



HIGHLANDER

The Series

#96513
THE RANSOM OF
RICHARD REDSTONE

Written by
David Tynan

Highlander

"THE RANSOM OF RICHARD REDSTONE"

Written by

David Tynan

Production #96513

November 13, 1996 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"The Ransom of Richard Redstone"

Production #96513

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD
RICHIE RYAN

MARINA LEMARTIN
EDWARD CERVAIN (formerly EDOUARD CERVICHE)
(NOTE: Only pages with dialogue changes have been issued)
CARLO CAPODIMONTE/GUNMAN
BARON LEMARTIN

JAMES FOULARD
DESIREE

ELDERLY DRIVER

PARKING ATTENDANT
JAMES

HIGHLANDER

"The Ransom of Richard Redstone"

Production #96513

SET LIST

INTERIORS

CASINO MONTECOUR - 1997 & 1978

/CARLO'S OFFICE

CHATEAU LEMARTIN

/BEDROOM

/KITCHEN

/FOYER

/WINE CELLAR

FERRARI

EXTERIORS

MOUNTAIN ROAD - FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE

CASINO MONTECOUR - 1997 & 1978

CHATEAU LEMARTIN

/GROUNDS

HOTEL ROOM - 1978

OUTDOOR CAFE

STREET

HIGHLANDER

"The Ransom of Richard Redstone"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1301 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

1301

A steep, twisting road, with switchbacks, hairpin turns, and no room for mistakes. Rounding a corner --

An old DEUX CHEVAUX (2 CV) grinds slowly up the hill. At the wheel, the ELDERLY DRIVER steers cautiously. This road is more than his nerves can stand. Then, in the distance, we HEAR the full-throated roar of exotic CAR ENGINES coming DOWN the mountain.

ANGLE - FURTHER UP THE HILL

a gleaming RED FERRARI blasts around a corner, a BLACK PORSCHE right on its tail. They're driving fast and furiously -- on a collision course for the old car.

RESUME - THE DEUX CHEVAUX

As the Elderly Driver looks up to see --

ELDERLY DRIVER'S POV - THE RACING CARS

coming straight at him, side by side, engines roaring as they jockey for position. There's only room for ONE CAR to pass without crashing or sailing off the mountain.

The horrified Elderly Driver shuts his eyes and brakes hard, waiting for the impact.

WIDER

as at the last second, the PORSCHE brakes -- and the Ferrari SPEEDS UP, takes the lead from the Porsche, and SCREAMS PAST the old car with inches to spare.

RESUME - ELDERLY DRIVER

he opens his eyes, astonished and grateful to be alive. Then he looks down at his pants -- his face falls.

ELDERLY DRIVER

Oh, non.

(CONTINUED)

1301 CONTINUED: 1301

FOLLOWING THE FERRARI

as it snarls onto a straightaway, a jagged single-note GUITAR starts up ala the JAMES BOND THEME. The THEME SWELLS as the Ferrari shrinks in the distance.

1302 EXT. CASINO MONTECOUR - DAY 1302

An elegant building on beautifully kept grounds. The FERRARI wheels up beside a collection of expensive cars parked in front. As the Ferrari's DRIVER slides out --

PAN UP from a pair of beautiful leather shoes, crisp pant-legs, to a white-on-white shirt inside a tux.

The driver's hands snap his CUFFS with a practiced motion, straighten a BOW TIE with an elegant tug. Then camera MOVES UP, and we see the driver is --

RICHIE

playing the role of wealthy playboy to the hilt. He turns as the BLACK PORSCHE rumbles into the drive, and the beautiful BLOND DRIVER gives him a look that suggests he's an idiot.

Richie flashes a sardonic, patronizing Bond smile.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Don't feel bad. I'm a pro.

She shakes her head and roars away. Richie turns to see the PARKING ATTENDANT watching him with a bemused look. Richie straightens his tie, trying to recover his dignity. He hands him the keys and heads for the Casino. The Attendant rolls his eyes.

1303 INT. CASINO MONTECOUR - LATER - DAY 1303

Posh elegance, restrained charm. People cluster around various GAMING TABLES, chatting, catching drinks from passing waiters. As we move through the room --

VARIOUS VOICES (O.S.)

She caught him in bed with the
Countess. Or was it the Count?

(beat)

Anyway, Polanski liked them enough
to put them in his next film.

ANGLE - THE ROULETTE WHEEL

a whirling pinwheel of blurred color, as the BALL clatters among the slots. Richie is sandwiched between two svelte YOUNG WOMEN. They're slapping the table in excitement.

(CONTINUED)

RICHIE

Yes, yes! Go! Black 14!

As with a final clatter, the ball comes to rest on

VOICE (O.S.)

Black, 14.

RICHIE

Yes! I win again!

The WOMEN watch enviously as the Dealer shoves a large pile of CHIPS across to Richie. Richie flips one to the Dealer.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Albert? Save my place.

(airily)

This calls for champagne.

Leaving the chips, he wades into the crowd to snag a champagne flute from a tray. He turns, and bumps into --

MARINA LEMARTIN

spilling his drink and hers. She's beautiful, twenties, clad in an elegant sleeveless black number that barely avoided being drenched. Richie is mortified.

RICHIE

Oh, man, I'm sorry...

She watches, bemused, as he flounders, dabs at her dress with a napkin -- making an awkward situation worse.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

(halting French)

Pardon, pardonnez moi... je suis
tres, tres... what's the word?

MARINA

(teasing)

Clumsy? A klutz, perhaps?

(a smile)

Don't worry. No harm done.

RICHIE

(relieved)

You speak English.

MARINA

(a smile)

Yes. At least I think so.

(extending her hand)

Marina LeMartin.

(CONTINUED)

RICHIE

(smitten)

I'm Richie...

(catches himself)

Uh, Richard. Richard Redstone.

MARINA

Do you come here often, Mr. Redstone?

RICHIE

(airily)

Only when the Mirage needs servicing.

MARINA

(impressed)

Really. You own a plane?

She glances past Richie at EDOUARD CEVICHE: dark, late twenties, slightly shifty looking, in a waiter's jacket. Edouard catches her glance and nods slightly. Edouard grabs a couple of glasses of champagne from the bar.

CLOSE - THE DRINKS

Edouard DROPS something in one of the champagne flute.

RICHIE

Just a little one. The company jet.

Edouard hands the drinks to Richie and Marina. Richie is so engrossed in impressing Marina, he's oblivious.

MARINA

Perhaps I've heard of your company?

Richie turns back to the roulette table. Thinking fast, he sees a pack of MATCHES on it.

RICHIE

Ah... Match-Tech. It's new...

Computers, modems, that sort of stuff.

The DEALER clears his throat.

MARINA

I think he wants you to bet.

Richie realizes he's holding up the play, decides to impress Marina. He pushes all his chips to the black.

RICHIE

(to Dealer)

Let it ride on black.

He winks at Marina, as the ball bounces, rolls --

(CONTINUED)

RICHIE (CONT'D)
C'mon, black... c'mon...

-- and comes up --

VOICE (O.S.)
Red, four.

RICHIE
(repeats weakly)
Red four.

Richie loses. His face goes blank as he gulps the champagne.

MARINA
All that money gone.

RICHIE
(with faint bravado)
Pocket change.

MARINA
(sympathetically)
You want to try again?

Richie tries to compose himself, waves dismissively.

