



#97607
UNUSUAL SUSPECTS

Written by
Morrie Ruvinsky

Highlander

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Production #97607

September 5, 1997 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"Unusual Suspects"

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CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD

HUGH FITZCAIRN

JULIETTE
TYNEBRIDGE
LOXLEY

DRIMBLE

MARIE
PIERRE

HIGHLANDER

"Unusual Suspects"

Production #97607

SET LIST

INTERIORS

FITZCAIRN MANOR

/SALON

/LIBRARY

/HALLWAY OUTSIDE LIBRARY

/KITCHEN

/DINING ROOM

/STORAGE CLOSET

/BASEMENT MEAT LOCKER

/LOXLEY'S BEDROOM

/TYNEBRIDGE'S BEDROOM

/JULIETTE'S BEDROOM

/HALLWAY BY JULIETTE'S BEDROOM

/HALLWAY

/ENTRY HALL

GREENHOUSE

EXTERIORS

FITZCAIRN MANOR

/ESTATE GROUNDS

HIGHLANDER

"The Unusual Suspects"

TEASER

FADE IN:

701 EXT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - NIGHT 701

SUPER: FITZCAIRN MANOR, NORTH TIDWORTH, ENGLAND, OCTOBER
1929

Twilight descends on a large estate with magnificent grounds. Rolling lawns, decorative topiary, a couple of Bugattis in the sprawling circular driveway. It's the last gasp for the aristocracy.

A deep-shine Bentley comes speeding up to the great house and pulls up to the grand front entrance, where the handsome Fitzcairn Manor butler, PIERRE RENAULT, waits with elegant patience.

The Bentley comes to a perfect stop ON PIERRE'S TOES.

A professional to the core, Pierre in minimalist perfection -- writhes quietly in pain.

HUGH FITZCAIRN, Master of the Manor, in a hurry and as arrogantly oblivious as ever, gets out of the car and heads for the house with barely more than a British glance.

FITZCAIRN

Polish her, Pierre and put her to bed.

PIERRE

Unnnnnmmmmggnnn.

702 INT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - SALON - NIGHT 702

In a large salon of the stately Fitzcairn manor, a small group is seated before a makeshift stage.

FITZCAIRN

making an entrance, assumes center stage, clarinet in hand. Behind him, a DRUMMER and a BASSIST fill out the tiny jazz trio.

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

Welcome, welcome, to Fitzcairn Manor's annual Grouse Shoot and Executive Witch Hunt.

(CONTINUED)

702 CONTINUED:

702

Everybody laughs politely, because Fitzcairn is after all the boss. Everybody but his partner PERCY TYNEBRIDGE (too tall and too skinny, with an imperial drawl that betrays his almost chinless snobbery.)

He is seated between NORBERT DRIMBLE (a blustery Robert Morley type who is almost, but not quite, hard of hearing) and SIMON LOXLEY (a handsome accountant who -- while much too soft for it -- dreams of being a big game hunter and always seems dressed for safari.)

LOXLEY

(whisper to Drimble)

Why do we all laugh? It's not funny.
Never has been, never will be.

DRIMBLE

(whisper)

Oh, just enjoy it. With a touch of
luck we may never ever have to hear
it again.

FITZCAIRN

I would especially like to welcome
the three men who make all our good
fortune possible. My beloved partner,
Percy Tynebridge...

Tynebridge smiles on-cue and waves as he whispers an aside to Drimble.

TYNEBRIDGE

I wonder what the hell he means by
that.

FITZCAIRN

... the finest solicitor in all of
Britain, Norbert Drimble...

Drimble stands and takes a little bow.

DRIMBLE

(smiles, muttering to
himself)

We'll see who gets the last laugh
you blood-sucking bastard.

FITZCAIRN

... and my dear friend and keeper of
the purse strings, this many-sceptered
Isle's only honest accountant, Simon
Loxley.

Loxley beams.

(CONTINUED)

TYNEBRIDGE

(leans to Loxley)

You actually like him?

LOXLEY

(whispers back)

Let's just say rich men come and go,
but money is forever.

FITZCAIRN

And a special treat tonight, joining
us on vocals... the apple of my
orchard, the fire in my heart, the
woman who makes everything worthwhile --
my wife Juliette.

Juliette skips up to the stage, a sexy, sequined, platinum-blonde flapper. As she joins him on stage, it is obvious she is well-liked judging by the applause.

Fitzcain moves to kiss her, but she turns her head.

JULIETTE

(cautions)

Lipstick, lipstick.

Okay. He doesn't miss a beat. He takes her in his arms and in an exaggerated dip, bends her back and kisses her inviting throat.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

(laughs, thrilled)

I love you.

He lifts her upright to the enthusiastic applause of the guests.

FITZCAIRN

And two three four --

THE GROUP PICKS UP THE DOWNBEAT

and right on cue they break into very upbeat jazzy version
of

"FIDDLE-DE-DEE."

Juliette grabs the vocals and surprise, surprise, she's wonderful. Great enthusiasm and real flair. She sings for Fitzcain.

JULIETTE

Fiddle-de-dee, fiddle-de-dee, The
Fly has married the Bumblebee Says
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

the Fly, says he, "Will you marry
me, And live with me, sweet
Bumblebee?" Fiddle-de-dee, fiddle-
de-dee, The Fly has married the
Bumblebee."

Fitzcainr, beaming, stands by, clarinet at the ready, poised
to jump in on his solo. As Juliette finishes the first chorus --

FITZCAIRN

takes the spotlight, raises the clarinet to his lips and
lets loose. He scats up and down the scale, jazzing gleefully
in and out of the melody -- Benny Goodman with a few hundred
years of practice. But suddenly, a horrible SQUAWKING sound
comes from the clarinet.

THE GUESTS

laugh.

JULIETTE

winces.

THE MUSICIANS

shoot him a look.

FITZCAIRN

stops playing. He looks confused for a moment, puts his
lips to the reed again and tries to blow. ANOTHER WAILING
SQUAWK... that trails off like a dying bagpipe. His eyes go
wide with horror. He falls to his knees, choking.

JULIETTE

(gasps)
Fitz!?

The audience is on their feet.

Fitzcainr drops his clarinet and looks up at her with dying,
imploring eyes.

FITZCAIRN

Juliette...?

He draws his last breath and hits the floor, dead as a
doornail.

Tynebridge rushes forward to check Fitzcainr's pulse.

(CONTINUED)

702 CONTINUED: (4)

702

TYNEBRIDGE

Good God... He's dead!

Juliette SCREAMS and we...

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

703 EXT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - ESTATE GROUNDS - DAY

703

It's Fitzcairn's funeral. A PRIEST presides over the burial site on the estate grounds. A bower of flowers graces the site. The headstone reads:

Hugh Fitzcairn

My Romeo

Juliette is transformed from ditzy flapper to elegant widow. Dressed in a simple but stunning black mourning dress, she barely chokes back the tears as she reads her heartfelt eulogy.

JULIETTE

As it is for me, it was for my dear,
dear Fitz: The heart is everything...

CAMERA PANS over the other mourners, all dressed in black and listening solemnly.

TYNEBRIDGE

alone looks bored and checks his watch to make the point.

Drimble and Loxley ignore him, working extra hard at looking attentive.

MACLEOD

arriving late, hurries gingerly across the huge lawn, having a hard time making himself look inconspicuous.

