY (CONT'D)

And I set the Saab to blow at 8:28.

At this precise moment, the air is blasted by the strident  
strains of John Philip Souza.

A HIGH SCHOOL MARCHING BAND swings around the corner.  
Trombones booming, trumpets blaring, cymbals crashing...  
it's a nightmare of off-key ADOLESCENTS. A BAND LEADER  
backpedals frantically in front of the band.

MacLeod looks at Cory.

CORY (CONT'D)

Oops.  
(checking his watch)  
Two minutes.

INSERT EXPLOSIVE TIMER

8:26:05... 8:26:06... 8:26:07 ...

BACK TO SCENE

MacLeod calculates the trajectory of the band. It's going  
to get to the Saab at exactly the wrong time.

MACLEOD

How do you disarm the car?

CORY

There's no time.  
(sheepishly)  
Disarming the car wasn't in the plan.

MacLeod snorts his disgust.

MACLEOD

The plan. Give me the keys!

He grabs the keys and runs to the Saab. Starts it and peels  
off down the road... in the opposite direction of the marching  
band.

(CONTINUED)

638 CONTINUED: (2)

638

Cory jumps in MacLeod's car. No keys -- no problem. He pops the column, hot wires it, roars off after MacLeod.

The band marches through the intersection, the sound blaring.

INSERT EXPLOSIVE TIMER

8:27:09... 8:27:10...

639 EXT. ROAD OUT OF TOWN - CONTINUOUS

639

The Saab slices through the countryside. MacLeod gives it all he's got. Pedal to the metal. Detonator on the seat beside him counting the seconds... 8:27:15...

MACLEOD

C'mon...

He races against the clock, trying to get as far away from civilization as possible... 8:27:30... Thirty seconds left... he spots a secluded pullout... screeches in... 8:27:45 ...

Skidding to a stop, MacLeod reaches for the door handle. It comes off in his hand. He looks at the door handle. Looks at the timer... 8:27:55 ...

MACLEOD

gnashes his teeth --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I hate him.

FOOM!!! The Saab explodes.

CORY

sits a hundred yards away in MacLeod's car. Chunks of singed Saab rain down all around him.

CORY (CONT'D)

Yowza.

A particularly large piece of wreckage plummets earthward.

WHOOOMPH!

Slams into the dirt right in front of the car. He peers over the windshield. It's MacLeod. With half his clothes blown off. Scorched and dead.

CORY

winces.

(CONTINUED)

639 CONTINUED:

639

CORY (CONT'D)  
That's gotta hurt.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

640 EXT. ROAD OUT OF TOWN - DAY

640

Still prostrate on the ground, an ashen MacLeod slowly wakes up. Cory extends a hand, but gets brushed aside.

MACLEOD

Get away from me.

CORY

Aw, c'mon Mackie-boy.

MacLeod gingerly stands up.

MACLEOD

And don't call me Mackie-boy.

Cory instinctively backs away.

CORY

Yeah, sure. No hard feelings, eh?

MacLeod advances on Cory.

MACLEOD

(hisses)

You mean, why let a little thing like being blown to bits come between us?

CORY

All in fun, eh? All in fun. Hey, think now. You can't kill me. You need me to get Amanda out...

Cory smiles ingratiatingly. MacLeod knows he's right. And he hates him for it.

641 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY

641

MacLeod on the phone, strains to hear over Cory and Richie's constant caterwauling in the background.

RICHIE

First you run me off the road. Then, you get Amanda arrested. Now, you've blown up Mac.

CORY

(glancing at MacLeod)  
Hardly the worse for wear.

(CONTINUED)



641 CONTINUED:

641

RICHIE

Why don't you try it?

MacLeod slams down the phone... loudly.

MACLEOD

SHUT UP! Both of you.

Duly chastised, they relent.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

The police don't have Amanda.

RICHIE & CORY

What!

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Everybody's got the same story. No progress on the robbery case. No arrests made. No suspects in custody. No Amanda.

RICHIE

If the cops don't have her, then who does?

MACLEOD

Exactly... Cory?

CORY

You're not going to like this.  
(beat)  
Sam Gringkov.

