



HIGHLANDER

The Series

#97609
DEADLY EXPOSURE

Written by
James Thorpe

Highlander

"DEADLY EXPOSURE"

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James Thorpe

Production #97609

October 6, 1997 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"Deadly Exposure"

Production #97609

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD

REAGAN COLE

BRIAN MURPHY (NOTE: KYLE IS NOW BRIAN MURPHY)

MITCHELL

JACK KENDAL (NOTE: BENJAMIN WARRICK IS NOW JACK KENDAL)

SEARS

BANNOCK

CELINE

VEGA (NOTE: DON FRANCO IS NOW RAFAEL VEGA)

BAXTER

COMIC

FEMALE NEWS REPORTER

HIGHLANDER

"Deadly Exposure"

Production #97609

SET LIST

INTERIORS

BARGE

CASINO

/DRESSING ROOM - BACKSTAGE

MURPH'S APARTMENT BUILDING

/HALLWAY

/MURPH'S LOFT

KENDAL'S CHATEAU

DARKROOM

CHATEAU

/HALLWAY

/SALON

/BY FRONT DOOR

/PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM

PARKING GARAGE

EXTERIORS

BARGE

PARK

CAFE

ONE HOUR PHOTO SHOP

CHATEAU

COUNTRY ROAD - OUTSIDE LONDON - 1833

MURPH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ESTABLISHING

MIAMI BEACH - FLORIDA - ESTABLISHING (STOCK)

HIGHLANDER

"Deadly Exposure"

TEASER

FADE IN:

901 EXT. MIAMI BEACH FLORIDA - 4 A.M. - ESTABLISHING (STOCK) 901

SUPER: MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

Vegas in the Atlantic... Neon, bright lights and greed. And the far off sound of LAUGHTER.

DISSOLVE TO:

902 INT. CASINO - NIGHT 902

A lavish, gaudy nightclub -- Vegas meets Miami -- plush carpeting amidst the roulette, black jack and crap tables.

ON A MAKE-SHIFT STAGE

A COMIC paces maniacally, hurling one-liners.

COMIC

I said, honey, that's a lovely dress.
Who shot the couch?

LAUGHTER from --

THE AUDIENCE

a private drug cartel PARTY of mixed races and nationalities, dressed in off-the-tack Armani and assorted high-priced GIRLFRIENDS and CALL GIRLS chortle at the recycled jokes. At the head of their table squats tonight's guest of honor --

RAFAEL VEGA, late 40's, gold jewelry, in custom made Saville Row. Trapped in Vega's lips, a contraband Cohiba glows red in the murky half-light.

ON THE MAKE-SHIFT STAGE

COMIC (CONT'D)

The last time my mother-in-law was
in the hospital, she got get-well
cards from the nurses.

LAUGHTER as wee --

INTERCUT:

903 INT. DRESSING ROOM - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT 903
A slender HAND applies LIPSTICK to two full LIPS.

904 INT. CASINO - SAME TIME 904
COMIC
And my wife... she doesn't need a
plastic surgeon. She needs a wrecking
crew.
VEGA guffaws.

905 INT. DRESSING ROOM - BACKSTAGE - SAME TIME 905
A black leather BIKINI TOP slides over sensuous SHOULDERS.

906 INT. CASINO - SAME TIME 906
COMIC
Me and the missus. We're a fastidious
couple. I'm fast and she's hideous.
The boys rock with LAUGHTER.

907 INT. DRESSING ROOM - BACKSTAGE - SAME TIME 907
We follow a leather bikini bottom up over two shapely THIGHS.
DISSOLVE TO:
A black leather HOLSTER, complete with GUN and HANDCUFFS,
slips around a slim waist.

908 INT. CASINO - NIGHT 908
On stage, the comic winds up his act.
COMIC
I'd like to say you've been a great
audience, but...
The bad guys good-naturedly BOO him off.
The comic moves off to one side and lifts the mike.
COMIC (CONT'D)
Gentlemen, I'm afraid there's been
an unexpected change in tonight's
program.
RED LIGHTS flash, police SIRENS wail.
COMIC (CONT'D)
It's a RAID!

(CONTINUED)

908 CONTINUED:

908

Vega spits out his stogie. Manicured hands dart toward shoulder holsters, nervous glances all around -- what the hell is this?

FOOTSTEPS. Heads swivel to see --

REAGAN COLE

a sexy young woman. Blonde hair, gorgeous body, and Immortal. She wears a provocative black leather outfit -- a skimpy parody of a police uniform, complete with cap, badge, holster and a set of handcuffs swinging from her leather bikini.

MUSIC blasts the room. Reagan steps on a chair and jumps on top of a crap table. Reagan tosses the boys a smirk that says, "I got ya," and snaps into action with a hot, sexy dance routine.

Vega smiles in lecherous relief. The drug dealers nudge each other in embarrassed amusement. A joke. Yeah, yeah, now they get it.

Reagan calls out playfully --

REAGAN

Alright boys... who wants to be frisked first?

Amidst CHEERS and CATCALLS, she jumps down off the crap table, slinking her way through the hired help toward the boss. A HAND reaches out -- she dodges, brushing him off.

REAGAN (CONT'D)

Isn't it past your bedtime?

She comes to a stop in front of Vega, bends down provocatively in front of his face.

REAGAN (CONT'D)

Have you been a bad boy?

Vega addresses her exposed cleavage.

VEGA

Oh, yeah. I been real bad.

REAGAN

Then get ready to take your punishment like a man.

Reagan climbs onto Vega's lap and the crowd goes wild WHISTLING and HOOTING her on.

The MUSIC pounds away as Reagan gives Vega a private lap dance.

(CONTINUED)

908 CONTINUED: (2)

908

Slowly, seductively, she brings his arms up to rest on her shoulders.

Vega looks up into Reagan's face -- her head tilted back in ecstasy, her lips parted in a soft wet pout -- and his eyes glaze over. He barely registers a quick blur of movement as --

CLICK CLICK

Reagan whip-snaps a set of handcuffs on him. She smiles coquettishly. Vega leers right back.

VEGA

Oh, baby... I'm all yours.

REAGAN

You certainly are.

Vega's puffy lips smack in delicious anticipation.

VEGA

Now what?

REAGAN

Now this.

Reagan jumps off Vega's lap, pulls a gun from her shoulder holster. Grabbing Vega by the cuffs, she yanks him roughly down to the floor and presses the gun barrel to his forehead.

The bad guys leap to their feet, weapons drawn.

REAGAN (CONT'D)

Back off! Anybody breathes and he bites it.

Vega motions his boys to relax. He sneers at Reagan.

VEGA

It's a goddamned cop.

REAGAN

Wrong again.

Vega spits at her feet.

VEGA

Bounty hunter.

Suddenly, the doors of the casino burst open. SIX DEA AGENTS flood in. Their leader, BAXTER, taking up the rear, shouts a warning.

BAXTER

DEA! Lay down your weapons!

(CONTINUED)

908 CONTINUED: (3)

908

Pandemonium ensues. The dealers scatter. GUNFIRE erupts.