JULIETTE

When a heart such as his beats, it
powers the world. When it stops, it
makes us all a little smaller.

Tynebridge looks surprised. He turns to Drimble.

TYNEBRIDGE

(surprised whisper)
She actually loved him!?

Drimble shrugs, uncomfortable. He turns to Loxley, passing the question on to him.

Loxley is suddenly very absorbed in his tie and unable to respond to the question.

(CONTINUED)

703 CONTINUED:

703

JULIETTE

It gives me some comfort to know that the last thing my dear departed husband heard, was my special love song for him. It was a song that brought him great joy, and it is with those words that I lay him to rest.

The assembled mourners lean forward, obviously touched.

MACLEOD

takes his seat at the back just as...

JULIETTE

(speaking very solemnly)
Fiddle-de-dee, fiddle-de-dee, The
Fly has married the Bumblebee.

MacLeod can't believe he's hearing this. He is spared further concern because almost immediately

MACLEOD

gets the BUZZ. Glancing quickly around the estate, he focuses on

A GREENHOUSE

off to one side of the manor house.

MacLeod slips away -- even more gingerly -- as he heads the other way across the lawn.

The gathered mourners continue to listen with rapt reverence.

JULIETTE

... Says the Fly, says he, "Will you
marry me, And live with me, sweet
Bumblebee?"
(stifling a sob)
It meant so much to him.

With tears of genuine sorrow, she nods to the Priest.

The Priest, stunned speechless, nods to the GRAVE DIGGERS to begin lowering the coffin into the ground.

704 INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

704

MacLeod enters to find Fitzcainn cutting and arranging a selection of lilies. He smiles at MacLeod.

(CONTINUED)

704 CONTINUED:

704

FITZCAIRN

A dozen lilies... too gauche?

MACLEOD

Not for you.

FITZCAIRN

Have a little respect for the dead,
laddie.

MACLEOD

(respectful)

It was a lovely funeral.

Fitzcairn is not impressed. He squints out toward the tiny group of mourners.

FITZCAIRN

Half a dozen people? For a man of
my stature... my standing...

MACLEOD

Your personality. This is the first
time in 800 years you're not broke
and it's made you a complete jackass.

FITZCAIRN

I'm a late bloomer. At least you
came.

MACLEOD

Just to see what you're up to this
time.

FITZCAIRN

(insulted)

You think I organized this!?

MACLEOD

A chance to eavesdrop on your own
eulogy? Wouldn't put it past you.

FITZCAIRN

(considers)

True. Might've enjoyed it if I wasn't
murdered.

MacLeod has a hard time taking this seriously.

MACLEOD

You'll do anything to get attention,
won't you?

(CONTINUED)

704 CONTINUED: (2)

704

FITZCAIRN

Excuse me! Need I point out that I died of a heart attack? Immortals don't have heart attacks.

MACLEOD

(picks up the thread)

Ahhh... not unless they're induced heart attacks.

FITZCAIRN

Exactly! And believe me, the timing couldn't have been worse.

MACLEOD

(gestures around)

I thought you were getting tired of this racket. What's the big deal?

FITZCAIRN

Money, MacLeod!

MACLEOD

What else is new?

FITZCAIRN

Everything I have's been funneled into American stocks. Sort of a return-from-the-dead fund, if you will.

MacLeod nods sagely.

MACLEOD

But -- and I'm reaching here -- you're a little behind on your paperwork?

FITZCAIRN

Well, details, you know. Point is, I was murdered before I could create a new me. Ipso facto --

MACLEOD

You're broke.

FITZCAIRN

(offended)

If you want to be crass about it, yes. My assets might just as well be buried in that coffin.

MACLEOD

Well, what do you expect me to do about it?

(CONTINUED)

704 CONTINUED: (3)

704

FITZCAIRN

Find out who murdered me.

MACLEOD

I'm not a cop, Fitz, and it's only money.

FITZCAIRN

No. This time, it's more.

Suddenly Juliette sticks her head into the greenhouse.

Fitzcairn quickly ducks behind a begonia. Juliette looks at MacLeod standing in the middle of the greenhouse.

JULIETTE

Duncan? Are you all right?

MACLEOD

(feigns a sniffle)

Just needed a moment alone with my thoughts.

JULIETTE

Fitz loved to spend time in here.

If you close your eyes...

(she does)

... it almost feels like he's still here.

MACLEOD

I know what you mean.

JULIETTE

(understanding)

He meant a great deal to you, didn't he?

MACLEOD

You'll never know.

She discreetly turns and goes, leaving MacLeod with his memories.

Fitzcairn pops back up, looks after her lustily.

FITZCAIRN

My God she's beautiful.

MACLEOD

For a grieving widow.

FITZCAIRN

The way she moves in that dress.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

Taut muscles, passion smouldering
below the surface like a volcano
about to erupt...

(aroused)

She's like a lioness in heat, MacLeod.

MACLEOD

She's in mourning!

FITZCAIRN

(beat)

If you won't get involved for my
sake, then do it for that good woman,
MacLeod. I fear for her safety.

MACLEOD

Fitz, you're the one with all the
enemies.

FITZCAIRN

She dies, my partners get the money.
You want to leave her at the mercy
of the bastard who killed me?

MacLeod is softening.

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

You don't understand, I was going to
tell her everything... take her with
me to the States.

(heartfelt)

We really do love each other, Mac.

In spite of himself, MacLeod is touched by his friend's
plight.

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

You've got to find out who killed me
and you've got to find out fast or
the next funeral around here will be
hers... and it'll be on your head.

MACLEOD

Oh no you don't.

FITZCAIRN

She dies a lot more permanently than
I do.

He looks at MacLeod beseechingly. Beat. MacLeod sighs.

MACLEOD

If I had any sense, I'd leave now.

(CONTINUED)

704 CONTINUED: (5)

704

Fitzcainr smiles, claps him on the shoulder.

705 INT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - LIBRARY - THE NEXT DAY

705

Wood paneling, deep carpets, leather bound books. MacLeod is ensconced behind a large oak desk, an array of official looking papers spread out before him.

Seated facing him are Juliette, Tynebridge, Loxley, and Drimble anxiously waving a two-page document.

DRIMBLE

This is preposterous!

MACLEOD

What I find preposterous is that this comes as a surprise to anybody, especially you, Mr. Drimble.

DRIMBLE

As his personal solicitor I knew everything, everything concerning his legal matters.

JULIETTE

Apparently not, Norbert.
(pointedly, to Loxley)
And I gather this comes as a surprise to you too, Simon.

LOXLEY

What are you suggesting?

MACLEOD

I believe she's suggesting that if you had been attending to business you would have known that I had been made sole executor of Mr. Fitzcainr's estate.

JULIETTE

Exactly.

MACLEOD

Precisely.
(returns to business)
In accordance with his wishes, I can't read the will until two days after the funeral.

TYNEBRIDGE

Be serious.

LOXLEY

We're very busy men!

(CONTINUED)

705 CONTINUED:

705

MACLEOD

Apparently.

BUZZ. MacLeod glances quickly around the room, his eyes coming to rest on...

A PORTRAIT of an English nobleman. He squints in the direction of the painting... it can't be. But it is.

ON THE PAINTING

we see the nobleman's eyes slide away, only to be replaced by a pair of human eyes. Manic eyes that dance around the room. Eyes MacLeod knows all too well.

