



HIGHLANDER

The Series

#97604
DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY

Written by
James Thorpe

Highlander

"DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY"

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Production #97604

August 14, 1997 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"Diplomatic Immunity"

Production #97604

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD

WILLIE KINGSLEY
EDWARD BANNER

STEVE BANNER
MOLLY IVERS

YOUNG MOLLY IVERS
SWINSON
SMYTHE

SECURITY GUARD
BUTLER

HIGHLANDER

"Diplomatic Immunity"

Production #97604

SET LIST

INTERIORS

BARGE

AMERICAN CONSUL GENERAL RESIDENCE

/OFFICE

/FOYER

/HALLWAY

/LIBRARY

ROLLS ROYCE

MERCEDES

EXTERIORS

BARGE

AMERICAN CONSUL GENERAL RESIDENCE

/MOTOR POOL

/GROUNDS

/FRONT GATE

/FRONT DOOR

EMBASSY

STREET

STREET - LONDON - 1969

/SIDE STREET - LONDON - 1969

PARK - LONDON - 1836

GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - LONDON - 1969

POLICE STATION

HIGHLANDER

"Diplomatic Immunity"

TEASER

FADE IN:

401 EXT. GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - LONDON - 1969 - DAY 401

Early afternoon in a genteel corner of London. An older gentleman, Mr. SWINSON, a young 50, exits an exclusive club. A young woman, not more than twenty and seductively dressed, is at his side.

A DOORMAN holds opens the door of a Rolls Royce. With a nod of thanks, Swinson and the girl get in. They pull away from the curb.

402 EXT. STREET - 1969 - CONTINUOUS 402

Swinson drives off, rounds a corner down a side street.

403 INT. ROLLS ROYCE - CONTINUOUS 403

SWINSON' POV - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

from out of nowhere, a man (WILLIE KINGSLEY) suddenly looms up in front of him. Dressed in a baby-blue, bell-bottomed polyester suit, Willie's head snaps around at the sound of the car.

SWINSON

gasps, floors the brakes on the two ton Rolls. Too late.

THWUNK!

404 EXT. SIDE STREET - LONDON - 1969 - CONTINUOUS 404

Willie bounces up off the hood and comes crashing down in a heap. He rolls into the gutter.

A pretty young woman, YOUNG MOLLY IVERS (23), runs up, shouting in a thick cockney accent.

YOUNG MOLLY

Oh, my Gawd!

Dressed in a hot pink blouse and canary yellow mini skirt, she totters over to the body on clog heels.

YOUNG MOLLY (CONT'D)

No, please Gawd, no!

(CONTINUED)

A shaken Swinson gets out of his Rolls, rushes over to where Molly kneels beside the motionless Willie.

SWINSON
I didn't see him!

YOUNG MOLLY
Me Willie!

Molly cradles Willie's head in her lap, sobbing.

YOUNG MOLLY (CONT'D)
You've killed me darlin' Willie!
Why didn't you look where you was
going!?

SWINSON
He came out of nowhere!

He breaks out in a sweat, glances anxiously up and down the street. Molly rocks back forth, nearly hysterical with grief.

YOUNG MOLLY
Now I'm all alone in the world. No
husband. No insurance.

She casts pathetic tear-soaked eyes toward Swinson.

YOUNG MOLLY (CONT'D)
(forlorn)
And the kids! The poor, little
dears'll be beggin' in the street
for scraps of food.

SWINSON
I wasn't even going that quickly.

YOUNG MOLLY
Bloody hell! You killed the only
man I ever loved. I'm sure that'll
be good enough for the police.

SWINSON
Police?

YOUNG MOLLY
Straight on. You're a murderer,
ain't ya?

Swinson blanches. He looks in the car to the young woman. Then he checks the street again. Deserted. He clears his throat.

SWINSON

Obviously, madame, I realize mere money could never take the place of a loved one...

He takes out a pen and his check book.

YOUNG MOLLY

What you think ya doin', there?

SWINSON

What's your name?

YOUNG MOLLY

Molly. Molly Ivers.

SWINSON

You see, Molly, I'd rather not involve the Police.

She peers over his shoulder as he writes a check.

YOUNG MOLLY

(re: check)

You putting me on? For a man like me darlin' Willie. That's an insult, that is.

Swinson's heart sinks. He sighs resignedly.

SWINSON

Yes. Quite correct, of course. I'm sorry for suggesting such a thing.

He starts to put the check book away, when Molly's hand shoots out, grabs his arm.

YOUNG MOLLY

Now... if you could see your way to adding another zero on the end, there...

SWINSON

(hesitant)

That's a lot of money.

Molly sniffs back her tears, humbly agrees.

YOUNG MOLLY

You're right. Proper thing, let the police handle it. Make the whole mess public, like.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG MOLLY (CONT'D)

Blokes such as yourself, prob'ly
used to seein' your name plastered
all over the papers.

(beat)

You and your daughter in the car.

Swinson chokes, his face white as a sheet. He quickly scrawls
another check, tears it off and hands it to Molly.

YOUNG MOLLY (CONT'D)

(looks at check)

I knew you was a good 'un when I saw
you.

SWINSON

No police, then?

Molly fingers the check.

YOUNG MOLLY

No need to now, sir. Be a proper
funeral for me Willie. Gawd bless
you, sir. I thank you from the bottom
of me heart.

Swinson hurriedly backtracks to his Rolls.

YOUNG MOLLY (CONT'D)

And me little ones thank you, too.

He gets in and drives off.

Molly stands by the body of the dead man, watching the Rolls
disappear around the corner.

ON THE BODY

He COUGHS. His eyelids flutter.

HIS POV

A CHECK floats into focus in front of his face.

He grins deliciously up at Molly.

WILLIE

Oooooh... well done, my dear.

He is an Immortal, WILLIE KINGSLEY. Handsome, charming --
an impish rogue with a cunning wit and a tender heart.

Molly smiles as she help him to his feet, her cockney now
vanished.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG MOLLY

(modestly)

All in a day's.

WILLIE

You're too modest for your own good,
m'girl.

YOUNG MOLLY

(with a giggle)

I was good, wasn't I?

Willie plants a quick kiss on her cheek.

WILLIE

You're the best. And you're gonna
get even better.

(taking the check
from her)

This is a bit more lucrative than
liftin' a man's leather in the tube
stop at Picadilly, wouldn't you say,
luv?

YOUNG MOLLY

(gazing at the check)

I never seen that many zeroes all in
one place before. You're a bloody
genius.

Molly affectionately knocks the dust from his jacket.

YOUNG MOLLY (CONT'D)

Fancy a cuppa?

Willie grins impishly, puts his arm around her shoulders.

WILLIE

Come now, luv. Think we've earned
something a bit stronger than that.

(pocketing the check)

And afterwards, maybe a spot of
shopping on Carnaby street for my
best girl.

Molly's face lights up a thousand watts.

YOUNG MOLLY

(excited)

Carnaby Street? Really?

(as they start to
stroll down the street)

I'd fancy a new mini.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

404 CONTINUED: (5)

404

YOUNG MOLLY (CONT'D)

And maybe a new pair a boots -- those
posh white ones, comes up to me
thighs.