REAGAN

Damn you, Baxter!

Reagan shoves Vega under a crap table, out of the line of fire.

REAGAN (CONT'D)

Stay down!

He doesn't need to be told twice. Bullets fly back and forth between the dealers and the Cops. Dodging the lead, Reagan jumps into the fray.

She drop kicks one bad guy -- he goes down hard. A HAND taps her shoulder. She whirls, ready to fire, comes face to face with an angry Baxter. He takes in her uniform costume with wide eyes. In the midst of it all --

A TALL FIGURE

who we'll later know as JACK KENDAL enters the room. He moves wraith-like through the chaos, a baseball cap partially obscuring his visage.

BAXTER

Reagan! What the hell are you doing here?

REAGAN

Doing just fine without you!

Reagan raises her gun, fires directly over his shoulder.

BANG!

BAXTER

Jesus!

A THUMP from behind gets his attention. He looks back to see a bad guy - who was about to shoot him - fall.

BAXTER (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Reagan shouts to Baxter in the midst of the battle --

REAGAN

Tell Marie she owes me a pot roast.

Kendal, moving closer, seen, but unseen in the confusion, fingers his weapon, a .22 with a silencer.

(CONTINUED)

908 CONTINUED: (4)

908

VEGA

looks up from his knees and sees

KENDAL

who raises his gun and fires twice.

VEGA

takes two in his chest and falls dead.

REAGAN

reacts.

REAGAN (CONT'D)

Dammit!

She looks up and sees a figure disappearing out the door. She's about to go after him when a couple of bullets make her dive out of the way.

Reagan is on her feet moving after Kendal. She goes to the door, looks out... Nobody's there.

In the background, the DEA agents are rounding up the bad guys.

Baxter is checking Vega's pulse as Reagan returns.

BAXTER

Vega won't be dancing anymore.

REAGAN

Did you I.D. the shooter? Guy in a baseball cap.

BAXTER

I didn't see anybody.

(beat)

What do you care? He's worth the same to you dead or alive.

REAGAN

He can't testify against his friends if he's dead.

Reagan walks away.

BAXTER

Where are you going?

REAGAN

I need a vacation.

(CONTINUED)

908 CONTINUED: (5)

908

BAXTER

Say what!? When was the last time
you took vacation?

Reagan does some quick math, smirks --

REAGAN

Would you believe 250 years ago?

And OFF Baxter's look --

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

POST MONTAGE

A series of STILL SHOTS show a well-built young man (BRIAN MURPHY, 22, called Murph) posing in a variety of bathing suits and tops at various Paris landmarks.

(Note: one of the shots will show Murph posed on a quai. In the not-too-obvious background we will see a man (JACK KENDAL) stepping onto a motor boat, his face turned toward the camera as if caught unawares. Please make sure his face is in focus -- ie: no depth of field -- the rest of the story hinges on the fact he can be clearly identified from the photo.)

In the last still, Murph poses by a fountain. PULL BACK to reveal we're now in REAL TIME as we go in a fashion photo shoot in progress in --

909 EXT. PARK - DAY

909

A city park. Murph cuts a handsome figure, rugged with just a hint of naiveté around the edges. He's an earnest, sweet, but not very bright, working-class Brit.

CELINE (O.S.)

C'mon, sell it! Don't make me beg
for it.

Murph clenches his abs, strikes another contorted pose.

Two passing young GIRLS stop and TITTER. Murph earnestly tries to hold his concentration, but it's no good. He blushes, his gut sags.

CELINE (CONT'D)

Back to work. Clench it for Mama.

MURPH

Like this?

CELINE, the tall, angular female photographer, puts down her camera, scowls at the Girls.

CELINE

You've seen him. He's seen you.
Show's over!
(to Murph)
Let's concentrate.

(CONTINUED)

909 CONTINUED: 909

ANOTHER ANGLE

reveals Reagan seated in an outdoor cafe across the street from the park.

910 EXT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS 910

A half-empty wine carafe and the remnants of lunch clutter the small bistro table where Reagan sits. She talks on her cell phone, keeping one eye on Murph across the street.

REAGAN

(into phone)

'Course I'm having a great time.
Been in town only four hours, already
gained twenty pounds.

She squints across the street.

REAGAN'S POV

Murph strikes a seductive pose.

REAGAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(gives a look)

What? No, I'm fine.

RESUME SCENE

as Reagan takes a sip of wine, composes herself with some effort.

REAGAN

(into phone)

Six o'clock it is. You still living
on that garbage scow of yours?

911 EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS 911

Auteur angst strikes Celine. She throws up her hands in frustration.

CELINE

It's not working.

MURPH

(earnest)

Just tell me what to do.

Celine takes the camera off her neck, winds off the roll of film.

CELINE

It's not you, sweetheart.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

911 CONTINUED:

911

CELINE (CONT'D)

You're perfect. It's the sun. It's those trees. Nothing's right.

She opens the back of the camera, pulls out the roll of film and tosses it into the trash.

CELINE (CONT'D)

Let's do it again.

MURPH

(sighs)

All of it?

CELINE

When that ad agency sees you for the first time, they've gotta say this is the guy.

(beat)

Trust me, honey. We'll start with the blue thing.

Murph moves off.

Celine reaches into her camera bag for a fresh roll as a

DARK SEDAN

pulls up to the curb. Two men, SEARS and ROEBUCK, get out and move quickly toward Celine.

912 EXT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

912

Reagan, still on her cell, watches the action.

REAGAN'S POV

Sears and Roebuck grab Celine roughly, pull her aside.

Roebuck grabs her camera bag.

RESUME SCENE

as Reagan rises up out of her seat.

913 EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

913

Celine picks up a light stand and hits Roebuck with it.

Roebuck takes it in the shoulder.

CELINE

Get away from me! Help, police!

(CONTINUED)

913 CONTINUED: 913

Sears goes to grab the camera off her neck, but she resists. Roebuck pulls an AUTOMATIC, aims it at Celine.

914 EXT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS 914

Even from across the street, Reagan spots the gun.

REAGAN
(into phone)
Gotta go!

She throws the phone down, and runs out of the cafe toward the street.

REAGAN'S POV

Celine is in a tug of war with Sears for her camera. Suddenly, Roebuck raises the gun and fires. BANG!

Celine's body sags to the ground. Sears rips the camera off her neck, Roebuck grabs her bag. Together, they sprint for the dark sedan.

Reagan is too late. The dark sedan races off.

REAGAN (CONT'D)
Damn damn damn!

Reagan rushes over to where Celine lies motionless on the ground. She kneels, grabs her wrist and feels for a pulse. Nothing. She lays the arm gently back down as --

MURPH (O.S.)
Oh, my God!

Reagan looks up to see

MURPH

dressed in a blue bathing suit, his face white with shock.

915 INT. DARKROOM - DAY 915

Bathed in a red light, a scattering of PHOTOS litter the floor: several shots of MODELS, male and female, including Murph.

We're looking at Celine's stolen film, developed.