MacLeod gets up from the desk, and saunters as nonchalantly as he can manage over to the portrait.

LOXLEY

You can't expect us to hang around for two days waiting on your whims.

TYNEBRIDGE

Ridiculous. I don't have to put up with this.

Tynebridge gets up to leave. Loxley joins him.

LOXLEY

Nor I.
(to Tynebridge)
I'll ride back to the city with you.

MACLEOD

Maybe I've given the wrong impression here: nobody has to put up with this.

They pause for his explanation.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

It's just that absent any surviving Fitzcairns-by-blood, the four of you are the primary beneficiaries of the will. But a codicil states that only those present at the reading will share in the estate.

TYNEBRIDGE

Perhaps I've over-reacted. What with this dodgy weather, it hardly seems like a good time to be on the road.

He takes his seat.

(CONTINUED)

705 CONTINUED: (2)

705

Loxley turns to find Juliette glaring at him and that sends him scurrying for his chair.

MacLeod leans close to the painting, pretends to admire it.

MACLEOD

Extraordinary. How lifelike.
(through gritted teeth)
Almost as if the eyes follow you
everywhere you go.

He jabs two fingers into the eye sockets, a la Three Stooges.
We hear a yelp, "OUCH!"

Everyone turns to MacLeod.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

The intensity of the painter's genius
actually pains me.
(a considered beat)
I say it again. Ouch!

As MacLeod excuses himself from the room, the assembled throng
exchange confused glances.

706 INT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - SALON - DAY

706

MacLeod enters to find Fitzcairn replacing a hidden wall
panel that opens into the painting in the library next door.
He rubs his eyes and shouts at MacLeod.

FITZCAIRN

What the hell'd you do that for?

MACLEOD

You want me to help, don't interfere.

FITZCAIRN

C'mon laddie, we're a team.

MACLEOD

Some team. Now that everybody thinks
I've got the "real" will, how long
before someone tries to kill me?!

FITZCAIRN

Yes, it's a risky business this.

MACLEOD

Thanks for your concern.

Fitzcairn paces restlessly.

(CONTINUED)

706 CONTINUED:

706

FITZCAIRN

I think it's that damn barrister,
Drimble. Never could trust lawyers.

Suddenly, Juliette's voice from the hallway.

JULIETTE (O.S.)

Duncan!

Fitzcainr scoots behind a curtain just as she enters.

Juliette's eyes roam the room.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

Did I hear you talking to someone?

MACLEOD

Uh, no... just myself.

JULIETTE

I could have sworn I heard Fitzie's
voice.

MACLEOD

(consoling)

Yes, sometimes I think I hear it
myself.

JULIETTE

We must be imagining things.

MACLEOD

Comes from our grief.

JULIETTE

Yes. I feel so cold and empty inside.

She sashays up to MacLeod and bats her eyes at him.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

If I just knew what was in the will,
I think it might take some of the
sting away.

MACLEOD

I wish I could help.

JULIETTE

(persists)

My heart is broken.

She takes his hand and places it over her breast.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

Can you feel it, Duncan?

(CONTINUED)

706 CONTINUED: (2)

706

Yes, MacLeod can definitely feel it.

MACLEOD

It, uh, doesn't feel broken.

Off to one side, the curtain CLEARS ITS THROAT.

Juliette's head turns.

JULIETTE

What was that?

MACLEOD

What?

JULIETTE

That noise.

MACLEOD

What noise?

JULIETTE

I didn't hear a voice?

MacLeod clears his own throat.

MACLEOD

Must have been me.

JULIETTE

Right. You were going to tell me about the will.

MACLEOD

No I wasn't.

JULIETTE

Is there something wrong with it?

MACLEOD

The will?

JULIETTE

The breast.

MACLEOD

No. It's fine.

JULIETTE

Fine!? Fitz said they were extraordinary.

MACLEOD

Juliette, I'm sorry, but I can't tell you what's in the will.

(CONTINUED)

706 CONTINUED: (3)

706

She haughtily removes his hand from her breast.

JULIETTE

I would have thought you of all people
would have understood my need.

The mood is broken and a sullen Juliette stalks out.

MacLeod crosses to the curtain, rips it aside.

FITZCAIRN

Fine! Fine is a well-tended motor
car. Fine is a good wine, or decent
china... but fine is hardly a
compliment for a perfect breast.

MACLEOD

(exasperated)

Could we please try to keep our
attention on the matter at hand?

FITZCAIRN

I've got it... Norbert Drimble.
Dragged his feet drawing up the papers
I needed. Now there's a very
suspicious character for you.

MACLEOD

He's no more suspicious than any of
the others and there's nothing at
all that points to him.

FITZCAIRN

Exactly. Which is why we need to
set up a trap.

MacLeod does not like the sound of this at all.

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

Okay, here's what we do. We organize
a grouse shoot.

MACLEOD

Are you insane? Give them all guns?!

FITZCAIRN

No, it's brilliant. Arm them all
and the killer is bound to shoot
you.

MACLEOD

(caustic)

Oh, that is brilliant.

(CONTINUED)

706 CONTINUED: (4)

706

FITZCAIRN

(beams)

I thought so too.

MacLeod shakes his head in amazement.

707 EXT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - ESTATE GROUNDS - DAY

707

Grey clouds plague the shooting party as Tynebridge, Loxley, Drimble, Juliette and MacLeod walk through the brush.

Each shooter has a LOADER carrying a second gun. Another couple of SERVANTS trail behind with lunch baskets. A pair of DOGS work the brush.

MACLEOD

Looks like we're in for a storm.

DRIMBLE

(too knowing)

At least.

Drimble casts a sidelong glance to Tynebridge. Tynebridge responds with a slight knowing nod.

JULIETTE AND LOXLEY

fall back a few steps, engaged in a whispered, unheard, and somewhat furtive conversation.

One of the DOGS goes on point as

A BRACE OF GROUSE

burst from cover.

Shotguns are lifted and shouldered.

MACLEOD

turns quickly to see what Drimble is up to. Drimble is aiming at the sky.

MACLEOD

quickly shifts to check on Tynebridge, who is busily tracking the birds.

MacLeod scans the entire group. The entire party is aiming skyward.

MacLeod looks to the grouse.

BANG! Five shotguns fire.

(CONTINUED)

707 CONTINUED:

707

ON THE SKY AS THE GROUSE

continue on, unperturbed and unharmed.

LOXLEY

Damn!

THE SHOOTING PARTY,

rifles still raised, stand frozen in a tableau... until,
slowly... gradually...

DRIMBLE

falls forward and hits the ground face first.

MACLEOD

rushes to Drimble and rolls him over. A bloody blotch marks
the spot where he was shot through the chest. As the others
crowd in --

TYNEBRIDGE

I say, is he alright?

LOXLEY

Of course not, you bloody dimwit,
he's been shot.

MacLeod looks up from the body.

MACLEOD

He's dead.

Juliette SCREAMS as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

708 INT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - LIBRARY - NIGHT

708

A vicious rain storm pelts the windows. Lightning strikes. Thunder rumbles in the distance. MacLeod hangs up the phone.

MACLEOD

No luck. The lines are down, I can't reach the police.

JULIETTE/LOXLEY

Police?

Everyone is horrified at the mere mention of authority.

INSERT MATTE -- POV PERISCOPE

showing an UPSIDE-DOWN half-frame view of Tynebridge. A rain drop hits the lens.

