

### #96514 THE MYSTERIOUS CIRCLE

Written by Jan Hartman

# Highlander

## "DUENDE" (formerly "THE MYSTERIOUS CIRCLE")

Written By

Jan Hartman

Production #96514

November 15, 1996 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

#### HIGHLANDER

"Duende"

Production #96514

#### CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD RICHIE RYAN

OTAVIO CONSONE ANNA HIDALGO LUISA HIDALGO/YOUNG ANNA HIDALGO

THERESA DEL GLORIA DUENNA DON DIEGO DEL GLORIA GILDA HOUSEKEEPER

RAFAEL ISABELLA

#### HIGHLANDER

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#### SET LIST

#### **INTERIORS**

#### BARGE

DANCE STUDIO - SPAIN - 1971
CLUB HIDALGO
SPANISH NIGHTCLUB - MADRID - 1851
LIMO
ANNA'S APARTMENT
CONSONE'S STUDIO - MADRID - 1851
STEAM BATH - MADRID - 1851
DANCERS' APARTMENT
CHATEAU - MADRID - 1851
CONSONE'S HOUSE - INSIDE THE FRONT DOOR

#### **EXTERIORS**

BARGE - QUAI DE LA TOURNELLES

WALLED GARDEN - MADRID - 1851 & 1853 /OUTSIDE THE WALL CLUB HIDALGO BOULEVARD ST. GERMAINE PARK CONSONE'S HOUSE /THE MYSTERIOUS CIRCLE CEMETERY - MADRID - 1851

#### HIGHLANDER

"Duende"

#### TEASER

FADE IN:

1401 INT. DANCE STUDIO - SPAIN - 1971 - DAY

1401

A dark room. The staccato beat of Flamenco fills the air. A MAN'S VOICE is lifting, soaring in the sad, rough growl of the Flamenco canto. Then --

The camera moves to A SPOTLIGHT on the floor, centering on a pair of women's FLAMENCO SHOES, as slowly, dramatically, one heel lifts -- then SLAMS DOWN like a sudden pistolshot. The other heel follows, as a FLAMENCO GUITAR bites into the mix. With increasing speed, the heels beat a staccato tattoo on the floor. As the tempo increases we see --

#### YOUNG ANNA HIDALGO

The dancer, 22 and very beautiful, caught up in the smoldering passion of the dance with a handsome dark-haired dancer named RAFAEL. The sexual tension between the two dancers is palpable as the music and dance interweave as tightly as two lovers' bodies. In the background, the Singer and Guitarist wail. Around them, several DANCERS from the Troupe look on. And among these stands --

#### OTAVIO CONSONE

Elegant, with a hard, aristocratic bearing, he stands aloof, set apart by a paternal, controlling air. This is his Troupe, and he watches Anna with an appraising look, liking what he sees.

He steps toward her, moving with a dancer's lithe grace, CLAPPING as he urges her on.

#### CONSONE

Passion, Anna... let me see your passion! Let me feel it!

Anna responds to his urging, increasing the intensity. There is sweat on her lip, her eyes are closing in a near-trance.

CONSONE

That's it... that's it. (almost to himself)
Duende.

1401 CONTINUED: 1401

With a final flourish, Anna comes to an abrupt stop, exhausted, the dance over. Consone takes her hand, turns to the others.

CONSONE

You see? This is how you dance the Baile Grande.
(to Anna)

Magnifico.

YOUNG ANNA

(shyly)

Thank you, Senor Consone.

She lowers her eyes, flattered by his praise, and starts to turn away -- but Consone pulls her back, smiling.

CONSONE

Stay... I have a surprise for you.

Anna has no idea what he means. She looks puzzled as Consone, still holding her hand, turns them to face the rest of the troupe.

CONSONE

My people, tonight, I invite you to share the most joyous moment of my life.

He takes a dramatic pause.

CONSONE

The moment Anna Hidalgo consents to be my bride.

There's a BEAT of silence -- then several Dancers applaud. Anna can only stare, dismayed and dumbfounded, as Consone beams.

CONSONE

Anna?

(beat)

Have you nothing to say to me?

She throws a panicked look at Rafael, who looks equally dismayed.

YOUNG ANNA

Senor Consone... Otavio... I couldn't... I'm...

Consone smiles indulgently.

CONSONE

The shy bride. You'll get over it soon enough, I promise.

1401 CONTINUED: (2)

1401

The rest of the Troupe laugh.

CONSONE

And my life will be spent making you happy.

He raises her hand to kiss it tenderly -- but Anna pulls it away, blurts it out --

YOUNG ANNA

No, you don't understand. I'm already engaged!

The room falls deathly silent. Consone stares, his smile frozen in place, not believing his ears. Anna quails before his look, forces herself to continue.

YOUNG ANNA

To Rafael.

Consone throws a hard look at Rafael.

CONSONE

Impossible!

YOUNG ANNA

I'm carrying his child.

Consone goes white. Several of the women gasp, cross themselves. A cold veil drops over Consone's eyes. With growing anger, he grabs her arm.

CONSONE

(exploding)
Puto! Whore!

He spits out the insult like snake venom, and slaps her. As he moves to slap her again, Rafael charges in and grabs Consone's arm.

RAFAEL

Leave her!

Consone turns, pulls a short poignard, and as Rafael runs at him -- coolly drives it into him. There are screams, gasps of horror as Rafael falls.

YOUNG ANNA

NO!

She starts toward Rafael, but Consone grabs her hair and pulls her close.

CONSONE

As long as you live, remember this... (MORE)

#### 1401 CONTINUED: (3)

1401

CONSONE (CONT.)

(beat)

That was only the first cut.

She struggles, a hand reaches his face, scratching him badly. Consone shoves her away, and she falls over Rafael's body, sobbing.

YOUNG ANNA

Rafael... RAFAEL!

Consone sweeps out, his dancers parting before his cold rage like the sea. As he reaches the door, he pauses.

CLOSE - CONSONE

He puts a hand to his face where Anna scratched him. As he takes his hand away -- we see the scratches are HEALED. Consone scowls and slams out the door.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

#### ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1402 INT. CLUB HIDALGO - PARIS - THE PRESENT - NIGHT

1402

On the floor, highlighted by a spotlight, beautiful young dancer LUISA HIDALGO, Anna's 24-year old daughter, dances the Flamenco. (Please note: the same actress plays Luisa and Young Anna.) The GUITAR strums, her heels flash -- she's fiery and captivating. Off to the side, two other FEMALE DANCERS clap in time. The mood is bright and lively.

#### MACLEOD AND RICHIE

Are seated at a front row table, enjoying the show. Richie is mesmerized by Luisa -- he hasn't heard what MacLeod is saying.

RICHIE

(distracted) It's a what?

MACLEOD

The dance. It's called a soleares.

The Audience starts to clap as the accompaniment becomes more insistent and the pace builds.

MACLEOD

She's telling how her lover left... How she can't live without him.

Richie gives him a look.

RICHIE

What part are you watching?

He turns back to Luisa, looking smitten.

RICHIE

Man, she is beautiful.