RICHIE & MACLEOD

You stole from Sam Gringkov?!

642 EXT. DOCK YARD - DAY

642

The forlorn BLEAT of a tugboat pierces the eerie stillness. In one end of the yard, a battered aluminum CONSTRUCTION TRAILER perches precariously on cement blocks.

AMANDA (O.S.)

Peee-yuuu! What's that horrible stench? Oh, of course. It's a rotten cop.

643 INT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

643

Amanda sits tied to a chair in the trailer. Detective Tynan raises his arm to strike her, but Gringkov stops him.

GRINGKOV

Don't damage the insurance policy.

(CONTINUED)

643 CONTINUED:

643

Amanda smiles at Gringkov.

AMANDA

Obviously a gentlemen of discretion.  
(takes in his clothes)  
Though of somewhat dubious fashion  
sense.

Gringkov chuckles a low chuckle. He can rise above it.

GRINGKOV

Your partner took something that  
didn't belong to him. Namely, my  
money.

Gringkov puts his mouth an inch from her face.

GRINGKOV (CONT'D)

And I want it back!

She recoils.

AMANDA

You really should brush again after  
lunch.

Tynan has had enough. He lunges forward.

DETECTIVE TYNAN

And you really should shut your mouth.

AMANDA

Relax, Fido.  
(to Gringkov)  
My hands are tied. You'll have to  
dial.

644 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY

644

MacLeod is on the phone as --

RICHIE

You actually thought you'd get away  
with stealing money from Sam Gringkov.  
You're not a thief, you're an idiot.

MacLeod steps in, mediates.

MACLEOD

(to Richie)  
Alright, alright, we get the idea.  
(to Cory)  
We give back the money, he gives  
back Amanda.

(CONTINUED)

CORY  
(shaking head)  
Sorry, no can do.

MacLeod grabs him by the throat.

MACLEOD  
come again?

CORY  
I gave the money away.

RICHIE  
Yeah, right. To an orphanage, I  
suppose.

CORY  
Actually, yes. The Little Angels  
Orphanage. You know, just across  
town.  
(to MacLeod)  
You can check if you want.

MacLeod releases Cory's throat, Cory seizes the moment.

CORY (CONT'D)  
(lays it on thick)  
Hey... guys... you know what it's  
like... growing up in one of those  
places... no money, no toys, no  
love.

MACLEOD  
Okay, Mother Theresa, so how do you  
expect to pay back Gringkov?

CORY  
I was thinking you could front me  
the money? Strictly a loan, of  
course.

MACLEOD  
One point four million dollars?!

CORY  
Yeah, right. Recession. Okay, we'll  
just have to steal it.  
(snaps fingers)  
I got a plan! We go for the Federal  
Reserve truck again tomorrow --

MACLEOD  
No!

644 CONTINUED: (2)

644

CORY

C'mon. It was a beauty of a plan.  
Uh, except for that little timer  
thing.

MacLeod smiles a frightening smile, bears his pearly whites  
in Cory's direction.

MACLEOD

I've got a better idea, Cory.

645 EXT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER - NIGHT

645

Close on a VEST wired with EXPLOSIVES and a PLUNGER DETONATOR.

CORY (O.S.)

There's got to be another way.

PULL BACK

to find MacLeod with Cory. The vest is on him.

CORY

Let's be creative! Work with me  
here.

MACLEOD

Shut up.  
(hands him detonator)  
Here's the plunger.

CORY

But it's a fake one, right?

MACLEOD

Trust me. I got a plan.

He tightens the cinches on the vest, Cory's lungs collapse.

Richie rounds a corner carrying a briefcase filled with  
"money." He opens the case for MacLeod's inspection.

RICHIE

How'd I do?

MacLeod reaches in, pulls out a stack of "bills" -- actually  
a few real bills on top, pieces of newspaper on the bottom.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

They better not look too close.

MACLEOD

They won't have time to.

He smiles at Cory.

(CONTINUED)

645 CONTINUED: 645

MACLEOD (CONT'D)  
We have ignition.

646 INT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER 646

The briefcase sits in front of Gringkov and Tynan.