TYNEBRIDGE

The Police! We don't need the police, it was an accident. Tragic certainly, a completely... accidental kind of accident.

Murmurs of agreement all around.

MACLEOD

Or not.

Juliette SHRIEKS with exquisite horror. MacLeod cringes.

LOXLEY

You think one of us is a murderer!

TYNEBRIDGE

Yes, Sherlock, that's exactly what he means.

Juliette SHRIEKS again.

MacLeod looks at her. This shrieking is getting on his nerves.

JULIETTE

Then was my Fizzie murdered too?

ANGLE - FITZCAIRN, OUTSIDE, HANGING UPSIDE-DOWN

(CONTINUED)

708 CONTINUED:

708

near the top of one of the large windows. This time, instead of watching the action from behind the portrait, he is peering in with a small PERISCOPE.

MACLEOD

Two deaths in two days is more coincidence than I care for.

LOXLEY

I must say, it's got me a little on edge as well.

MACLEOD

Then I suggest you find Pierre...

JULIETTE

Pierre! You think Pierre did it!? I can't believe that. No. No no no!

MACLEOD

I was going to suggest that Pierre drive to the village and fetch the local constabulary.

JULIETTE

Yes. That's what I thought you meant.

Loxley gives Juliette an awful look just as Pierre enters.

MACLEOD

Ah the very man...

MacLeod notices that Pierre has a cast on his right foot and is walking with a pronounced limp, leaning on a cane.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Maybe not.

Following him, carrying a tray of drinks, is the very pretty young maid MARIE, clad in a classically short maid's dress.

MARIE

Dinner will be served in half an hour.

PIERRE

Marie, it's my foot that is broken, not my mouth.

(a beat)

Dinner will be served in half an hour.

(beat)

Roast pheasant.

(CONTINUED)

708 CONTINUED: (2)

708

As Marie moves through the room refreshing everyone's drinks, Juliette is hit with a wave of sentimentality.

JULIETTE

Poor Fitzie, pheasant was his favorite. The happy look on his face as he tore off their little drumsticks...

(dabbing an eye)

How desperately I loved that sweet, silly little man.

MARIE

throws her a glare that only MacLeod picks up on. As Marie exits in a huff --

INSERT MATTE -- POV PERISCOPE

showing an UPSIDE-DOWN half-frame periscope view of Marie's legs as she walks away. One senses the periscope straining for a better view as she leaves.

MACLEOD

If you'll excuse me... I think I'll see about the port.

He follows Marie out.

ANGLE THE WINDOW

as Fitzcain stretches too far with the periscope and takes an inglorious fall to the ground.

Nobody notices.

709 INT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - KITCHEN - NIGHT

709

In the kitchen, MacLeod confronts Marie.

MACLEOD

I couldn't help noticing that look you gave Juliette.

MARIE

What look?

MACLEOD

Marie, you can talk to me.

MARIE

Please, Monsieur, it would get me fired.

(CONTINUED)

709 CONTINUED:

709

MACLEOD

I was Fitz's closest friend. Any confidence would be held in the strictest privacy. Naturally.

MARIE

No offense, but if you were that close, then you would already know.

MACLEOD

Ah, it's that kind of confidence.

Marie blushes.

MARIE

Monsieur Fitzie never loved that woman. He loved me.

MACLEOD

He always did get around.

MARIE

Monsieur?

MACLEOD

How can you be sure?

She rubs her belly lovingly.

MARIE

Because I'm carrying his son.

MacLeod is agog. Marie takes it for a compliment.

MARIE (CONT'D)

(very proud)

We were more than just lovers.

MACLEOD

And you're sure it's Fitz's son?

She's shocked at MacLeod's impertinence.

MARIE

What are you saying?! You think I would love somebody else!?

MACLEOD

Of course not. I wasn't suggesting...

MARIE

(hoisting her breasts)

You think I would give this body, this temple, to another!?

(CONTINUED)

709 CONTINUED: (2)

709

MACLEOD

It's just that he never spoke to me
about a family.

MARIE

(generating a fury)
You think what, the butcher!? The
baker!?

MacLeod is backing away.

MACLEOD

I didn't know he HAD a baker...

MARIE

The chauffeur?!

MACLEOD

No, no...

MARIE

Mr. Tynebridge but only once!? You
make me sick. All of you!

She picks up a kitchen knife and charges him.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Get out! Stay out of my kitchen!

MacLeod beats a hasty retreat directly to the garden.

710 INT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - HALLWAY - LATER

710

Marie makes her way to the second floor. She reaches the
landing and spots someone coming out of one of the rooms.

Her view is partially obscured by the SUIT OF ARMOR, so all
she sees is a man backing out of 4 room and pulling the door
closed, quietly. It is not until he turns and faces her
that she realizes

THIS IS FITZCAIRN!

MARIE

Mon dieu, a ghost!

She starts down the hall and swoons into a dead faint.

711 INT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - HALLWAY - LATER

711

MacLeod is coming up the stairs.

Marie, disheveled and woozy, is heading down, checking
constantly over her shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

711 CONTINUED:

711

MACLEOD

Are you alright?

She stops, trying to figure out what to say.

MARIE

Did you see that?

MACLEOD

See what?

Fine. She gathers herself up...

MARIE

(confidently)

Nothing! I saw absolutely nothing!

And walks swiftly away.

MacLeod watches her go then continues up to the landing.
She was right, there was nothing to see.As MacLeod continues down the hallway, he gets the BUZZ. He
stops and looks around.PSSSST! His head swivels at the noise. But there's no one
in sight.Again PSSSST! He follows the sound and the BUZZ up to... A
SUIT OF ARMOR. It couldn't be.PSSSST! from inside the armor. Oh no. It is. He lifts the
helmet visor. Fitzcairn.

FITZCAIRN

Did you see Marie?

MACLEOD

I did.

FITZCAIRN

Did she say anything?

MACLEOD

For starters, she says she's carrying
your child.

FITZCAIRN

(thrilled)

No!

(a beat)

She's sure?

MACLEOD

Quite.

(CONTINUED)

711 CONTINUED: (2)

711

FITZCAIRN

(rhapsodic)

That's the kind of news worth dying to hear, isn't it? Think of it, Mac... a bonnie lassie or wee laddie bouncing on my knee.

MACLEOD

(playing along)

Their first steps, teaching them to swim...

FITZCAIRN

Riding their first bicycle...

MACLEOD

Fitz, you idiot, Immortals can't have kids!

Of course. The reminder brings him up short.

FITZCAIRN

The slut! All this time she's been cuckolding me with the butler!?

MACLEOD

And maybe the butcher.

FITZCAIRN

No, no. It was Pierre alright.

MACLEOD

And the baker.

FITZCAIRN

(beat)

I have a baker?

MACLEOD

And once with Tynebridge.

FITZCAIRN

Tynebridge! Tynebridge is a married man!

MACLEOD

So were you, Fitz.

FITZCAIRN

But she was my maid.

(beat)

Besides, I'm the aggrieved party here, no need to get bogged down in petty details. What we need are facts.

(CONTINUED)

711 CONTINUED: (3)

711

MACLEOD

Try this one then: Drimble is dead.

FITZCAIRN

Dead!?

(shocked)

I was wrong about him!?

MACLEOD

I would say we can safely write him off our list of suspects.

FITZCAIRN

(recovering)

Then it's got to be Marie, out for my money after all.

