



HIGHLANDER

The Series

#96515
THE STONE OF SCONE

Written by
Michael O'Mahony
&
Sasha Reins

Highlander

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Production #96515

December 10, 1996 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

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CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD
AMANDA

HUGH FITZCAIRN

BERNIE CRIMMINS
ANDREW
HARRY
WINSTON CHURCHILL

URIAH
PATRICK
BUTLER
BOBBY
BARMAID

HIGHLANDER

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SET LISTINTERIORS

SEWER TUNNEL - BENEATH WESTMINSTER ABBEY - 1720
/ANOTHER BRANCH
DIRTY DICK'S - 1720
CORRIDOR - TOWER OF LONDON - 1720
COUNTRY INN - 1950
/BEDROOM
/PUB
CLERMONT CLUB - 1950
/PRIVATE OFFICE
WESTMINSTER ABBEY - 1950
/CORRIDOR
/GREAT HALL
/CLOAKROOM
SCOTLAND YARD - 1950
/INTERVIEW AREA
/JAIL CELL
HOTEL BEDROOM - 1950
NUMBER 10 DOWNING STREET - 1950

EXTERIORS

PASTURE/GOLF COURSE - ENGLAND - 1720
/THE ROUGH
/THE GREEN
MOAT WALL - TOWER OF LONDON - 1720
ALLEY - 1720
GOLF COURSE - ENGLAND - 1950
/THE ROUGH
STREET OUTSIDE WESTMINSTER ABBEY - 1950
DESERTED COBBLESTONE STREET - 1950
COUNTRY INN - 1950
STONE MASON'S YARD - 1950
STREET NEAR SCOTLAND YARD - 1950
GOLF COURSE - SCOTLAND - 1950

TOWER OF LONDON - 1720 (STOCK)
WESTMINSTER ABBEY - 1950 (STOCK)
SCOTLAND YARD - 1950 (STOCK)
NUMBER 10 DOWNING STREET - 1950 (STOCK)

HIGHLANDER

"The Stone Of Scone"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1501 INT. SEWER TUNNEL - 1720 - NIGHT

1501

SUPER: TUNNELS BENEATH WESTMINSTER ABBEY - 1720

A dark netherworld of dripping water and slime. In flickering TORCH-LIGHT we see two CLOAKED BRIGANDS squish their way through the tunnels, as we HEAR --

MACLEOD
(quietly, muffled)
51, 52, 53, 54...

CLOSER

and we see URIAH: a thick lout, lugging a pick and shovel. Ahead of him, carrying the torch, we see the other is --

MACLEOD

carrying a crowbar, a length of rope coiled around his shoulder, he takes measured steps, counting carefully --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
57... 58... 59... sixty paces.

He stops, jabs a triumphant finger at the wall.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
There. Once we're in... we go straight up.

URIAH
(nervous)
I dunno. If we ever gets caught --

MACLEOD
You're paid well enough not to ask questions. Just dig.

Uriah shrugs, drops his shovel and prepares to swing the pick. But just as he winds up --

MacLeod gets the BUZZ. He lunges and grabs the pick handle, stopping Uriah in mid-swing.

URIAH
What?

(CONTINUED)

1501 CONTINUED:

1501

MACLEOD

You just stay right here.

(grim)

I'll take care of whoever it is.

He draws his sword. Holding the torch in his free hand, he cautiously inches up the tunnel towards the BUZZ --

Uriah waits nervously a moment -- then bolts!

ON MACLEOD

as he inches cautiously forward along the tunnel.

MACLEOD'S POV - THE TUNNEL AHEAD

shadows from ANOTHER LANTERN flicker there.

1502 INT. SEWER TUNNEL - ANOTHER BRANCH - SAME TIME

1502

Where "dry land" meets the water system. A SKIFF loaded with several STAVE BARRELS is moored with a thin rope. on the barrels, the word GUNPOWDER. Standing by the skiff --

FITZCAIRN

holds a lantern. With him is his own brigand, PATRICK, shouldering a POWDER BARREL.

PATRICK

'eere, Guv'ner... this stuff's bloody 'eavy.

FITZCAIRN

You're getting paid well enough aren't you?

Patrick shakes his head.

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

Just quit whining and carry the gunpowder.

They begin to trudge down the tunnel, in the direction MacLeod is in. As they PASS CAMERA we see --

PATRICK'S BARREL

leaks a long trail of GUNPOWDER behind him as he walks. Neither man notices. Then --

CLOSE - FITZCAIRN

as he gets the BUZZ. He raises a hand for silence, and slowly draws his own sword.

(CONTINUED)

FITZCAIRN

Stay here. I'll take care of this.

He starts edging along the tunnel. Behind him, Patrick waits a BEAT -- then scoots back down the tunnel, laying the BARREL down near the boat as he does. Then he turns and scrambles off into the dark, abandoning Fitzcairn.

Fitzcairn continues on, a mirror image of MacLeod, making the same stealthy creep as he reaches the junction. He takes a deep breath, grits his teeth...

ON MACLEOD

as he takes a breath, grits his teeth and leaps around the corner, sword already on the move

ANGLE - MACLEOD AND FITZCAIRN

as their swords clash at the same moment. Then --

FITZCAIRN/MACLEOD

(in unison)

You!

They continue to parry, more in irritation than anger.

FITZCAIRN

What the devil are you doing here?

MACLEOD

Stealing the Stone of Scone from Westminster Abbey, to return it to its rightful place in Scotland.

(then)

What the devil are you doing here?

(DIALOGUE NOTE: Scone is pronounced as "skoon.")

FITZCAIRN

(with pride)

I'm going to blow that pompous ass George off the English throne and bring the bloody abbey down around his ears.

MACLEOD

Not before I've got the Stone, you're not!

FITZCAIRN

But if you steal the Stone, I'll never get back in here! They'll close the place up so tight a mouse won't be able to sneak in.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD
Fitzcairn, the Stone is what is most
important.

FITZCAIRN
(pushing forward)
Says who?

MACLEOD
(pushing back)
The people of Scotland.

FITZCAIRN
And what about the people of England?

MACLEOD
To hell with the thieving bastards.

FITZCAIRN
(flares)
That's it! I'll take no more!

The lantern is knocked from Fitzcairn's hand as he charges.

ANGLE - TUNNEL FLOOR

as the lantern EXPLODES and the powder ignites with a WHOOMPH
and a FLASH. The blazing trail of burning gunpowder races
down the tunnel like a burning snake, heading straight to
the SKIFF.

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)
Uh-oh.

MACLEOD
What do you mean... "Uh-oh?"

THE SKIFF

suddenly FLARES with a WHOOMPH and starts BURNING.

FITZCAIRN
I mean... UH-OH!

He turns and SPRINTS away down the tunnel -- and DIVES behind
a pile of rubble. A BEAT -- MacLeod follows.

ON THE SKIFF

as it EXPLODES in a huge fireball.

MacLeod and Fitzcairn crouch down, smoking debris raining
down on them. As the smoke clears, they slowly stand and
look at the smoking mess.

(CONTINUED)

FITZCAIRN

This wouldn't have happened if you
hadn't been here!

MACLEOD

Me?! You're the one who brought the
bloody gunpowder...

(beat)

And you didn't even bring enough!

FITZCAIRN

How would you know?

MACLEOD

Because the bloody Abbey's still
standing, you English nincompoop!

FITZCAIRN

Nincompoop?!

That does it. Fitzcairn throws a haymaker at MacLeod, hits
him. MacLeod is taken by surprise, rubs his jaw.

MACLEOD

Fine.