RICHIE
No, I think I'm done.

He puts a hand to his head -- he's feeling a little odd.

MARINA
Something wrong?

RICHIE
I just need a little air.

MARINA
Why don't we go for a drive?
(coy)
You can tell me all about your
company.

She bats her eyes, her tone suggestive in a sophisticated way. Richie drains his champagne.

The PARKING ATTENDANT closes the Ferrari door for Marina. She's behind the wheel, Richie in the passenger seat, definitely feeling woozy. He's slurring slightly.

RICHIE
I really can drive.

(CONTINUED)

1304 CONTINUED:

1304

MARINA

I insist.

Marina pulls out with a wild lurch, spinning the tires. As they fishtail out of the drive --

RICHIE (O.S.)

Okay. Jus' watch out for a blonde
inna black Porsche.

1305 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

1305

Marina pulls the Ferrari into a roadside stop. Richie is blinking, struggling to keep his eyes open.

RICHIE

Why we stopping here?

MARINA

Because I thought you might want to.

Richie straightens into a semblance of sexy charm.

RICHIE

Good idea. 'S perfect....
(earnest)
And so are you, Marina... You're
perfect.

He leans toward her, aiming for a kiss -- just as Marina slips OUT. Richie flops into the vacant seat.

Richie straightens, to see EDOUARD standing beside Marina. Richie bridles, staggers from the car.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Hey, you're the waiter guy.

EDOUARD

So?

RICHIE

We'll have another.

Richie steps forward -- and falls flat on his face.

MARINA

(dismayed)
How much did you give him?

EDOUARD

(shrugs)
One dose. Fifty milligrams. Like
the farmer said.

(CONTINUED)

1305 CONTINUED:

1305

MARINA

The farmer?

(beat)

Edward, that's the dose for a horse.

Edouard shrugs and takes the driver's seat. Marina sits by Richie. Richie sinks into a warm, fuzzy world.

RICHIE

Where we goin'?

MARINA

My place.

RICHIE

Good. Wake me up when we get there.

His head slides down onto Maria's chest. Edouard glares at him, annoyed.

EDOUARD

Does he have to do that?

MARINA

He's unconscious.

EDOUARD

(suspicious)

He's American. They have a ridiculous obsession with breasts.

MARINA

Edward? Just shut up and drive.

(beat)

We got our millionaire.

She gives him a triumphant look. The Ferrari pulls onto the road, with the kidnapped Richie inside --

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1306 OMITTED 1306

1307 EXT. ANY STREET - DAY 1307

MacLeod is coming out of a shop with a few groceries --
baguette, bottle of wine. He reacts to the sight of

HIS CITROEN

Being hooked up to a TOW TRUCK.

MACLEOD

rushes over, waving at the TOW DRIVER.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Hey! Hey! Stop!
(trying French)
Arrette!

The Driver looks over to JAMES FOULARD, forties, a humorless
man in a suit, carrying a small notebook.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(to Foulard)
What's going on here?

FOULARD

James Foulard, Mr. MacLeod.
(to the Driver)
Go ahead.

MACLEOD

But that's my car!

FOULARD

You will get your car back when I
get mine.

He slaps an official-looking document against MacLeod's chest.

FOULARD (CONT'D)

See you in court.

MacLeod fumbles to look over the court order.

MACLEOD

What the hell is this about?

(CONTINUED)

1307 CONTINUED:

1307

FOULARD

Don't play with me. I want my
Ferrari.

MACLEOD

What Ferrari?

FOULARD

Your name and address were given as
security.

MACLEOD

By who?

FOULARD

A young American. He took it from
my dealership for a test drive...
and it has not come back.

MACLEOD

And he gave you my address? That's
all?

FOULARD

He left this.

He takes a PASSPORT from his suit, holds it out. MacLeod
takes it and glances at it --

INSERT - THE OPEN PASSPORT

the name is "Richard Redstone," but the photo is RICHIE.

MacLeod reacts to the face.

FOULARD (CONT'D)

So you know him?

MACLEOD

Who doesn't know Red Richovich?

FOULARD

Who? It says here his name is
Redstone.

MacLeod looks around to make sure no one is listening, then
speaks in hushed tones.

MACLEOD

An alias. Richovich is a hired killer
for the Russian Mafia. One of the
most dangerous men in Europe. Do
you know where he is now?

(CONTINUED)

FOULARD

He was last seen at Casino Montecour
yesterday. Since that... nothing.

MACLEOD

(re the paper work)
So you took it to the police.

FOULARD

Of course.

MacLeod nods sympathetically, puts an arm over his shoulder
as he steers him out of the Driver's earshot.

MACLEOD

Have you sufficient life insurance?
(beat)
You know what they do to informants.

FOULARD

I do?

MacLeod demonstrates as he describes the gruesome torture.

MACLEOD

First they take these large fish
hooks and they put them in your nose.
Then they pull them behind your head
to expose Your Adam's apple. Then
they bring out the leeches and then...
trust me, you don't want to hear the
rest.

FOULARD

I don't?

With a significant look at the innocent-looking Driver:

MACLEOD

They say they have people...
everywhere.

Foulard pales visibly.

FOULARD

What do I do?

MACLEOD

Tell the police it was a mistake.
I'll see what I can do about the
car.

FOULARD

I'll be forever grateful.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1307 CONTINUED: (3)

1307

FOULARD (CONT'D)
(to the Driver, re
the Citroen)
Unhook it.
(off the Driver's
hesitation)
Unhook it, I tell you. Idiot, you
have the wrong car!

Foulard hurriedly gets in his own car as the Driver starts
to unhook the Citroen.

MACLEOD
Have a nice day.

Foulard takes off. MacLeod turns back as the Driver lowers
his car back to the pavement. The Citroen sinks alarmingly
on one side, the tire flat from the hookup.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
Okay, Richie. This better be good.

1308 EXT. CHATEAU LEMARTIN - DAY - ESTABLISHING

1308

A beautiful chateau, seemingly deserted. The red Ferrari is
parked in the drive. OVER, we hear a loud GROAN.

1309 INT. CHATEAU LEMARTIN - BEDROOM - DAY

1309

A grand room, with a sumptuous elegance that has been let go
a little. Decorated with beautiful period furniture, the
prominent feature is a large, four-poster CANOPY BED with
velvet hangings. Lying on it, minus his jacket --

Richie, just regaining consciousness. He shakes his head,
tries to sit up -- but he can't move his wrists. He looks --
they're HANDCUFFED to the heavy wooden bed posters. He yanks
at the cuffs in frustration --

MARINA (O.S.)
Please don't. It scratches the wood.

Marina enters with a water jug and a glass.

MARINA (CONT'D)
Besides, you'll hurt your wrists.

She smiles, more like a shy hostess than a kidnapper as she
pours a glass of water for him, holds it out.

RICHIE
No thanks.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICHIE (CONT'D)

(tight)

Last time I had a drink with a girl,
I woke up handcuffed to a strange
bed.

She sighs, puts the glass aside, anxious to please him.

MARINA

Are you cold? I could get a blanket.
Maybe a couple of pillows.

RICHIE

I'm fine. Nice bed, lots of
atmosphere... what more could I ask
for?

MARINA

You don't have to be sarcastic.
This is the best room in the chateau.

RICHIE

(more sarcasm)

Excuse me, I forgot my manners.
(exploding)
Lady, you kidnapped me!