MACLEOD

I don't think so.

FITZCAIRN

You're right. It was probably just the old Fitzcairn charm.

MACLEOD

No, no. She may have been after your money but I don't think she murdered you.

The dinner GONG sounds.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Dinner.

FITZCAIRN

Wait, I'm not done yet.

MACLEOD

Oh, yes you are.

FITZCAIRN

We've got to come up with a plan to get my money back.

MacLeod slams down the visor.

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

(muffled)

My nose!

With Fitzcairn's objections stifled, MacLeod walks down the hallway and turns a corner, passing...

712 INT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - STORAGE CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

712

MACLEOD

glances in as he passes by. He does a double take and stops dead in his tracks.

Stacked in the corner are various boxes, pieces of old furniture and the musical instruments used by the little jazz band, including Fitzcairn's clarinet. Lying beside the clarinet is

A RAT.

A dead one, flat on its back with its little rat feet in the air, and a yellowish drool around its mouth.

Grabbing a magnifying glass from a shelf, MacLeod examines the reed on the clarinet.

INSERT: MAGNIFYING GLASS VIEW OF THE REED.

It has little rat teeth marks and a similar yellowish substance on it.

MacLeod sniffs the reed carefully. The light dawns.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Of course.

713 INT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

713

Everyone is already seated; Tynebridge, Loxley, and Juliette.

JULIETTE

(impatiently)

We've been waiting for you, Duncan.
What took you so long?

MacLeod sits as the others begin eating the soup course.

MACLEOD

(dramatic announcement)

I know how Fitz died.

TYNEBRIDGE

(unimpressed)

So do we... He had a heart attack.

MACLEOD

Actually, he was poisoned.

All three diners do a double-take followed by an absolutely co-ordinated group spit. Soup sprays everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

713 CONTINUED:

713

LOXLEY/TYNEBRIDGE

POISON?!?

JULIETTE

How do you know?

MacLeod reaches into his pocket, pulls out and tosses

THE RAT

onto the table. Juliette SCREAMS.

MACLEOD

A little rat told me.

(to Tynebridge)

You went to Brazil with Fitz last
year, didn't you?

TYNEBRIDGE

On a business trip, but I don't see
why it matters now.

MACLEOD

Get into the back country at all?

TYNEBRIDGE

So what?

MACLEOD

Come across any unusual poisons in
your journey?

Tynebridge squirms.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Something that could kill a man and
make it look like a heart attack?
Like, say... curare?

Tynebridge's upper lip is Niagara Falls.

JULIETTE

(chiming in, excited)

You remember, Tynebridge. We ran
into this tribe of South American
Indians... they put it on blow darts
to shoot monkeys.

Tynebridge gives her a withering look.

LOXLEY

Shoot monkeys?!

But MacLeod's interest is back on Juliette. So she went on
the trip too.

(CONTINUED)

713 CONTINUED: (2)

713

LOXLEY (CONT'D)

Why on earth would you want to shoot monkeys?

TYNEBRIDGE

(to Loxley)

I didn't shoot anybody!

(to MacLeod)

What are you suggesting?

MACLEOD

(to Loxley)

The Indians eat monkeys.

(to Tynebridge)

Draw your own conclusions.

TYNEBRIDGE

Be careful MacLeod. Be very careful!

LOXLEY

(incredulous; to Juliette)

You ate monkeys!?

JULIETTE

Not me, him!

TYNEBRIDGE

Damn you Loxley!

LOXLEY

Preposterous... Monkeys!

MACLEOD

They're not bad actually. Taste a little like...

MACLEOD/TYNEBRIDGE/JULIETTE

(in unison)

Chicken.

Silence falls on the group as they all turn to MacLeod, suddenly seeing this man in a strange new light.

Abruptly, a SCREAM interrupts their musings.

MacLeod turns to look at Juliette but

IT'S MARIE

rushing into the room.

MARIE

I found him in the garage, bludgeoned to death. He was lying by the car!

(CONTINUED)

713 CONTINUED: (3)

713

MACLEOD

Who?

MARIE

Pierre!

Juliette SHRIEKS.

Thunder rattles the house, lightning flashes outside the windows.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Oh God how I loved him! My life is over!

MacLeod casts her a curious glance. She corrects herself.

MARIE (CONT'D)

I loved him like a butler.
(re-take)
Like a brother. A brother.

MacLeod turns to the others.

LOXLEY

I can't believe it!

MACLEOD

Well, I don't think there's anyone we can send out in this storm for the police.

LOXLEY

Monkeys!

Another BURST OF LIGHTNING. Marie crosses herself.

MARIE

It's a sign... we're all going to die!

The power goes out, plunging the room into darkness.

Juliette SCREAMS, as we...

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

714 EXT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT 714

As LIGHTNING FLASHES ominously around the building, we HEAR --

TYNEBRIDGE (O.S.)

This is distinctly unpleasant.

MACLEOD (O.S.)

It's the only way to keep them until
the storm lets up. Or did you want
them going off?

715 INT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - BASEMENT MEAT LOCKER - NIGHT 715

Inside the meat locker. It's pitch black.

LOXLEY

Still, a meat locker...

A dim line of vertical light appears as the door opens slowly
and reveals

MACLEOD

as he steps in, carrying Pierre draped over one shoulder.

He pulls on an overhead chain. The light goes on, flickering
nauseatingly to reveal the interior of the meat locker.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Starting to get very crowded in here.

The door opens wider to REVEAL Tynebridge, Loxley and Juliette
in the hallway outside. Juliette holds a CANDLE.

MacLeod sets Pierre down beside a fully-frozen Drimble.

JULIETTE

Poor Pierre. Who could have done
such a thing?

LOXLEY

Bludgeoning his skull.

TYNEBRIDGE

Breaking his ribs.

MacLeod turns on Tynebridge.

MACLEOD

How did you know his ribs were broken?

(CONTINUED)

715 CONTINUED:

715

All eyes turn to Tynebridge.

TYNEBRIDGE

Well... he looks like a man with
broken ribs, doesn't he?

A silent BEAT. Tynebridge squirms under their glare.

TYNEBRIDGE (CONT'D)

Quit staring at me like that.

MACLEOD

Suspicion is an ugly thing,
Tynebridge, especially in the face
of motive.

TYNEBRIDGE

I'm not the only one with a stake in
the will.

He throws a look at Juliette and Loxley. Their turn to
squirm.

LOXLEY

I say, it's awfully cold down here.

JULIETTE

I'm not hungry anymore.

MACLEOD

I think we should all go to bed.

MacLeod pulls the light switch and exits. Juliette's candle,
out in the hall, becomes the only source of light.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(in the hall)

And I suggest you lock your doors.

The meat locker door slams shut, plunging the scene to black.

716 INT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

716

SUPER: LATER THAT NIGHT

It is quiet in the dimly lit hallway.

A DOOR

at one end begins to creak open tentatively.

A DOOR

down the other end also cracks open slightly.

(CONTINUED)

716 CONTINUED:

716

JULIETTE

pokes her head out of one.

LOXLEY

pokes out of the other.

They tiptoe out of their respective rooms and meet in the hallway, directly in front of the suit of armor.

Juliette and Loxley embrace, kissing passionately.

A low growling sound comes from inside the armor.

The two come up for air.

JULIETTE

Did you hear something?

LOXLEY

Only my heart beating.