MacLeod gives him a knowing look.

MACLEOD

Better put your eyes back in your head, Romeo.
(pointing)

That's Anna... her mother.

In the wings, Anna Hidalgo. 47, mature, full-bodied. Her life has been a struggle and it shows.

1402 CONTINUED: 1402

She's the dance-master of the troupe. She watches Luisa with the proud, critical eye of a teacher and mother.

MACTEOD

(a smile)

So behave yourself.

With a final stamp of feet, Luisa finishes. Richie and MacLeod join in the applause.

MACLEOD & RICHIE

Bravo! BRAVO!

MacLeod's eyes go to Richie, who is clearly having a great time. He speaks as they applaud.

MACLEOD

It's been a while since we just hung out together.

RICHIE

(warmly)

Like old times.

(beat)

Thanks for inviting me up.

Anna basks in the crowd's admiration for a moment, then steps out. She's pleasant, working the crowd.

ANNA

You've been a good audience, but to merely watch Flamenco isn't to know its spirit. For that...

(a smile)

You must dance.

Her gaze falls on Richie.

ANNA

You, young man. (off Richie's

hesitation)

Come, I'm not asking you to bullfight.

The audience laughs. Richie squirms under the attention.

RICHIE

I'd love to, really, but --

(beat)

Too many left feet.

The audience laughs.

ANNA

I see. Then perhaps your friend?

#### 1402 CONTINUED: (2)

1402

She smiles at MacLeod. MacLeod opens his mouth to object, but Richie beats him to the draw.

RICHIE

Absolutely. He'd love to.

Wouldn't you, Mac?

The audience starts to clap rhythmically, urging him on, and Richie joins in.

ANNA

(teasing)

Finally, a man with courage.

MacLeod can't refuse. He moves onto the stage and takes his position with Luisa. Richie settles back, looking smug. Finally, MacLeod out of his element.

ANGLE - THE STAGE

MacLeod stands beside Luisa as she takes her stance.

LUISA

The feet, so. The arms like so.

MACLEOD

Like this?

He arches gracefully into the tensed, dramatic stance of a seasoned flamenco dancer. Luisa smiles.

LUISA

Exactly like that.

A FLOURISH of guitar. A hush falls, their eyes lock dramatically -- an electric current seems to surge between them.

Luisa begins to move. MacLeod follows, matching her moves. Luisa becomes more serious, begins to challenge him, and MacLeod responds, improvising.

ANGLE - RICHIE

At the table, shaking his head. He throws up his hands. How the hell does the guy do it?

RICHIE

Of course... of course.

RESUME - MACLEOD AND LUISA

as they dance, a study in grace and tension.

LUISA

I think you've done this before.

1402 CONTINUED: (3)

1402

He smiles modestly. As their clattering HEELS build to a frenetic climax

TRANSITION TO:

1403 INT. SPANISH NIGHTCLUB - MADRID - 1851 - NIGHT

1403

MACLEOD'S BOOTED FEET

Tap out the zapateado of the Flamenco.

A GYPSY DANCER performs Flamenco beside MacLeod. His shirt is open, barely covering his chest which is glistening with perspiration. It is a dance of seduction and passion, the Gypsy Dancer turning her back on her partner flirtatiously, pretending to reject him, then drawn back in by the passion of his dance.

The audience, a mixed group of Gypsies and Spanish ARISTOS, loves it. Among them is DON DIEGO DE GLORIA.

In the corner of the room sits Don Diego's daughter, THERESA, 22. She is wearing a hooded cape. She is with her DUENNA, who clearly is uncomfortable.

DUENNA

We shouldn't be here. It's not proper.

Theresa is progressive for the times. She is clearly a woman of her own mind.

THERESA

You can leave any time you want, Tialita.

(re MacLeod)
Isn't he magnificent?

The old Duenna can only nod in agreement.

MACLEOD

Finally captures his dancing partner in a dazzling finale to the number.

THE PATRONS OF THE CLUB

clap and throw coins.

MACLEOD

Bows acknowledgment to the Guitarist who accompanied the dance, then directs applause toward the Gypsy Dancer, modestly stepping off the dance floor.

1403 CONTINUED: 1403

As the Gypsy Dancer and her Guitarist gather up their earnings, MacLeod moves to Don Diego's table.

DON DIEGO

Bravo, Senor MacLeod.

(to Consone)

Tell me, Senor Consone, is your student as talented with the sword as he is with the dance?

MACLEOD

You flatter me, Don Diego.

DON DIEGO

That was as finely danced as anything I have seen. Where did a gentleman learn to dance like a gypsy?

CONSONE

(with a wink at MacLeod)
Perhaps he was a gypsy in another
life.

ANGLE - THE DUENNA AND THERESA

DUENNA

Quickly! We have to leave before Your father sees us.

But Theresa is already gone, moving toward MacLeod.

Theresa arrives with her Duenna close behind.

THERESA

You were wonderful.

DON DIEGO

(to Theresa)

And you shouldn't be here.

DUENNA

I told her, Senor.

MacLeod charms the Duenna.

MACLEOD

(with a bow)

Ah, Tialita, the inspiration of a beautiful woman brings out the Flamenco in Any man.

This last, with a sly wink in Theresa's direction. She returns his smile warmly. Her Duenna reacts with a flutter.

1403

**DUENNA** 

It isn't a proper dance for an unmarried girl to see.

MacLeod smoothly shifts his attention to the Duenna, the look between him and Theresa concealed as he turns to flirt with the old woman.

MACLEOD

So true, Senora. The passion of the Flamenco can only be appreciated by one who has known the passion of life.

(striking a pose)
I dance to her -- the woman of
experience!

The Duenna blushes, giggles like a schoolgirl -- then hastily raises her fan, trying to regain her stiff dignity.

DUENNA

Senor MacLeod. Such talk is indecent!

But she's clearly flattered. Don Diego laughs along; Consone leans over and puts in his two pesos. He speaks to the Duenna but looks at Theresa.

CONSONE

Talk of love is never indecent, Tialita. Surely you are not too old to remember what it was to be young.

Clearly, it's coming back to her. MacLeod bows to the Duenna.

MACLEOD

Perhaps you'll let me see you home, Senora?

DUENNA

People will talk!

MACLEOD

Then we should have a chaperone.

He looks at Theresa.

THERESA

(suppressing a laugh)
Of course... Only to protect your reputation, Tialita.

Consone looks at MacLeod, his expression unreadable.

#### 1404 EXT. WALLED GARDEN - MADRID - 1851

1404

MacLeod and Theresa walk arm-in-arm in the moonlit garden, the Duenna now walking behind them, chaperoning.

THERESA

(with a smile)

I think it's fifty years since a man turned my Tialita's head.

(gently chiding)

Be careful you do not break her heart. A gentleman of Spain does not speak to a woman of love unless he has serious intentions.

MACLEOD

(beat)

Neither does a gentleman of Scotland.

He plucks a rose from the garden and offers it to her. She takes it and they continue walking.