She stands and moves around the room.

MARINA

Don't yell at me... please.
(beat)
All we need is two-hundred thousand
francs.

She smiles, as if that makes it reasonable.

RICHIE

You're joking. This is a joke, right?

MARINA

This chateau has been in my family
for three hundred years. Without
that money, it's gone... It can't be
gone.

(a plea)

You have to help us... Please, Mr.
Redstone. Two-hundred thousand is
nothing to someone like you.

She's heartfelt. Richie feels a twinge of compassion.

RICHIE

Don't you have some rich relatives
hidden away somewhere?

(CONTINUED)

1309 CONTINUED: (2)

1309

Marina sighs and shakes her head.

MARINA

Grandfather was hopeless with money.
He lost everything.

(beat)

He had to take out a loan against
the chateau to pay our bills... now
the loan is due.

RICHIE

Marina, I hate to break the news...
but this isn't gonna work.

MARINA

Of course it will. It has to.

She starts for the door.

RICHIE

Marina... Marina, wait a minute! I
gotta go!

MARINA

As soon as we have the money.

She smiles and steps out.

RICHIE

No, you don't understand... mean, I
gotta GO!

He rattles the cuffs uselessly, and OFF his look --

1310 EXT. CASINO MONTECOUR - DAY

1310

MacLeod pulls up in the Citroen. He looks older: a little
grey on the temples, glasses -- he has aged a graceful twenty
years.

A PARKING ATTENDANT approaches the window. MacLeod looks in
the car mirror, checking his altered look. As CAMERA PUSHES
into the mirror --

DESIREE (O.S.)

Three hours without a stop, Duncan.
My knees are weak. What are you
trying to do to me?

TRANSITION TO:

1311 EXT. CASINO MONTECOUR - 1978 - DAY

1311

CLOSE - ANOTHER MIRROR and the reflection of a WOMAN there,
checking her lipstick.

(CONTINUED)

1311 CONTINUED:

1311

MACLEOD (O.S.)

Just trying to show you a good time.

PULL BACK as MacLeod's beautiful girlfriend DESIREE checks her face in the bike's mirror, while MacLeod hauls his big MOTO GUZZI onto the kickstand.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Come on, Desiree, the tables are waiting.

DESIREE

(reproving)

Duncan, you're a madman. Three hundred miles in three hours? Look at my hair.

MACLEOD

(smiles)

Desiree, no matter what you do, you're still going to be beautiful.

He pulls her away from the mirror and they head for the Casino, passing a brace of racy cars and bikes.

1312 INT. CASINO MONTECOUR - 1978 - NIGHT

1312

Looking much as in the present. The people and the clothes haven't changed much: tuxedos, a few long-hairs and sideburns, but the champagne is still flowing.

ANGLE - THE CHEMIN DE FER TABLE

MacLeod, changed into an elegant tux, is playing opposite a good-looking Englishman, JAMES. Desiree, spilling from a low-cut dress, hangs on MacLeod's arm. MacLeod is losing. There are two others at the table. Young manager CARLO CAPIDIMONTE watches the table for the house. The Englishman deals the cards.

CARLO

Neuf a la banc.

(beat)

I'm sorry, Monsieur MacLeod.

He shovels the chips across the table to the Englishman.

DESIREE

(pouting)

I'm sorry, Duncan. I'm not bringing you any luck tonight.

MacLeod smiles, murmurs in her ear.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

(seductively)

Why don't you let me be the judge of that... later.

JAMES

Bad luck, old man.

MACLEOD

Perhaps tomorrow it will change.

JAMES

But not against me. I'm off to work.

MACLEOD

Say hello to "M" for me.

MacLeod slides his remaining chips to Desiree.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Here, see what you can do. I'm going to get us a drink.

As he stands, James calls to him.

JAMES

If you don't mind, old man? Martini. Shaken... not stirred.

MACLEOD

Naturally.

(aside, to Desiree)

I bet he can't tell the difference.

As he moves away to get the drinks, we PUSH IN on Desiree's small pile of chips --

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SAME PILE rests before Desiree, but it has grown enormously. She's on a winning streak, and a crowd of KIBITZERS watches the show as MacLeod looks on, bored.

CARLO

Et bien. Madame wins again.

Desiree claps in excitement.

DESIREE

Duncan, can you believe it? The first time I ever played!

MACLEOD

It figures.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
(off her look)
I mean, that's terrific.

He looks at his watch, taps it.

BARON LEMARTIN, the Casino's owner, a graceful, pleasant man of fifty, approaches, smiles benevolently at the scene. Beside him, Carlo frowns.

CARLO
(sotto voce)
It's not good for the house, Baron.

BARON
(gently reproving)
Carlo, my ambitious friend. A beautiful woman is happy, and that is always good for the house.
(a smile)
Money isn't everything.

RESUME - MACLEOD AND DESIREE

Desiree is growing nervous.

DESIREE
Duncan... what if I lose?

MACLEOD
If you're worried, stop playing.

DESIREE
(eyeing the bank)
But I could win. Tell me what to do.

MACLEOD
Let it ride.

DESIREE
Easy for you to say.

She nods at Carlo but grabs MacLeod's hand for support, biting her lip in growing tension as Carlo turns the cards...

CARLO
Neuf a la banc.
(beat)
Madame wins.

Desiree WHOOPS in delight throws herself in MacLeod's lap and kisses him as Carlo pushes the chips to Desiree. It's a staggering amount of money.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

You should play cards more often.

DESIREE

Enough excitement for one night.
(giving him a look)
At least here in the Casino.

MacLeod smiles. As they rise from the table, Carlo moves toward them.

CARLO

Perhaps madame wishes to leave her winnings in the casino safe... ?

DESIREE

No, madame wishes to take it with her now. In cash.

CARLO

Cash? A million francs?

Desiree kisses MacLeod.

MACLEOD

You heard the lady, Carlo.

CARLO

(unreadable)
As Madame wishes.

1313 INT. HOTEL ROOM - 1978 - LATER - NIGHT

1313

The hotel room is old, gorgeously appointed. Desiree is spinning in the center of the room in wonder clutching handfuls of 500 Franc notes from a large pile on the table.

DESIREE

Duncan? Is this is how rich people live all the time?

MacLeod approaches carrying flutes of champagne. As he hands her one --

MACLEOD

Not if they want to stay rich.
(a smile)
You didn't have to order the most expensive suite in the hotel.

DESIREE

But I wanted to.
(teasing)
Besides, I like it. For once, I'm the one with the money.

(CONTINUED)

1313 CONTINUED:

1313

She moves in close, runs her hands over his chest.

DESIREE (CONT'D)

And I can be very generous to those
who bring me pleasure.

MACLEOD

You think I'm some gigolo you can
have for a few thousand francs?

DESIREE

No, a million francs.

She tucks a handful of money down his shirt.

DESIREE (CONT'D)

What would this buy me? Your neck?
An ear?

(beat)

Your mouth, perhaps?

She kisses each part in turn. MacLeod is aroused, moves to
kiss her back, but she pulls teasingly away.

DESIREE

Ah, ah, ah... I'm not free.

MACLEOD

Then I'm in trouble. I haven't got
a centime on me.

DESIREE

I'm sure you'll think of something.

MacLeod smiles, holds up his wrist, revealing a distinctive,
expensive WATCH (a BREITLING, etc.). He slips it off and
drops it on the table.