He hauls back and SLUGS Fitzcairn. Fitzcairn staggers, sees
MacLeod with his fists up, ready to continue.

FITZCAIRN

Wait! Hold! This is no way for
gentlemen to settle a dispute.

MACLEOD

How do you suggest we settle it?

FITZCAIRN

Man to man, like the warriors we
are...

(beat)

On the true field of battle.

MacLeod stares a BEAT. This is serious.

MACLEOD

Very well. What terms?

FITZCAIRN

If I lose, I'll help you steal your
precious Stone. If you lose, you'll
help me bring the bloody place down
around their ears.

MACLEOD

Done.

(CONTINUED)

1502 CONTINUED: (4)

1502

Suddenly A BULLET smashes into the wall over their heads. We hear SHOTS -- Beefeaters are shooting down the tunnel at them. MacLeod and Fitzcairn scramble in opposite directions.

FITZCAIRN

The battlefield at dawn!

A SECOND BULLET SMASHES near MacLeod's head.

MACLEOD

If we live that long.

As he scuttles away into the darkness --

DISSOLVE TO:

1503 EXT. PASTURE/GOLF COURSE - 1720 - DAY

1503

We are TIGHT on Fitzcairn and MacLeod. Dawn fog drifts over a field bumpy with rocks and obstacles, as MacLeod and Fitzcairn face each other with grave solemnity, dressed for dueling. They are giving each other their best Tyson/Hollyfield stares.

MACLEOD

Are you ready?

FITZCAIRN

Ready. I'm going to bury you, MacLeod.

Then we PULL BACK to find MacLeod and Fitzcairn are on an old golf course. They are on a raised area that serves as the tee. Far down the field we see a STICK protruding from the ground with a limp handkerchief tied to it as a flag. Fitzcairn reaches for his club. We --

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1504 EXT. PASTURE/GOLF COURSE - 1720 - DAY

1504

Back at the old golf course Fitzcairn is swinging, loosening up.

FITZCAIRN

Who has the honor of the first swing?

MACLEOD

It makes no matter to me.
(with a sneer)
Because I intend to drive you into
the ground.

FITZCAIRN

Don't expect any mercy from me.

MACLEOD

From an Englishman? I dinna need
it.

FITZCAIRN

You will when you see how I use this.
(he offers his club)
The best money can buy. English
Briar.

MACLEOD

You call that a club?

He swings up his own club.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Now this... this is a real club.

They glare at each other a BEAT, then turn to face the field.

Fitzcairn uses his heel to create a dirt "tee", then drops a
leather, feather-stuffed GOLF BALL on it. Then he lines up
his shot, waggles, addresses the ball and swings.

ANGLE ON FIELD

as the ball lands far from the flagged stick, in the rough.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Nicely done. Is that some new English
strategy?

FITZCAIRN

Let's see you do better.

(CONTINUED)

1504 CONTINUED:

1504

MacLeod steps to his ball and readies himself. Just as he's about to take his swing --

Fitzcairn makes a sudden motion with his club pointing it right over MacLeod's "sight line".

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

Mind the cow there.

MacLeod has to abort his swing. He's pissed.

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

(innocently)

Just trying to help.

MACLEOD

I dinna want your help. Or need it.

MacLeod lines up the ball again, brings back his club, and just as he swings --

FITZCAIRN

(a mighty sneeze)

AH-CHOO!

MacLeod flinches and hooks the ball into the rough.

MACLEOD

Dammit, Fitzcairn, you put me off!

FITZCAIRN

That's a lame excuse. Anyone can see your grip on the club is all wrong.

MacLeod puts a hand on Fitzcairn's throat.

MACLEOD

There's nothing wrong with my grip.

As Fitzcairn reacts to the hand on his throat.

DISSOLVE TO:

1505 EXT. PASTURE/GOLF COURSE - IN THE ROUGH - 1720 - LATER

1505

MacLeod and Fitzcairn are swinging their clubs like scythes, in search of lost balls.

MACLEOD

Two strokes down, Fitzcairn. You'll be swinging a pick before the night is through.

(CONTINUED)

1505 CONTINUED:

1505

Fitzcairn spots the two balls, lying near his feet. He makes sure MacLeod isn't looking, then --

CLOSE - MACLEOD'S BALL

as Fitzcairn STEPS on it, almost burying it against a large rock. He kicks his own ball INTO THE FAIRWAY, then

FITZCAIRN
MacLeod! Here!

MacLeod looks -- his face drops as he sees his ball.

MACLEOD
How could it bury itself in the ground
like that?

MacLeod studies his predicament.

FITZCAIRN
I couldn't say. Bad luck?
(re his ball)
You mind?

MACLEOD
(testy)
Go on... Go on.

Fitzcairn takes his swing - and chips onto the "green" - maybe ten feet from the hole.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
(grudgingly)
Well played... for an Englishman.

Now MacLeod swings. His club hits the rock instead of the ball and breaks. The ball doesn't move.

FITZCAIRN
You can always take a penalty stroke.

MacLeod reaches for another club.

MACLEOD
Penalty, my ass.

MacLeod grimaces. He tries again. His ball sails out -- thunk, against a tree. It rolls back near his feet.

FITZCAIRN
I keep telling you. Your grip.

MACLEOD
(pissed)
There's nothing wrong with my grip.

(CONTINUED)

1505 CONTINUED: (2)

1505

Fitzcairn strolls cheerfully off as MacLeod glowers at him.

1506 EXT. PASTURE/GOLF COURSE - GREEN - 1720 - DAY - LATER

1506

A fuming MacLeod putts out as Fitzcairn adds up the scores.

FITZCAIRN

Looks like I won't be swinging that
pick after all, MacLeod.

(cheerfully)

Rotten luck, you hitting into the
rough like that. But you are a man
of honor to play it as it lay.

MACLEOD

(not happy about it)

Aye. That I am.

They move down the field towards their tethered horses.

FITZCAIRN

(reminding him)

And as a man of honor, you're bound
to help me restore the true King.

MACLEOD

(testy)

I gave my word, and I'll keep it.

FITZCAIRN

Tonight, the abbey is rubble.

MACLEOD

Tonight! Are you daft? After last
night, they'll be waiting for us.

FITZCAIRN

Piffle. What can they do to us?

MACLEOD

The same thing they did to Guy
Fawkes... hung, drawn and quartered.

Fitzcairn stops, involuntarily touches his neck.

FITZCAIRN

But we Catholics have wanted to
restore the rightful King since
Cromwell! Blowing up Westminster
Abbey is just what we need to rally
support.

(CONTINUED)

1506 CONTINUED:

1506

MACLEOD

You blow up the Abbey, you blow up
the Stone. The Scots would never be
behind you then.

(beat)

And you need the Scots.

FITZCAIRN

I hate it when you're right.

(beat)

There must be some way to rally men
to the cause.

MACLEOD

You'd need the bloody Crown Jewels
to rally enough support...

Fitzcairn stops. A light goes on. He looks at MacLeod with
a spreading grin.

FITZCAIRN

You are a bloody genius!

MacLeod sees his look.

MACLEOD

No, Fitzcairn... not the Crown
Jewels.... you can't!

FITZCAIRN

Why not? It's brilliant!

MACLEOD

It's madness! No one gets into the
Tower of London... only a lunatic
would even try it!

CUT TO:

1507 INT. DIRTY DICK'S - 1720 - NIGHT

1507

A dark, dirty ale house. Two slatternly buxom WENCHES serve
an array of the dregs of the Empire.

At the entrance, MacLeod and Fitzcairn eye the place
dubiously.

MACLEOD

I should have kept my mouth shut.