KENDAL (O.S.)
Wrong. This is wrong!

A well-polished shoe angrily kicks the pictures, sending them skittering across the floor.

(CONTINUED)

915 CONTINUED:

915

KENDAL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Where is the picture?

PAN UP from the shoe to the owner: JACK KENDAL, infamous and deadly international terrorist -- a tight package of sinew and tendons wrapped in deceptively casual Ralph Lauren. His sharp, angular features blaze spectral red in the darkroom light. Kendal turns his body as one muscle toward Sears and Roebuck.

KENDAL (CONT'D)

I'm waiting.

The boys exchange glances. Sears steps up to bat.

SEARS

That's all the film she had.

KENDAL

Answer the question.

SEARS

But we got it all.

KENDAL

(levelly)

Answer -- the -- question.

Sears swallows, a little too hard.

SEARS

The camera, the bag... that's everything.

KENDAL

You know what happened to Vega? He didn't deliver. He'll never make another delivery.

Kendal pins Sears to the wall with his eyes.

KENDAL (CONT'D)

So now do you remember the question, Chuck?

SEARS

Where... where is the picture?

KENDAL

And the answer?

SEARS

(gulps)

We'll find it. Whatever it takes.

(CONTINUED)

915 CONTINUED: (2)

915

Kendal smiles, cocks his head slightly -- a hawk contemplating a crippled rabbit.

KENDAL

Don't disappoint me.

916 EXT. PARK - DAY

916

Yellow tape cordons off the crime scene. Reagan and Murph have just finished giving their statements to a POLICEMAN who moves off. Murph, now wearing a robe over his bathing suit, shivers in the sunlight. There are tears in his eyes.

REAGAN

You okay?

MURPH

She was helping me put together a portfolio for this huge campaign.

REAGAN

Sounds important to you.

MURPH

I've never had a shot like this.

(beat)

At first I thought she was just putting me on, just to... but we never... you know.

(beat)

If I'd been with her, instead of in that dumb van changing my clothes...

Reagan looks up at his young, wide-eyed face.

REAGAN

Maybe you'd be dead, too.

(beat)

C'mon, get dressed and I'll give you a ride home.

MURPH

The police took the van...

(embarrassed)

With all my clothes, damn it.

Indicating his robe and bare feet.

REAGAN

(sympathetically)

Tough day.

As Murph nods --

917 EXT. MURPH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY - ESTABLISHING 917

A multi-story walk-up.

MURPH (O.S.)

After I flunked out of school it was
either construction or the army.

918 INT. MURPH'S - APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 918

Murph moves down the hallway.

MURPH

When Celine first saw me, I was twenty
feet up on a scaffold.

(blushing)

She said I had something.

Reagan gives him a quick once over -- buff dude, bare feet,
bathrobe falling casually open, revealing chest and legs.

REAGAN

She was right.

Murph unlocks the door.

MURPH

(wiping away a tear;
changing the subject)

Want something to drink?

REAGAN

How about a beer?

MURPH

(shakes head)

Mum says alcohol kills the soul.

REAGAN

Coffee, then.

MURPH

(shakes his head)

Sorry.

(beat)

I do have some lovely Jasmine tea.

REAGAN

Hold me back.

919 INT. MURPH'S LOFT - CONTINUOUS 919

Murph and Reagan enter, he shuts the door.

(CONTINUED)

919 CONTINUED:

919

MURPH

Home sweet and all that.

Reagan looks around at the loft, sparsely furnished in Euro-Ikea. It's eclectic, bits and pieces of different styles. A futon and a floor lamp compete with a bench press and free weights. Most of the stuff is in boxes, as yet unpacked.

REAGAN

Nice place.

MURPH

Yeah, right. I'm not much of a decorator.

He walks around a corner toward the kitchen alcove. And a BEAT later... he walks right back out with his hands high in the air.

Sears and Roebuck follow Murph out, guns trained on his back.

SEARS

(to Reagan)

Hands in the air!

Reagan raises her hands, frowns at Murph.

REAGAN

You got lousy taste in roommates.

SEARS

Shutup!

MURPH

(eyes wide)

They... want the film.

REAGAN

What film?

MURPH

(frantic)

That's what I said. Told them I didn't have any bloody film.

Sears knocks Murph on the back of the head with his gun butt.

SEARS

Broken record. Maybe your girlfriend will be more cooperative.

REAGAN

(shrugs)

Never hurts to ask.

(CONTINUED)

919 CONTINUED: (2)

919

Sears and Roebuck move menacingly toward Reagan. Murph springs clumsily to her defense, throwing himself in front of Roebuck.

MURPH

You don't touch her!

REAGAN

Don't!

ROEBUCK

shuts Murph's mouth with an uppercut that sends him flying across the room. He lands in a heap, rubbing his chin.

REAGAN

spins, dropkicks Roebuck in the gut. He staggers back, gasping for Air.

SEARS

turns his gun on Reagan.

REAGAN

grabs his hand, pulls him up close and personal. A knee in the gut and Sears doubles over. She wrenches his gun away, fires at the recovering Roebuck as he raises his gun. BANG!

ROEBUCK

takes a bullet in the chest.

SEARS

moves toward the window.

REAGAN

turns to shoot but

MURPH

blocks her line of fire.

SEARS

disarmed, jumps out the open window and onto the fire escape, retreating FOOTSTEPS signaling his escape.

REAGAN

lowers her gun, straightens up, her chest heaving.

(CONTINUED)

919 CONTINUED: (3)

919

MURPH

sticks his head around the corner, his face a mixture of fear and amazement --

MURPH (CONT'D)

Who are you?

DISSOLVE TO:

920 INT. MURPH'S LOFT - LATER

920

Two MORGUE ATTENDANTS remove a body bag as a FORENSICS WORKER dusts the loft for prints.

REAGAN (O.S.)

Reagan Cole. For the second time today.

Reagan and Murph give their statements to a POLICEMAN scribbling in a notebook. Beside them on the futon sits --

ROWAN MITCHELL

Big, barrel-chested Robbie Coltrane type from Interpol. In his late 40's, he munches on a banger sandwich. His coarse manner is in direct conflict with his razor-sharp mind.

MITCHELL

(to Policeman)

Everybody happy?

The Policeman nods, flips his notebook closed and moves off.

Mitchell barely manages to suppress a BELCH. Reagan gives him a look.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Always happens when I skip breakfast.

MURPH

Mum used to say that cherry bark is a natural digestive.

Mitchell just stares at him.

REAGAN

So what's Interpol doing here? What's the connection between the murder and the break-in?

MITCHELL

Connection?

(CONTINUED)

920 CONTINUED:

920

REAGAN

The film? The camera? Hello?

MITCHELL

There isn't any.

REAGAN

(skeptical)

And I suppose you just happened to
be in the neighborhood?

MITCHELL

(nods)

Always nice to liaise with the locals
when I can.

He takes another big bite of banger sandwich, chomping
appreciatively.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

All look to Murph, who seems surprised. He reaches into his
bathrobe pocket, pulls out a beeper. He checks the number
and blushes.