(beat, concerned)

You think I got the legs for 'em?

And off Willie's look of love as Molly chatters away --

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

405 EXT. EMBASSY - PARIS - THE PRESENT - DAY

405

Limos litter the curb outside an EMBASSY. The MUFFLED DIN of a civilized garden party in progress spills out into the street.

The front door opens and a dapperly dressed Duncan MacLeod steps outside.

An older gentleman follows him out -- American Consul General EDWARD BANNER. A kind face, if a little tired. Edward has the board room complexion of a career diplomat, and the world weary eyes to match. He YAWNS.

MACLEOD

Calling it a day, Edward?

EDWARD

Afraid so, Duncan. One more boring speech and I'd fall asleep standing up.

MACLEOD

All part of the job for the Consul General.

EDWARD

Between you and me, it's the worst part. Glad-handing, small talk, flattering the wives of foreign dignitaries... Not quite the battle for world peace I thought I'd be fighting when I joined the Foreign Service.

(beat)

Good to see a friendly face, though.

He clasps MacLeod's hand warmly.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

We should meet for lunch. Next week, perhaps?

MACLEOD

Sooner, if you'd like.

(beat)

Is something troubling you, Edward?

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD

(wry smile)

Sometimes I just wonder if the life
I'm living is worth the life I'm
living, if you know what I mean?

(off MacLeod's
understanding nod)

And sometimes it's nice to be able
to talk to someone who isn't playing
the diplomacy game.

MACLEOD

Any time, Edward. You know that.

EDWARD

I'll call you next week.

They part. MacLeod moves off down the street. As he
approaches the corner, he gets the BUZZ.

Before he can react, he HEARS a sickening THUNK. Then a
woman's SCREAM.

MOLLY (O.S.)

Oh, my Gawd!

MacLeod runs around the corner to see --

WILLIE

Prostrate in the street in front of a Mercedes with a dented
grille.

MOLLY IVERS rushes up to the body.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

My husband!

Even though Molly's changed -- twenty-nine years older now --
the scam's still the same. With tears streaming down her
face, she turns to the distraught DRIVER as he gets out of
his Mercedes.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You've killed my husband!

MACLEOD

rolls his eyes in exasperation.

MACLEOD

I don't believe it.

He walks over, puts up a hand to reassure the Driver.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

It's okay. He's not dead.

At that, Molly's head snaps up.

MOLLY

What do you mean, he's not dead!?
Look at him.

MacLeod bends down, hoists Willie's body up to a semi-standing position. An outraged Molly punches MacLeod repeatedly on the shoulder.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Put him down! He's dead, I tell
you.

The Mercedes Driver's head swivels back and forth between the two of them. Struggling under the dead weight, MacLeod grimaces --

MACLEOD

He'll be alright.

MOLLY

Let him be!

Willie begins to COUGH awake.

MACLEOD

See? He's fine.
(to driver)
It's okay, sir. Just get back in
your car and drive away.

The Driver accepts his good fortune with a shrug of his shoulders. He gets back in the Mercedes and drives off. An irate Molly turns her wrath on MacLeod.

MOLLY

I'm calling the police!

MACLEOD

(smirks)
I don't think so.

WILLIE

blinks his eyes. He's woken up in someone's arms. He turns to look up into

MACLEOD'S SMIRKING FACE

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Oh, no.

(CONTINUED)

405 CONTINUED: (3)

405

MacLeod pushes him up on his own two feet.

MACLEOD

Fine way to greet an old friend.

Willie swivels back to Molly.

WILLIE

Tell me he didn't, pet.

(off Molly's nod)

Damn you, MacLeod. You always were too noble for my own good.

TRANSITION TO:

406 EXT. PARK - LONDON - 1836 - DAY

406

MacLeod walks through the park, enjoying the fine day.

BUZZ

Curious, he moves toward it, and emerges into a

CLEARING

where preparations for a DUEL are underway.

Willie and another man, the portly SMYTHE, are the obvious opponents. Smythe and his SECOND confer in hushed tones. Willie and MacLeod lock eyes. Willie smiles his most beguiling smile.

WILLIE

Ah, MacLeod, my good friend. Lovely day to die, wouldn't you say?

MACLEOD

(calls to Smythe)

A moment with your opponent, sir.

Smythe nods his acquiescence.

WILLIE

(impatient)

If you don't mind. This is a personal matter.

MACLEOD

What are you up to now, Willie?

WILLIE

What does it look like?

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

Don't you think you have an unfair advantage?

WILLIE

We shall both have pistols.

MacLeod scowls his displeasure.

MACLEOD

You're an Immortal, Willie.

WILLIE

Piffle. He challenged me. And if you must know, I have no intention of killing him. In fact, I want to lose. C'mon, trust me, mate.

MacLeod's obviously not buying it.

MACLEOD

I'll tell you one thing, mate
(indicating Smythe)
Kill him and this won't be your last duel today.

Willie smiles a broad, beatific smile.

WILLIE

Understood.

But suddenly, all cheer is gone from his voice. His eyes go black, his tone turns to icy resolve.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

And understand this, MacLeod. This matter doesn't concern you.
(beat)

You interfere at your own peril.

MacLeod nods brusquely, acknowledges the conditions.

A BEAT. Then Willie's voice and eyes brighten, happy once again.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Grand! Absolutely grand! You shall act as my Second.

He claps MacLeod on the back and the two of them stride into position on the field.

MacLeod picks up a box, opens it. Inside, two PISTOLS repose on red velvet. He offers the first choice of weapon to the challenged, Willie.

(CONTINUED)

406 CONTINUED: (2)

406

Willie cheerfully selects his pistol. Smythe gravely takes the remaining one. The two combatants assume the position -- standing back to back, pistols at their sides.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

We have the honor of the count.

MACLEOD

Very well.

(to Smythe)

I take it a reconciliation is out of the question?

SMYTHE

My honor has been besmirched. I shall have satisfaction.

MacLeod looks to Willie. Willie shrugs as if to say, "what are ya gonna do?"

MACLEOD

Then prepare yourselves, gentlemen.

On the count of ten.

(beat)

One - two - three --

Willie and Smythe step it out.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Four - five - six --

SMYTHE

sets his jaw grimly.

MACLEOD

Seven - eight - nine --

WILLIE

winks broadly at MacLeod.

MACLEOD

Ten!

The duelists turn and face each other.

WILLIE

shoots first.

BANG! His shot goes wild, taking the hat off a nearby Spectator.

(CONTINUED)

406 CONTINUED: (3)

406

WILLIE

gasps, dramatically crestfallen. He tosses MacLeod a knowing glance.

MACLEOD

realizes it was an intentional miss, looks across to

SMYTHE

whose expression is grave. He knows victory is his.

WILLIE

braces himself, bravely puffs his chest out ready to accept his fate.

SMYTHE

takes deadly aim, shoots.

BANG!

WILLIE

is hit in the chest. He clutches his heart tragically. His arms stretch heavenward, his face rapturous in its final death agony.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Ahhh! This veil of life has been
lifted at last!