There's a SAILOR near the entrance, slumped face down over a
table. Fitzcairn shakes his head at the sight.

FITZCAIRN

Look at that. Dead drunk.

(CONTINUED)

1507 CONTINUED:

1507

MacLeod lifts the man's head by his collar, revealing a pair of sightless eyes.

MACLEOD

No. Just dead.

He releases the head, which THUNKS onto the table. MacLeod squints into the murky room.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

You're sure your man knows how to get into the Tower?

FITZCAIRN

I should hope so. He works there.

MACLEOD

(beat)
As what?

FITZCAIRN

The Executioner.
(beat)
He's Bernie Crimmins.

MACLEOD

Crimmins the fence?! Are you out of your tiny English mind?!

FITZCAIRN

Why not?

MACLEOD

They say he'd sell his own mother for two pennies... he breaks people's legs for breakfast!

FITZCAIRN

You worry too much.
(beat)
Besides, he doesn't have a mother.

They approach the back of the pub -- and get the BUZZ. Their hands instinctively go to their hilts as they round a POST to find --

BERNIE CRIMMINS

a coarse, tough-looking gent seated at a table, near a sideboard loaded with STOLEN STERLING and other items. Two brutal HENCHTHUGS flank him. Resting beside him, within easy reach -- his huge EXECUTIONER'S AXE.

MacLeod and Fitzcairn share a look.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

Great plan this is.

Crimmins is chomping on a leg of lamb, watching Fitzcairn and MacLeod as it they might be next on the menu.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(aside)

Does he know he can actually cut the meat off the bone first?

FITZCAIRN

Do you want to tell him?
(louder, to Crimmins)
Mr. Crimmins, I presume!

CRIMMINS

Who the hell wants to know?

FITZCAIRN

I'm the one that Johnny Whipsnade sent. Hugh Fitzcairn?

Crimmins grunts and tosses the lamb aside. He wipes his hands on the Thug beside him, reaches into his filthy shirt -- withdraws a PAPER and lays it on the table.

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

The floor plans to the Tower...

He grabs eagerly for it -- WHAP! Crimmins' paw slaps down on the hand-drawn map.

CRIMMINS

Forgetting something, are we?

FITZCAIRN

Right, of course. A hundred guineas, as agreed.

He fumbles with his purse, starts to open it -- Crimmins grabs away the entire purse.

FITZCAIRN

You're welcome.

He starts to reach for the map -- once again Crimmins' hand slams down.

CRIMMINS

Well, see, we have a little problem here.

MACLEOD

What problem?

(CONTINUED)

CRIMMINS

Your man told you the wrong price.
It's two hundred.

FITZCAIRN

That's robbery!

Crimmins flashes a lopsided grin.

CRIMMINS

Yeah. Times is tough all over.
(beat)
Take it or leave it.

FITZCAIRN

But I don't have another hundred.
(beat, to MacLeod)
MacLeod?

MACLEOD

(firmly)
No.

FITZCAIRN

I'll pay you back.

MACLEOD

I've heard that one before.

Fitzcairn points to the door excitedly.

FITZCAIRN

It's Connor MacLeod!

MACLEOD

Where?

MacLeod turns and looks. Fitzcairn uses the opportunity to pick MacLeod's purse and toss it to Crimmins.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

That's my money!

He starts to step forward --

Crimmins casually swings up his heavy EXECUTIONER'S AXE and SLAMS it on the table. The sound echoes in the ale-house.

CRIMMINS

Not any more.

And OFF his menacing leer --

1508 EXT. TOWER OF LONDON - NIGHT - TO ESTABLISH (STOCK) 1508

1509 EXT. MOAT WALL - TOWER OF LONDON - 1720 - NIGHT 1509

A BURLAP SACK chinks softly to the grass. Then a ROPE dangles down. A moment later --

MACLEOD

rappels down the rope and stands on the grass, peering around him in the dark. All clear. He calls up --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(a whisper)

All clear!

A beat later --

FITZCAIRN slides down the rope -- and lands on MacLeod's SHOULDERS, riding him piggyback.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Am I supposed to carry you all the way to the Tower?

Fitzcairn clambers down.

FITZCAIRN

Sorry. No need to get huffy about it.

The two move several yards away to --

NEW ANGLE - A DOOR

a stout one, set into the stone of the tower proper.

Fitzcairn examines the rusty PADLOCK on the door. He holds his hand out surgeon-like.

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

Mallet and chisel.

MacLeod stares at him.

MACLEOD

I thought you had it.

They look at each other for a BEAT, then --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I'll get the bloody tools.

(starts, then --)

Whatever you do, don't touch anything. You're an accident waiting to happen.

(CONTINUED)

1509 CONTINUED:

1509

He moves off in the dark. Fitzcairn waits, miffed, then glances at the padlock. A BEAT -- he draws his sword, makes a careful golf like adjustment to his grip - and WHACKS it. It drops off.

FITZCAIRN

Shows what he knows. Bloody Scot.

He pushes the door open and slips inside.

1510 INT. CORRIDOR - TOWER OF LONDON - 1720 - MOMENTS LATER

1510

it's dark as MacLeod cautiously pokes his head inside.

MACLEOD

Fitzcairn? Fitzcairn!

(no answer)

Idiot. Can't leave him alone for one minute.

He slinks quietly inside. In the gloom, we see TAPESTRIES, COATS OF ARMS adorning the walls. MacLeod peers around, but Fitzcairn is nowhere to be seen.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(hoarse whisper)

Fitzcairn?

Then a hoarse whisper comes back --

FITZCAIRN (O.S.)

MacLeod... over here!

MacLeod, the SACK over his shoulder, moves towards a corner where we see the SLIGHT GLOW of lantern light.

MACLEOD

Stop playing... we've work to do!

He rounds the corner -- and his face drops.

FITZCAIRN

stands there, a flintlock PISTOL aimed at his temple. A GUARD has him captured, and has his arms shackled.

MACLEOD

(disbelief)

How do you manage it?

FITZCAIRN

It's not my fault, he took me by surprise.

(beat)

I think you'd better give up.

(CONTINUED)

1510 CONTINUED:

1510

MacLeod raises his sword, ready to make a stand.

MACLEOD

It'll take more than one man to make
me yield.

FITZCAIRN

Well, yes... I was meaning to get
around to that.

BEAT. MacLeod swings around to find himself facing --

TWO MORE GUARDS

who have slipped in behind him, swords drawn, one holding a
PISTOL at his side.

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

Sorry.

MacLeod turns suddenly -- throws the SACK at Fitzcairn's
captor, knocks him down. As the man falls, MacLeod whirls
to face the others, brandishing his sword.

MACLEOD

Who wants it first?

One of the Guards swings up his pistol -- and FIRES.

MACLEOD

dodges aside at the moment he fires, and --

FITZCAIRN

is hit square in the ass.

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

AGHH!

He hops around, gritting his teeth in pain. MacLeod turns
to the Guards, swings -- and KNOCKS the pistol from the man's
hand, and swings to face the other.

MACLEOD

Drop your weapons and I'll show mercy!

FITZCAIRN

(through his teeth)
No...! No mercy... NO MERCY!
(re his wounded ass;
to MacLeod)
I blame you for this.

The GUARDS rush in.

(CONTINUED)

1510 CONTINUED: (2)

1510

MACLEOD

dodges and dips, flipping over a table, jumping over it,
passing Fitzcairn.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

It's your own fault.

THE TWO GUARDS

close in

MACLEOD

fighters, holding both of them at bay --

FITZCAIRN

his hands still manacled, delivers a vicious KICK to one
Guard's butt.