REAGAN

Must be Mum.

MITCHELL

Right. Well, that's that.

Mitchell hoists his bulk off the futon, groaning in pain all
the way up --

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Ahhhhhhh... there we go. Thanks
ever so much.

REAGAN

That's it!?

He waves over his shoulder as he moves toward the door.

MITCHELL

That's all for now. Do appreciate
the cooperation, etcetera, etcetera.

Mitchell exits, slamming the door behind him. Reagan paces
the floor restlessly.

MURPH

(hanging up the phone)

What's the matter?

(CONTINUED)

920 CONTINUED: (2)

920

REAGAN

Just happened to be in the
neighborhood, my ass.

(beat)

What is it with that film? Why is
Interpol sticking their nose in?

She flops down on the futon with a sigh.

REAGAN (CONT'D)

And why do I get the feeling my
vacation just got trashed?

It hits Reagan. She flashes back to

REAGAN'S POV - CELINE

throwing a roll of film in the trash.

RESUME SCENE

REAGAN (CONT'D)

Trash.

And OFF Reagan --

921 EXT. PARK - NIGHT

921

Reagan and Murph rummage through a trash can. Murph pulls
out a slimy pile of oozing something, wipes his hands on his
pants.

MURPH

It's not so bad if you don't breath
while you're doing it.

(beat)

Maybe this isn't the right one.

Garbage now litters the ground all around them.

Reagan toes the garbage squarely. Her foot knocks over a
paper. Out falls the roll of film.

As they react --

922 EXT. ONE HOUR PHOTO STORE - NIGHT

922

Reagan carries a package of developed photos as she and Murph
exit the photo store, turn down the street.

MURPH

I miss it sometimes.

REAGAN

The mine?

(CONTINUED)

922 CONTINUED:

922

MURPH

Mates. Home.

(beat)

And the mines weren't so bad.

(smiling)

'Cept when you couldn't breath.

(re: the photos)

Think we'll find anything in those?

REAGAN

It's all we got.

ANGLE ON

A dark sedan parked down the block. The doors open, TWO MEN get out and head after Reagan and Murph on foot.

REAGAN glances into a shop window, sees the two Men reflected in the glass. She stiffens instinctively, quickens her pace.

MURPH

What?

REAGAN

Don't turn around.

ANGLE ON

The two Men, as they speed up behind Reagan and Murph.

REAGAN takes Murph by the arm as they approach a corner.

TWO MEN'S POV

Reagan and Murph quickly turn the corner up ahead and disappear.

RESUME SCENE

The two Men exchange glances and jog to the corner. Man #1 turns it first -- comes face to face with a smiling Reagan.

REAGAN

Looking for me?

She takes him out cold. He drops at the feet of Man #2 just as he rounds the corner.

The second man reaches inside his jacket, but Reagan doesn't give him time to pull a gun.

She lashes out with one to the gut and two to the kidneys. He drops to the pavement to join his partner.

(CONTINUED)

922 CONTINUED: (2)

922

REAGAN (CONT'D)
(calls out)
Alright!

Murph emerges from a doorway, gapes at the two inert Men.

MURPH
(awkward)
I'm not used to a girl doing my
fighting for me.

REAGAN
Tell you what, it'll be your turn
next.

Reagan kneels down beside Man #2, reaches into his jacket
pocket and removes a -- POLICE BADGE

MURPH
Oops.

The far off whine of SIRENS approaches. Reagan reacts,
springs to her feet and grabs Murph.

REAGAN
They're playing our song. Come on!

And as they dash off --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

923 EXT. BARGE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

923

MACLEOD (O.S.)

Nice of you to drop by. Dinner was
four hours ago.

924 INT. BARGE - CONTINUOUS

924

Reagan and Murph confront a testy MacLeod.

REAGAN

(humbly)

I'm sorry.

(to Murph)

Murph, this is Duncan MacLeod. The
wonderful, handsome, generous man I
told you about.

MacLeod rolls his eyes.

MACLEOD

Little early for snow.

MURPH

Hi.

MACLEOD

Nice to meet you. Alright, Reagan,
what's going on?

REAGAN

Need a place to crash for the night.

MACLEOD

And you chose my place? I'm
flattered.

Murph tries his best to explain.

MURPH

Well, Reagan can't go back to her
hotel because she just conked a couple
of cops. And she already shot one
bloke in my flat and the other one
who isn't dead might be back.

Murph stops to catch his breath. MacLeod deadpans, slowly
pivots toward Reagan. She smiles innocently.

REAGAN

See? Simple really.

(CONTINUED)

924 CONTINUED:

924

MACLEOD

Okay, what's really going on?

Sighing, Reagan tosses the photos on a table.

REAGAN

These.

MacLeod spreads them out -- dozens of shots of Murph in various bathing suits.

MACLEOD

You seem to have a knack of getting into trouble with men in shorts.

TRANSITION TO:

925 INT. STABLES - LONDON - 1833 - DAY

925

SUPER: LONDON, 1833

MacLeod pulls up the hind leg of his horse, raps the new shoe with a knuckle. He nods his approval to the STABLE BOY.

MACLEOD

Fine job, Jim.

He tosses a coin to the Stable Boy, who moves off.

Suddenly, MacLeod gets the BUZZ. He looks to the stable door -- tense, ready, hand on his sword. But who steps daintily through is

REAGAN

Bedecked in jewels and satin dress, her lovely tresses cascading around bare shoulders.

MacLeod relaxes his stance and, obviously in the presence of a lady, introduces himself with a slight bow.

MACLEOD

Duncan MacLeod of the Clan MacLeod.

Reagan curtsies, speaking in a thick Hungarian Zsa Zsa accent --

REAGAN

Countess Ludmilla Albertina Katushka von Tcheka of Hungary.

MACLEOD

What an exotic-sounding name.

She sashays over to him seductively, her skirts whispering

(CONTINUED)

925 CONTINUED:

925

across the hay strewn floor. Extending her hand --

REAGAN

Did you say exotic... or erotic?

MacLeod bends to kiss her hand.

MACLEOD

Whatever the lady desires.

Reagan smiles deliciously. She steps up to MacLeod's horse, runs her hands over its firm flanks while looking MacLeod up and down --

REAGAN

Ahhh... such a noble beast. How I do appreciate the feel of a powerful stallion beneath my loins.

This is MacLeod's lucky day. He crosses to Reagan, takes her hand in his.

MACLEOD

Aye... one that likes to be ridden long and hard.

They lock eyes as we --

SMASH CUT TO:

926 INT. REAGAN'S SUITE - LONDON - 1831 - DAY

926

Nineteenth century love shack -- baroque tapestries and red velvet drape the walls and windows.

MACLEOD'S SHIRT flies through the air.

REAGAN'S DRESS soon follows.

MACLEOD'S PANTS sail by.

REAGAN'S PETTICOATS flutter down.

Center stage sits a four poster bed, surrounded by candles. And stumbling towards the bed, hurriedly ripping and tearing each other's clothes off as they go --

MACLEOD AND REAGAN

hot in the throes of passion, GROANING in ecstasy.