MACLEOD

rolls his eyes, impatient with the performance.

WILLIE

gasps once, twice... three times, and falls limp.

SMYTHE

speaks soberly, moved by the spectacle before him.

SMYTHE (CONT'D)

Many a man I've seen face death.
But none so nobly as your friend.

MACLEOD

(wryly)
Yes, there aren't many like him.

(CONTINUED)

406 CONTINUED: (4)

406

A final bow of respect for his dead combatant, and Smythe and his Second leave the field.

MacLeod looks down at dead Willie, shaking his head in amazement.

407 EXT. PARK - 1836 - MOMENTS LATER

407

Willie COUGHS and SPUTTERS back to life. He sits up, notices MacLeod leaning against a tree watching him. He grins broadly.

WILLIE

Decent of you to wait, MacLeod.

MACLEOD

I wouldn't have missed this story for the world.

Willie gets to his feet, dusts off his clothes. He fingers the bloody hole in his shirt, clicks his tongue with disapproval.

WILLIE

First things first.

Willie reaches around the tree trunk and fetches a package wrapped in brown paper. A curious MacLeod watches him unwrap the package -- inside, a freshly starched SHIRT.

MACLEOD

(rolls eyes)
Unbelievable.

Willie interprets that as a compliment, graciously bows his thanks.

WILLIE

It's amazing what a man will do for a hundred thousand pounds.

MACLEOD

Come again.

Willie explains as he changes his shirt.

WILLIE

My illustrious opponent, Smythe, and meself are partners --

MACLEOD

Were partners.

(CONTINUED)

407 CONTINUED:

407

WILLIE

Correct. Were partners in a trading company. Well, wonder of wonders, if Smythe didn't happen to notice a shortage in the coffers.

MACLEOD

(nodding sagely)

A hundred thousand pounds?

WILLIE

Exactly! See, MacLeod. You and me. Great minds and all that.

(off MacLeod's look)

Anyway, Smythe confronted me, and, being an honest man by nature...

MACLEOD

Hah!

WILLIE

I found myself in the unenviable position of having to admit the truth.

Willie models his new shirt proudly, looks to MacLeod for approval, but finds him still frowning.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Be of good cheer, man! Smythe is an upper class bore. By killing me, he's restored his honor. At a hundred thousand pounds, he got off cheap. What's the problem? He's happy. I'm happy.

MACLEOD

You're a thief and an embezzler.

WILLIE

(with an edge)

It's a good thing you're a friend, MacLeod.

(checking his watch)

Look at the time! Must be off.

He puts his jacket back on, picks up his things.

MACLEOD

Where are you going?

WILLIE

Ship bound for the Americas. Greener pastures and all that.

(CONTINUED)

407 CONTINUED: (2)

407

MACLEOD

And it would be awkward if you ran
into Smythe.

WILLIE

That too... Thanks again for
everything.

He grabs MacLeod's hand, shakes it vigorously.

MACLEOD

(scowls)
Don't mention it.

With a parting salute, Willie trots off, leaving a perturbed
MacLeod in his wake.

TRANSITION TO:

408 INT. BARGE - THE PRESENT - DAY

408

Willie looks around the barge. He turns to MacLeod, eyes
twinkling.

WILLIE

Isn't this the setup?

MACLEOD

It's home.

WILLIE

Home and a slow getaway vehicle all
in one. Aren't we the sly one?

MACLEOD

Willie, you haven't changed a bit.

MacLeod pours champagne into Molly's extended glass.

MOLLY

Thank you.

He pours Willie's next. Willie checks out the label on the
champagne bottle, wrinkles his nose.

WILLIE

No Cristal?

MACLEOD

(sarcastic)
I'm so sorry. I didn't know I'd
find your dead body in the street.
Otherwise, I would've been more
prepared for a celebration.

(CONTINUED)

408 CONTINUED:

408

Molly punches Willie in the arm.

MOLLY
Don't be ungracious, dear.

MACLEOD
(to Molly)
What did you ever do to deserve him?

MOLLY
(smiles fondly)
Picked his pocket.

MACLEOD
You're kidding.

Willie throws a tender arm around her.

WILLIE
That's my girl.

MOLLY
Twenty-nine years ago.

WILLIE
In Blackpool.

MOLLY
Glasgow, dear.

WILLIE
Of course! Glasgow. Remember it
like it was yesterday. Sunny,
beautiful day.

MOLLY
(to MacLeod)
Poured rain.

MacLeod smiles as he watches them ping pong memories with
the comfortable rhythm of old lovers.

WILLIE
You were in white, like an angel.

MOLLY
I was in blue. You asked me to dance.

WILLIE
And you lifted my leather right from
under my nose.

MOLLY
(proudly)
Said I was the best you ever saw.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIE

That you were, dearie. Stole my
heart along with my wallet.

He gives her a tender kiss on the cheek. Molly blushes.

MOLLY

(to MacLeod)

See what you started, here?

MacLeod laughs goodnaturedly.

MACLEOD

More champagne, anyone?

WILLIE

See, my love? The man's generous to
a fault.

MacLeod knows where this is going.

MACLEOD

The answer is no... Not this time.

WILLIE

I haven't even asked you yet.

(beat)

It's strictly a loan.

MOLLY

Willie!

WILLIE

All right, all right, forget the
money.

(beat)

Wouldn't mind putting us up for a
few days, then, would you?

MacLeod's jaw drops.

MACLEOD

You want to stay here?!

Willie walks around the barge, surveys the layout.

WILLIE

A little Spartan for my taste, and
it would be a bit cramped, but I'm
sure we could manage.

MACLEOD

You think so?

(CONTINUED)

WILLIE

What's a little snoring between friends? Got enough hot water, have you? Long showers, you know.

(beat)

And breakfast. Still addicted to those bangers in the morning. Not an easy commodity to find in Paris, but I'm sure you'll manage.

MacLeod's eyes roll back in his head.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Fresh juice, not frozen, of course. Grilled tomatoes, mushrooms, coffee...

MACLEOD

(cracks)

Stop!

Willie pauses, turns innocently to MacLeod.

WILLIE

Something wrong, chappie?

MacLeod pulls out his wallet, takes out the contents -- a thick wad of francs.

MACLEOD

Here! Take the money.

MOLLY

Oh, no. We couldn't.

MacLeod advances on Willie, thrusts the money in hand.

MACLEOD

He could!

Willie looks over to Molly, shrugs helplessly.

WILLIE

Well, if you insist.

MACLEOD

I insist.

WILLIE

Anything for an old friend.

Willie smiles his most impish smile and pockets the money.

409 EXT. STREET - DAY

409

Edward Banner pulls up to the curb. He gets out and moves toward an open door. In the doorway stands an attractive French woman (think Simone Signoret at 42). They kiss lightly. She puts her arm around him and they go inside.

AT THE MERCEDES

A young American man, STEVE BANNER (24), casually but expensively dressed, approaches the car. He looks around nervously; he is edgy, a little strung out. He takes out a key and opens the car door.

410 EXT. STREET - DAY

410

Molly gently chastises Willie as they walk down the street.