They lock back into an embrace.

JULIETTE

(breathless)

I can't wait much longer.

LOXLEY

You won't have to my darling.

More kissing, fondling, ravaging.

JULIETTE

Now. I want you now.

ON THE ARMOR

we see one steel plated arm holding a mace struggling to raise itself -- but it's rusted almost solid.

JULIETTE AND LOXLEY

pry themselves apart. They hurry stealthily to his room and shut the door.

FITZCAIRN

opens his visor with the other hand, rocks himself away from the wall and laboriously totters down the hallway, armor clanking and creaking with the strain. As he passes the staircase leading down to the first floor, he momentarily loses his balance and

(CONTINUED)

716 CONTINUED: (2)

716

SWAYS PRECARIOUSLY

on the top step.

FITZCAIRN

Uh oh...

717 INT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

717

MacLeod is enjoying a glass of wine and a book, when he hears a horrible CRASH. Like someone threw a dozen garbage cans down the stairs. Garbage cans or... his eyes widen in horrifying realization... FITZCAIRN!

718 INT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - HALLWAY OUTSIDE LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

718

MacLeod drags a dented, cursing suit of armor into the library.

FITZCAIRN

(from inside the armor)

I knew it! I knew it all along. It was Loxley. It so damn obvious I'm almost embarrassed.

MACLEOD

Stay here! And keep quiet.

He shuts the door on Fitzcairn just as Juliette and Tynebridge hurry down the stairs.

JULIETTE

What was that awful noise!?

MACLEOD

More rats?

TYNEBRIDGE

I'm sure of that.

JULIETTE

That certainly wasn't rats, Duncan.

MACLEOD

(noticing)

Where's Loxley?

JULIETTE

Must have slept through it.

TYNEBRIDGE

Sounds like an excellent idea.

Tynebridge starts back up the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

718 CONTINUED:

718

MACLEOD

I think I'll do a little reading.
Goodnight.

He heads back into the Library.

Juliette watches the door close, and makes her own way back upstairs.

719 INT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

719

MacLeod is trying to pry Fitzcainr out of his can.

FITZCAIRN

Right in front of me! I never trusted
that swine of an accountant, Loxley...
OUCH, that's my arm!

MACLEOD

I'm going to leave you in there if
you don't shut up.

FITZCAIRN

You want me to shut up!? I'm the
victim here. I'm the murderee.

(a beat)

Poor Juliette. If I could just let
her know I was alright.

MACLEOD

Of course. I'll just tell her that
you're an Immortal, the heart attack
didn't really kill you... well, it
killed you but not for long and that
you'll explain everything to her
later.

FITZCAIRN

(grateful)

Would you?

MACLEOD

Fitz, if I thought it would last,
I'd poison you myself.

FITZCAIRN

Mac, the will is going to be read
tomorrow! You expect me to sit around
doing nothing, because you can't
come up with a suspect?!

MACLEOD

I don't know how to break it to you,
but I suspect you were killed by
your poor grieving widow.

(CONTINUED)

719 CONTINUED:

719

Fitzcairn laughs. Takes it for a joke, and laughs again.

FITZCAIRN

Ridiculous. She loves me, laddie.
If there's one thing I know, it's
women, and Juliette is no murderer.

MACLEOD

She killed you...

FITZCAIRN

Not a chance.

MACLEOD

Not to mention Drimble and the butler.
She had access to the poison, she
had motive -- your money, lots of
it. And what about that sexy little
black dress you loved so much?

FITZCAIRN

(moony)

God, yes. Did you ever see anything
like it?

MACLEOD

She had it made for the funeral two
weeks before she poisoned you!

FITZCAIRN

Coincidence. Loxley killed me, it's
plain as day. That greedy bastard
is cold to the core. Money is all
he thinks about.

MACLEOD

Then why'd you hire him?

FITZCAIRN

He's a fabulous accountant.

Before MacLeod can reply a SCREAM comes from upstairs.

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

Juliette!

MacLeod rushes to the door.

MACLEOD

Stay here.

FITZCAIRN

You're developing a flair for the
obvious, Mac.

(CONTINUED)

719 CONTINUED: (2)

719

MacLeod runs out and closes the door behind him. Fitzcainn tries to remove more of the armor, and oh, no... topples over yet again with a CRASH.

720 INT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - LOXLEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

720

MacLeod enters to find Juliette and Tynebridge standing there staring at

LOXLEY

lying face down on the bed, a knife sticking out of his back.

MACLEOD

(to Juliette)

What are you doing in his room!

She shrinks away from the body.

JULIETTE

Nothing. I'm not doing anything.

(a beat)

I heard a noise... I noticed his door was open...

MACLEOD

I think you're lying.

She bursts into tears.

TYNEBRIDGE

MacLeod.

MACLEOD

(presses Juliette)

I have a witness who saw you kissing Loxley in the hallway. What do you say to that?

TYNEBRIDGE

Bad taste does not necessarily lead to murder.

JULIETTE

(gratefully)

Thank you.

MACLEOD

Not only do I believe you killed Loxley, but I think you killed Fitz too.

Juliette SHRIEKS. She's shocked. Shocked!

(CONTINUED)

720 CONTINUED:

720

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

And stop that damn screeching!

JULIETTE

Me! Murder my darling Fitzie!?
Thank God he's not alive to hear
this. You must be mad, Duncan!

MACLEOD

Mad or not, I'm locking you in your
room for the night.

She flings herself into Tynebridge's arms.

JULIETTE

Help me! Don't you see what he's
doing?! He's the murderer. He's
just setting us up!

TYNEBRIDGE

Us?!

No way. Tynebridge pushes her away.

TYNEBRIDGE (CONT'D)

He's not accusing me!

MacLeod takes her arm and leads her off.

MACLEOD

You'll be comfortable enough until
we can send for the police in the
morning.

721 INT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - HALLWAY - BY JULIETTE'S BEDROOM - 721
NIGHT

Juliette sits on the edge of her bed. MacLeod and Tynebridge
look in through the door.

TYNEBRIDGE

Funny, she doesn't look like a
murderer.

MACLEOD

(as he closes and
locks the door)

They never do.

Tynebridge moves to his own room, leaving MacLeod alone in
the hallway. MacLeod gets the BUZZ.

He turns and sees... a MOOSE HEAD hanging on the wall down
the hall.

(CONTINUED)

721 CONTINUED:

721

He walks up to it, and leans back against the wall, trying to look nonchalant as he talks to the Moose.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Fitz, I know you think I'm way off base here, but you've got to trust me on this. If I'm wrong, I'll apologize -- to you and her -- but she knows what I think and it's the best way I have to force her hand. You have to --

MacLeod is interrupted as a door opens across the hall and Fitzcairn emerges, looking very happy.

FITZCAIRN

I think I've solved my problem.
(a beat)
Mac, what are you doing?

MacLeod -- a little embarrassed -- checks Fitzcairn, then the Moose.

MACLEOD

(to the Moose)
Goodnight. See you tomorrow.

Ignoring Fitzcairn, MacLeod heads off down the hall.

722 INT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - ENTRY HALL - NEXT MORNING

722

Empty. No one around as the insistent BELL-RINGING continues and nobody answers the door.

Finally, Marie appears from the kitchen, carrying a CRUCIFIX to ward off ghosts.