**THERESA** 

All my life I have been accused by my teachers of being forward and outspoken. Of having too many opinions for a young woman.

(beat)

Do you think that I am too forward

or have too many opinions?

MACLEOD

No.

Theresa looks at her Duenna. The look says volumes. The Duenna stops for a moment and turns away to look at the night, giving the couple what privacy they are allowed.

THERESA

Good. Then it won't shock you when I tell you that I love you and have been in love with you from the very first moment I met you.

MacLeod reacts, then touches her face gently.

MACLEOD

You know nothing of me, Theresa.

**THERESA** 

I know what I feel.

(beat.)

My father has a very good opinion of you. Even though you're a foreigner. (beat)

Do you love me?

MACLEOD

You know I do.

THERESA

Then will you ask for my hand?

MACLEOD

Good opinion or not, your father will want you to wed someone from a noble Spanish family.

THERESA

Will you ask?

MACLEOD

You don't know what I am.

THERESA

I know enough. I know how I feel when you touch me. I know when I look into your eyes that you love me. Nothing else matters.

(taking his hand, she leans close and whispers)

We will have a lifetime to learn each other's secrets, mi amor. (beat)

What else is marriage for?

He kisses her tenderly. The Duenna watches with calibrated indulgence, then --

DUENNA

Theresa? It's getting chill... time to go in.

THERESA

Un momento, Tialita.
 (to MacLeod)
Talk to him.

As she hurries away with the Duenna, we PAN UP to the lovers' moon, and

TRANSITION TO:

1405 EXT. CLUB HIDALGO - THE PRESENT - NIGHT

1405

The Club is closing. Richie and MacLeod are leaving, stepping into the street, and Richie looks a little chagrined.

RICHIE

Is there anything you can't do?

MACLEOD

You pushed me up there.

(beat)

Besides, I think my zapateado was a little rusty.

RICHIE

I'm real sorry to hear it.

(looking skyward)

One day, just one, something he screws up. Is it so much to ask?

MACLEOD

If you want to learn, Anna could arrange some lessons.

RICHIE

I thought Luisa was the dancer.

MacLeod pauses a beat, a slight shadow passing over his face.

MACLEOD

Luisa's good. Anna was the best.

RICHIE

How come she's not dancing now?

MACLEOD

A hit and run accident. Ten years ago.

RICHIE

That's rough.

(beat)

But I think I'll pass on the lessons.

My zapper's a little rusty.

MACLEOD

(correcting)

Zapateado.

RICHIE

Whatever.

As they round a corner they see --

ANNA AND LUISA by the stage door, in the midst of a heated argument.

LUISA

Leave me alone, Mama. I'm going!

ANNA

It's three o'clock in the morning!

#### 1405 CONTINUED: (2)

1405

LUISA

So what? I'm 24 years old! Stop treating me like a child!

ANNA

(flaring)

Then stop acting like one! (beat)

Luisa, you have a great gift... but you mistreat it. You need rest and practice.

LUISA

What I need is a mother who stops living her life through me.

ANNA

You are my daughter!

LUISA

(with an edge)

But I'm not you, Mama, and you can't be me. I didn't make you a cripple. It's not my fault you can't dance anymore.

Anna, stung by the remark, slaps her daughter across the face. They stand motionless, frozen in the moment. Anna's emotion carries her to a brief moment in her past.

1406 EXT. BOULEVARD ST. GERMAINE - PARIS - 1986 - DAY

1406

We see almost surreal FLASHES of Anna dressed in a beautiful long, red coat as she crosses the boulevard

THEN THE CAR

That bears down on her, the driver unseen.

FROM THE DRIVER'S POV

a flash of Anna in the street, frozen by the oncoming vehicle.

ANNA

Raises her hand to ward off the oncoming vehicle.

1407 EXT. CLUB HIDALGO - THE PRESENT - RESUME SCENE

1407

A LIMO

With dark tinted windows pulls up. Luisa turns and runs toward it, as the limo DOOR opens for her. As she gets in --

MACLEOD AND RICHIE

Stop as they get the BUZZ. MacLeod can't see through the dark windows, as the limo pulls away.

ANNA

Luisa! LUISA!

MacLeod steps up to her and takes her arm.

MACLEOD

She can't hear you, Anna.

(beat)

Come, I'll drive you home.

Anna takes a deep breath, controls herself.

ANNA

I'll be all right.

MACLEOD

You're sure?

She nods, forces a smile she doesn't feel.

ANNA

Good night, Duncan.

Drawing up her dignity, she moves away, leaning on her cane as she walks. MacLeod turns to look in the direction of the disappearing limo.

1408 INT. LIMO - NIGHT - SIMULTANEOUS

1408

Luisa settles into the wide seat, obviously upset over the confrontation with her mother.

TITTSA

I love her, but she makes me crazy.

(beat)

She treats me like I'm still a kid. Like I need a chaperone or something.

A hand offers a glass of champagne. She turns and we see her date is OTAVIO CONSONE. Consone is elegant, dressed in hip, expensive clothes, a glass of just-poured champagne in each hand. She takes the champagne. He smiles to her.

CONSONE

I'm your chaperone.

He smiles disarmingly, glancing through the rear window at MacLeod, adopting a tone of studied casualness.

1408 CONTINUED: 1408

CONSONE

The man with your mother... do you know him?

LUISA

Just one of her old friends. Duncan MacLeod.

CONSONE

I don't suppose you happen to know where he lives?

LUISA

Why do you care about him?

Consone is instantly charming and attentive.

CONSONE

You know I only care about you.

He leans toward her, smiling, and kisses her.

1409 EXT. BARGE - DAY

1409

MacLeod and Richie are working on the deck of the barge. Richie senses MacLeod's distraction.

RICHIE

Mac, he might be a nice guy. Just because he's Immortal and rich doesn't make him bad.

MACLEOD

No.

(beat)

But I'd feel better if I knew who it was.

Richie tries to lighten MacLeod's mood.

RICHIE

So, how'd you learn to dance like that?

MACLEOD

From the Gypsies.

RICHIE

Figures.

MacLeod is looking at the quai. Richie follows his look to

THE QUAI

where Anna is leaving a taxi, walking toward them. Her face is tight with worry. MacLeod drops what he's doing and moves to meet her.

NEW ANGLE

As MacLeod reaches Anna on the quai.

MACLEOD

What's wrong? Luisa?

ANNA

She never came home last night.

1410 INT. BARGE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

1410

MacLeod gives Anna a cup of tea. Richie listens nearby.

ANNA

She stays out late, she comes back
too tired to dance...
 (beat)

She's even talked about quitting.

She's on the verge of tears.

RICHIE

She's 24. Maybe she just needs some space.

MACLEOD

Anna, I know all the things you want for her, but you can't make her dance.

ANNA

Maybe she's right. Maybe I am trying to live my life through her.

MacLeod takes Anna's hand gently.

MACLEOD

Do you know anything about the man she's seeing?

ANNA

Nothing... She won't even tell me his name.

(beat; sadly)

She used to tell me everything.

As their eyes meet, MacLeod and Richie get the BUZZ. MacLeod trades a look with Richie.