MACLEOD

What will this buy me?

(moving in)

This mouth? This neck? Maybe this
throat...

She throws back her head as his lips caress her throat.

DESIREE

(breathless)

I'm very expensive. At least a
shirt...

She pulls his shirt down, revealing his chest, kissing him
all the while. He rips the top of her gown, the spaghetti
straps break. They're both feeling the heat of building
passion.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

I think I may have to take out a loan.

DESIREE

Good. Let's break the bank.

She scoops up cash from the table, tosses it onto the bed, making a carpet of cash, and shoves MacLeod onto it, following him. They're pulling at each other's clothes in eager passion, money and clothing flying in the air.

She's on top of him, pulling at his clothes --

ANGLE - THE DOOR

as it SLAMS OPEN, and a MASKED GUNMAN stands there.

MacLeod and Desiree break apart, Desiree holding two wads of CASH to cover her breasts. MacLeod looks at the Gunman, then back to Desiree.

MACLEOD

Did you order room service?

GUNMAN

(muffled voice)

Shutup! Put the money in the bag!

He throws a bag before them.

MACLEOD

Okay, okay, now we all stay very calm.

MacLeod slides off the bed and stuffs a wad of bills in the bag.

Desiree leaps up, pulling up her dress, and yanks the money out again.

DESIREE

Never! Duncan won't let you!

The Gunman points his gun at MacLeod.

GUNMAN

I'll shoot him.

DESIREE

(defiant)

Go ahead! You think he cares?

MACLEOD

I care. Desiree, sit down.

(CONTINUED)

He grabs more money. Desiree grabs it back.

DESIREE

It's my money!

MACLEOD

It's his gun.

GUNMAN

(exasperated)

Fine. I'll shoot both of you.

MacLeod grabs her. He speaks in a gentle voice through gritted teeth.

MACLEOD

Sweetheart, it's not worth dying for money... not even a million Francs.

(to Gunman)

Take it.

DESIREE

No, you can't!

MacLeod holds onto Desiree as the Gunman scoops money into the bag, then grabs MacLeod's WATCH off the table for good measure.

MACLEOD

Not the watch...

GUNMAN

Don't you start.

(backing out)

Follow me, and I'll shoot.

He slams the door behind him. Desiree rises to follow. MacLeod takes her arm.

MACLEOD

Desiree, it's just money...

DESIREE

My money!

MACLEOD

It's not the end of the world. We still have each other.

(encouraging)

And we've still got tonight.

DESIREE

(cold)

That's what you think.

(CONTINUED)

1313 CONTINUED: (4)

1313

She grabs a blanket, wraps it around her, and heads out the door. As MacLeod sits there, forlorn.

MACLEOD
(beat; mutters)
Should've just let him shoot me.

TRANSITION TO:

1314 INT. CASINO MONTECOUR - THE PRESENT - DAY

1314

Looking much as it did in 1978. MacLeod is idly spinning the roulette wheel as CARLO approaches, the Parking Attendant trailing behind him. In 19 years Carlo has added weight, lost hair, and looks very prosperous.

CARLO
Monsieur MacLeod! What a pleasure!
It must be twenty years!

They shake hands warmly.

MACLEOD
Hello Carlo. Nineteen years.

CARLO
Look at you. You've hardly changed.

MACLEOD
(quickly)
Diet. Regular exercise.
(changing the subject)
Is the Baron around?

CARLO
I'm afraid not. The old Baron went
a little...
(he taps his head
significantly)
Most regrettable. I had to take
over the Casino.

MACLEOD
A shame. He was a good man.

Carlo shrugs, as if burdened against his will.

CARLO
One does what one can.
(beat)
How can I help you?

MACLEOD
I'm looking for someone.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1314 CONTINUED:

1314

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

A young American with a Ferrari.
Richard Redstone... he was supposed
to arrive here yesterday.

Carlo turns to the Parking attendant.

CARLO

Georges?

PARKING ATTENDANT

A red Ferrari? He left yesterday
afternoon... with Miss LeMartin.

MACLEOD

The Baron's Granddaughter?

Carlo tightens, tries to hide his annoyance from MacLeod.

CARLO

I believe so.

MACLEOD

She's a baby. How old could she be?

CARLO

Old enough.

1315 INT. CHATEAU LEMARTIN - BEDROOM - NIGHT

1315

Marina is entering with a tray of food -- just as EDOUARD is
rising from the bed where Richie lies, handcuffed.

Edouard has a scowl on his face, and holds a covered CHAMBER-
POT at arms-length.

EDOUARD

I hate this.

RICHIE

The feeling's mutual, pal.

Edouard stalks out as Marina sets the tray down, lifts a
forkfull of food to Richie's mouth. Richie turns away.

MARINA

Please, it's very good. My
Grandfather made it himself.

RICHIE

Marina, there's got to be some other
way.

MARINA

No! There isn't.

(CONTINUED)

1315 CONTINUED:

1315

She flops down on the bed.

MARINA (CONT'D)

How can I expect a man who has everything to know what it's like to have nothing?

(beat)

My parents are buried in the garden. I was born in this very bed. My grandfather wants to die here. This isn't just my home. It's my life.

(beat)

I'll do anything to keep it.

Richie is moved by her quiet resolve.

RICHIE

Can't you renegotiate the loan?

MARINA

There's only one thing he wants more than the money.

(beat)

Me. The pig wants me to marry him.

RICHIE

Marry him? You're not serious.

MARINA

If you don't give us the two-hundred thousand francs, it's what I'll have to do.

RICHIE

So kidnapping me was your only chance.

MARINA

It was Edward's idea.

(smiles)

He says America is full of millionaires.

RICHIE

Brilliant. Your boyfriend's a real criminal mastermind.

MARINA

He's not a criminal and he's not my boyfriend. He's a painter. My family's supported artists for hundreds of years.

(beat)

They say Monet painted his first waterlilies in the back garden.

(CONTINUED)

1315 CONTINUED: (2)

1315

RICHIE

So let Rembrandt there sell some of his paintings.

MARINA

I'm afraid he's not very good.

RICHIE

Wonderful. The guy's not only a crook and a sponge, he's a hack.

MARINA

You can talk.

(defensive)

What kind of man leaves a casino with the kind of woman who lets a strange man buy her drinks?

Richie opens his mouth, defeated by this logic -- She shovels food into his mouth.

1316 EXT. CHATEAU LEMARTIN - SAME TIME - NIGHT

1316

In the darkness, a sinister BLACK CAR pulls up quietly. The door opens, and a LOW ANGLE reveals DARK BOOTS landing on the ground. They start towards the Chateau.

1317 INT. CHATEAU LEMARTIN - BEDROOM - NIGHT - RESUME SCENE

1317

Richie is eating slowly, his eyes on Marina's as he chews.

MARINA

You spilled.

She takes a napkin, leans close to wipe his lips. They're eye to eye, the attraction palpable. He suddenly leans forward and kisses her on the lips.

Finally Marina pulls free, and they stare at each other breathlessly, not knowing what to do next.

MARINA (CONT'D)

(flustered)

I... I should go.

RICHIE

No. Marina, please... one cuff. Just one...

(beat)

I promise I won't run.

BEAT. She hesitates -- then reaches up and unlocks one cuff -- then immediately drops the key DOWN HER DRESS, where he can't get it. Richie slides his freed arm around her, pulls her close, and they kiss.