She is a bundle of nerves. Tense. Scared. Trapped. She scans the area, brandishing her crucifix, as she moves cautiously step by step to the front door.

Tynebridge, fed up with the noise, stomps down the stairs to -- oh my God no -- answer the door himself. And MacLeod, apparently otherwise occupied, now emerges from the library to see what the fuss is about. Marie opens the front door,, and without a moment's pause, FITZCAIRN THE SENIOR storms in. About the same height as Fitzcairn, he is somewhat bigger -- better padded -- and with a sizable paunch, wine-reddened nose and a glorious bushy grey beard. A commanding presence.

SENIOR/FITZCAIRN

(without a pause)
Shocked! I am absolutely shocked.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

722 CONTINUED:

722

SENIOR/FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

Poor Fitz, the most wonderful of men, dies -- obviously by foul means -- and I am not even notified. I! Or is it me?

MACLEOD

Oh, it's you alright.

MacLeod is pissed off. Senior is of course just Fitzcairn in costume, but only MacLeod seems to know it.

Marie, who doesn't seem to care, heads off -- cautiously up the stairs.

TYNEBRIDGE

Excuse me, Sir, but just who are you?

SENIOR/FITZCAIRN

I am Hugh... Hugh Fitzcairn.

Tynebridge's eyes widen, then narrow.

TYNEBRIDGE

Yu Yu?

SENIOR/FITZCAIRN

(hitting the H hard)

Hugh... Hugh Fitzcairn, Senior Father to Hugh Fitzcairn, Junior and sole heir to his estate.

MACLEOD

Funny, I don't see the resemblance.

SENIOR/FITZCAIRN

Let me assure all of you --

(he checks, corrects)

-- both of you, that I will not be kept at a distance in a matter of such extreme importance to my son, a man I consider to be among the finest ever to grace this fair England.

Suddenly, from upstairs, a LOUD MOAN. MacLeod races up the stairs. Tynebridge follows closely behind.

Senior struggles to keep up, severely hindered by all his excess padding.

723 INT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - JULIETTE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

723

The door lock is broken, splintered as though it had been smashed open.

(CONTINUED)

723 CONTINUED:

723

MacLeod comes racing into the room to find

JULIETTE

lies splayed across her bed, a red scarf twisted around her throat like she's been strangled.

Tynebridge rushes in and comes to an abrupt stop as he gapes at the sight before him.

MacLeod goes to Juliette's side and feels for a pulse.

And finally Senior appears, distraught at what he sees.

SENIOR/FITZCAIRN

No! Not this!

Senior rushes to Juliette's side and takes her limp hand. Fitzcairn is deeply hurt, but has to maintain his veneer as senior.

SENIOR/FITZCAIRN

No! Not the bitchy two-timing
adulterous little wife he loved so
well!

MacLeod can find no pulse, and turns away, stunned.

SENIOR/FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

Oh my God, she's dead!

As Marie crosses herself she desperately waves her crucifix in every possibly direction...

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

724 INT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - LIBRARY - DAY

724

MacLeod is dejected as an angry and deeply hurt Fitzcainr paces the room. Fitzcainr is still wearing his Senior padding but is otherwise stripped to the waist.

FITZCAIRN

I ask you here to help me and this is what happens?

MacLeod is devastated.

MACLEOD

I'm sorry, Fitz. I'm truly sorry.

FITZCAIRN

Juliette's dead and that's all you have to say for yourself?

MACLEOD

I know how much she meant to you.

FITZCAIRN

No you don't. To you she was just another one of Fitzcainr's follies, but I loved her, Mac, trysts and all and you couldn't believe that when it mattered. You even accused her of killing me!

MACLEOD

I swear to you, Fitz, I will bring the guilty party to justice.

Fitzcainr stares at him.

FITZCAIRN

I hope so. There's only one suspect left alive. Not even you could screw that up.

MacLeod had that coming and takes it on the chin.

725 INT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - TYNEBRIDGE'S BEDROOM - DAY

725

Tynebridge slams his suitcase shut as MacLeod enters.

MACLEOD

Where do you think you're going?

(CONTINUED)

725 CONTINUED:

725

TYNEBRIDGE

As far away from this lunatic asylum house as possible.

MACLEOD

Not just yet.

TYNEBRIDGE

Who died and made you King?

MACLEOD

You're the only suspect left. It doesn't take Scotland Yard to figure this one out.

TYNEBRIDGE

You're mad.

MACLEOD

The phone lines have been repaired and I'm calling the police. You're not going anywhere until they get here.

Tynebridge is so furious he's on the verge of blustering.

TYNEBRIDGE

How dare you accuse me!?

MACLEOD

Last man standing is the killer, Tynebridge, and that's you.

TYNEBRIDGE

Seems to me that you, MacLeod, are also standing.

MacLeod is somewhat taken aback.

TYNEBRIDGE (CONT'D)

I know I didn't kill anybody, so as far as I'm concerned, if there's a guilty party here, you're it.

MACLEOD

(ruffled)

Fitz was my friend.

TYNEBRIDGE

And mine, but all the dying didn't start until you got here. And is it merely a coincidence that you control the estate? I don't think so.

(CONTINUED)

725 CONTINUED: (2)

725

Tynebridge picks up his suitcase to leave. MacLeod steps in his way.

TYNEBRIDGE (CONT'D)

Oh. You're going to kill me now too?

MACLEOD

No, but I'm going to keep you from leaving.

TYNEBRIDGE

We'll see about that.

TYNEBRIDGE

suddenly swings his suitcase with all the power he can muster and hits MacLeod square in the gut.

It catches MacLeod completely by surprise and Tynebridge takes advantage of that to try to skirt around him.

MACLEOD

recovers and grabs Tynebridge and throws him at the wall.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

What the hell is the matter with you!

TYNEBRIDGE

I'm not like the others. I won't go quietly, MacLeod!

TYNEBRIDGE

jumps up on the bed and FLINGS the suitcase sending it sailing directly at Mac.

MACLEOD DUCKS

and the suitcase hits the far wall and springs open, spraying its contents, which include silverware, china, statues, Fitzcairn's clarinet, and coins.

They both stop to watch the booty bounce across the floor. MacLeod gives him a withering look of disgust.

Tynebridge, embarrassed, tries to shrug it off.

TYNEBRIDGE

Well he's not going to need it anymore.

(CONTINUED)

725 CONTINUED: (3)

725

TYNEBRIDGE

jumps off the other side of the bed. He grabs a lamp and throws it. It goes wide. MacLeod closes in. Tynebridge throws a clock, an enamel tissue box, a book and a chair. All miss their mark.

SCREAMING LIKE A BANSHEE, TYNEBRIDGE

charges MacLeod in last-ditch desperation.

MACLEOD

meets him with a shattering right to the jaw.

TYNEBRIDGE (CONT'D)

(softly)

Ooow.

AND COLLAPSES

as his knees turn to jelly and the rest of him follows. MACLEOD drags the unconscious Tynebridge over to a chair, sits him in it, and ties him up securely. No sooner does MacLeod complete the last knot than

TYNEBRIDGE

awakes with a start.

TYNEBRIDGE (CONT'D)

You murdering bastard. You
bloodthirsty wanker! I'm not afraid
of you, you won't get away with this!
Any of it!

Fed up with the noise, MacLeod grabs the MUTE from the clarinet and shoves it into Tynebridge's mouth to gag him.