MOLLY

Did you have to put the touch on MacLeod like that? We've already got scads.

WILLIE

(innocent)

You saw it! He practically forced the money on me. Besides, it's always good to stay in practice.

WILLIE'S POV - UP THE STREET

The black Mercedes turns the corner. Molly follows Willie's gaze, groans.

MOLLY

Oh, no. Not another one today.

WILLIE

C'mon. Be a luv.

MOLLY

Let's just go to the Riviera as planned.

WILLIE

(cajoles)

Ah, pet... I'll buy you one of those string bikinis for the beach.

Molly punches him in the arm.

MOLLY

You will not! Don't have the figure for that anymore, do I?

(CONTINUED)

410 CONTINUED: 410

Willie gives her a loving squeeze.

WILLIE

(tender)

In my eyes you do. You'll always be
that sweet young lass in Glasgow.

Molly sighs, she knows she can't resist him.

MOLLY

(wags finger)

Just this one more.

WILLIE

On my honor.

411 INT. MERCEDES - DAY 411

Steve Banner sits behind the wheel. He is fumbling with a small vial of cocaine as he is driving. He is not looking at the road. He doesn't see --

412 EXT. STREET - DAY 412

WILLIE

step out into the street.

413 INT. MERCEDES - DAY 413

Steve's eyes come up at the last moment. He jams on the breaks... too late.

414 EXT. STREET - DAY 414

WILLIE

bounces off the hood, lands in the street.

MOLLY

runs up, begins her routine.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Oh, my husband! My poor husband!

ON THE MERCEDES

Steve gets out and stares in shock at the dead man in front of his car.

STEVE

Where'd he come from?

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY

He's dead! You've killed him!

Molly looks back to the car, sizes up Steve.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Fancy car for such a young lad.

STEVE

(numbly)

It's... uh, it's not my car.

MOLLY

(clicks tongue)

Even worse. Not stolen, is it?

ON STEVE

As the reality of the situation begins to dawn, his eyes grow wide with panic and fright, darting up the street and down, desperately seeking escape. He hears Molly's voice coming to him as if through a dream...

MOLLY (O.S.)

Of course we'll have to report this
to the police...

Steve's eyes fall on a

BRICK

lying in the street.

Still that voice drones on...

MOLLY (O.S.)

Unless of course, you're rich...
Then we wouldn't have to tell anyone,
would we?

He's got to stop that voice. If he could just stop that voice, he could think! He'd know what to do.

In the blink of an eye, the brick is in his hand. He turns, strikes Molly on the head.

She falls down beside Willie, dead.

Steve, the coke racing through his brain, gazes in horror at the two bodies at his feet. He tosses the brick aside, looking furtively in both directions.

The street is still empty. No witnesses.

He jumps back into the Mercedes, puts it in gear.

(CONTINUED)

414 CONTINUED: (2)

414

ON WILLIE

As he COUGHS back to life. He opens his eyes to see

THE MERCEDES

head off down the street.

WILLIE

blinks, rubs his eyes, sits up.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

So, pet... how'd we do?

Suddenly, he notices Molly lying in the road.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Oh, dear God! No!

He whirls back toward the retreating Mercedes.

HIS POV - THE LICENSE PLATE

swims in and out of focus just before the car disappears around the corner.

Willie scoops Molly up in his arms.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

No, no, no! Please, wake up, pet.
Wake up!

His eyes fill with tears as he sits in the middle of the road cradling his dead wife in his arms.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

415 EXT. BARGE - DAY - ESTABLISHING 415

WILLIE (O.S.)

Are you crazy? I can't go to the
cops.

416 INT. BARGE - CONTINUOUS 416

Willie paces about with manic energy.

WILLIE

Wake up, boyo! You think they'll
give a damn about a small time crook
with a dead girlfriend?

Willie sits, all bluff and bluster gone.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

She was my life, MacLeod. Twenty-
nine years, not long by our
standards... but they were sure as
hell the best years of this rotten
scoundrel's life.

(beat)

She didn't deserve to die the way
she did.

MACLEOD

No, she didn't, Willie.

WILLIE

(beat)

Please help me. I can't do it myself.

MacLeod's moved by Willie's story. He puts a gentle hand on his shoulder. He nods.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

I got part of the license plate.

Couple numbers... a letter.

MacLeod measures him with a gaze.

MACLEOD

Whatever we find out, we let the law
deal with it.

Willie rises to his feet, protesting.

(CONTINUED)

416 CONTINUED:

416

WILLIE

Damn the law! Lived the last five hundred years without it. I don't need it now!

MACLEOD

If we find out who killed Molly...

WILLIE

(over him)

I kill him.

MACLEOD

No, Willie. We do it my way, or you're on your own.

WILLIE

You're a hard bastard, MacLeod.

MACLEOD

Your choice.

WILLIE

(not liking it)

Alright, alright. For Molly.

We'll try it your way.

(off MacLeod's nod)

For now.

417 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

417

MacLeod emerges from the Police Station, joins Willie who waits on the steps.

MACLEOD

Got it.

WILLIE

Incredible. When did you get so friendly with the cops?

MACLEOD

It's easy when you're not a career criminal.

WILLIE

Yeah, yeah. So give. Who owns the car?

MACLEOD

It's not a "who". It's a "what".

Willie scrunches his face up in confusion.

(CONTINUED)

417 CONTINUED:

417

WILLIE

Once more 'round, guv.

MACLEOD

The car is registered to the American
Embassy.

Willie throws up his hands in frustration.

WILLIE

Well, that's no good, is it? Could
be any one of a hundred people.

MacLeod hesitates for a moment. Then he sees the sad, forlorn
look in his friend's eyes. He decides to drop the other
shoe.

MACLEOD

I may know someone who can narrow it
down.

417A EXT. STREET - DAY

417A

MacLeod and Willie are on their way to the Consul General's
residence. They walk and talk.

WILLIE

How'd you get to be who you are,
MacLeod?

MACLEOD

And who am I, Willie?

WILLIE

Upstanding, live by the rules, die
by the rules, MacLeod. Death before
dishonor and all that, you know.

MACLEOD

How does anybody get to be who they
are? One day at a time.

WILLIE

(reflective)

Maybe if I'd have been raised to be
a clan chief... and you raised on
the docks by a family of thieves...
It might be me with friends on the
Police force.

MACLEOD

(trying to be polite)

Maybe.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

417A CONTINUED:

417A

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(beat)

I've done lots of things I'm not proud of.

WILLIE

But not for a living. And I bet they seemed right at the time.

(proudly)

I was born a scoundrel and I'll die one. Couldn't help myself if I wanted to.

MACLEOD

Con somebody else! I've seen too many people change to believe a word of it.

WILLIE

You always did see right through me, MacLeod. I'm not making excuses, mind you. I've had dozens of chances to leave the life.

MACLEOD

You don't leave the life because you don't want to.

WILLIE

And why should I?

MACLEOD

Because it killed Molly.

WILLIE

The life didn't kill Molly, some bastard did.

(beat)

She loved it as much as I do. Do you know what it's like to look in a mark's eyes and know you got 'em? That the hook is set so deep they've nowhere to go but into your pocket?