1318 EXT. CHATEAU LEMARTIN - SAME TIME - NIGHT 1318

ANGLE - THE BLACK CAR

As a sinister BLACK SILHOUETTE moves away from it, towards the Chateau. A gleaming BLADE comes out, glints in the night -- an Immortal's sword.

1319 INT. CHATEAU LEMARTIN - BEDROOM - NIGHT - RESUME SCENE 1319

Richie and Marina, still locked in a kiss, as Richie gets the BUZZ. He breaks the kiss in a panic.

RICHIE
Marina, unlock me! Quick! The other hand!

MARINA
(taken aback)
You promised!

RICHIE
There's no time! The key!

He lunges, jams his free hand down her dress, fishing for the key. She pulls away.

MARINA
You pig! I trust you, and you take advantage!

She SLAPS him hard.

RICHIE
Marina, you don't understand!
Someone's coming!

MARINA
Now you're lying!

She slaps him again, then turns and stamps out.

RICHIE
Marina, come back! I could die...
we could all die!

She slams the door. Richie pulls frantically at the cuffs, but it's useless. And OFF his trapped look --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

1320 INT. CHATEAU LEMARTIN - BEDROOM - NIGHT

1320

Richie has braced his feet against the bed post and is pulling with all his might, groaning with effort.

RICHIE

Come on... give!

Suddenly -- it does. The POST rips free, and Richie tumbles onto the floor. The entire CANOPY collapses, sending a shower of dust and OLD ROLLED CANVASSES from the top of the canopy onto Richie and the floor.

Richie stumbles to his feet, untangles himself from the velvet hangings, and throws them OVER the rolled canvasses. The BED POST and part of the frame is cuffed to his arm, locked at the narrow part of the post.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Great.

He races to the window, pushes it open, and tries to get through it. The POST jams sideways. As he fumbles with it, trying to get out through the window --

1321 INT. CHATEAU LEMARTIN - KITCHEN - NIGHT - SAME TIME

1321

As the Old Baron -- 19 years since we saw him -- putters at the stove, close by a WINDOW, humming. He's not senile, but definitely eccentric. As he stirs a pot --

ANGLE - THE WINDOW

as a BODY plummets past the window, a faint CRY dopplering away, followed by a distant THUMP.

The Baron looks up curiously -- sees nothing -- then shrugs and goes back to cooking, as Marina enters.

BARON

Ah, Marina. How is your young guest doing? Mr. Flintstone, was it?

He kisses her fondly on the forehead. Marina tries to hide her flustered state.

MARINA

(forcing a smile)
Redstone, Grandfather. He's fine.

(CONTINUED)

1321 CONTINUED:

1321

BARON

I'm glad. This old Chateau needs more people in it. It's been too empty the last few years.

EDOUARD

hisses at Marina from the doorway. She leaves the old Baron and moves to him.

MARINA AND EDOUARD

whisper intensely.

MARINA

What's going on?

Edouard waves a NEWSPAPER he holds.

EDOUARD

You tell me.
(waves the paper)
We steal an American millionaire,
and they don't even mention it!

MARINA

Nothing?

EDOUARD

And this company, this Match-Tech...
it's not listed in Dun and Bradstreet!
Not on the stock exchange... nowhere!

MARINA

Maybe it's too new.

EDOUARD

(beat)
Or maybe Mr. Redstone isn't what he
seems to be.

He turns and storms out. Marina is right on his heels.

1322 EXT. CHATEAU GROUNDS - NIGHT

1322

Richie wobbles to his feet, shaking off the fall. The BEDPOST is still attached. He turns toward the BUZZ --

THE IMMORTAL is approaching in the dark.

Richie swings up the huge bedpost to defend himself with.

RICHIE

Okay, pal, I'm ready for you.

(CONTINUED)

1322 CONTINUED:

1322

MACLEOD

steps into the light. He takes in the handcuffs, the raised bedpost, and lowers his sword.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Let me guess. Halloween?

Richie lowers the bedpost in relief.

RICHIE

Mac, what are you doing here? And what the hell happened to your hair?

MACLEOD

Never mind that. You're not even supposed to be in France! You died here, remember?

RICHIE

I know, but I got a new identity.

MACLEOD

Right. Richie Redstone, international car thief.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I didn't steal it, I was kidnapped! Held against my will!

MACLEOD

(doubtful)

By Marina LeMartin, a twenty-year old mortal girl?

RICHIE

Not alone. She's got an unemployed painter with her. They think I'm a millionaire.

MACLEOD

(re the post)

So now you're stealing her furniture?

(settling in)

This should be good.

RICHIE

Mac, she's gonna lose the family chateau. The Baron lost all their money, and unless she marries the guy who holds the loan, they're out on the street.

(beat)

She really needs two-hundred thousand francs.

(CONTINUED)

1322 CONTINUED: (2)

1322

MacLeod sees his deep concern, and twigs.

MACLEOD

You wouldn't be falling for this
Marina LeMartin, by any chance?

RICHIE

How come, every time it's a girl,
you always assume --
(beat)
Alright, maybe I like her a little.
But I really want to help her.

MACLEOD

Then why are you running away?

RICHIE

I'm not... I just... I felt... Oh,
man. I gotta get back inside before
they find I'm gone.

There's a LOUD SCREAM from inside.

MACLEOD

I think they know.

And OFF Richie's look --

1323 INT. CHATEAU LEMARTIN - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

1323

Marina stands, hands over her mouth, as she and Edouard survey
the wrecked bedroom.

EDOUARD

I knew we couldn't trust him. Now
he'll go to the police.

MARINA

He wouldn't do that.

The sound of the Chateau DOORBELL goes off. They look at
each other in horror.

MARINA (CONT'D)

(small voice)
The police.

1324 INT. CHATEAU LEMARTIN - FOYER - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

1324

Edouard and Marina race into the foyer.

EDOUARD

Remember, we never heard of Richard
Redstone.

(CONTINUED)

1324 CONTINUED:

1324

ANGLE - THE DOOR

The OLD BARON is about to open it.

EDOUARD (CONT'D)

Ahhh!

Marina lunges forward, catches the Baron at the door and steers him quickly toward the kitchen.

MARINA

Grandpa, hurry... the soup is burning.

BARON

Soup? Did I make soup?

(beat)

What kind of soup...?

As they move OFF CAMERA into the kitchen --

EDOUARD steels himself, and opens the door to find

RICHIE

standing there.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I, uh... I was looking for the bathroom.

(beat)

Can I come in?

Edouard steps aside, and Richie steps inside.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Sorry about the bed. No hard feelings?

EDOUARD

None.

RICHIE

Good. Where's Marina?

As Richie turns -- Edouard grabs a VASE from a hall table, SMASHES IT over Richie's head. Richie goes down like a sack of spuds, out cold.

Marina comes in from the kitchen, sees Richie lying there in a pile of shattered vase glass --

EDOUARD

(proudly)

I got him.

1325 EXT. CHATEAU LEMARTIN - NEXT DAY - ESTABLISHING 1325

Birds chirp. All seems peaceful and normal.

1326 INT. CHATEAU LEMARTIN - WINE CELLAR - DAY 1326

Down some stairs close to the foyer, the cellar is a mess, all the racks empty of wine except for one. Elsewhere -- cobwebs, OLD TOOLS, lumber. Richie is handcuffed to an empty wine-rack, a GAG over his mouth, pulling on his cuffs with no success.