They finally reach the bed, collapse on top. Reagan's down to her corset, MacLeod's down to his underwear.

Reagan comes up for a breather, purrs mischievously --

(CONTINUED)

926 CONTINUED:

926

REAGAN

I wonder if you're a man who
appreciates variety?

MACLEOD

I like to think so. What did you
have in mind?

Reagan reaches under a pillow, pulls out several SILK SCARVES.

REAGAN

A little game.

DISSOLVE TO:

927 INT. REAGAN'S SUITE - LONDON - 1833 - MOMENTS LATER

927

MacLeod's FEET tied to the bottom bedposts with scarves.
PAN ALONG his body to reveal

MACLEOD'S FACE

grinning with anticipation as he watches

REAGAN

finish tying his hands to the top posts. She snugs the last
knot tight, sits back to survey her handiwork.

REAGAN (CONT'D)

There. My little stallion is all
tied up.

MacLeod tugs at the scarves, testing his bonds.

MACLEOD

Do they need to be this tight?

REAGAN

(caresses his cheek)
Can't have you running away, can I?

MACLEOD

No chance of that. Now what?

REAGAN

Now the game is over.

Reagan's expression turns hard. She stands up from the bed.
When she speaks all trace of her Hungarian accent is gone.

REAGAN (CONT'D)

And you, my fine fit friend, have
lost.

(CONTINUED)

927 CONTINUED:

927

Reaching into her cleavage, she pulls out a tiny WHISTLE, blows a shrill BLAST.

Suddenly, the door flies open. Four SOLDIERS burst into the room.

MacLeod strains in vain against his bonds.

MACLEOD

Bloody hell!?

Three of the Soldiers cross to the bed, cut through the scarves to free MacLeod.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(to Reagan)

What's going on?

The fourth Soldier, BANNOCK, hands Reagan an envelope. She checks the contents -- A WAD OF POUND NOTES

REAGAN

(shrugs)

Treason and a thousand-pound reward are reason enough.

The three Soldiers stand MacLeod up, restrain him.

MACLEOD

Treason!? I'm no traitor.

Bannock slaps him across the face.

BANNOCK

Only to the Duke's marriage! He will not have his wife dallied with.

MacLeod scowls at Reagan.

MACLEOD

So that's what this is all about!?

A surprised Reagan whirls on Bannock.

REAGAN

That's what this was all about!? Just because he diddled the Duke's wife?

BANNOCK

Silence. You've been well paid.

He gives a signal. The Soldiers pilot MacLeod toward the door. Reagan runs up to Bannock.

(CONTINUED)

927 CONTINUED: (2)

927

REAGAN

But the punishment, then? Surely
not death?

BANNOCK

My orders are the same. A private
beheading at the Duke's country
palace.

Bannock gestures again. The Soldiers drag an irate MacLeod
out the door. He shouts back over his shoulder

MACLEOD

I'll wager you're not even a Countess!

Bannock slams the door shut behind them. Reagan stands alone
in her suite, anger roiling in her gut.

928 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - OUTSIDE LONDON - 1833 - DAY

928

Bannock drives a carriage down a country lane en route to
the Duke's country palace. The other three Soldiers sit in
back guarding MacLeod, who's tied up again -- this time with
sturdy rope.

Suddenly Bannock reins up, the carriage slows.

MACLEOD

gets the BUZZ.

BANNOCK

looks at the road ahead. An overturned WAGON blocks their
path. Lying next to the wagon, in obvious distress --

A NUN

in full habit, apparently trapped under one of the wheels.

BANNOCK

brings the carriage to a stop and jumps out. Rushing over
to the Nun's side, he bends down to offer assistance as --

The Nun leaps up. Before Bannock can react, she knocks him
over the head with a broken wheel spoke. He falls
unconscious.

MACLEOD

sits up, alert to this strange new development.

One of the Soldiers jumps down from the carriage, dashing to
his comrade's aid, pistol at the ready.

(CONTINUED)

928 CONTINUED:

928

Much to his surprise, the Nun grabs Bannock's pistol and fires -- BANG! The Soldier takes a bullet in the shoulder, falls to the ground.

The nun whips off her cowl to reveal --

REAGAN

as she unsheathes her sword.

IN THE CARRIAGE

one of the Soldiers draws his sword and jumps down to meet her challenge. The other Soldier prepares to join him when

MACLEOD

lashes out with his boots. A well-placed kick knocks the Soldier off balance -- his sword clatters to the carriage floor and the Soldier tumbles backwards out of the carriage landing on the gravel road.

REAGAN

spars with imaginative precision with the other Soldier, matching his well-trained moves and besting them with her own skillful arabesques.

AT THE CARRIAGE

Just as the Soldier on the road struggles to right himself, MacLeod jumps down and, hands still tied, socks him hard in the jaw, knocking him unconscious.

Using the Soldier's blade, MacLeod slices through his own bonds and rushes over to help Reagan.

Her opponent, seeing he's now up against two of them, turns tail and runs for cover into the neighboring forest.

Reagan surveys the scene around them -- three unconscious Soldiers, a fourth one fled.

REAGAN

So these are the Duke's finest! Ha
ha!

Reagan tears off the Nun's habit, revealing an attractive riding outfit -- billowy blouse, skirt, leather boots. MacLeod's eyes narrow suspiciously.

MACLEOD

What kind of mad woman are you?
First, you seduce me. Then you betray
me. Then you rescue me.

(CONTINUED)

928 CONTINUED: (2)

928

Reagan looks at MacLeod for a BEAT, considering. Then she steps up into the carriage, relaxes on the back seat.

REAGAN

All part of a day's work.

MACLEOD

(still pissed)

Because of you, I almost lost my head.

Reagan smiles brightly, claps him on the shoulder.

REAGAN

And because of me, you didn't. I'd say we're even.

Unable to fight the logic, MacLeod reluctantly returns her smile.

REAGAN (CONT'D)

Ah, there. I knew you were a forgiving soul.

(seductively)

Now if I could only recall...

(caresses his cheek)

... when last we were engaged...

MacLeod rises to the occasion, grabs a piece of rope and quickly ties her hands.

MACLEOD

Let me refresh your memory... Now, we're even.

Off her expectant look --

TRANSITION TO:

929 INT. BARGE - THE PRESENT - NIGHT

929

MacLeod, Reagan and Murph pore over the DOZENS OF 8x10 PHOTOS looking for a clue.

MACLEOD

It might help if you could tell me what to look for.

REAGAN

Something worth killing for.

MACLEOD

Or maybe someone?

(CONTINUED)

929 CONTINUED:

929

Reagan runs her eyes over the pictures, pulls out the photo of Murph on the quai.

MURPH
(self-consciously,
re: photo)
It's not my best.

REAGAN'S POV - THE PHOTO

CAMERA looks past the posing Murph toward something in the background -- the image of Kendal stepping onto a motor boat.

MACLEOD
What is it?