MacLeod's a little tired of it.

MACLEOD

Then they go home to their wife and explain how they just lost a year's pay or a college education for one of their kids.

(beat)

And don't tell me that you only steal from people who can afford it. You're not that careful.

(CONTINUED)

417A CONTINUED: (2)

417A

WILLIE
Nobody's perfect.

They walk on.

418 EXT. AMERICAN CONSUL GENERAL RESIDENCE - DAY

418

Iron gates surround a large estate. A large American flag flies overhead, a SECURITY GUARD at the gate.

419 INT. AMERICAN CONSUL GENERAL RESIDENCE - OFFICE DAY

419

Edward Banner sits behind his desk. MacLeod and Willie sit opposite.

EDWARD
I'm very sorry for your loss, Mr. Kingsley. But I'm not sure what I can do, Duncan.

MacLeod passes a piece of paper across the desk.

MACLEOD
I've traced a license plate to a car belonging to this embassy.

WILLIE
And whoever drove that car is a murdering bastard!

MacLeod clamps a restraining hand on Willie's shoulder.

Edward looks at the number, wrinkles his brow in confusion.

MACLEOD
Can you look up that number for us?

EDWARD
I don't need to.

MACLEOD
Why?

Edward glances up from the piece of paper.

EDWARD
This plate's from my car.

Not exactly what MacLeod expected to hear.

MACLEOD
Your car?

WILLIE
You!?

(CONTINUED)

419 CONTINUED:

419

MACLEOD

Hang on, Willie.

(to Edward)

Does anyone else have access to your
car?

Willie springs from his seat, advances on Edward's desk with clenched fists.

WILLIE

Where were you yesterday at four
o'clock?

MacLeod's right on him, grasps him firmly by the arm.

MACLEOD

I warned you!

Willie ignores him, presses forward with Edward, who recoils at the sight of the bug-eyed little imp.

WILLIE

I'm waiting for an answer! Where
were you?

MACLEOD

Willie, stop it!

WILLIE

Out bonking innocent women on the
head, by any chance?

Suddenly, all of Edward's friendly civility vanishes. He stiffens, cold.

Edward reaches under his desk.

INSERT - SECURITY BUTTON

His finger hits the security buzzer.

MacLeod finally manages to get Willie under restraint, pushing him in his chair.

MACLEOD

Now stay there.

EDWARD

My personal schedule is none of your
affair, sir.

WILLIE

Damn you! Murdering bastard!

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

Enough, Willie!

Willie turns on MacLeod, furious.

WILLIE

Let go of me!

ON OFFICE DOORS

As two SECURITY GUARDS enter, quickly appraise the situation and move to MacLeod and Willie.

WILLIE

Lookie here! Calling out your goon squad!? The actions of an innocent man!?

MACLEOD

Look, Edward. I'm really sorry about this. I'm sure there's some explanation.

EDWARD

I'm sure there is. But now you'll have to excuse me.

Edward signals the two Guards who pilot MacLeod and Willie out the door. Never one to go quietly, Willie screams at Edward over his shoulder.

WILLIE

Sorry if I seem a little upset! But murder puts me in a foul mood!

The Guards push them out and close the door behind them.

Edward stands at his desk, ashen, trembling, afraid.

420 EXT. AMERICAN CONSUL GENERAL RESIDENCE - DAY

420

Willie stalks back to Macleod's car.

WILLIE

That bastard's gonna die!

MacLeod brings up the rear, grabs Willie by the shoulder, spins him around.

MACLEOD

Hang on! We don't know anything for sure. All we have is a match from a partial plate.

(CONTINUED)

420 CONTINUED:

420

WILLIE
That's all I need.

Willie eyes focus on something over MacLeod's shoulder.

WILLIE'S POV

Several cars parked around the side of the house.

Including a black Mercedes.

WILLIE
What have we got here!?

He takes off toward --

421 EXT. AMERICAN CONSUL GENERAL RESIDENCE - MOTOR POOL - CONTINUOUS

421

Willie runs up to the tail end of the black Mercedes.

WILLIE
MacLeod!

MacLeod runs up to join him. He checks the LICENSE PLATE.

WILLIE (CONT'D)
This is it.

They move to the front of the Mercedes, inspect the hood.

WILLIE (CONT'D)
But there are no dents.
(bends down)
Not even the bumper.

MacLeod gets down, peeks under the front bumper.

MACLEOD'S POV - UNDER THE BUMPER

He fingers some fresh dimples in the back of the bumper.

MacLeod stands up.

MACLEOD
Been hammered out recently.

WILLIE
I knew it!

He starts to take off in the direction of the main house.
MacLeod hauls him roughly back.

MACLEOD
Oh, no!

(CONTINUED)

421 CONTINUED:

421

WILLIE

Friend or not, I'm gonna string that
yobo up by the short hairs!

Willie struggles under MacLeod's iron grip.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Let me go!

MacLeod pulls him up close to his face.

MACLEOD

I said I would handle this.
(gritted teeth)
I - meant - it.

Willie nods slowly.

WILLIE

I won't say a word. I'll just stand
there. Quiet as a church mouse.

MACLEOD

(shakes head)
Wrong. You're going back to the
barge. Wait for me there.

WILLIE

But...

MACLEOD

No buts.

WILLIE

But...

MACLEOD

(firmly)
Case closed.

WILLIE

(equally firm)
Only for the moment, Duncan. Only
for the moment.

Willie turns on his heels, storms off.

422 EXT. AMERICAN CONSUL GENERAL RESIDENCE - GROUNDS - DAY

422

Edward walks through the residence gardens. He wears
gardening gloves as he tends to several rose bushes. MacLeod
is at his side.

(CONTINUED)

422 CONTINUED:

422

EDWARD

Are you accusing
Me of murder, Duncan?

MACLEOD

No one's accusing anybody.
(beat)
What would you do, Edward? There's
an eyewitness, the plates match,
there's new body work... ?

The unfinished sentence hangs ominously in the air.

EDWARD

I see.

He stops at a rose bush, plucks a bug off a leaf.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Aphids. Just when you think you've
gotten rid of them all.

He notices MacLeod is still waiting for an answer.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

And if I could provide an alibi for
that afternoon?

MACLEOD

It would help.

Edward takes a serious BEAT, then...

EDWARD

Did you know I have a chance at the
Ambassadorship?

MACLEOD

Congratulations.

EDWARD

After forty years of living in someone
else's shadow.

MacLeod turns an inquiring eye toward Edward. Where's all
this leading?

EDWARD (CONT'D)

(sighs)
I was with a woman, Duncan.

MACLEOD

A woman?

(CONTINUED)

422 CONTINUED: (2)

422

EDWARD

Mistress.

(beat)

In three days I come up before the
Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

MACLEOD

And any hint of scandal would kill
your chance of confirmation.

Edward writes down a number.

EDWARD

You can call her if you like.

That should satisfy MacLeod. But it doesn't. He looks
appraisingly at Edward, senses his friend is still holding
something back.

MACLEOD

Edward, someone killed Molly. Someone
using your car.