1410 CONTINUED: 1410

MACLEOD

There's something I have to do. Richie will keep you company.

RICHIE

Right. Absolutely.

As MacLeod heads out, Richie turns to Anna.

RICHIE

So... you think I could be a dancer?

He's trying to distract her, and OFF her wan smile --

1411 EXT. QUAI - CONTINUOUS

1411

The limo is stopped on the quai. Leaning casually against it -- Consone. He is plucking, one by one, the petals of a FLOWER he holds in his hand.

MacLeod approaches, and it's clear that he hates Consone deeply. Consone flexes a gloved hand with an elegant flourish, and plucks out the last three petals.

CONSONE

She loves me not... She loves me. (beat, looking up)
Is that ferocious look really meant for me?

MacLeod reins in his anger.

MACLEOD

Where's Luisa Hidalgo?

CONSONE

Where she wants to be. With me, of course.

He runs his eyes over the barge with disapproval.

CONSONE

I thought you had hopes of becoming a gentleman someday, MacLeod... but here you are, living in a dump on the river.

(pitying)

You're still a Gypsy.

MacLeod pushes in close to him.

MACLEOD

Then let's find somewhere more to your liking. Just you and me. (MORE)

MACLEOD (CONT.)

(fierce)

We'll talk about old times.

CONSONE

I remember you as clumsy, MacLeod.
 (beat)

But hot stupid.

There's a hint of steel in his voice.

1412 INT. BARGE - SAME TIME

1412

Richie is trying to keep Anna occupied.

RICHIE

So this... Duende... it happens at the end of the dance?

ANNA

Not every time.

(beat)

The true Duende is rare. It happens when the dancer is beyond being tired. So exhausted they can't think, but they can't stop either.

(far off)

The spirit of the dance enters you. For a moment, time stops, pain stops... your body seems to move by itself.

(smiles)

It's then that the dance can be truly perfect.

She glances through the window, and freezes as she sees

ANNA'S POV - THE QUAI

where MacLeod is talking to CONSONE. As we watch, Anna's POV PUSHES IN TIGHT on Consone.

RESUME ANNA

As she reacts: it's the face of the man who killed Rafael 20 years before.

ANNA

My God. Consone.

Horrified, mesmerized, she grabs her cane and hurries for the door.

RICHIE

Anna... Anna, wait!

#### 1413 EXT. QUAI - MOMENTS LATER

1413

Consone faces MacLeod.

CONSONE

I haven't come here to fight, MacLeod.
I'm here to offer you a simple choice.
 (beat)

Stay away from the Hidalgos -- or die.

ANNA (O.S.)

You.

Anna moves toward him, all the hate and pain rushing back.

ANNA

The police stopped searching, but I have found you.

She throws herself at him, trying to strike him with her hands, her cane.

ANNA

Monster! Diablo! You killed him! You killed my Rafael!

Consone catches her hand, stopping the cane.

CONSONE

There is a limit to my patience, MacLeod.

MACLEOD

Anna, no!

He tries to pull her back, but she's hysterical. Luisa hurries from the Limo.

LUISA

Mama, stop it! What are you doing!

Anna freezes at the sight of Luisa.

ANNA

Him...? You're with him!?

She pulls away from MacLeod and SLAPS Luisa across the face.

ANNA

He killed Rafael! He killed your father!

Luisa's hand goes to her stinging face, her eyes well with tears.

LUISA

Are you crazy, Mama?! That was twenty-five years ago! Look at him. Think, Mama. How can it be the same man?

Anna falters as it hits her.

ANNA

But he looks exactly like... I thought...

(faltering)
I'm sorry....

She reaches for Luisa, but Luisa flinches away.

LUISA

Don't! Don't touch me! Just stay out of my life!

Holding her face, she turns and runs to the limo. Anna takes a faltering step after her.

ANNA

Luisa, come back! I'm sorry!

But Luisa gets in and slams the door. MacLeod holds Anna.

MACLEOD

Richie... take Anna home.

Richie gently pulls the shell-shocked Anna away. As she moves, she keeps looking back at Consone.

Consone turns to MacLeod, composes a look of sympathy.

CONSONE

Maybe therapy would help.

MACLEOD

See you... soon.

CONSONE

Wrong choice.

He adjusts a glove, slips into the limo and slams the door. The limo pulls silently away. MacLeod watches it go. And OFF his look --

FADE OUT.

#### END OF ACT ONE

#### ACT TWO

FADE IN:

#### 1414 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - LATER - DAY

1414

An open, gracious room with a Spanish theme. On the wall there are PHOTOS: Anna in various costumes, some with Rafael; Luisa. Richie is helping the dazed Anna to a chair.

RICHIE

Can I get you something? Coffee?

ANNA

I was so sure it was him. I was certain.

(beat)

I don't understand.

RICHIE

Okay, forget coffee. Something stronger.

He opens a liquor cabinet, takes out a brandy bottle and snifters, and pours her a drink. On second thought, he pours himself one, and belts it back.

RICHIE

(strained)

They uh... they say everyone has a double somewhere.

ANNA

But he looked so much like Consone. (beat)

But that's impossible, isn't it? He'd be much older now... almost sixty.

RICHIE

There, you see?

He hands her the glass. Anna nods, trying to force her mind to accept what her heart refuses to believe.

**ANNA** 

But I felt it inside, like a knife.

(anguished)

It was him.

(beat)

The look... the voice. The same arrogance that told you whatever you were was nothing compared to him.

(beat)

But it couldn't be him!

1414

RICHIE

Anna, please. You'll just make yourself crazy.

ANNA

(lost)

Maybe I already have.

Richie feels her anguish, and his heart goes out to her. He wants to tell her the truth.

RICHIE

No, don't think that.

He puts his glass down and kneels beside her.

RICHIE

(beat)

Look, the thing is...

(searching)

Sometimes something seems impossible but it's not... It's just the way it is.

ANNA

What way is this, Richie? How could this be possible?

She searches his face. Richie has no answer.

1415 INT. BARGE - DAY

1415

MacLeod, looking preoccupied, has placed a long, carved antique WOODEN BOX on the table. He is looking at it, lost in thought, as Richie paces behind him.

MACLEOD

What did you tell her?

RICHIE

Anything... nothing. What could I

tell her?

(beat)

She's afraid she's going crazy. Her mind tells her it can't be him.

(learly

(beat)

But she knows it was, Mac. She knows it in her gut.

MacLeod places his hands on the box without turning. He opens the box, slides out a short blade, then draws out its companion sword -- the weapons used in the Destreza.

RICHIE

What are you doing with those?

1415 CONTINUED: 1415

He hefts them in his hands, his voice distant, eyes far away. He turns the blades in his hands, and OFF this

TRANSITION TO:

1416 INT. CONSONE'S STUDIO - MADRID - 1851 - DAY

1416

The same blade, as MacLeod and Consone face one another.