MARINA (O.S.)

You're not happy just destroying the bed.

Marina and Edouard stand at the entrance.

MARINA (CONT'D)

You have to ruin the wine cellar too? What kind of guest are you?

She slips off his gag.

RICHIE

Guest? You kidnapped me!

MARINA

But in a civilized way. We always treated you well.

EDOUARD

We were wrong.
(contemptuous)
Richard Redstone is a fraud.

MARINA

Richard? Is this true? You're not really a millionaire?

Richie shakes his head. He can't lie to her.

RICHIE

I'm sorry, Marina.
(beat)
I don't have any money. I was just playing the big shot.
(beat)
You kidnapped the wrong guy.

MARINA

(stung)
You lied to me.

(CONTINUED)

1326 CONTINUED:

1326

RICHIE

But now I want to help you.
(earnest)
If you let me go, I will.

He's sincere. Marina chews her lip in indecision.

MARINA

How do I know I can trust you?

RICHIE

If I was lying, would I have escaped,
and then come back?

EDOUARD

Yes! Now I understand it all.
(beat)
He wants us to think he's poor, trying
to pretend he was rich, so we'll let
him go.
(beat, craftily)
But he's really rich, pretending to
be a poor, pretending he's rich, to
trick us into letting him go!

RICHIE,

That's ridiculous.

EDOUARD

See? He denies it.

RICHIE

Of course I deny it!

MARINA

Quiet, both of you!

There it is -- the DOORBELL. They look at each other.

EDOUARD

Keep him quiet. I'll get the door.

He races upstairs. Marina throws an accusing look at Richie.

RICHIE

Marina, I'm not lying now... I swear.

1327 INT. CHATEAU LEMARTIN - FOYER - DAY

1327

Edouard arrives, just as the Old Baron is reaching for the door. Edouard scoots forward, quickly steers the Baron away from the door.

BARON

But I thought I heard the doorbell?

(CONTINUED)

EDOUARD

No, no, no...

(beat)

It must be your soup burning.

He steers the confused Baron toward the kitchen, straightens his hair, takes a breath -- and opens the door to reveal --

MACLEOD

standing there, all smiles. Still grey in the temples and with glasses.

EDOUARD

Yes?

MACLEOD

(as if it's obvious)

I'm Duncan MacLeod.

EDOUARD

Who?

MacLeod slides past the baffled Edouard into the foyer.

MACLEOD

Chief Financial Officer? Match-Tech Corporation?

(beat)

Surely Mr. Redstone must've told you I was coming?

EDOUARD

He did?

(beat)

Of course he did. How do you do?

MACLEOD

Very well.

(winks)

Mr. Redstone called me. He instructed me to make sure this got to Marina LeMartin.

With a broad smile, he produces a CASHIER'S CHECK.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

A cashier's cheque... for two-hundred thousand francs.

And as Edouard takes the check, open mouthed --

1328 INT. CHATEAU LEMARTIN - WINE CELLAR - SAME TIME

1328

As they HEAR Edouard's strangled voice:

EDOUARD (V.O.)
(in distance)
Two-hundred thousand... ?

Marina throws an accusing look at Richie.

RICHIE
Marina, please, I can explain...

MARINA
Don't bother.

She quickly GAGS him, and heads up the stairs.

RICHIE
Mgumph! Gnyaggam!

1329 INT. CHATEAU LEMARTIN - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

1329

MacLeod looks up as Marina enters, gracefully offers him her hand.

MACLEOD
Ah, you must be Marina LeMartin.

MARINA
Yes.

He plucks the check from Edouard, and hands it to her.

MACLEOD
Then this must be yours.

Compliments of Mr. Redstone.

MARINA
(stunned)
Mr. Redstone is very... generous.

MACLEOD
He can afford to be.
(looking around)
You know, this place would make a wonderful hotel? Perhaps Mr. Redstone is interested in investing in such a project. If I could speak with him a moment...?

He steps forward. Edouard quickly blocks him.

(CONTINUED)

1329 CONTINUED:

1329

EDOUARD

No!

MARINA (IN UNISON)

He's not here.

EDOUARD (IN UNISON)

He's sleeping.

BEAT. They look at each other. Then back at MacLeod.

EDOUARD/MARINA

He's not here!

They SLAM the door in his face.

1330 INT. CHATEAU LEMARTIN - WINE CELLAR - MOMENTS LATER

1330

Richie is slumped against the wine rack as Marina enters.

She removes his gag.

RICHIE

Marina, please, let me explain!

MARINA

There's nothing to explain.

And OFF Richie's look, she pulls out the key, unlocks his cuffs, while Richie stares at her in surprise.

RICHIE

I don't get it.

She grabs him, kisses him long and hard. Richie is melting. She pulls away, leaves him breathless.

MARINA

That's for saving me.

She hauls back -- SLAPS him hard across the face.

MARINA (CONT'D)

And that's for lying.

She turns and heads up the stairs. And OFF Richie's look, trying to decide how to take this --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

1331 EXT. CASINO MONTECOUR - DAY - ESTABLISHING 1331
as OVER WE HEAR.

CARLO (V.O.)
Richard Redstone?

1332 INT. CASINO MONTECOUR - CARLO'S OFFICE - DAY 1332
Carlo sits at his desk, looks up at Marina and Richie.

RICHIE
That's me.

MARINA
The Richard Redstone, the millionaire.
Surely you've heard of him.

CARLO
Perhaps... but why would he interest
me?

MARINA
Because he's paying off the debt on
the Chateau.

She produces the cashier's check for two-hundred thousand francs, slaps it triumphantly on Carlo's desk. Carlo picks it up with a slight smile.

CARLO
Two-hundred thousand francs. How
very nice.
(beat)
But I'm afraid I don't want it.

He slides it back.

MARINA
What do you mean, you don't want it?
You have to want it.

RICHIE
There's two-hundred thousand francs
there. That's the chateau's deed,
free and clear.

CARLO
Not anymore.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CARLO (CONT'D)

(beat)

The deadline was yesterday... and you missed it.

(beat)

Chateau LeMartin is mine.

MARINA

No! You can't do this.

RICHIE

Come on, Capidimonte, this isn't fair.

CARLO

So what? It's still mine.

(beat)

Of course, I might sell it.

RICHIE

How much?

CARLO

(beat)

Ten million francs.

RICHIE

What?

Marina slumps against a wall, stunned.

MARINA

I don't have that kind of money.

CARLO

I suggest you talk to Mr. Redstone here.

(a smile)

After all, he's the millionaire.

And OFF this --

MACLEOD

Ten million francs? Are you out of your mind?

MacLeod stares across a cup of coffee at Richie.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

That's two million dollars Richie.

RICHIE

I'm supposed to be a millionaire.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

But you're not a millionaire
(beat)

Listen, Pinocchio. Not only don't
you have two million dollars... but
you owe someone a new Ferrari!

RICHIE

Don't remind me.
(beat)

Mac, I was thinking. You think
there's any way you might be
interested?

MACLEOD

(seeing it coming)
No.

RICHIE

C'mon, Mac. You even told Marina it
was a good investment. It would
make a great hotel!

MACLEOD

It probably would. But a million
dollars by Friday?

(beat)
It's not gonna happen, Richie.

Richie sags in despair.

RICHIE

What am I gonna tell her?