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

See how you like it!

As the Guard turns -- Fitzcairn HEADBUTTS him. The Guard
staggers back. So does Fitzcairn.

THE THREE GUARDS

regroup, making a united front As they dome at MacLeod, swords
out.

FITZCAIRN

MacLeod! Save yourself!

MACLEOD

looks at the approaching swords then seems to do exactly
that. He turns and RUNS away from them, towards the WALL.

THE GUARDS

go after him.

FITZCAIRN

reacts in horror.

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

(dismayed)

Wait! Wait! I didn't mean it.
Save me too!

(CONTINUED)

1510 CONTINUED: (3)

1510

MACLEOD

races for the wall, where a ROPE hangs well above head-height -- it secures one of the WALL HANGINGS. MacLeod LAUNCHES off a table, jumps -- GRABS the rope -- and SWINGS back at the approaching Guards in an Errol Flynn swing.

ON THE GUARDS

as MacLeod SWINGS INTO THEM, planting both feet into the first one -- sends them tumbling backwards into a heap.

MacLeod releases his rope -- and a huge WALL HANGING plummets down on the fallen Guards, tangling them. They stare at the fallen Guards a moment.

FITZCAIRN

I could have done that.

MACLEOD

Don't start on me. Quick now, the chains!

Fitzcain places his manacled arms against a wall. MacLeod WHACKS the chain with his sword, cutting it.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Now let's get the bloody hell out of here.

FITZCAIRN

Without the jewels?!

A BELL sounds, echoes through the halls. We hear FOOTSTEPS of what could be a REGIMENT running through the tower.

MACLEOD

Either that, or without your head.

He turns and takes off. Fitzcain follows, grimacing.

FITZCAIRN

MacLeod... Not so fast... I'm wounded...

As they HEAD OUT, the sound of RUNNING FOOTSTEPS behind them --

1511 EXT. ALLEY - 1720 - NIGHT

1511

ON - A PILE OF WOODEN CRATES

as several UNIFORMED GUARDS run past at a trot, pikes and swords at the ready.

(CONTINUED)

BEEFEATER'S VOICE (O.S.)
Search every house! They're around
here somewhere!

As the FOOTSTEPS fade in the distance --

The CRATES are pushed aside -- MacLeod and Fitzcairn clamber
out. Fitzcairn rubs his still-smarting rear.

FITZCAIRN
If I didn't know any better, I'd
think they were waiting for us.

MACLEOD
They were. Crimmins must have sold
us out.

FITZCAIRN
(incensed)
That dishonest bastard. We're going
back and get our money...

He starts off. MacLeod pulls him back into a doorway.

MACLEOD
The only thing you're going to get
out of him is your head on a plate!
(beat)
And he wouldn't have my money if you
didn't steal it.

FITZCAIRN
And how you're going to let him keep
it?

MACLEOD
Yes.
(beat)
in case it escaped your notice, we've
just committed an act of treason
against the English Crown! If we're
caught, we'll be thrown in the Tower..
(beat)
And beheaded by your friend Crimmins.

FITZCAIRN
(beat)
Since you put it that way, a vacation
in Tuscany may be in order...

MacLeod and Fitzcairn turn and slink down the street, glancing
over their shoulders. Fitzcairn is walking awkwardly.
MacLeod glances at him.

(CONTINUED)

1511 CONTINUED: (2)

1511

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

What are you looking at?

MACLEOD

You're walking oddly.

FITZCAIRN

You're imagining it.

As they disappear into the fog --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

1512 EXT. GOLF COURSE - ENGLAND - 1950 - DAY (PRESENT)

1512

SUPER: SEDGEWICK GREENS, ENGLAND - 1950

A modern golf course with manicured greens, fairways, and rough. MacLeod and Fitzcairn are at the first tee, wearing natty golfing outfits, their golf-bags nearby.

FITZCAIRN

An open fairway, the smell of damp grass, a driver in your hand -- reminds me of the old days.

He swings. His face falls as it heads down the fairway -- and hooks into the rough.

MACLEOD

(dry)
Me too.

FITZCAIRN

(defensive)
There was a cross-wind. I'll just take my mulligan.

AMANDA (O.S.)

No mulligans.

AMANDA arriving, dressed in chic '50's women's golf wear: plus-fours, sweater, long hair tucked in under a golf cap -- she looks like she was born on a green. Trailing her is ANDREW, an older Scottish caddy.

MACLEOD

You're late.

AMANDA

Sorry.

FITZCAIRN

Of course there are mulligans. There are always mulligans.

Amanda turns to her old caddy.

AMANDA

Andy.

ANDREW

It ain't gentlemanly, sir.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1512 CONTINUED:

1512

ANDREW (CONT'D)

One never takes a mulligan in a proper round of golf. It's something only children and --

(tips his hat)

-- beggin' your pardon, Miss, wimmin do.

FITZCAIRN

But I gave her odds.

MacLeod shoots Amanda an accusing look.

AMANDA

I needed the money.

MACLEOD

(to Fitz; incredulous)

You bet against Amanda when she needs money?

FITZCAIRN

You think I'm taking unfair advantage?

MacLeod winds up and swings -- it hooks into the rough.

MACLEOD

I think you're an idiot.

Amanda steps up to the tee. Andrew wordlessly slides out a three-wood and hands it to her.

AMANDA

Three wood. Exactly.

She addresses the ball, takes a couple of practice swings. Fitzcairn starts to put in his two cents worth --

FITZCAIRN

Easy on the backswing, Amanda. You might want to adjust your grip... a little.

Amanda winds up -- and smacks a beautiful shot straight down the fairway.

ON MACLEOD AND FITZCAIRN

hands to their eyes, watching the ball sail up. And sail and sail.

Amanda turns back to them.

AMANDA

Sorry, Fitz... you were saying?

(CONTINUED)

1512 CONTINUED: (2)

1512

FITZCAIRN

(weakly)

Nothing.

AMANDA

Ta-ta, boys... see you on the green.

She starts off down the side of the fairway, Andrew following with her clubs. Fitzcairn stares after her.

FITZCAIRN

I think she's done this before.

MACLEOD

Fitzcairn, she's done everything before.

(beat)

How much did you bet her?

FITZCAIRN

A few pounds.

(beat)

A few thousand pounds... How good is she?

(off MacLeod's look)

Maybe she'd forget it if I asked her nicely?

MACLEOD

Not a chance.

He starts off, pulling his clubs. A BEAT -- Fitzcairn follows.

DISSOLVE TO:

1513 EXT. GOLF COURSE - IN THE ROUGH - 1950 - DAY - LATER

1513

Amanda has already shot. So has Fitzcairn. MacLeod takes a mighty swing, obliterating half of the vegetation, and manages to "pitch" twenty yards into the fairway.

ON FITZCAIRN

off to the side, his ball damn near unplayable. It's hard to see -- only the top visible from its nesting place between some rocks.

AMANDA

(calling)

Lost your ball?

MACLEOD

(calling)

Need some help?

(CONTINUED)

1513 CONTINUED:

1513

Fitzcairn casually slips a NEW BALL from his pocket, and DROPS IT in an ideal position to hit out.

FITZCAIRN

No problem. Here it is!

He takes his swing and hits near the green. Pleased with himself, he turns to pick up his bag - and is looking at Andrew. Andrew points to Fitzcairn's real ball.

ANDREW

(stern)

I believe that is your ball, sir.

FITZCAIRN

No, no, that's not mine.

(pointing to green)

See? Mine's out there. That must be someone else's.

Andrew looks to Amanda and shakes his head. Amanda lifts the ball out of the rocks, and examines it.