The floor of the studio is painted with four large circles, with guidelines painted inside each one. Within one circle, Consone and MacLeod are practicing the Spanish sword discipline, destreza, the art of the Mysterious Circle. In the background, other pairs do the same. Each man holds a long-bladed sword and, in the left hand, a dagger for parrying.

Consone catches MacLeod's blade against his dagger.

CONSONE

Hold.

MacLeod freezes in position and Consone uses the dagger to move MacLeod's sword down, correcting the angle of strike.

CONSONE

The wrist.

(as MacLeod adjusts)

Good. Yes.

Consone disengages and steps out of the circle to inspect MacLeod's form.

CONSONE

Head. Heart. Shoulder. Gut.

Consone claps out the rhythm as he calls out the strikes, like a dance teacher. MacLeod moves around the circle, pivoting feet and body to take each new position, his sword aiming at the named region on an imaginary opponent.

CONSONE

Hold.

MacLeod stays locked in position as his teacher corrects minute form breaks.

CONSONE

(adjusting MacLeod's

arm)

So. And... so.

(of the long blade)

The line is direct. The master of destreza is like a surgeon.

1416

He steps back into the circle, into the place of MacLeod imaginary opponent. MacLeod's blade brushes Consone's abdomen -- right on target. Consone knocks it away with his dagger, positions his own long blade in line for MacLeod's heart. MacLeod parries hastily with the dagger, pivots sideways to present a narrower target, presenting shoulder instead of exposed gut.

CONSONE

Now, exstranjero!

He presses the fight. MacLeod is on the defensive, but he has clearly learned well -- he parries well, moving around the circle, holding his own. But he's rushed, sweating, where Consone stays clinical.

CONSONE

Control! This is gentleman's work, not your gypsy dance.

MACLEOD

(great effort) Whatever it takes.

With an unscripted spin, MacLeod succeeds in getting past Consone's defense and drawing blood from his shoulder.

Consone reacts in surprise and a burst of fury at being bettered.

He binds MacLeod's blade with his own, steps inside the circle, and quickly buries two inches of his dagger in MacLeod's gut.

CONSONE

You are a good student. But you still have much to learn.

Consone laughs. MacLeod grimaces as Consone discreetly withdraws his dagger, unseen by the other fighters.

MACLEOD

That was not necessary.

CONSONE

Are you the Master, now? (MacLeod shakes his head)

You must be relentless. Were this a fight to the death, would you let a dagger in the gut stop you?

MACLEOD

I would not.

1416 CONTINUED: (2)

1416

CONSONE

Bueno.

(beat)

The art of the swordfight lies not only in winning -- it lies in not losing. Let yourself believe you are defeated, and you will be.

(warmly)

The champion is a man who fights until the final stroke.

MacLeod nods thoughtfully, absorbing the idea.

CONSONE

Now, my young friend, a bath.

He puts his arm around MacLeod, leads him out of the circle.

1417 INT. STEAM BATH - MADRID - 1851 - DAY

1417

A simple place. A couple of stone benches, a small window, and steam. Both MacLeod and Consone are in towels and sit on a bench.

CONSONE

You have good instincts, MacLeod. You never make the same mistake twice. If I had another year with you, I would make a real swordsman of you.

MACLEOD

I'm thinking of staying in Madrid.

CONSONE

Are you? And I thought you had too much of the gypsy in you.

MACLEOD

Theresa wants me to propose. Marriage.

Consone is dumbfounded. He stares at MacLeod. Finally:

CONSONE

A young woman of quality doesn't discuss such things.

MACLEOD

(a fond smile) This one does.

1417 CONTINUED: 1417

CONSONE

(barely disguised

fury)

Perhaps you fail to understand our customs.

Consone turns his head so that MacLeod will not see his anger. MacLeod is thoughtful, reflective -- not yet seeing the anger smoldering in the other Immortal.

MACLEOD

Marriage isn't an easy thing for us. Staying in one place -- how long do we have before someone notices I'm not getting older? We'd have to travel. She'd have to leave all she knows.

(pensive)

She talks about children. I can't give her those.

CONSONE

(interrupts)

Theresa is not available to you! She is of noble blood.

MacLeod reacts to Consone's tone.

MACLEOD

I am the son of a clan chief.

CONSONE

You are the son of a barbarian. You're a foreigner -- an exstranjero. Forget her, MacLeod. She is not for you.

(beat)

I have already spoken to her father.

MacLeod is blindsided by this. He stares at Consone.

MACLEOD

Perhaps you should have spoken with the lady.

CONSONE

She will do as her father instructs.

MACLEOD

(stands)

You would ask her to deny her heart?

CONSONE

She deserves a gentleman. (MORE)

1417 CONTINUED: (2)

1417

CONSONE (CONT.)

(with surprising

tenderness)

And if she doesn't love me now, one day she will.

MACLEOD

You're wrong, Consone.

Consone stands. They are face-to-face.

CONSONE

You're finished with Madrid. Leave tomorrow or die tomorrow.

(beat)

The choice is yours.

Consone turns and walks away through the steam.

1418 EXT. OUTSIDE THE WALLED GARDEN - MADRID - 1851 - DAY 1418

MacLeod approaches hurriedly. As he reaches the gate in the garden wall

THERESA (O.S.)

Never! I would rather die!

MacLeod hastily pushes on the gate. Locked.

1419 EXT. WALLED GARDEN - MADRID - 1851 - DAY - CONTINUOUS 1419

MacLeod comes over the wall and lands inside the courtyard. He hurries toward the house. As he does, Theresa runs out, sobbing, and nearly runs right into him.

MACLEOD

Theresa!

She stumbles, startled; he reaches out and steadies her.

THERESA

Oh, Duncan... You're too late.

MACLEOD

(understands)

Consone.

(beat)

I'll speak to your father. I'll make him see reason.

CONSONE (O.S.)

He already has. His daughter will marry one of Madrid's finest gentlemen.

They both turn to see that CONSONE has followed MacLeod into the garden.

CONSONE

(to MacLeod)

Leave. I won't ask again.

MacLeod shakes his head.

CONSONE

She is my betrothed. Have you no honor?

MACLEOD

How can you force yourself on a woman who doesn't want you?

CONSONE

You underestimate Theresa, MacLeod. You think you can turn her head with your gypsy dancing and talk of love... (beat)

But she knows who she is. What she Is. And where her duty lies.

THERESA

No! I'll never marry you! I hate you!

Consone reacts, stung. He turns to MacLeod.

CONSONE

I warned you.

(he draws his sword)
Let's see if the barbarian can die like a gentleman.

MacLeod salutes him with his sword.

MACLEOD

Theresa, go inside.

THERESA

No! No, don't do this --

(a plea)

Otavio, you mustn't. Please, he's your friend.

CONSONE

No more.

With that, he strikes. MacLeod reacts, parries well. His fighting instincts are alive, every nerve alert for Consone's next move, his eyes locked on his opponent.

#### 1419 CONTINUED: (2)

1419

The two fighters exchange rapid-fire strikes and parries, the long swords flashing as move and counter-move are executed with precision.

Consone may be the Master of the form, but MacLeod has been well taught. He presses the offensive, testing his opponent, driving Consone around the imaginary circle with a series of attacks to head and heart.