Edward bends before another rose bush. He pulls off some
dead leaves, his glove snags on a THORN.

EDWARD

Intriguing, isn't it? That something
so beautiful should have thorns. I
often wonder why that is.

MACLEOD

(beat)

What aren't you telling me?

Edward doesn't meet his eyes. Finally, he shakes his head.

EDWARD

There's nothing else.

423 INT. AMERICAN CONSUL GENERAL RESIDENCE - OFFICE - DAY

423

Edward rummages in his desk drawer, looking for something.

A KNOCK on the door and Steve Banner, his son, enters.

STEVE

You wanted me?

Edward looks up from the drawer.

EDWARD

The spare key. To the Mercedes.

(CONTINUED)

423 CONTINUED:

423

STEVE

So?

EDWARD

I can't find it.

STEVE

What about it?

Edward levels his gaze at his son.

EDWARD

Did you borrow it?

STEVE

You mean did I steal it?

EDWARD

Steve --

STEVE

Same old crap. Something's gone, I took it. Money's missing, I stole it. Can't cut me any slack, can you? Not for one goddamned second!

Edward recognizes the tone of over-reaction. He crosses slowly to his son.

EDWARD

Steve. Did you borrow the car yesterday?

STEVE

(defiant)

No.

EDWARD

This isn't like the other times, son. Stealing a car, joyriding around town. This is serious. Did you take the Mercedes?

STEVE

How the hell could I? You used it to visit your whore!

Edward reacts. Exploiting his upper hand, Steve twists the knife.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Yeah. I know. Everybody knows. Except Mom. So don't try and lecture me.

(CONTINUED)

423 CONTINUED: (2)

423

But Steve's anger is just a smokescreen. And Edward knows it. He meets his son's defiant gaze.

EDWARD

(quietly)

Son, did you kill anybody? If you did, I have to know.

STEVE

You have to know everything. Who I see, what I do, when I take a leak! Never give me a second to breathe!

Edward ignores the rants, presses forward deliberately.

EDWARD

Did you kill that woman?

STEVE

No! There!? You happy!?

EDWARD

(evenly)

Did you take a rock and bash her skull in?

STEVE

Get off my back!

With each denial, Edward grows dreadfully more sure of the truth.

EDWARD

Is my son a cold-blooded murderer?

STEVE

You'd like that, wouldn't you? Dear dad, the martyr.

(mocking)

Poor Edward... such a nice man... shame his son never turned out... I hear he stole a car... why he even does drugs... shameful!

Edward turns away, emotionally spent, disgusted.

EDWARD

Enough! Get out of my sight.

Steve turns to leave, pauses with one hand on the doorknob. His conscience is gnawing at him. He softens, starts to reconsider.

STEVE

Dad...

(CONTINUED)

423 CONTINUED: (3)

423

Edward doesn't look up. His voice is cold, quiet.

EDWARD

I said get out.

STEVE

(stiffens)

Doesn't matter if I killed her or not.

(one last twist)

Thanks to you, daddy, I have diplomatic immunity.

And he slams the door behind him, leaving a grey-faced Edward grasping his desk for support.

424 EXT. BARGE - LATE AFTERNOON

424

MacLeod walks up the gangplank toward Willie, who pounces immediately.

WILLIE

Well? Cop to it!

MACLEOD

Edward's innocent.

WILLIE

Just like that?

MACLEOD

He has an alibi.

WILLIE

Why? Because he told you he did?
How do you know he didn't set it up?

MACLEOD

I believe him.

WILLIE

I don't.

Willie paces the barge like a caged animal.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Not everyone is blessed with your damn code of ethics... or honor... or whatever the hell it is.

He turns on his heels and storms off down the gangplank.

MACLEOD

Willie, we'll find the truth.

(CONTINUED)

424 CONTINUED:

424

WILLIE

Back off, MacLeod! We already have.

A worried MacLeod watches as Willie thunders off.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

425 EXT. AMERICAN CONSUL GENERAL RESIDENCE - FRONT GATE - LATE 425
AFTERNOON

A VAN with the logo, "FLUSHED WITH PRIDE" emblazoned on the side, pulls up to the front gate.

The Security Guard leaves his hut and approaches. Willie leans his head out the window, calls.

WILLIE
Plumbing emergency.

SECURITY GUARD
First I heard about it.

WILLIE
Just happened. Toilet. Second floor
master. Not very pretty.
(re: locked gate)
Do you mind?

The Security Guard shakes his head.

SECURITY GUARD
Gotta check first.

Willie shrugs with typical working class ennui.

WILLIE
Your call. But you-know-who's not
gonna be happy about you-know-what.

He wrinkles his nose in distaste.

The Security Guard steps back, reaches inside his hut and withdraws a clipboard. He runs a finger down a list of names when, suddenly, he drops the clipboard. It falls to the ground... followed quickly by the Guard himself, unconscious.

WILLIE

stands behind him, sober-faced, a WRENCH in hand.

He reaches into the hut

INSERT - GATE RELEASE

and presses the gate release button.

(CONTINUED)

425 CONTINUED: 425

THE IRON GATES

swing ponderously open. Willie jumps back in the van and drives on through.

426 EXT. AMERICAN CONSUL GENERAL RESIDENCE - FRONT DOOR - LATE AFTERNOON 426

Dressed in plumber's overalls and carrying a toolbox, Willie rings the doorbell. A BUTLER opens the door.

BUTLER

May I help you, sir?

WILLIE

On the contrary, I'm here to help you.

BUTLER

Begging your pardon?

Willie indicates the logo on his uniform, beams proudly.

WILLIE

We rush so you can flush. That's our motto.

He pushes his way past the gaping Butler and into --

427 INT. AMERICAN CONSUL GENERAL RESIDENCE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS 427

The Butler's about to protest when --

THWAP!

He's struck on the head by the wrench. He falls in a heap. Willie drags him into a nearby closet.

ON TOOL BOX

as Willie opens it. Inside, among the wrenches and screwdrivers lies a SILENCED AUTOMATIC.

428 INT. AMERICAN CONSUL GENERAL RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 428

Willie walks stealthily down a hallway, senses alert, gun drawn. He HEARS a MURMURED VOICE, moves toward it.

AT THE OFFICE DOORWAY

he pauses, looks in.

(CONTINUED)

428 CONTINUED:

428

WILLIE'S POV

Edward is just finishing a telephone call.

EDWARD

Thank you, Duncan. We'll keep an
eye out.

As if sensing someone, he turns around suddenly.

REVERSE ANGLE

Willie stands in the office doorway, gun aimed directly at
Edward's heart.

EDWARD

gasps, staggers back against his desk.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

No! Don't!

BANG!

WILLIE'S EYES

go wide.

THE GUN

drops from his hand.

WILLIE

falls to the floor, dead, revealing the Security Guard who
stands behind him, smoking gun in hand.

EDWARD

trembles uncontrollably, unable to catch his breath.

429 INT. AMERICAN CONSUL GENERAL RESIDENCE - FOYER - THE NEXT DAY 429

The Butler shows MacLeod in the front door.

BUTLER

Consul General Banner will be with
you shortly.