INSERT OF BALL

a THREE DOT pattern inked on the dimples.

AMANDA

A Dunlop two and that's your mark, Fitzcairn.

(beat)

You took an unplayable lie without declaring.

FITZCAIRN

(whispering)

It was an honest mistake...

AMANDA

A "mistake" was it?

(with growing
indignance)

You miserable, lying, little cheat.

Fitzcairn shushes her, trying to keep MacLeod from overhearing.

FITZCAIRN

Amanda, please, I'll forfeit the game... The money is yours. Just don't tell MacLeod!

MACLEOD

Don't tell me what?

(CONTINUED)

MacLeod stands there.

AMANDA

Seems our friend here is playing
fast and loose with the rules.

She holds up Fitzcairn's ball. MacLeod takes the ball, looks
at the dots, his face tightening.

MACLEOD

You cheated.

FITZCAIRN

Just a simple mistake, anyone could've
made it...

MacLeod's face grows cold as he advances on Fitzcairn.

MACLEOD

I've seen you cheat at cards. And I
know you cheat with women...

(barely getting it
out)

But GOLF?! What kind of man cheats
at golf?

He lifts his club as if it were a sword.

FITZCAIRN

I'm sorry.

(beat)

I had an unplayable lie! I swear, I
haven't done it in centuries!

MACLEOD

(beat -- the penny
drops)

Which century?

Fitzcairn starts to back off.

FITZCAIRN

A long, very long time ago. In fact,
I hardly remember myself...

MacLeod grabs Fitzcairn's shirt and drags him out of the
rough, out of Andrew's earshot.

MACLEOD

(dangerously)

The truth, Fitzcairn!

(beat)

Did you cheat when we had that match
in 1720? DID YOU?!

(CONTINUED)

FITZCAIRN

The future of a nation was at stake.
(beat)
It was the only way I could get you
to help me!

AMANDA

Help him what?

FITZCAIRN

Steal the Crown Jewels.

MACLEOD

Because of you, the Stone of Scone
was never returned! Because you,
Scotland lost its chance! Because
of you, we went after those stupid
Crown Jewels!

AMANDA

We're talking about the Crown Jewels?

MACLEOD

When we might have had the Stone.
(withering)
And to think I trusted you.

He turns, shoulders his bag, and stalks off. Fitzcairn
follows.

FITZCAIRN

MacLeod... it was a long time ago.
Forgive and forget...

MACLEOD

No.

FITZCAIRN

MacLeod, we're friends!

MACLEOD

We were.

As they move off --

Amanda turns to Andrew, who is just approaching.

AMANDA

(thoughtfully)
Andy... you're a Scot. What do you
know about some Scone Stone?

ANDREW

It's priceless, Miss.

(CONTINUED)

1513 CONTINUED: (4)

1513

AMANDA
(doubtful)
Worth more than the Crown Jewels?

ANDREW
Those are just bits of diamond.
(beat)
But the Stone of Scone, missy that's
beyond any price.

CLOSE - AMANDA

the wheels spinning.

1514 INT. COUNTRY INN - BEDROOM - 1950 - NIGHT

1514

A radio plays a big band tune. Amanda is wearing a sexy little slip. She is kissing MacLeod's fingers, but it's clear MacLeod is not with the program. His thoughts are elsewhere.

AMANDA
Am I boring you?

MACLEOD
What?

Seeing this isn't the direction she had hoped, she sits up.

AMANDA
MacLeod, I think you're taking this
a little too hard.

MACLEOD
The man has no honor at all.

AMANDA
Okay, so he cheated you. The question
is, what are we going to do about
it?

MACLEOD
It's done. There's nothing to do
about it.

AMANDA
It breaks my heart to see you like
this.
(with resolve)
If this Stone is so important to
you, I say we go and get it.

MACLEOD
You mean steal it?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
(off her nodding head)
Impossible.

Amanda lies on the bed, starts caressing his chest.

AMANDA
(a smile)
C'mon, with my talents and your
muscles? The impossible just takes
a little longer.

MACLEOD
(beat)
Why would you want the Stone of Scone
back in Scotland?

AMANDA
Because it would make you happy.
(off MacLeod's look;
with feigned hurt):)
What? Don't I get to be kind? Ate
you the only one who can be selfless.

MACLEOD
(resigned)
The Stone is in Westminster Abbey.
It's been locked up tight as a drum
for the past 230 years.

Amanda rubs thumb and forefinger together.

AMANDA
Locks are my specialty.

MACLEOD
We couldn't handle it ourselves and
there's nobody else crazy enough to
try it.

There's an explosion of KNOCKING at the door.

FITZCAIRN (O.S.)
(muffled)
MacLeod? MacLeod, open up... I gotta
talk to you!

BEAT. They look at each other. Amanda gives a "why not"
shrug. Amanda gets off the bed, goes to the door and opens
it, just as --

FITZCAIRN

launches himself at the door staggers past Amanda -- and
lands on the bed, on top of MacLeod.

(CONTINUED)

1514 CONTINUED: (2)

1514

He's blasted to the gills.

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

(slurring)

There you are...

(beat)

Mac, my friend, my companion. My comrade. I'm dying with guilt. Can you ever forgive me.

His BREATH wafts over MacLeod in a nauseating wave.

MACLEOD

Could you breathe in another direction?

FITZCAIRN

For two hundred and thirty years the memory of that betrayal has been like a curse hanging over me.

(beat)

Please, just give me a chance to make it up to you.

MacLeod and Amanda trade looks.

MACLEOD

(finally)

All right.

FITZCAIRN

You mean it?

Fitzcairn grabs his hand and babbles gratefully.

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

Thank you... thank you. You won't be sorry.

He kisses MacLeod on the mouth with drunken joy. MacLeod pulls away.

MACLEOD

I'm already sorry.

And OFF this --

1515 EXT. CLERMONT CLUB - LONDON - 1950 - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING - 1515
(STOCK)

An upscale Georgian Square in the posh Mayfair district.

1516 INT. CLERMONT CLUB - 1950 - NIGHT

1516

A plaque near the entrance reads "CLERMONT CLUB". The CLIENTELE wandering in are carriage trade. Older, monied, stiff. In the hallway are expensive bronze busts, china on tables, etc.

Amanda, dressed to impress, is breezing in. She's immediately stopped by a distinctive looking BUTLER.

BUTLER

I'm sorry Madam. I'm afraid the Clermont Club is a members only establishment.

AMANDA

Really. From all the action I see, I thought it was a morgue.

(beat)

Tell Mr. Crimmins that I'm here to see him.

She hands him a card, and he scans it doubtfully.

BUTLER

Very good, Madam.

He goes to a nearby door -- KNOCKS once -- and enters. Amanda begins to finger the objects d'art in the room as if doing inventory.

The Butler clears his throat O.S. as he returns. Amanda withdraws her hand from an expensive piece of porcelain.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

(frowning)

Lord Crimmins will see you now.

AMANDA

(as she passes)

Quelle surprise.

1517 INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - CLERMONT CLUB - 1950 - NIGHT

1517

A grand room, quiet elegance, wood paneling -- unlike the place we last saw Crimmins hold court. He's now seated behind a huge a Regency table, where he's been dining alone on Georgian silver, clad in an elegant Saville Row suit. Two beefy, suited BODYGUARDS flanking him. Behind him on the wall, the CRIMMINS COAT OF ARMS: two crossed HEADSMEN'S AXES.

He stands graciously as Amanda enters.

CRIMMINS

My dearest Amanda.