REAGAN
(looking around)
Magnifying glass?

MacLeod reaches into a drawer, pulls out a magnifying glass. Reagan grabs the glass, zeros in on the photo.

REAGAN'S POV

The magnified image of Kendal swims into focus.

REAGAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(softly)
Jack Kendal. Sweet Jesus.

DISSOLVE TO:

930 INT. KENDAL'S CHATEAU - NIGHT

930

KENDAL'S FACE

PULL BACK to reveal him sitting alone at a large table scrutinizing a series of BLUEPRINTS and SCHEMATICS. Sears enters.

SEARS
There's a reason she handles herself
like a pro.

He places a file folder in front of Kendal.

SEARS (CONT'D)
She is.

KENDAL
Reagan Cole.

SEARS
You know her?

(CONTINUED)

930 CONTINUED:

930

KENDAL

She's a bounty hunter. Almost got
in my way when I hit Vega.

(beat)

Who's the guy?

SEARS

A nobody. A male model from England.

Kendal opens the file.

KENDAL'S POV - THE FILE

Inside, a very grainy fax photo of Reagan with longer hair,
glasses. Several pages of reports, aliases, addresses.

Kendal closes the file, sits back with a look of disgust on
his face.

KENDAL

I'd bet she has the film, and they've
both seen it.

SEARS

What about the police?

Kendal shakes his head.

KENDAL

All she's after is the money. If
the police take me, she gets nothing.

SEARS

You want us to stake out her hotel
and the guy's apartment?

KENDAL

She'll never go back there. She's
too smart. We'll just have to be
smarter.

(beat)

This Reagan Cole... she's a cockroach.

(smiles fondly)

I remember a job in Beirut. Holed
up in a bunker. No food for days.
I ate cockroaches to survive.

He picks up the fax photo of Reagan, and then the one of
Murph.

KENDAL (CONT'D)

Some things never change.

931 INT. BARGE - SAME TIME

931

A computer screen displays a confidential, CIA web page. A photo of a much younger Kendal slowly materializes as it downloads.

REAGAN (O.S.)

Jack Kendal, assassin, international terrorist.

MacLeod and Murph peer over Reagan's shoulder she punches away on MacLeod's laptop computer. Murph gives a low whistle.

MACLEOD

(reading from screen)

Went to ground... fifteen years ago.
Hasn't been seen since.

MURPH

Were there really three hundred people on that plane he blew up?

Reagan flashes to Miami and her glimpse of Vega's killer.

REAGAN

He was in Miami last week.

(beat)

He killed the guy I was bringing in.

(beat)

Dammit. I should have recognized him, but I thought Kendal was dead.

MACLEOD

So did the rest of the world.

MURPH

(reading)

Forty-two suspected assassinations.
Never arrested.

Reagan's eyes go back to the computer screen.

REAGAN

This is interesting.

MACLEOD

What?

REAGAN

The price on his head. One million.

MURPH

Dollars?

Reagan throws him a look.

(CONTINUED)

931 CONTINUED:

931

MacLeod's getting worried.

MACLEOD

So who's he here to kill?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

932 INT. BARGE - THE NEXT MORNING

932

Early morning grumpies. MacLeod pours coffee for Reagan and Murph.

REAGAN
Decaf? You're kidding.

MACLEOD
You're welcome.

REAGAN
(stretches her back)
After a night on the futon from hell,
I need all the caffeine I can get.

MURPH
Caffeine...

REAGAN
(cutting him off)
I know... I know.

Silence for a BEAT. MacLeod catches a movement out of the corner of his eye, glances out a porthole.

MACLEOD'S POV - THE QUAI OUTSIDE

Mitchell, the Interpol cop, lumbers down the quai toward the barge, devouring a crepe as he goes.

RESUME SCENE

MACLEOD
Here we go.

REAGAN
What?

MACLEOD
(indicating)
Looks like a cop. Walks like a cop.

Reagan crosses to the porthole, peers out.

REAGAN
Yup. It's a cop. Interpol.

933 EXT. BARGE - DAY

933

Mitchell hoists himself up the gangplank, stepping onto the barge just as MacLeod emerges topside.

MITCHELL
Duncan MacLeod?

MACLEOD
(nods)
Your turn.

MITCHELL
Rowan Mitchell. Interpol.

MACLEOD
Got any ID? Can't be too careful
these days.

MITCHELL
Of course.

Mitchell stuffs the rest of the crepe into his face. Reaching into his jacket pocket, he pulls out a limp piece of faded paper the size of a business card.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)
Afraid the dry cleaners did a number
on it. If you squint, you can just
make out my name.

MacLeod looks in disbelief at the ID.

MACLEOD
You gotta be joking.

MITCHELL
I don't joke. Oh, when I was younger,
I'd compose the odd limerick. Care
to hear one?
(reciting)
There once was a lad with a film
roll.
Who befriended a lass named Cole...
Reagan Cole.
(beat)
You wouldn't know anyone named Reagan
Cole, would you, Mr. MacLeod?

MACLEOD
Who?

(CONTINUED)

933 CONTINUED:

933

MITCHELL

I have a log of the calls she placed from her cell phone yesterday. One of them was to this address.

MACLEOD

(shrugs; plays dumb)
Doesn't ring a bell. Pardon the pun.

Mitchell advances toward the barge door.

MITCHELL

Always wondered what one of these places looked like inside.

MACLEOD

(blocks his path)
Keep wondering.

MITCHELL

Have it your way, Mr. MacLeod. We can do this here or down at my office.

MacLeod thinks quickly on his feet.

MACLEOD

Perfect plan. Buy you lunch on the way.

MacLeod puts his arm through Mitchell's and leads him off.

934 EXT. CAFE - DAY

934

Reagan and Murph sit in the outdoor cafe. At the next table, a MAN reads a NEWSPAPER.

Murph drinks a glass of juice. Reagan swigs a beer and munches her way through a large plate of moules et frites.

REAGAN

(re: fries)
Help yourself.

MURPH

(taking a fry)
Mind if I ask you a personal question?

REAGAN

How personal?

(CONTINUED)

MURPH

(a little nervous)

I was wondering... I know I'm not the smartest guy around... I mean, you're probably used to guys who went to university and stuff... But I thought, maybe you and me, we could...

The Man next to them rises to leave, tossing his NEWSPAPER on his table. Reagan glances over.

REAGAN'S POV - NEWSPAPER

The headline reads: EUROPEAN SUMMIT MEETING TODAY

RESUME SCENE

REAGAN

Yes!

She grabs the paper.

MURPH

Yes!

REAGAN

Hang on.

(scans story)

"The eyes of the world will be on France tonight as foreign ministers gather in Paris for a forum on European unity."

MURPH

So?

REAGAN

For Kendal to be in Paris after popping someone last week, it has to be something big. Something that would make him millions.

In a flash she's on her feet. Murph's right beside.

MURPH

Tell me what to do.

REAGAN

Been to the Louvre lately? Perfect place to lose yourself for a few hours.

MURPH

I want to help.