MACLEOD

Why not try something different for
a change?

(off Richie's look)
The truth.

1334 INT. CHATEAU LEMARTIN - KITCHEN - DAY

1334

Seated around a long table: MacLeod, Richie, Edouard, Marina,
and the Old Baron, with barely touched glasses of wine. The
mood is despondent, as the truth of Marina's situation sinks
in. Edouard is in shock.

EDOUARD

I don't believe it. The Ferrari?

RICHIE

Borrowed.

EDOUARD

The two-hundred thousand francs... ?

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

Mine.

RICHIE

It was a fake, all of it. Even the tux was rented.

EDOUARD

My God.

(beat)

I carried his chamber pot.

Richie turns to Marina.

RICHIE

I never meant to get your hopes up.

MARINA

You never expected to be kidnapped.

(beat)

It's my fault.

She puts her hand on the Old Baron's arm.

MARINA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Grandpa.

The Old Baron shakes his head, pats her hand.

BARON

You did what you could, my child.

(beat)

You all did. It was an old man's foolishness that caused this.

(to Edouard)

Edward, I have a request.

(beat)

Paint me a landscape of the Chateau.

Something to take with us... to

remember the place we loved so much.

Edouard nods with humility.

EDOUARD

I'll get some new canvas tomorrow.

RICHIE

Don't bother. There's a ton of it in the upstairs bedroom.

They all turn to stare at him, wide-eyed.

MACLEOD

A ton of what?

(CONTINUED)

1334 CONTINUED: (2)

1334

RICHIE

Old canvasses.

(beat)

They were all rolled up, stuck on
top of the bed...

He's cut off as everyone leaps from their chairs, races from
the room. Richie stares a BEAT, then follows.

1335 INT. CHATEAU LEMARTIN - BEDROOM - DAY

1335

As MacLeod, Marina, Edouard come racing in, Richie on their
heels. MacLeod grasps the fallen canopy velvet, lifts it
aside like a magician -- revealing stacks of rolled, very
old canvasses.

The group stares at them, tight with anticipation.

MACLEOD

There must be a dozen of them.

Edouard kneels reverently by the paintings.

EDOUARD

You realize what could be sitting
there? Monets... Matisse... Degas...
Picassos...

MACLEOD

All the painters supported by the
LeMartins for centuries.

MARINA

If one of them left a canvas --

MACLEOD

If they did, then you're very rich.

MacLeod bends to help Edouard, and they load a stack of
canvasses on the bed. Slowly, Edouard and MacLeod unfurl
the first canvas, searching for the name.

RICHIE

What if they're not any good?

MACLEOD

It won't matter. A bad Picasso is
still a Picasso... it would be worth
millions.

He peers at the canvas as the Old Baron hobbles in.

BARON

Who is it? Picasso? Monet? They
say Van Gogh stayed here once...

(CONTINUED)

1335 CONTINUED:

1335

MACLEOD
(beat, shaking his
head)
Albert Lemartin.
(turning)
Your ancestor. An 18th century
amateur who fancied himself an artist.

He opens another canvas, glances at it, goes white. It's a bad likeness of Duncan. He rolls it up hastily and tosses it aside.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
We found the life's work of a very
untalented man.
(to marina)
I'm sorry.

MARINA
Then that's it.
(beat)
There's only one thing left to do.

The Old Baron straightens up with affronted Pride.

BARON
Please, not Carlo Capodimonte! Let
that nouveau riche lizard have the
house... but keep your honor.

RICHIE
Marina, don't do this.

MARINA
Richie... I have to.

She turns and starts to walk out. Richie calls after her.

RICHIE
I'm falling in love with you.

It stops her cold. She doesn't turn for fear she won't be able to do what she must.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
Please.

Marina runs out, her heart breaking.

1336 EXT. CHATEAU LEMARTIN - NIGHT

1336

Marina is standing in the drive, a small suitcase beside her, waiting for Carlo. MacLeod steps up beside her.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

I know what the chateau must mean to you.

(beat)

But it's not worth the price you're paying.

Marina fights back tears.

MARINA

Mr. MacLeod... please, don't make it any harder.

ANGLE - THE DRIVE

Carlo's BIG MERCEDES rolls up. As Carlo climbs out, MacLeod makes a last pitch.

MACLEOD

What about Richie?

MARINA

He'll forget me in time.

MACLEOD

Maybe, but will you forget him?

She reacts, biting her lip.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

We'll find another way.

Carlo holds the door for her.

CARLO

Come, my love, we haven't got all day.

MARINA

(to MacLeod)

I have no choice.

She gets in. Carlo turns to MacLeod.

CARLO

We'll send you an invitation to the wedding.

MACLEOD

Don't do this, Carlo.

CARLO

I'd love to stay and chat.

(CONTINUED)

1336 CONTINUED: (2)

1336

He climbs in, shuts the door and leans out. He holds up his watch to the light.

CARLO (CONT'D)

But we really have a great deal to do... Ciao.

CLOSE - THE WATCH

the SAME WATCH MacLeod wore in 1978!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - 1978 - NIGHT

MacLeod's memory flashes briefly back to the thief stealing his watch.

RESUME PRESENT

MacLeod is stunned for the moment and watches the Mercedes drive off.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

1337 INT. CHATEAU LEMARTIN - KITCHEN - NIGHT

1337

Richie and The Old Baron are at the table, a bottle of wine before them. The Baron is playing Solitaire, Richie morosely drinking. Edouard is trying to spread one of the old canvases on an easel.

EDOUARD

(fuming)

I don't need this. I am an artist.
I can go anywhere. Rome... New
York... Berlin.

RICHIE

I hear there's a train leaving in an
hour.

EDOUARD

You'd like that, wouldn't you.
You... you...

(beat)

You petit bourgeois phoney! You're
not even a millionaire!

RICHIE

(tight)

Ed? I've had about enough. Knock
it off.

EDOUARD

Or what? You punch me, kick my ass
around the room? Blacken my eyes?

RICHIE

Sounds good to me.

Edouard backs behind the canvas he's painting.

MACLEOD

enters.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(to Richie)

Sit...

Richie slumps into his chair. MacLeod goes to the Baron.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Baron, tell me about Carlo
Capodimonte.

(beat)

How did he come to own the casino?

BARON

The same way he came to own the
chateau. He came into a fortune.

MACLEOD

Would that have been about twenty
years ago?

BARON

That's right. He invested well and
became a rich man.

MacLeod's face darkens.

MACLEOD:

(under his breath)

Lucky guy.

BARON

Pardon?

MACLEOD I

I said I'm going to see Carlo.

(beat)

I think we can work something out.

(grim)

Richie? Get your keys.

He heads purposefully for the door. The Baron turns to
Richie.

BARON

What does he mean?

RICHIE

I don't know.

(beat)

But if I were you, I wouldn't start
packing yet.

(beat; to Edouard)

You... you can pack.

He follows MacLeod out. And OFF the Old Baron's look --

The old 2-CV is chugging up the hill. As it does, the FERRARI
takes a tight corner heading down the road. It blasts past,
horn blaring.

1338 CONTINUED:

1338

The 2-CV swerves, lurches to the side of the road, and we
HEAR --

ELDERLY DRIVER (V.O.)

Oh, non...

1339 INT. FERRARI - SAME TIME - DAY

1339

Richie hangs on for all he's worth as they scream along.