(CONTINUED)

1517 CONTINUED:

1517

He moves to kiss her hand. They've done business over the centuries, but she hasn't seen him in years. Crimmins has adopted a "posh" accent along with his manners.

AMANDA

Lord Crimmins? You bought a title?

CRIMMINS

One doesn't buy a title, Amanda.

(a smile)

I merely helped the Royal Family out of rather nasty business. A set of unfortunate photographs came into my possession.

Amanda looks over the room.

AMANDA

Not exactly unfortunate for you.

He shrugs, extracts a cigar from a nearby humidor and snips off the end.

CRIMMINS

A matter of being at the right place at the right time.

AMANDA

That's my Bernie.... always working the angles.

CRIMMINS

It's Lord Crimmins, if you don't mind.

(beat)

So what brings you to see your old friend?

AMANDA

I have a deal lined up, Bernie... but I need a little advance.

CRIMMINS

How much?

AMANDA

Fifty thousand pounds.

CRIMMINS

Sorry. The bottom dropped out of the art market.

AMANDA

It's not art.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(a dramatic beat)

It's a stone. A priceless stone.

(beat)

It's the score of the twentieth century, Bernie... makes the Crown Jewels look like dirt.

CRIMMINS

So why come to me?

AMANDA

Because you're the only one I know who can handle something this big.

Crimmins mulls it over as he pours two flutes of champagne, hands her one.

CRIMMINS

Here's my preposition. A seventy-thirty split on this stone.

Amanda nearly gags.

AMANDA

Seventy-thirty?! Get serious. Why would I take that?

CRIMMINS

Because your luck at the gaming tables has been abysmal and you owe the Curzon Street boys forty-seven thousand four hundred and eighty six pounds... and they're going to break your lovely legs.

(a smile)

Cheers.

He toasts her with the champagne.

AMANDA

(beat, defeated)

Okay, it's a deal. Sixty-forty.

Crimmins smiles.

CRIMMINS

I like you, Amanda. As much as I like anyone.

AMANDA

You're warming my heart, Bernie.

(CONTINUED)

1517 CONTINUED: (3)

1517

CRIMMINS

So I want to be sure you take this
in the right way.

(friendly)

If you renege on our agreement, I'll
cut out your heart before I take
your head... Understood?

He nods at the CROSSED AXES behind him.

AMANDA

Perfectly.

And OFF her forced smile --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

1518 EXT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY - 1950 - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 1518
(STOCK)

SUPER: WESTMINSTER ABBEY -- CHRISTMAS DAY, 1950

1519 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ABBEY - 1950 - NIGHT 1519

Amanda, MacLeod and Fitzcairn, bundled against the cold, emerge from the fog and furtively move to a large CARVED WOODEN SIDE DOOR. Amanda immediately goes to work with her locksmith tool kit as a shivering Fitzcairn looks nervously around.

FITZCAIRN

Are you sure I agreed to this?

MACLEOD

You agreed.

FITZCAIRN

But it's Christmas! Nobody works on Christmas!

AMANDA

Exactly. I've made some of my best scores on Christmas.

MACLEOD

Now shut up and let her work.

Amanda fiddles a bit more -- the lock CLICKS open.

AMANDA

Now for stage two.

She slips inside. Fitzcairn is still complaining.

FITZCAIRN

You're absolutely sure?

1520 INT. CORRIDOR - WESTMINSTER ABBEY - 1950 - NIGHT 1520

Amanda wanders -- bumping into doors, sipping from a hip flask, HUMMING "Jingle Bells". She doesn't panic in the least when a BOBBY approaches, looking severe.

BOBBY

You can't be in here, Miss. We're closed.

(CONTINUED)

1520 CONTINUED:

1520

AMANDA

But it's Christmas. Won't you have
a lil bit of Christmas cheer with
me?

The Bobby ignores the thrust-out flask and takes her elbow,
trying to guide her out.

BOBBY

No madam, not while on duty.

AMANDA

I've only come to the Abbey to toast
the dead soul of my poor departed
mother.

(beat)

Please.

(offering it)

To Mother.

(beat)

After all... It is Christmas.

The Bobby glances around, takes a polite swig. A grimace as
he swallows.

BOBBY

What the dickens is in here?

AMANDA

(no longer slurring)

Something to separate the men from
the boys.

The Bobby suddenly staggers. Amanda holds him up, leads him
towards a CLOAKROOM DOOR. She OPENS the door, aims him inside --
he falls into the cloakroom, out cold.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Nighty-night.

1521 INT. GREAT HALL - WESTMINSTER ABBEY - 1950 - MOMENTS LATER 1521

Empty as a church. One fabric covered CHAIR dominates the
far wall. MacLeod and Fitzcairn enter carrying ropes,
crowbars, picks. They stop as they see the chair. MacLeod
gazes at it, visibly moved.

MACLEOD

There it is.

Amanda peers around, doesn't see what he's getting at.

AMANDA

Where? There's nothing but a chair.

(CONTINUED)

1521 CONTINUED:

1521

MACLEOD

(explaining)

It's under the chair. Right where
it's been for all these centuries.

(beat)

Come on, Fitz.

He starts a reverential walk towards it with Fitzcairn.

Amanda suddenly grabs MacLeod's arm.

AMANDA

Quiet!

MACLEOD

(listens)

I don't hear anything.

AMANDA

Someone's coming!

They look around -- there's nowhere to hide in the Great
Hall.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Quick... I know where you can hide.

The trio dart back into the corridor.

1522 INT. CORRIDOR - WESTMINSTER ABBEY - 1950 - CONTINUOUS

1522

They race into the corridor.

AMANDA

In there! Quick...

She opens the cloakroom door MacLeod and Fitzcairn duck in.

FITZCAIRN

What about you?

AMANDA

I'll handle him like the last one.

She closes the door on them -- pulls the KEYS she took from
the Bobby -- and quietly LOCKS the door.

1523 INT. CLOAKROOM - WESTMINSTER ABBEY - 1950 - NIGHT

1523

In the darkness of the closet they hear a loud snore. MacLeod
uses his flashlight -- illuminating the passed-out Bobby.
Fitzcairn has his ear pressed to the door. They hear a loud
CLICK.

(CONTINUED)

1523 CONTINUED:

1523

MacLeod is puzzled. He gently turns the handle it doesn't move.

MACLEOD

(beat)

She's locked us in.

Fitzcairn tries the door, too. No action.

FITZCAIRN

Why would she do that to us?!

MACLEOD

To get herself into the building
with her tools...

(grim beat)

And get rid of her "partners" at the
same time.

FITZCAIRN

Why would she want to do that? The
Stone's worth nothing to her.

MACLEOD

(a shrug)

She's Amanda.

Fitzcairn tries his shoulder on the door. All he succeeds
in doing is hurting his shoulder.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Forget it. By the time you break
down the door, every cop in
Westminster will be waiting for us.

FITZCAIRN

What do we do?

Suddenly it all comes clear to MacLeod. He smiles brightly.

MACLEOD

Wait. She'll be back. She's looking
for the Stone.

1524 INT. GREAT HALL - WESTMINSTER ABBEY - 1950 - NIGHT

1524

Amanda is at the CORONATION CHAIR, ripping out upholstery,
and still can't find the bloody Stone. She's frantic,
frustrated and pissed...

AMANDA

Where is it!?

(CONTINUED)

1524 CONTINUED:

1524

ANGLE - THE CHAIR

nothing but a large unimpressive STONE is visible under the seat. Amanda slumps on the chair, sitting on the Stone, despairing.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Bernie's not going to like this.