(CONTINUED)

934 CONTINUED: (2)

934

REAGAN

I know, and I appreciate it.
(checks watch)
Meet back here at two o'clock.

MURPH

But what about Kendal?

REAGAN

He's mine.

935 EXT. CHATEAU - DAY

935

A large chateau just outside the peripherique.

Reagan's car pulls up and stops a discreet distance from the front. The DRIVER'S WINDOW powers down, Reagan stakes the place out.

A TECH CREW, wearing SECURITY TAGS around their necks, lays cable from a satellite TV news van.

WORKERS, also TAGGED, flow in and out of the chateau carrying laundry, catering trays, equipment.

Reagan furrows her brow, thinking.

CUT TO:

THE NEWS VAN - REAR DOOR

A HAND reaches in, quickly snatches a CLIPBOARD.

CAMERA FOLLOWS the CLIPBOARD as it's carried up the drive, up to the front steps of the chateau.

TILT UP to reveal Reagan, poised now as front door security check.

She stops a CATERER --

REAGAN

Just a second. Let me see your tag.

The Caterer shows her his tag. She checks it against her clipboard -- waves him in.

A bearded, bespectacled man in a dark suit, DOCTOR BELLOWS, passes by her on his way out of the Chateau. Reagan raises a hand, stopping him. She checks his tag --

REAGAN (CONT'D)

Doctor Bellows.

-- against her clipboard, and allows him to leave.

(CONTINUED)

935 CONTINUED:

935

A FEMALE NEWS REPORTER walks toward Reagan, gets stopped.
Reagan checks her out.

REAGAN'S POV - REPORTER'S SECURITY TAG

The woman bears a slight resemblance to Reagan -- close enough
to fool anyone in passing.

RESUME SCENE

REAGAN scrutinizes the clipboard, clicks her tongue
regretfully.

REAGAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. Your security tag has
expired.

Reagan takes the tag from the woman.

FEMALE NEWS REPORTER
I'm already cleared.

REAGAN (CONT'D)
You'll have to re-apply.

FEMALE NEWS REPORTER
And how am I supposed to do that in
time for the conference?

REAGAN (CONT'D)
Hey, I don't make the rules.

The angry Reporter stalks back down the drive, cursing under
her breath.

Reagan dons her Security Tag, tosses the clipboard into the
bushes and walks right on into --

936 INT. CHATEAU - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

936

-- the chateau. Ducking down a hallway, Reagan moves
furtively through the ground floor. She comes upon a door,
opens it slowly and enters --

937 INT. CHATEAU - SALON - CONTINUOUS

937

-- the salon. Reagan stands in a large room, comfortably
furnished, with one wall of plate glass looking out onto a
swimming pool beyond.

Suddenly, a gentle voice from behind her --

MITCHELL (O.S.)
And you told me you were here on
vacation.

(CONTINUED)

937 CONTINUED:

937

Reagan spins to face Mitchell, clearly pissed off she's been caught.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Misplace your hotel?

Reagan gives him a cocky glare, countering --

REAGAN

Just happen to be in the neighborhood again?

MITCHELL

Yes and no. But then again, that's me. Don't always do what I say, don't always mean what I think. A walking conundrum.

REAGAN

Do you ever have a straight answer?

MITCHELL

(shakes head)

Heavens, no. Everybody's got an agenda.

REAGAN

Like Kendal?

MITCHELL

Like you.

REAGAN

You don't know anything about me.

MITCHELL

Bounty hunters, mercenaries... fringe dwellers... usually damaged goods.

Reagan's had enough of his condescension.

REAGAN

Whatever. Kendal's mine. The million is mine. Period.

MITCHELL

Semi-colon. Kendal will be in custody -- or dead -- within hours.

REAGAN

(derisive)

He's been running you guys in circles for the last fifteen years.

Mitchell pulls an envelope out of his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

937 CONTINUED: (2)

937

REAGAN (CONT'D)

What's that?

MITCHELL

It could be two things. It could be your airline ticket back to the States, or it could be the warrant for your arrest.

He beams beatifically at Reagan. Reagan stares at the envelope, does a slow burn. She snatches it violently out of Mitchell's hands.

938 EXT. CAFE - DAY

938

Reagan sits at the outdoor cafe, shouldering her cell phone up to one ear as she checks her watch.

REAGAN

(into phone)

Duncan, he's half an hour late already. I thought he might have screwed up and gone to the barge.

(beat)

His apartment? Nah, he wouldn't be that stupid.

(beat)

Okay, maybe you're right. Later.

Reagan punches off the call, pulls out a business card with a mini head shot of Murph and a Paris phone number. She dials the number, listens and hears a BUSY SIGNAL.

REAGAN (CONT'D)

Oh, no.

(under her breath)

Stupid stupid stupid.

She pockets the phone and dashes off.

939 EXT. MURPH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

939

Reagan hurries toward the apartment. She looks up and sees

REAGAN'S POV

Murph on the phone standing by the window.

RESUME SCENE

Reagan sighs and shakes her head, then calls to him.

REAGAN

Murphy... Murphy!

(CONTINUED)

939 CONTINUED:

939

He looks to her and puts a hand to his ear to show he can't hear.

REAGAN (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Get away from the window!

A SHOT rings out.

ANGLE MURPH'S WINDOW

There is a large bullet hole in it.

Murphy stands there for a moment, a surprised look on his face, then falls, crashing through the window.

BACK TO REAGAN

As she reacts.

No!
REAGAN

Off her pain --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

940 INT. MURPH'S LOFT - DAY

940

The Policeman stands sentry outside Murph's open door. Reagan sits on the futon, silent, motionless.

REAGAN

I told him not to come here! What was he thinking? Why would he do it?

MITCHELL

If it's any consolation, we got the shooter.

Reagan's gaze drifts to something in the corner --

MURPH'S BEEPER

She picks it up.

INSERT - BEEPER

It displays a phone number and time of day.

MITCHELL

What's that?

REAGAN

Murph's beeper.

Reagan shoves it toward Mitchell.

REAGAN (CONT'D)

(re: phone number)

That's the last person to talk to Murph alive.

Mitchell glances cursorily at the beeper.

MITCHELL

It's the number of an agent Celine set him up with.

REAGAN

How do you know that? I just found the beeper.

Reagan puts the pieces together.

(CONTINUED)

940 CONTINUED:

940

REAGAN (CONT'D)

What'd she say he needed? Head
shots... a resume? You son of a
bitch. You set him up.

Reagan's rage explodes in a flash -- she hauls off and PUNCHES
Mitchell squarely on the jaw. The force of the blow is enough
to rock even his bulk.

The Policeman rushes over, but Mitchell puts up a hand.

MITCHELL

(to Cop)

No.

(rubs jaw)

She's through now.

The Policeman retreats hesitantly.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

I'm sure Freud would have a few things
to say about misdirected aggression,
but we'll set that aside for now,
shall we?

Reagan breath comes in short, hollow bursts.

REAGAN

You used him as bait!

MITCHELL

If I was that much of a bastard, I'd
have been a commissioner a long time
ago.