MacLeod nods his thanks as --

MACLEOD'S POV

Steve walks out of the library.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

Steve?

Steve does a bad job of pretending not to hear him. So MacLeod intercepts, tries again.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Yeah, thought it was you.

STEVE

(faux surprise)

Oh, yeah. Hi, Duncan. I'll see you later.

MACLEOD

Heard you had a bit of excitement.

Steve's pupils dilate, he fidgets under MacLeod's steady gaze.

STEVE

Yeah, yeah. Some lunatic got shot.
(nervously)
I gotta go.

He starts to move away, but his nervousness has piqued Mac's interest.

MACLEOD

What's your hurry?

STEVE

I gotta get ready... I'm leaving.
(not meeting his eyes)
Dad's sending me home. I gotta pack.
Got things to do.

MACLEOD

Why?

STEVE

You know the old man. Once he gets an idea in his head...

Steve can't meet MacLeod's gaze. He's about to jump out of his skin.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I gotta go. Gotta go.

MACLEOD

Okay, no problem. Good to see you.

STEVE

Yeah, yeah. Yeah... see you.

(CONTINUED)

429 CONTINUED: (2) 429

Steve beats a hasty retreat down the hall, away from a thoughtful MacLeod.

430 INT. AMERICAN CONSUL GENERAL RESIDENCE - OFFICE - LATER 430

Edward stands by a portable bar. He holds a bottle of scotch, gestures to MacLeod, who shakes his head.

MACLEOD

Little early in the day for that,
don't you think?

Edward gulps the shot in his hand like a man dying from thirst.

EDWARD

Is it?

His trembling hands and ashen complexion don't escape MacLeod's notice.

MACLEOD

Saw Steve in the hall.

Edward remains silent, his gaze riveted on his empty glass.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Kid looked a bit... oh, strung out.

EDWARD

Understandable, I suppose. His father
was almost murdered.

MACLEOD

(beat)

Why are you suddenly sending him
home, Edward?

Edward sighs heavily, turns his tortured eyes to face MacLeod.

EDWARD

(beat)

You know why, don't you?

MACLEOD

Yes.

Edward feels blindly for a chair, sits down. He suddenly looks twenty years older.

EDWARD

My son has done a terrible thing.

(beat)

That poor man's wife.

(CONTINUED)

430 CONTINUED:

430

He hesitates, as if speaking the deed aloud will grant it being.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

And now he's dead, too.

MacLeod feels for his old friend, but larger matters are at stake here.

MACLEOD

Sending Steve away won't solve anything.

EDWARD

You think that was an easy decision?

MACLEOD

No, I'm sure it wasn't.

EDWARD

Is there anybody... did your friend have family? I want to help any way I can. If they need anything... money? Whatever they need.

MACLEOD

Edward, what the family needs is justice.

EDWARD

Justice. Yes, of course. To do the right thing. That's what we all want, isn't it?

Edward gets to his feet wearily, gestures to MacLeod.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Walk with me, my friend.

431 EXT. AMERICAN CONSUL GENERAL RESIDENCE - GROUNDS - LATER

431

MacLeod and Edward walk and talk in the garden.

EDWARD

I've always tried to do the right thing.

(beat)

The life of a career diplomat... not as glamorous as it sounds. Always traveling. A different country every few years. It's been hard on us all.

(beat)

But especially hard on Steve.

(CONTINUED)

431 CONTINUED: 431

INTERCUT:

432 OUTSIDE WALL - CONTINUOUS 432

As Willie scales the wall of the neighboring estate, a KNAPSACK on his back.

EDWARD

stops to pluck a dead bloom from a rose bush.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Do you know how many times I saw him
the first three years of his life?

(beat)

Five times... Five times in three
years.

(beat)

I was a stranger in my own home. By
the time he got to know me, I was
gone again. It was worse when he
came with me. He was the diplomat's
son. The boy who was expected to
fit in everywhere -- and wound up
fitting in nowhere.

MACLEOD

He's not the first, Edward.

(beat)

You did the best you could.

EDWARD

Did I?

(beat)

Take it from me. When your kid is
on drugs, the only thing that matters
to a father is... he failed.

MACLEOD

But you didn't kill an innocent woman.

EDWARD

Might as well have. Steve used the
embassy car that day to go buy drugs.

Now MacLeod understands.

MACLEOD

He knew it wouldn't be stopped or
searched.

(CONTINUED)

432 CONTINUED:

432

EDWARD

(nods)

So you see, I can't help feeling
that somehow I was behind the wheel
myself.

ON WILLIE

as he jumps from the top of the wall into the branches of a
tree.

He climbs high in the tree, positioning himself on a broad,
sturdy branch.

ON MACLEOD

as he takes Edward firmly by the shoulder.

MACLEOD

You can't prepare him for life and
shield him from it at the same time.
He's twenty-four years old. You're
not responsible for Steve's actions.
Steve is.

EDWARD

I can't do what you want.

MACLEOD

It's not about what I want, Edward.
It's about what's right, what's just.

EDWARD

Easier said than done, Duncan.

MACLEOD

I didn't say it was easy.

ON WILLIE

as he unzips his knapsack. He withdraws a SNIPER'S RIFLE
with scope and silencer.

EDWARD

(agonized)

How can I send my own son to prison,
when I have the power to just send
him home?

Willie raises the rifle, takes aim.

HIS POV - SCOPE CROSS-HAIR MATTE

MacLeod and Edward stroll through the garden, deep in
discussion.

(CONTINUED)

432 CONTINUED: (2)

432

BACK TO SCENE

MACLEOD

Not many men are strong enough to
live with murder.

(beat)

Is he? Are you, Edward?

ON MACLEOD

as he wanders into BUZZ range. He senses it, tenses.

MACLEOD

Willie!

EDWARD

(confused)

What?

MACLEOD

scans the immediate area quickly... no Willie. But they're
out in the open, completely unprotected. He shoves Edward
toward the house, shouts --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Run! Go!

Edward has no idea what the hell's going on.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Go! Get inside!

EDWARD

turns to go.

MACLEOD

feels something whistle past his head. EDWARD gasps.

MACLEOD

looks to see Edward, standing still as a statue. Then,
slowly, he crumbles to the ground.

MacLeod rushes over, kneels beside him. He sees a RED STAIN
spreading over his shirt front.

EDWARD

looks up at MacLeod with dying eyes. As he takes his last
breath --

(CONTINUED)

432 CONTINUED: (3)

432

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Duncan... please look out for my
son.

And he dies in MacLeod's arms.

OFF MacLeod's grief and anger, we --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

433 EXT. BARGE - DAY

433

Establishing.

WILLIE (O.S.)

I won't apologize for killing him.
But I am sorry I hurt you.

434 INT. BARGE - DAY

434

MacLeod registers his disdain. The Katana is nearby.

MACLEOD

Came all the way over here to tell
me that? How considerate.

Willie takes the jab -- he deserved that.

WILLIE

We've been friends a long time.

He extends his hand toward MacLeod.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Let's put this behind us. Move on.