1525 INT. CORRIDOR - WESTMINSTER ABBEY - 1950 - MOMENTS LATER

1525

Amanda stands by the open door as MacLeod and Fitzcairn step out.

MACLEOD

(smug)

I guess you need us to help you move it.

AMANDA

I need you to help me find it.

MACLEOD

(amused)

What do you mean? It's right there. Under the chair.

1526 INT. GREAT HALL - WESTMINSTER ABBEY - 1950 - NIGHT

1526

MacLeod, Fitzcairn and Amanda stand by the coronation chair.

AMANDA

This is a joke.

MACLEOD

No joke, Amanda. That... is the Stone Of Scone.

He points to the Stone. We PUSH IN ON:

A three hundred and fifty pound block of SANDSTONE sitting right under the chair, among the granite slates. (NOTE: The Stone is known to many people. Please duplicate as accurately as possible its appearance in 1950, before being broken.)

AMANDA

This?! It's nothing but a stupid rock!

MACLEOD

Not just any rock.

He clears away the mess on the CHAIR to see it better, places a hand on the Stone.

(CONTINUED)

1526 CONTINUED:

1526

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(with feeling)

Legend has it that this is the stone
Jacob lay his head on when he dreamt
of heaven. That whoever sits on it,
sits on the Throne of Scotland. The
English stole it....

(moved)

Now we'll have it back.

He jams a CROWBAR under the Stone. Fitzcainr jams one in
the other side.

AMANDA

A rock.

(beat)

I went through all this for a lousy
chunk of rock.

1527 EXT. DESERTED COBBLESTONE STREET - 1950 - NIGHT

1527

MacLeod and Fitzcainr struggle mightily with the Stone, slung
between them in a net made of ropes. As they approach their
car -- a two-door Ford Prefect.

FITZCAIRN

You could help.

AMANDA

I don't do lifting.

Amanda opens the rumble-seat and they heave and shove and
get the Stone into it.

MACLEOD

I owe you one, Amanda.

AMANDA

Good.

(beat)

Because I owe Bernie Crimmins fifty
thousand.

MACLEOD

Bernie Crimmins? You made a deal
with Bernie Crimmins?

AMANDA

I had to. I got an advance on what
I thought was a giant diamond.

FITZCAIRN

No one said it was a diamond.

(CONTINUED)

1527 CONTINUED:

1527

AMANDA

No one said it wasn't. And Crimmins
is expecting one.

Suddenly a shrill POLICE WHISTLE cuts the air.

FITZCAIRN

Cops.

They scramble into the Ford, all three fighting for the wheel.
MacLeod wins.

ON THE CAR

as MacLeod hits the gas, and the small car screams off into
the pea soup fog of a London night, as POLICE WHISTLES sound
in the distance.

1528 EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - 1950 - NIGHT - (STOCK)

1528

Stock footage of the old Z-CARS with clanging bells -- seen
in all the old British Detective films -- race out of the
Scotland Yard forecourt and into the night.

1529 INT. COUNTRY INN - PUB - 1950 - NEXT EVENING (BOXING DAY)

1529

CLOSE - A NEWSPAPER

a composite indenti-sketch of AMANDA. It's not very
flattering.

AMANDA (O.S.)

(grousing)

I'm much prettier than this.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

MACLEOD, AMANDA AND FITZCAIRN

huddled in a corner, looking at the paper.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Don't you think I'm prettier than
this? The eyes are too close
together. The nose is all wrong.

MACLEOD

Amanda, as long as it doesn't look
like you, we'll be okay.

(frowns)

But they got the license number.

They glance around nervously -- the pub is almost deserted.
One CUSTOMER reading a paper. One or two others.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

Maybe we should leave the country
for a while.

MACLEOD

(beat)
What about the Stone?

AMANDA

What about it? Bernie Crimmins wants
his money or my head.

(beat)
I'm catching the night boat to
Algiers.

FITZCAIRN

I'm with you.
(off MacLeod's look)
What? I've done my bit. You've got
the Stone now.

MACLEOD

(beat)
Fine. You two pack up and start
moving out.

Amanda and Fitzcain rise. MacLeod isn't moving.

AMANDA

What about you?

MACLEOD

I'm staying.

Amanda shrugs and starts out with Fitzcain. As she does --

ANGLE - THE CUSTOMER

the one reading the paper. As Amanda and Fitzcain pass, he
lowers it: we see he is the "BUTLER" from Crimmins' club.

1530 EXT. COUNTRY INN - 1950 - NIGHT - LATER

1530

Amanda steps outside the inn, carrying a suitcase. As she
does --

THREE MEN

suddenly step from the shadows and grab her. Amanda
struggles, but it's useless.

AMANDA

Get your hands off! Who the hell do
you think you are?

(CONTINUED)

1530 CONTINUED:

1530

HARRY flashes an ID card.

HARRY
Scotland Yard, Miss.
(beat)
I must ask you accompany me to the
station house.

One of them snaps a pair of HANDCUFFS on her wrists.

AMANDA
I'm under arrest? On what charge?!

HARRY
(cold)
Treason.

And OFF Amanda's reaction --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

1531 EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - 1950 - DAY - TO ESTABLISH (STOCK) 1531

1532 INT. INTERVIEW AREA - SCOTLAND YARD - 1950 - DAY 1532

ON AMANDA

perched uncomfortably on a wooden chair, surrounded by the three Detectives, now wearing shirt-sleeves, ties loosened, grim looks.

AMANDA

I told you, I wasn't any where near the place on Christmas. I was out caroling.

Detective Harry leans closer.

HARRY

Luv, I don't think you quite understand the trouble you're in. Breaking into Westminster Abbey, stealing a national treasure...

AMANDA

(flip)
Really? Which Westminster Abbey would that be?

HARRY

The charge is treason against the state!

AMANDA

(feisty)
I suppose you have proof.

HARRY

The guard you drugged. Remember him? He remembers you. And he'll swear to it.

AMANDA

You call that proof?

HARRY

I know how it is, innocent young girl falls under the wrong influences.
(beat)
We know you were just being used by those two men. Give us the names... and you might not grow old in prison.

(CONTINUED)

1532 CONTINUED:

1532

AMANDA

You'd be surprised.

A CONSTABLE enters with a knock. He whispers in Harry's ear. Harry reacts with a scowl.

HARRY

What? No one knows she's here.

He turns to Amanda.

HARRY (CONT'D)

It seems you've been sprung.

(off Amanda's look)

Go on... you're free to go for now.

Amanda gets the BUZZ. She smiles and rises.

AMANDA

Next time, be a little more careful
who you pick up.

She stands up, preparing to leave --

AMANDA'S POV - THE WAITING AREA

where we see CRIMMINS and his two Bruisers all dressed up like they were going to a funeral. He smiles at her and waggles his fingers.

Amanda's smile wipes off. She suddenly sits down.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I've changed my mind.

(beat)

I want to talk about that deal now.

And OFF this --

1533 INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - 1950 - NIGHT

1533

A BED with two bodies rolling under the covers. Muffled GIGGLING, male and female is in progress.

Two bodies appear. One belongs to an undressed Fitzcainn. The other, an amply endowed barmaid wearing next to nothing.

FITZCAIRN

What are the three words you never
want to hear when making love?

BARMAID

I give up.

(CONTINUED)

1533 CONTINUED:

1533

FITZCAIRN

Honey, I'm home!

THE BEDROOM DOOR

smashes off its hinges -- and the three DETECTIVES charge into the room, surrounding the bed. They don't say anything. They don't need to.

FITZCAIRN

Whatever it is, you've got the wrong man! I'm not even a Scot! Why would I steal the Stone?

HARRY

Save it for the magistrate. Your partner turned you in.