RICHIE

Mac, I gotta get this thing back in
one piece.

(off the silence)

You gonna tell me what's got you so
pissed?

MacLeod takes a sharp corner, finally speaks.

MACLEOD

Nineteen I years ago, Carlo
Capodimonte stole a million francs
from someone, a friend of mine.

(beat)

He used it to get the casino and
squeeze out the Baron.

RICHIE

Now he's gonna force Marina to marry
him?

(beat)

The slimy bastard. We're gonna kill
him.

MACLEOD

Something like that.

He smiles nastily.

1340 INT. CASINO MONTECOUR - CARLO'S OFFICE - DAY

1340

Carlo's sitting at his desk as the door SLAMS OPEN -- MacLeod
barges in, Richie on his heels.

CARLO

(cold)

What's the meaning of this?

MacLeod kicks the door shut, slams three LOCKED BOLTS home.

CARLO (CONT'D)

I'll call the police!

MacLeod turns, shoves the phone across the table at him.

(CONTINUED)

1340 CONTINUED:

1340

MACLEOD

Go ahead, Carlo.

(beat)

While you're at it, tell them what happened nineteen years ago.

(beat)

Tell them how you held up two people... How you stole a million francs.

He grabs Carlo's wrist, slides back his sleeve to show --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Tell them where you got that watch.

Carlo pulls away.

CARLO

(smug)

That won't prove anything.

MACLEOD

You're right, Carlo. But it doesn't matter.

(beat)

Because I'm not taking you to court.

He pulls a PISTOL from his pocket. Carlo blanches and steps back, as Richie steps in.

RICHIE

Mac, no! You can't shoot him down like a miserable dog!

MACLEOD

Watch me.

He raises the gun -- but Richie grabs him -- the gun goes sliding across the desk.

Carlo quickly lunges for it. MacLeod breaks from Richie, and grabs the gun at the same time as Carlo. The two men grapple with it, the gun between them. Suddenly TWO SHOTS ring out. And everyone stops moving.

Silence for a BEAT -- then MacLeod slowly steps away from Carlo, holding his chest, staggering. He falls, grabs Carlo around the knees.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

You got me.

He falls dead dramatically. Carlo drops the gun in horror.

(CONTINUED)

CARLO

Oh my God.

There's SHOUTING outside, POUNDING at the bolted door.

VOICES (O.S.)

Monsieur Capodimonte! What happened?
Are you all right?

Carlo turns a panicked look on Richie.

CARLO

It was an accident!

VOICES (O.S.)

Are you all right?

CARLO

(to the voices)

I'm fine.

(to Richie)

You saw... I didn't do it.

RICHIE

That's not how it looked to me.

(beat)

Looked like he called you a thief --
and you killed him.

CARLO

I didn't mean it, I swear!

RICHIE

I'll swear you did.

(beat)

The watch... the body. Your
fingerprints on the gun. Looks like
prison to me Carlo.

He moves to the door, slides back the first bolt.

CARLO

No, please! I'll do anything!

RICHIE

Turn over the deed to the Chateau...
the deed to the Casino... and head
for South America.

(beat)

You never come back here, and I'll
forget what I saw.

CARLO

This is extortion! I won't do it!

(CONTINUED)

RICHIE
Suit yourself.

He slides back the SECOND BOLT.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
The deed... or the police.

Carlo waivers. Richie reaches for the THIRD BOLT.

CARLO
Alright, alright!

He turns to the desk, opens a drawer, and takes out a sheaf of papers.

CARLO (CONT'D)
The deed to the chateau.

RICHIE
Write "paid in full" and put Marina
LeMartin's name there.

Carlo writes quickly, then hands it over. Richie is surprised how easy it was.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
Okay, now about the casino.

CARLO
No. Not the casino. I'd rather go
to jail!

He stands his ground.

RICHIE
Too greedy?
(Carlo nods stiffly)
Okay, deal.

He slides back the THIRD BOLT, sees the Parking Attendant and one or two surprised EMPLOYEES standing there.

NOTE: MacLeod has fallen out of sight of the door but his feet are in sight.

RICHIE
Nothing to worry about folks, just a
slight accident.
(beat)
But I think Mr. Capodimonte needs a
ride to the Airport. Right, Carlo?

He looks at Carlo. Carlo grabs his jacket and hurries out the door. Richie shuts it behind him.

(CONTINUED)

1340 CONTINUED: (4)

1340

MacLeod comes back to life.

MACLEOD

How was I?

RICHIE

A little over the top.

MACLEOD

(with mock
defensiveness)

I thought I was wonderful. You know,
I was an actor once. I did
Shakespeare...

As MacLeod's voice trails off.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

1341 INT. CHATEAU LEMARTIN - KITCHEN - DAY

1341

Marina, Edouard, MacLeod and Richie are sitting at dinner, the Old Baron at the head of the table. Marina is still dazed by her change of fortune.

MARINA

I don't understand. How did you get him to return the chateau?

RICHIE

Mac can be pretty convincing when he wants to be.

MACLEOD

(a smile)

Let's just say Carlo had more important things to do.

(to Marina)

And so do you, if you're going to turn the chateau into a hotel.

MARINA

It's a wonderful idea, but it will take so much work... and I can't afford to pay anyone.

Richie puts down his wine, looks earnestly at Marina.

RICHIE

You know I don't have any money.

(beat)

But I've got skills. I can fix things, keep the books... pretty much anything you need.

(beat)

If you want me.

He holds her eyes, the offer clear. Marina answers with a smile, reaches across the table and takes his hand.

MACLEOD

I think that's a "yes."

BARON

A bottle from the cellar. Something to celebrate.

(a smile)

I haven't felt this good since '58.

He stands and MacLeod rises with him.

1342 INT. CHATEAU LEMARTIN - WINE CELLAR - DAY

1342

MacLeod and the Baron approach the mostly-empty racks. As the Baron chooses a bottle, MacLeod stares at the lumber, the old tools. He runs a hand thoughtfully over the wall.

MACLEOD

Baron? When was this renovated?

BARON

World War Two, I believe. Why?

MACLEOD

Just a hunch.

(beat)

Stand back, if you don't mind.

He picks up a SLEDGEHAMMER from the tools, turns -- and HAMMERS the wall. One blow, two, three --

THE OTHERS

hurry down the stairs to see what's going on, crowd in behind him.

EDOUARD

He's breaking the wall!

MacLeod hauls back for a final blow -- and the rest of the wall COLLAPSES, revealing --

ANOTHER WINE CELLAR

hidden behind a false wall.

MacLeod and the Baron step in, followed by the others. The Baron picks up a bottle, and reads in quiet awe.

BARON

Mon Dieu. A magnum of Chateau Latour
twenty-six.

MacLeod picks up another, blows off dust.

MACLEOD

A thirty-five Margaux.

MARINA

How did you know?

MACLEOD

When war broke out, families built
fake wine cellars for the Nazis to
plunder. They hid their best bottles
in places like this.

(CONTINUED)

1342 CONTINUED:

1342

 RICHEL
 But it's just wine.

MacLeod indicates the bottle he holds.

 MACLEOD
 This is worth six hundred dollars.
 That one's worth four thousand.
 (beat)
 I'd say you're not poor anymore.

Marina smiles, the Old Baron smiles. He reaches for the bottle worth four thousand dollars.

 BARON
 This one we have with dinner.

FADE OUT.

THE END