Consone deftly dodges and parries, surprises MacLeod with a low move, slashing his thigh.

THERESA

No!

MacLeod's attention is momentarily diverted by her outcry.

MACLEOD

Theresa, go inside.

It's the moment's distraction Consone needed. He attacks, catching MacLeod out of position, and his blade finds its target in MacLeod's shoulder.

MacLeod falls to his knees, his own sword dropping from his nerveless hand. His eyes are wide with astonishment and realization -- he's about to die.

CONSONE

(to Theresa)

Go now.

But, as Consone raises his sword for the beheading stroke --

THERESA

Wait.

The desperation is gone from her voice. Her tone is flat, firm. It stops Consone.

THERESA

Spare his life, Otavio. Spare him... and I'll marry you.

MACLEOD

No!

He's on hands and knees, weak, disoriented -- he can't stop her. Theresa doesn't look at him. She can't.

THERESA

(to Consone)

Do this for me, and I will be your wife. Kill him, and I will be in a convent by nightfall.

1419 CONTINUED: (3)

1419

CONSONE

(beat)

Renounce him. Swear never to see him, or speak of him.

MACLEOD

Don't promise anything, Theresa. Please.

THERESA

I swear.

A long moment. Finally -- Consone releases MacLeod from the point of death with great satisfaction. He offers his arm to Theresa. She takes it.

MACLEOD

Theresa...

She finally looks at him, eyes shining with unshed tears.

THERESA

I have given my word. Go. Go, and think of me no more. (beat) It is my honor, now.

She turns away. As she and Consone move off, push in on MacLeod, on his knees in the dirt, helpless and shattered.

TRANSITION TO:

1420 EXT. PARK - THE PRESENT - DAY

1420

CLOSE - A GEOMETRIC OUTLINE

drawn in the dirt, with straight lines sectoring it the Mysterious Circle.

RICHIE (O.S.)

(doubtful)

It looks like a chess board.

MACLEOD

It's a lot of things.

Richie watches as MacLeod opens the carved box, removes the dagger and sword, preparing to step into the circle.

MACLEOD

It's a discipline. A weapon. (beat)

A frame of mind.

He steps into the circle.

Slowly, ceremonially, he starts to move the blades, moving faster as his body remembers the moves he learned 150 years ago.

RICHIE

You really think this guy's gonna stand in that thing while you fight?

MacLeod doesn't stop moving.

MACLEOD

This little circle was his world. He was the master of it.

(beat)

He'll come.

RICHIE

(exasperated)

Why not just whack the guy? Why play his game, on his turf?

MacLeod pauses. This is hard to put into words.

MACLEOD

Because it all comes back to this.

RICHIE

(shakes his head at

this folly)

Mac, this isn't poetry. It's a fight to the death! Why give him an edge you don't need to?

(beat)

If Consone beat you before, he could beat you again.

MACLEOD

(tight)

I'm better now.

RICHIE

Yeah.

(beat)

But maybe he is, too.

MacLeod pauses, the blades stopping in mid-flight. He has thought of it -- but he doesn't care. He continues to spin the blades, and OFF THIS --

FADE OUT.

#### END OF ACT TWO

### ACT THREE

FADE IN:

## 1421 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

1421

MacLeod is gazing at one of framed PHOTOS on the wall: a photo of Anna, a striking young beauty, dancing. She looks like a bird caught in mid-flight.

MACLEOD

Beautiful.

He moves past other photos of Anna in different poses, different costumes.

MACLEOD

The Soleares, Baile Grande, the Fandango...

(turning to Anna)

I heard no one moved like you, Anna. No one.

Anna shrugs, modestly accepting the compliment.

ANNA

I was pretty good, wasn't I?
 (sad smile)

I thought my Luisa would be better.

MACLEOD

Maybe she will be.

She turns to him.

ANNA

She's all I have left, Duncan. I don't want to lose her.

(beat)

Even if she never danced again.

MACLEOD

You won't lose her.

(beat)

Are you certain she hasn't mentioned anything about where he lives? Where he takes her?

ANNA

Nothing.

MACLEOD

What about the other dancers in the company?

1421 CONTINUED: 1421

ANNA

They tell each other everything. But they're her friends.

(beat)

I'm the boss. They'll never tell me. And they've seen you with me before. They know we're friends.

MACLEOD

(beat)

Then we'll just have to find Someone they don't know.

And off his thoughtful look --

1422 INT. DANCERS' APARTMENT - DAY

1422

A small apartment. Stockings and dance leotards are strewn around, set out to dry. Two of the female dancers from Annals troupe are there: GILDA wears a skintight aerobic outfit, works out to a loud TV aerobics class. There's knocking at the door; Gilda's not stopping.

GILDA

It's unlocked, Manuel!

The knocking continues.

ISABELLA

I'll get it.

ISABELLA crosses the room wearing a skimpy bathtowel. As she reaches the door it swings open --

Richie steps in, shades on, looking the entrepreneur. He takes in Isabella.

RICHIE

Whoa! Have I come to the right place!

Isabella steps back, pulling up her towel.

ISABELLA

Who are you?

RICHIE

Richie, uh... Richard Redstone.

He offers his hand. Isabella takes it. The towel slips. We are on her back as she moves slowly to grab the towel.

RICHIE

Sorry...

Her friend steps into the breech.

1422

GILDA

Richie who?

RICHIE

I saw you at the Club. Got your address from one of the musicians, what's his name...?

GILDA

Ramone?

RICHIE

That's it, Ramone. He said you might be interested.

GILDA

In what?

RICHIE

A job.

(beat)

See, I need three flamenco dancers
for my hotel. Free room and board,
good pay, private dressing rooms...
 (beat)
Whaddya say? Interested?

They look at each other, break into smiles.

GILDA

Maybe.

RICHIE

Great.

(the clincher)

But there were three of you.

Where's the other one?

GILDA

Luisa's not here. There's only the two of us right now.

RICHIE

Problem... this is a problem. I need three dancers. Can't you give me her number?

Gilda and Isabella trade looks.

GILDA

We don't know where she is.

RICHIE

Too bad.

He turns to leave.

# 1422 CONTINUED: (2)

1422

GILDA

Wait... Look, she made us promise not to tell anyone.

RICHIE

She'll never know it was you who told me.

(beat)

Ladies, discretion is my middle name.

#### 1423 EXT. CONSONE'S HOUSE - DAY

1423

An expensive house in the outskirts of Paris, at the end of a drive. MacLeod climbs from his car, and gazes at the house for a long moment. An old HOUSEKEEPER is exiting the house. As MacLeod sees her --

TRANSITION TO:

## 1424 EXT. WALLED GARDEN - MADRID - 1853 - DAY

1424

Theresa's Old Duenna is picking roses. Two years have passed since MacLeod lost Theresa -- but the Duenna looks 10 years older, her face lined.

MACLEOD (O.S.)

(loud whisper)

Senora!

She turns to the sound. MacLeod has ridden up on horseback. She almost faints when she sees who it is. She hurries to the gate.