Gringkov tries to open it, but it's locked with a COMBINATION LOCK. He looks up at Cory who stands beside Amanda.

GRINGKOV  
What gives?

CORY  
You give up Amanda, and I give you...  
(taps his head)  
...the combination to the briefcase.

Gringkov aims his gun at the briefcase lock.

GRINGKOV  
Screw the combination.

CORY  
Uh uh uh... any attempt to tamper  
with the lock will detonate the  
contents.

DETECTIVE TYNAN  
You're bluffing.

Cory shrugs...

CORY  
Your call.

A BEAT as they all look at each other.

CORY (CONT'D)  
Mild weather for this time of year.

GRINGKOV  
Okay, untie her. Get her outta my  
sight.

AMANDA  
Pleasure's all mine.

Cory unties Amanda, she gets up.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Coming, Cory?

GRINGKOV  
He stays.

(CONTINUED)

646 CONTINUED:

646

CORY

You get going. I'm right behind  
you, doll face.

Amanda leaves. Gringkov gestures with his gun.

GRINGKOV

The combination.

CORY

Oh, yeah. Lemme see if I can remember  
how that goes. Three, two, one...

He opens his jacket, reveals the explosive vest, his finger  
on the plunger --

CORY (CONT'D)

BOOM! Can you say "incendiary  
device?"

GRINGKOV & TYNAN

You wouldn't!?

CORY

Sixty seconds... and leave the money  
on your way out.

Gringkov stands there nervously.

GRINGKOV

You're bluffing.

CORY

Forty-five to go.

DETECTIVE TYNAN

Hell, it's not my money.

He rushes out.

GRINGKOV

You're not that crazy.

Cory reaches into his pocket and takes out a stick of  
dynamite. He lights it.

Gringkov runs out the door. Cory smiles and pulls the fuse.

647 EXT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

647

MacLeod, Amanda and Richie watch the trailer from a distance.

AMANDA

Looks like it worked, MacLeod.

(CONTINUED)

647 CONTINUED:

647

Suddenly Tynan and Gringkov come tearing out of the trailer, running for their lives.

MACLEOD

Now for the grand finale.

He reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out a device. It's a wireless ELECTRONIC TRIGGER.

RICHIE

You didn't.

Amanda is shocked --

AMANDA

You wouldn't!?

and a little turned on --

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Would you... ?

RICHIE

Let me.

He grabs for the detonator. MacLeod snatches it away.

MACLEOD

Uh uh. This one's all mine.

He presses the switch and -- BLAAAMM!!

The construction trailer is airborne. Like a giant aluminum can, it's up, up and away. And then a shattering CRASH. Flat as a pancake. Scraps of money and newspaper drift through the air. Nothing left standing. Well, almost nothing.

Through the smoke and fire, one lone, slightly scorched figure staggers out of the wreckage. It lurches over toward MacLeod.

CORY

What the hell was that for?

Again that frightening smile.

MACLEOD

All in fun, Cory-boy. All in fun.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

648 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT DAY

648

MacLeod enters, sees Amanda's bags packed.

MACLEOD  
(re: suitcases)  
Somebody leaving?

Amanda tries to keep it light.

AMANDA  
Cory already blew town. Said he had  
a plan. Time I hit the road, too.  
Least 'til Gringkov stops looking  
for me.

MacLeod watches her face. He knows what she wants to hear.  
It hangs like an unseen barrier between them. Much to his  
own surprise, he says it --

MACLEOD  
I wish you could stay.

And the invisible obstacle vanishes. Amanda's up and across  
the room without touching the floor. She looks up at MacLeod,  
into his eyes. He meets her gaze -- no walls.

They both know how much it took for him to give that to her.

AMANDA  
That's nice to hear.

They kiss. She pulls away and glances at her watch.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
But I really do have to go.

MacLeod smiles.

MACLEOD  
Of course you do.

Amanda gathers up her suitcases, starts for the door. A  
toss of her head --

AMANDA  
Hey, Mackie-boy. Maybe I'll see you  
in Paris?

(CONTINUED)



648 CONTINUED:

648

MACLEOD  
(as the French director)  
But of course, my cherie, but of  
course.

And she's out the door.

FADE OUT.

THE END