MacLeod stares at his outstretched hand, the heat of anger
rising within him. He ignores the gesture. Willie shrugs,
disappointed.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Thought you were a bigger man.

That's the last straw. MacLeod's been pushed and now he's
had enough. He throws Willie up against the wall, gets in
his face.

MACLEOD

You killed the wrong person!

WILLIE

You're bonkers.

MACLEOD

You murdered an innocent man!

WILLIE

(shakes head pityingly)
Broken record. That's what you are,
boyo.

(CONTINUED)

434 CONTINUED:

434

MACLEOD

And you're a fool. Edward didn't kill Molly. He wasn't driving the car.

WILLIE

Well, it didn't drive itself.

MACLEOD

His son, Steve, drove it.

WILLIE

(skeptical)

Go on with you.

MACLEOD

He was looking for drugs. A diplomatic car wouldn't be searched.

Willie falls silent as he digests the information. MacLeod's rage swells, each word a punishing blow.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

The man you murdered was guilty of only one thing. Trying to protect his son!

But rather than the contrition MacLeod expects, Willie looks up with a new fire in his eyes.

WILLIE

That little puke killed my Molly!

MacLeod knows murder when he sees it. He puts up a steadying hand.

MACLEOD

His father's dead. The family's paid its debt.

WILLIE

Not good enough, mate.

He starts to head for the door. MacLeod shouts after him --

MACLEOD

It has to be. If you go for Steve, I'll have to stop you.

WILLIE

Granted, you'll try. Nothing else you could do. No one else you could be. That's your code, MacLeod.

(CONTINUED)

434 CONTINUED: (2)

434

He starts for the door again, pauses with one hand on the doorknob.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

But I've got a code of my own.

Willie exits the barge.

MacLeod moves to his katana. He lifts it solemnly and withdraws the blade from its scabbard.

435 INT. AMERICAN CONSUL GENERAL RESIDENCE - LIBRARY - DAY

435

Steve, dressed in a black suit, has his back turned as

MACLEOD

enters the library. MacLeod hears a couple of distinctive SNIFFS.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Allergies?

STEVE

whirls. He looks like death warmed over, bleary-eyed, unshaven. Yet trying, and failing, to look nonchalant as he wipes the white powder from his nose.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Oh, hi.

MACLEOD

(beat)

I'm very sorry about your father.

STEVE

Yeah. Yeah, thanks.

Steve turns to go.

MACLEOD

Sit.

Steve's eyes glaze like a deer in the headlights. His metabolic rate could power a small city.

STEVE

(fidgety)

I got things to do.

MACLEOD

(firm)

Sit.

(CONTINUED)

435 CONTINUED:

435

Steve reluctantly sits.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Her name was Molly. Molly Ivers.

(beat)

She was born in Cornwall. 1946. A year after the war. Her mum used to say a child conceived in celebration would live a long and merry life. She loved dancing, and dark ale, and chocolate.

Steve squirms under MacLeod's steady gaze.

STEVE

Yeah, yeah, so.

MacLeod moves menacingly close to Steve.

MACLEOD

So you killed her. Just thought you'd like to know her name.

Steve swallows hard, licks dry lips.

STEVE

Get out. I'll call Security.

MACLEOD

They can't help you, Steve.

(beat)

One way or another, you'll pay for killing Molly.

STEVE

Leave me alone.

MACLEOD

You didn't mean to kill her, did you? You just got scared.

Steve looks at MacLeod. He's about to say something, then looks away.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Your father died so you could live. It was his gift to you. Don't throw it away.

Steve can't handle the guilt. He wants to shut MacLeod out.

STEVE

I don't have to listen to this.

(CONTINUED)

435 CONTINUED: (2)

435

MACLEOD

No. But you have to live with it.

Suddenly, MacLeod gets the BUZZ. He dashes to the window, yanks the curtains closed.

STEVE

What's wrong?

MACLEOD

(urgent)

If you want to keep breathing, stay in this room. Lock the door and I'm the only one you open it for!

MacLeod runs out the door.

And OFF Steve's puzzled expression --

436 EXT. AMERICAN CONSUL GENERAL RESIDENCE - GROUNDS - DAY

436

MacLeod's on his way out when he spots Willie just outside.

MACLEOD

This is a bad idea.

WILLIE

Only if you try to stop me.

Willie draws his sword and lunges quickly, his small frame agile and powerful.

MACLEOD

blocks, swings a wide arc, drives Willie back.

WILLIE

jabs, parries... but his manic style begins to tire him. He slips, loses his footing -- long enough for

MACLEOD

to seize the opportunity. A quick feint, a powerful swing and Willie's sword flies from his hand.

MacLeod pins him quickly on the ground, bringing his blade up tight to Willie's neck.

From the look in Willie's eyes, he knows he's a dead man. He pants, his chest heaving as he growls up at MacLeod --

WILLIE

Go ahead, mate.

(CONTINUED)

436 CONTINUED:

436

MacLeod's jaw is set, his body like a coiled spring. He looks hard into Willie's face, meeting the challenge of his old friend.

MACLEOD

We are mates, Willie. That's why you live...

MACLEOD'S BLADE

moves a fraction of an inch, pressing into the flesh at Willie's neck.

MACLEOD

...as long as the boy lives.

WILLIE

Goddamn you, MacLeod! Who the hell are you to say who lives or dies?

MACLEOD

(beat)
Exactly.

MACLEOD

waits -- deadly resolve etched in every line of his face. He doesn't move, he barely breathes.

Finally, Willie nods his grudging consent. MacLeod releases him. Willie beams.

WILLIE

Bravo! Well done. Would've done the same for you, you know.

MACLEOD

If I ever hear about the premature death of Steve Banner, I'll come for you.

WILLIE

Understood.

Willie stands up, dusts himself off.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Well, now that that's out of the way.

He puts out his hand to MacLeod -- a gesture of thanks, acknowledgement, a battle of honor fought and won.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Put 'er there.

(CONTINUED)

436 CONTINUED: (2)

436

MacLeod looks down at the outstretched hand.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Aw, c'mon, chum. No hard feelings.

Willie throws him a smile that could charm the devil himself.

MacLeod turns quietly and walks away.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

437 INT. AMERICAN CONSUL GENERAL RESIDENCE - LIBRARY - DAY

437

As MacLeod enters, Steve is busy stuffing a vial of coke into his pocket.

STEVE

Look, you can't do anything to me,
so why don't you just leave?

MACLEOD

What I could do to you isn't half of
what you're doing to yourself. Turn
yourself in, Steve.

STEVE

Right.

MACLEOD

How much guilt can you handle?
Molly's dead. Your father's dead.
How much coke will it take to bury
them?

STEVE

Shut up!

MACLEOD

You can't carry this. Nobody could.
If you ever want to have a life, you
have to face it.

(beat)

I'll help you with a lawyer. I'll
be there for you.

STEVE

Get out.

MACLEOD

Last chance, Steve.

STEVE

For what, prison?

MACLEOD

For redemption.

Steve shakes his head. MacLeod turns and leaves. As Steve takes the vial from his pocket --

FADE OUT.

(CONTINUED)

437 CONTINUED:

437

THE END