**DUENNA** 

You're mad, Senor. What are you doing here?!

He dismounts.

MACLEOD

I have to talk to Theresa.

DUENNA

Senor Consone will kill you if he sees you. Please, ride on. Leave this place.

MACLEOD

After I see Theresa... just for a moment.

DUENNA

Impossible.

1424

MACLEOD

Then please... at least take her a message.

DUENNA

Oh, Senor MacLeod. You don't know what you ask.

MACLEOD

Tell her... tell her I haven't forgotten her. Tell her I cannot. I haven't had her out of my heart for two years.

He takes her hand, tearing up --

MACLEOD

Senora, I know you had a love when you were young. A man you never married.

(beat)

If he rode up to this gate today, wouldn't you want to see him? To talk with him?

The Duenna's face shows how right MacLeod is... He pushes the advantage:

MACLEOD

If you love her, Senora, please. Let me see her.

Duenna sighs deeply, then relents. Opens the gate.

DUENNA

Come, Senor... prepare yourself.

She hurries out through the gate.

1425 EXT. CEMETERY - MADRID - 1853 - DAY

1425

MacLeod and the Duenna stand at Theresa's grave. The headstone reads: "THERESA DEL GLORIA CONSONE, Beloved Daughter, Sister, and Wife, 1829-1853. Gone to God."

MacLeod looks down at the gravestone in silent grief.

**DUENNA** 

Only three months ago.

(beat)

I shouldn't have told you. Better you should think of her as you knew her.

(beat)

She is happier now, I am sure of it.

1425 CONTINUED: 1425

MACLEOD

(biting back tears)

How...?

DUENNA

An accident.

MACLEOD

(tight)

What kind of accident?

DUENNA

The stairs.

1426 INT. CHATEAU - MADRID - 1853 - DAY

1426

In slow motion, Theresa's hands seem to be reaching for the camera as she falls down the flight of stairs.

Consone stands at the top of the stairs, his face unreadable.

1427 EXT. CEMETERY - MADRID - 1853 - RESUME SCENE

1427

The Duenna turns away from MacLeod. Her tone changes.

DUENNA

She must have slipped.

Something about her tone alerts MacLeod

MACLEOD

Was she alone when it happened? (off her telling

silence)
Was he there?

DUENNA

(unconvincing)

No, Senor, you mustn't say such a thing!

She crosses herself devoutly.

MACLEOD

Tell me the truth, Tialita.

DUENNA

No one saw anything. We only heard.

(beat)

She never stopped loving you. It made the senor insane with jealousy.

1427 CONTINUED: 1427

MACLEOD

Where is he?

His hand goes to his sword. The Duenna reacts in fear.

DUENNA

No, please, Senor MacLeod, you mustn't!

MACLEOD

As long as Theresa was alive, I honored her vow. (intense)

Now I will avenge her murder.

DUENNA

Senor, no!

She grabs his arm with surprising strength, her voice filled with grief and passion.

DUENNA

She gave her happiness to spare your life. It was her dying wish that you were safe.

MACLEOD

I can't just ride away!

DUENNA

(with some anger)
If you don't, then my Theresa died
for nothing. Nothing! I beg you,
Senor, for her, for my Theresa, ride
away.

The Duenna's tears finally come.

TRANSITION TO:

1428 EXT. CONSONE'S HOUSE - THE PRESENT - DAY - RESUME SCENE 1428

MacLeod's gaze moves down to the door where an old SPANISH HOUSEKEEPER is just stepping out, locking up the house. He approaches her.

MACLEOD

I'm looking for Senor Consone.

HOUSEKEEPER

(polite)

I'm afraid no one is here.

MACLEOD

Do you know when he'll be back?

1428 CONTINUED: 1428

HOUSEKEEPER

You're a friend of his?

MACLEOD

(beat)

For a long time.

HOUSEKEEPER

Such a lucky man. They'll be very happy together.

MACLEOD

(reacting)

He and Luisa Hidalgo?

HOUSEKEEPER

(correcting, with

pride)

Luisa Consone, since this afternoon.

The senor gave us the week off.

(a smile)

Newlyweds. You know how they are.

MACLEOD

(beat)

I've come to bring him a gift.

HOUSEKEEPER

Would you like to leave it? I'll make sure he receives it.

MACLEOD

Thank you, Senora... but I'd like to give it to him in person.

She nods and moves off. As she goes, MacLeod turns back to watch the house.

1429 INT. CLUB HIDALGO - NIGHT

1429

The Club is closed, dark and quiet. Anna has just opened up. She turns on a light, looking drawn, moving across the room with a pronounced limp -- her leg is bothering her tonight. As she walks

CONSONE (O.S.)

That does look awkward.

She whirls around in shock: Consone is standing there.

CONSONE

Tell me, does it hurt? Does it bother you every day? How did it happen?

Anna backs away, thrown by his appearance there, her mouth working.

ANNA

It... it was an accident.

CONSONE

That's right, Anna, a terrible accident.

He starts moving toward her.

CONSONE

September, 1986. St. Germaine... You were watching the autumn leaves, Anna. You were wearing a red coat. You looked lovely. You never even saw the car coming.

1430 EXT. BOULEVARD ST. GERMAINE - PARIS - 1986 - DAY 1430

The car hits Anna with a shuddering impact.

ANNA

Lies there motionless.

THE CAR

Drives away. We see the driver is Consone.

1431 INT. CLUB HIDALGO - THE PRESENT - RESUME SCENE 1431

Anna backs away from Consone.

ANNA

No.

(pushing away the thought)

No...

CONSONE

Tell me, do you still move with the same passion? The same fire?
(harder)
How is your dancing, Anna?

She screams and lunges at him, but Consone sidesteps, and she crashes painfully to her knees, grabbing a chair for support.

CONSONE

Such behavior. Is that any way to treat a son-in-law?

ANNA

(in shock)

You didn't... It can't be you... It's not you. This is not possible.

He raises his hand -- there's a GOLD BAND on his finger.

CONSONE

And she was such a beautiful bride. (beat)

It's a pity she'll die so young.

ANNA

Not Luisa! Please, she's innocent!

CONSONE

She's the spawn of the two who betrayed me. Remember... I told you Rafael was only the first cut.

She pulls at his coat, sobbing.

ANNA

Kill me, not Luisa! Kill me instead!

CONSONE

You, Anna?

(cold)

I killed you that day on Boulevard St. Germaine.

He turns and walks out. Anna slowly slides to the floor, and lies there,,.Helpless, wracked by sobs.

FADE OUT.

## END OF ACT THREE

# ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

#### 1432 EXT. CONSONE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

1432

MacLeod waits in his car, watching Consone's house.

**HEADLIGHTS** 

Sweep across the drive. A car pulls up. There's no BUZZ. No Consone.

LUISA

Gets out of the car. She moves toward the house. As she reaches the front gate, pulls it open

MACLEOD'S HAND

Pushes it shut.

Luisa turns in surprise.

LUISA

Duncan!

MACLEOD

Where's Consone?