FITZCAIRN

That bastard.
(beat)
Can I get my pants?

1534 EXT. MASON'S YARD - 1950 - DAWN

1534

MacLeod, covered in so much dust he looks like a Pillsbury doughboy, is rubbing at something with a rag, it looks like he's finished a long night's work. As he stands aside to see his handiwork, we see --

THE STONE OF SCONE

or what looks like it. He brushes away dust and steps back to appraise his handiwork.

HARRY

Duncan MacLeod, you're under arrest!

THE THREE DETECTIVES

are closing in behind him.

MACLEOD

You've got me.

MacLeod raises his hands. As one Detective steps forward with the cuffs

MACLEOD

knocks him over, leaps back over the Stone and tips it backwards, towards the Detectives.

(CONTINUED)

1534 CONTINUED:

1534

ON THE STONE

as in SLOW-MOTION it topples over, hits the floor and with a mighty crash -- SPLITS IN HALF.

THE DETECTIVES

stare in disbelief at the broken Stone.

HARRY

Oh no.

MacLeod turns, races out the back gate.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(recovering)

Stop! Stop in the name of the crown!

1535 INT. JAIL CELL - SCOTLAND YARD - 1950 - DAY

1535

Fitzcain and Amanda are in adjoining holding cells. Trying not to look at each other.

FITZCAIRN

Tell me, Miss Judas... did you sell MacLeod out, too? Did you get a package deal for the two of us?

AMANDA

I didn't have any choice. Crimmins was waiting for me.

(beat)

I had to make the best of a bad deal.

BEAT -- Fitzcain puts his hand to his neck.

FITZCAIRN

Speaking of deals... what do you think they'll do to us?

AMANDA

The charge is treason.

(beat)

I figure it's sixty-forty we'll get the hangman.

FITZCAIRN

(beat)

Seventy-thirty.

AMANDA

You're on.

FITZCAIRN

For how much?

(CONTINUED)

1535 CONTINUED:

1535

AMANDA

Five thousand.

FITZCAIRN

You haven't got five thousand.

AMANDA

(insulted)

I'll give you a marker.

FITZCAIRN

Right...

AMANDA

(hurt)

I don't believe you don't trust me.

FITZCAIRN

Trust you!

1536 EXT. NUMBER 10 DOWNING - 1950 - ESTABLISHING - DAY (STOCK) 1536

The perpetual Bobby stands outside the door.

CHURCHILL (O.S.)

What do you suggest, MacLeod?

1537 INT. NUMBER 10 DOWNING STREET - 1950 - DAY 1537

MacLeod, dressed in a morning suit, holding a bowler in his hand, is making his pitch to WINSTON CHURCHILL. (We don't see him, just his fist holding a cigar behind a desk.)

MACLEOD

It's a sticky situation, Mr. Prime Minister. If the Scots learn of the Stone being broken, it'll give them a rallying cry.

CHURCHILL

Bad business.

MACLEOD

Not to mention the idea of thieves breaking into Westminster Abbey.

(beat)

I'd let this die a quiet death.

CHURCHILL

One can't cover up something of this magnitude. If the Press found out, they'd tear me apart.

(CONTINUED)

1537 CONTINUED:

1537

MACLEOD

Then use the Press, sir. Issue a
Press release.

(beat)

Tell them it was all a schoolboy
lark... and the Stone has been
returned by Scotland Yard.

CHURCHILL

I sense something more here than
love of King and Country, MacLeod.

MACLEOD

(squirming)

It's personal, sir.

CHURCHILL

(thoughtful)

It would be for the good of the
country.

MACLEOD

Exactly.

(beat)

And you do have the Stone back.

A pause while smoke rises from the bulldog's chair.

CHURCHILL

Good man, MacLeod. Your service was
invaluable to us during the great
war.

(beat)

And England repays her debts.

(firm)

I consider this one paid in full.

He reaches the chubby hand up to shake MacLeod's hand.

MACLEOD

Absolutely, Mr. Churchill.

And OFF this --

1538 EXT. STREET - NEAR SCOTLAND YARD - 1950 - DAY

1538

As Amanda and Fitzcainr approach, leaving the jail. They
get the BUZZ and see --

MACLEOD

standing at the curb, leaning against a car. Amanda runs to
him and throws her arms around him.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

You're a sight for sore eyes.

FITZCAIRN

How did you spring us?

MACLEOD

Don't ask.

He hands Amanda an envelope. She rips it open, smiles and takes out a LETTER and a CHECK.

FITZCAIRN

Our official pardon?

AMANDA

Better.

(beat)

The reward money for information leading to the recovery of the Stone.

Fitzcairn grins, starts to reach for it Amanda pulls it away.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I'm the one who ratted on you. It's mine.

FITZCAIRN

Yours!

MacLeod pulls it away from her.

MACLEOD

(to Fitz)

If you hadn't cheated in the first place, none of this ever would have happened.

FITZCAIRN

I don't think I heard you correctly. Did you just call me a cheat?

AMANDA

Sounded like it to me.

She takes the money from MacLeod.

FITZCAIRN

Nobody calls me a cheat.

MACLEOD

You're a cheat.

FITZCAIRN

I demand satisfaction!

(CONTINUED)

1538 CONTINUED: (2)

1538

MACLEOD

And you shall have it. Tomorrow at
dawn!

Fitzcairn stomps off. MacLeod calls after him.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Fitzcairn!
(as he turns back)
No mulligans.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

1539 EXT. GOLF COURSE - SCOTLAND - 1950 - DAY

1539

Amanda is teeing up, MacLeod is nearby with his club arguing with Amanda. Fitzcairn sits behind them on a rock, watching, as Amanda's about to swing.

FITZCAIRN

What's wrong with hustling golf? We could make a bloody fortune with me as your coach.

Amanda drives the ball down the center of the fairway. MacLeod approaches the tee.

MACLEOD

She doesn't need a coach, Fitz.

FITZCAIRN

Are you serious? Everyone needs a coach, especially you.

MACLEOD

Really.

FITZCAIRN

Look at that grip.

MACLEOD

There is nothing wrong with my grip.

MacLeod hits the ball and blasts it down the fairway.

Fitzcairn steps up with his club, starts demonstrating.

FITZCAIRN

See? If you get the hands right, slow the backswing down, the follow-through comes easily.

Smiling, Amanda moves over to MacLeod -- and looks past him to the rock Fitzcairn just vacated where we see --

THE STONE OF SCONE

is now the bench by the first tee.

AMANDA

MacLeod, it's...

(CONTINUED)

1539 CONTINUED:

1539

MACLEOD

holds up a finger, shakes his head with a smile. This is their secret. He puts his arm around her, just as Fitzcairn follows through on his swing.

FITZCAIRN
(pleased with himself)
Now that's how it's done.

He grabs his bag, and slings it over his shoulder.

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)
It may seem complicated, but, after all, it's a Scottish game.
(beat)
I'm sorry about the stone. We did our damndest.
(beat)
Maybe somethings aren't meant to be.

MACLEOD
You tried.

FITZCAIRN
I'll always feel I owe you something.
However long it takes, I'll make I
it up to you.

He starts down the fairway. Amanda smiles at MacLeod, and they follow. As they do --

AMANDA
Is it true that whoever sits on the Stone is the rightful ruler of Scotland?

FITZCAIRN
(shaking his head)
So they say.

And OFF MacLeod and Amanda's shared smiles as the three of them walk down the green --

PAN BACK to the Stone of Scone, as TWO OLD LADIES approach with their clubs and sit on the stone bench.

FADE OUT.

THE END