726 INT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - LIBRARY - DAY

726

MacLeod picks up the phone and waits for the Operator.

MACLEOD

Hello. Can you ring the North
Tidworth Police?

(a beat)

Hello... uh... we have a murder here.
Well, several actually.

(a beat)

Quite a few if you count the help.

727 INT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - TYNEBRIDGE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

727

Tynebridge sits gagged, bound to a chair. Something across the room attracts his attention.

A CURTAIN

parts and the end of a blowgun sticks out.

TYNEBRIDGE

is frozen in fear. His eyes widen in horror. He tries to shout through the gag, but can't.

THWUCK! A poison dart shoots him in the neck.

He dies instantly. MacLeod returns.

MACLEOD

The Yard is on its way.

There is no response.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Tynebridge?

MACLEOD POV

of Tynebridge slightly slumped in his chair. MacLeod comes closer and sees

THE POISON DART

and pulls it out. Damn.

728 INT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - BASEMENT MEAT LOCKER - DAY

728

MacLeod drags Tynebridge's body into the locker. It's cold, it smells, and the electric light continues its annoying flicker.

MacLeod drags Tynebridge past the rest of the bodies and lays him down against the far wall.

He heads for the door but stops. Just a minute... he looks down at the bodies, does a count: Drimble, the chauffeur, Loxley, Tynebridge... someone's missing!

A voice from behind him answers the question.

JULIETTE

Looking for me, Duncan?

He spins to see... Juliette! Very much alive and holding a gun on him.

(CONTINUED)

728 CONTINUED:

728

MacLeod is shocked.

MACLEOD

You were dead.

She clicks her tongue in disappointment.

JULIETTE

Why is it the cute ones are always
so slow?

Now MacLeod's got it.

MACLEOD

Of course. Brazil. You discovered
another poison besides curare. one
that would slow down the body's heart
rate enough to --

JULIETTE

I'm impressed. Yes, you're right.
And it wears off after a few hours.
Anyone but a doctor would be fooled.

MACLEOD

You killed them all!

JULIETTE

A girl's gotta do.
(a beat)
Of course it's not quite all of them
just yet.
(a beat)
You know too much.

MACLEOD

Actually, I'd have to agree.

JULIETTE

Next life, Sweetheart.

BANG! BANG! She shoots MacLeod point blank.

He falls to the floor dead. Juliette takes a moment of
silence, turns -- and finds

HUGH SENIOR

standing at the door, glaring coldly at her.

SENIOR/FITZCAIRN

You really are one nasty bit of
business aren't you?

(CONTINUED)

728 CONTINUED: (2)

728

JULIETTE

It was a mistake for you to come down here.

SENIOR/FITZCAIRN

How could you kill your husband for money! He loved you with all his heart, with every fiber of his --

JULIETTE

Oh please. He loved every woman this side of the Thames.

SENIOR/FITZCAIRN

But he married only you.

JULIETTE

And I married only him. Now say goodbye.

Juliette points the gun at Senior.

SENIOR/FITZCAIRN

Don't you need to keep someone alive to take the blame?

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

Oh Detective, Detective. After my dear departed's heart attack, everything went crazy. Drimble shot himself in a hunting accident and then Pierre was bludgeoned to death by Tynebridge in a jealous rage over the maid -- you know how French these maids can be -- how am I doing?

SENIOR/FITZCAIRN

Surprisingly well, actually.

JULIETTE

And MacLeod, who always had designs on me killed Fitz's poor old father to keep the estate intact and when he attacked me I shot him in self defense.

(a beat)

What do you think?

SENIOR/FITZCAIRN

It's sometimes hard to know what Fitz saw in you.

That pisses Juliette off and she fires. Twice. BANG.

BANG. Senior goes down in a heap.

(CONTINUED)

728 CONTINUED: (3)

728

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

So much for his side of the family.

Juliette turns her attention back to MacLeod.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

We could have been great, Duncan.

She kisses her finger and bends to touch it to his lips.

As her finger touches his lips... his eyes pop open! Juliette SHRIEKS, of course.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

How! I... I... how...

Just as SENIOR sits up.

SENIOR/FITZCAIRN

Simple, really... Blanks.

MACLEOD

I've been expecting you, so I just exchanged the real bullets for blanks.

JULIETTE

That's impossible!

MACLEOD

stands up, living proof it's not.

JULIETTE

It's not fair.

Numb with shock, she lets MacLeod take her gun. But in a nanosecond, the wheels in her head begin to turn again.

She slinks up to MacLeod, caresses his pecs, purrs at him.

SENIOR COUGHS

his displeasure. Juliette ignores him.

JULIETTE

You know, Fitz left me a very rich woman. I could use someone to share the money with.

MacLeod can't help but laugh.

MACLEOD

I don't think so. I've gotten kind of attached to waking up every morning... alive.

(CONTINUED)

728 CONTINUED: (4)

728

She reaches up and puts her arms around his neck.

SENIOR/FITZCAIRN

Slut.

JULIETTE

(ignoring him)

Don't be silly. Why would I kill
you?

MacLeod twists around and grabs Juliette's wrists, firmly.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

Ouch.

He pries open one of her hands to reveal a poison dart, just
like the one that killed Tynebridge.

Juliette pouts.

MacLeod looks at the dart, then scowls at Juliette. He shakes
his head in amazement.

MACLEOD

That's all it takes. One little
prick.

FADE OUT.

END ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

729 EXT. FITZCAIRN MANOR - DAY

729

MacLeod puts an angry Juliette into the capable hands of two POLICEMEN.

MACLEOD

(cautions)

Don't take your eyes off her, she's
a tricky one.

Juliette screams through the window.

JULIETTE

MacLeod!

MACLEOD

And she screams a lot.

The Policemen nod their thanks and get in. As the car pulls off down the drive, Juliette turns and sees --

FITZCAIRN

walk out of the house and stand beside MacLeod. ALIVE!
Fitzcairn blows her a kiss, waving bye-bye.

ANGLE INTO CAR

as the cops ignore Juliette while she screams and struggles to get their attention.

Soon the car disappears out of sight. Fitzcairn is quiet.

MACLEOD

Been a hell of a week. Sure you'll
be okay?

FITZCAIRN

(rebounds)

Nothing a few hundred thousand pounds --
I mean dollars -- won't cure. Couple
of notarized signatures and Hugh
Senior can claim my fortune across
the pond.

(reverently)

God bless America.

MacLeod shakes his head and laughs good-naturedly as he walks away.

(CONTINUED)

729 CONTINUED:

729

MACLEOD

See you around.

Fitzcainn bends to retrieve his morning paper.

MACLEOD

is halfway down the drive when --

A piercing WAIL spins him around to face an oncoming
Fitzcainn.

FITZCAIRN

Mac! Mac! I'm ruined!

Fitzcainn runs up to MacLeod waving the morning paper. The
headline reads.OCTOBER 24, 1929 -- BLACK THURSDAY -- WALL STREET CRASHES,
AMERICA IN FINANCIAL RUIN.

MACLEOD

I don't want to hear about it.

FITZCAIRN

Broke! Bankrupt! I'm destroyed!

I'm --

(a pause... a plan)

No. Wait. I've got an idea.

MACLEOD

If I hurry, I can just make the train
to London.

MacLeod continues on his way.

FITZCAIRN

Mac, wait a minute. Wait a minute!

As he goes after MacLeod...

FADE OUT.

THE END