LUISA

Did my mother send you? Look, I love her, but she can't keep doing this.

MACLEOD

Where is he?

LUISA

He had an errand to run. He'll be home soon.

MACLEOD

Get your things. You're leaving.
 (beat)

You don't know what he's done... who he is.

LUISA

I know enough.

MacLeod winces at the reminder of Theresa's words to him.

1432 CONTINUED: 1432

MACLEOD

What if I told you held been married before?

LUISA

So what?

MACLEOD

And that the woman he married meant a great deal to me.

LUISA

I think you should leave.

MACLEOD

(intense)

And he killed her.

LUISA

You're as crazy as my mother.

MACLEOD

Your mother's not crazy.

MacLeod gets the BUZZ.

MACLEOD

Go inside, Luisa. And stay there.

LUISA

But --

MACLEOD

 $\underline{\text{Now}}$ .

MacLeod's intensity frightens Luisa. She quickly does as she's told. MacLeod moves down the drive to face

CONSONE

as he arrives.

CONSONE

Highlander. I always seem to find you bothering my women.

MACLEOD

Theresa was never yours.

CONSONE

Don't flatter yourself. She never thought of you again.

1432 CONTINUED: (2)

1432

MACLEOD

What you mean to say is that she never spoke of me again.

(pressing)

But she thought of me, Consone. She thought of me every night. Every time you looked at her. Every time you touched her.

(beat)

That's why you killed her.

Consone is shaken, but covers quickly.

CONSONE

Young women, they wither and fade so quickly. Theresa was no different.

1433 INT. CONSONE'S HOUSE - JUST INSIDE THE DOOR - SAME TIME 1433

Luisa is listening at the door, reacting -- seeing the real Consone for the first time.

1434 EXT. CONSONE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

1434

CONSONE

(smug)

Have you met the new Senora Consone, MacLeod? A beautiful flower, is she not?

MACLEOD

Forget her, Consone. I sent her back to her mother.

CONSONE

Impossible! She's mine.

MACLEOD

You think any woman would stay with you once she knew the truth?

Consone's face darkens.

CONSONE

She can run all she likes. If it takes another twenty years, I'll find her.

1435 INT. CONSONE'S HOUSE - JUST INSIDE THE DOOR - SAME TIME 1435 Luisa, listening, goes pale with shock.

#### 1436 EXT. CONSONE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

1436

CONSONE

If she has a lover, I'll kill the lover; if she has a daughter, I'll seduce the daughter.

The door is flung open and Luisa runs out of the house.

LUISA

You son-of-a-bitch!

Luisa flings herself at Consone. MacLeod hauls her back.

MACLEOD

Luisa, don't!

CONSONE

That was a mistake. It's too bad. (beat)

For both of you.

MacLeod gets between Consone and Luisa.

MACLEOD

(giving her a shove)
Go, Luisa! Get out! Run!

She hesitates, then sees his expression -- and runs to her car. As she goes, Consone draws his sword.

CONSONE

I'll find her. I'll have her.
 (with sarcasm)
Your noble sacrifice will be for nothing.

MacLeod draws his own in return.

MACLEOD

Did I say anything about a sacrifice?

Consone bows acknowledgment. Gestures MacLeod toward --

1437 EXT. CONSONE'S HOUSE - THE MYSTERIOUS CIRCLE - NIGHT 1437

A tiled patio with the circle of combat embedded in the design. The two opponents face each other, twin blades in hand. A bow of respect, and then the fight is engaged.

There's no question that Consone is still a Master. He moves around the circle with ease and grace -- thrusting, parrying, slicing. MacLeod defends himself well, but can't get the upper hand.

1437

Consone is working up a sweat. This isn't as easy as he expected. More than once he's forced to parry hastily, breaking form to protect his flanks. MacLeod grins at him wickedly.

MACLEOD

Still think you could make a swordsman of me, Otavio?

CONSONE

You were born a pig farmer, and you'll always be a pig farmer.

He makes a concerted rush, forcing MacLeod onto the defensive. MacLeod's face shows his surprise -- Consone has moved the fight up a level, and MacLeod is pressed to deflect his opponent's sword. He'll have to win this quickly, or not at all.

MacLeod dodges Consone's blade, sees an opening, advances --

And finds CONSONE'S BLADE in his path. The Master has anticipated him. Consone's stabs him with his blade.

CONSONE

And you die a pig farmer.

MACLEOD

Maybe...

MacLeod drops his dagger, grabs Consone's arm in his left hand, and pulls himself deeper onto the sword and closer to his opponent.

If it hurts, he doesn't feel it -- he's reached that state of grace that the dancers call <u>duende</u>.

Consone is taken completely by surprise. He's unprotected as MacLeod swings with his free hand --

MACLEOD

...but not today.

Consone's body falls. MacLeod, gravely wounded, falls beside it.

The Quickening plays along the lines and arcs of the Mysterious Circle, outlining MacLeod's body against the tiled pattern.

#### 1438 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

1438

Luisa, shaken and red-eyed, sips at a cup of tea. Anna hovers over her.

1438 CONTINUED: 1438

LUISA

How could this happen... I don't understand.

There's a knock at the door. Anna opens it and lets in MacLeod.

LUISA

Duncan! You're all right!

MACLEOD

I'm fine.

(beat)

You don't have to worry about Consone anymore.

ANNA

Did the earth open up and swallow him? Did a mountain crumble on top of him and bury him?

MACLEOD

Not exactly.

ANNA

Then she's not safe.

LUISA

We'll go to America, Mama, or to Argentina. He won't come after us there.

ANNA

He'll come after us anywhere.

LUISA

I can't believe I married him.

MacLeod hesitates a micro-beat, then:

MACLEOD

You're a widow.

Luisa looks up at him in shock and relief.

LUISA

But how --

ANNA

(over her)

We won't ask any more.

And as Anna hugs her daughter, the two of them safe and reconciled --

# END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

1439 EXT. BARGE/EXT. QUAI- DAY

1439

Richie's out on the deck of the barge. Pacing back and forth. He alternates between nervously looking at his watch and at the quai where MacLeod should be arriving.

RICHIE

(to himself)

C'mon, Mac. Where are you?

As if on cue, the BUZZ. Richie turns in relief to see

MACLEOD'S CAR

Finally arriving. As a weary MacLeod climbs out, he sees Richie approach.

RICHIE

You won.

MacLeod nods.

RICHIE

Was he as good as you remembered?

MACLEOD

He was better.

He starts moving up the gangplank. Richie stays on his heels.

RICHIE

How'd you do it?

MACLEOD

I don't know.

MacLeod stops at the top of the steps, thoughtful.

MACLEOD

Consone thought the fight was all about control. About mastering every line, every step.

(beat)

There's a place in the dance where you forget you're dancing. Where you do things beyond what your conscious mind is capable of. Beyond what your body has learned.

RICHIE

Duende.

(off MacLeod's look)

I'm learning.

MACLEOD

(a nod) Duende.

And with a mysterious smile, he heads inside.

TRANSITION TO:

END OF SHOW