(beat)

We had a tap on his phone.

Exhausted with emotion, Reagan's anger is dissipated now.

REAGAN

(quietly)

Go to hell.

MITCHELL

(nods, considering)

Most likely. In the meantime, you've
got a plane ticket with your name on
it.

Mitchell motions the Policeman over, who takes Reagan firmly
by the arm.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

And an armed escort.

(CONTINUED)

940 CONTINUED: (2)

940

Struggling under the Policeman's grip, Reagan plays the only card she's got left.

REAGAN

Sure, be an idiot. I'm the only one who's seen Kendal in the last fifteen years... what he looks like now.

You put me on a plane, you're blind.

Reagan plants her feet and waits. Mitchell glares at her for a BEAT. Finally, he sighs.

REAGAN (CONT'D)

(to Cop)

That means take your damn hands off me.

Reagan shakes herself free from the Policeman and storms out the door, Mitchell following in her wake.

941 INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

941

Medical kit in hand, Dr. Bellows walks to his parked car, opens the driver's door. Suddenly, a hand falls on his shoulder. He whirls to face --

KENDAL, dressed in exactly the same clothes he's wearing, and smiling apologetically.

KENDAL

I hope I didn't startle you. Dr. Bellows?

Bellows's eyes widen as he realizes Kendal has a gun with a silencer in his hand.

Kendal fires twice.

SHOCK CUT TO:

942 INT. PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

942

The TRUNK of Dr. Bellows' car slams shut.

Kendal, now wearing a beard and glasses, has a medical kit the exact duplicate of the doctor's. He opens it, removing the normal medical paraphernalia -- bandages, hypodermics, stethoscope -- and a small OXYGEN TANK.

Setting these things aside, Kendal reaches into the bag and raises a FALSE BOTTOM. Into the cavity he places a very deadly looking AUTOMATIC. He replaces the false bottom and fills the bag again. Kendal tests his fake beard with a gentle tug. Then he pins a tag on his lapel.

(CONTINUED)

942 CONTINUED: 942

CLOSE ON - THE SECURITY TAG

-- now bearing Kendal's disguised picture as Dr. Bellows.

943 EXT. CHATEAU - DAY 943

The setup confusion has died down. Bomb-sniffing dogs lazily patrol the grounds.

An understated limousine pulls up, disgorging an official looking MAN -- the first of the Foreign Ministers has arrived.

944 INT. CHATEAU - HALLWAY - DAY 944

Mitchell and Reagan do a last minute walk-through as a BUG SWEEPER moves in front of them.

MITCHELL

We've been over everything a dozen times.

REAGAN

Uh huh.

MITCHELL

I don't know what you expect to find.

REAGAN

It's what I don't expect to find.

945 INT. CHATEAU - BY FRONT DOOR - SAME TIME 945

Kendal, disguised as Dr. Bellows, enters the front door. He passes through a metal detector manned by a uniformed GUARD. The ALARM sounds, the Guard waves Kendal over to the side.

Kendal opens his bag.

The Guard rummages around inside, comes up with the metal oxygen tank.

KENDAL

I'm sorry. The oxygen tank must have set it off.

The Guard nods his agreement, waves Kendal on through.

946 INT. CHATEAU - HALLWAY - DAY 946

Kendal exits a doorway (to the press conference room), turns down the hallway and disappears around a corner as Reagan and Mitchell approach the same doorway.

REAGAN

What's in there?

(CONTINUED)

946 CONTINUED:

946

MITCHELL
Conference room.

Reagan opens the door.

947 INT. CHATEAU - PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

947

A long table set upon the stage of a small auditorium faces a room full of seats. On the table there are placecards visible, identifying the different countries. Among the cards are Spain, France, Sweden, Germany, Italy, the United Kingdom, Denmark, and Portugal.

High tech WIRELESS RECEIVERS and HEADSETS clutter the table. At the rear, two GLASS BOOTHS for simultaneous translators. Along one wall, a coffee and water table, and an electronic setup with TAPE RECORDER. Reagan walks over to the tape recorder, checks it over.

REAGAN
Tested?

MITCHELL
Yeah. You're wasting your time.
The dogs have already been through
the room.

She's not convinced.

REAGAN
Uh huh.

Reagan crosses to the large coffee urn, looks inside. She lifts the table cloth on the water table, checks underneath.

MITCHELL
Okay?

She glances across the room. Tucked back in a corner is a wooden BOX, roughly two feet by three feet with the caduceus symbol -- clearly a medical kit.

She walks over, indicates the box to Mitchell.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)
(shrugs)
Need to be ready for anything.

Reagan opens it, checks the contents -- bandages, stethoscope, hypodermics, scissors, small oxygen tank nothing amiss.

REAGAN
Okay, I'm convinced.

948 INT. CHATEAU SALON - DAY

948

Through the plate glass window, the sun shimmers on the swimming pool, the grounds of the chateau in the background.

Inside, the room is now full of people, male and female FOREIGN MINISTERS mingling ponderously, flanked by their respective ADJUTANTS and ASSISTANTS.

REAGAN AND MITCHELL enter, scope out the crowd. Mitchell snatches a CANAPE from a passing WAITER, pops it into his mouth.

MITCHELL

(mouthful)

Nobody gets in without a security tag.

REAGAN

(scowls)

That really stopped me.

Suddenly, Reagan spots a face through the sea of heads and shoulders across the room.

REAGAN (CONT'D)

(pointing)

Who's that?

REAGAN'S POV

The man's face moves in and out of her range of vision through the-milling throng. For an instant, he turns to face her. A jolt races up Reagan's spine. She flashes back to

KENDAL'S PICTURE

as her brain does a LAP-DISSOLVE, Kendal's picture on top of this face -- bingo!

REAGAN stiffens, begins to move toward him when --

A WAITER laden with trays of hors d'oeuvres bumps into her.

She pushes the waiter aside and turns back around. Kendal's gone now.

REAGAN spins on her heels, tearing out of the room, a confused Mitchell bringing up the rear.

949 INT. CHATEAU - PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

949

Mitchell watches over her shoulder as Reagan runs her hand over the medical supplies. She picks up the oxygen tank, hefts it.

(CONTINUED)

949 CONTINUED:

949

REAGAN

Feels right.

She turns the nozzle to test it. Nothing. She glances at Mitchell. He reaches over, cranks it wide open. Still nothing.

MITCHELL

No oxygen.

REAGAN

Even though it feels heavy enough to be full.

Reagan flips it over, inspects the bottom. She unscrews the base to reveal -- A DIGITAL TIMER hidden inside, counting down -- 1:59:00, 1:58:59, 1:58:58...

REAGAN (CONT'D)

Probably a nerve toxin, set to go off in two hours.

MITCHELL

Right in the middle of the meeting.

She passes Mitchell the oxygen tank.

REAGAN

Walk that very carefully out of the chateau.

MITCHELL

And you?

REAGAN

Think I need a doctor. I feel a major pain in the ass coming on.

950 INT. CHATEAU - HALLWAY - DAY

950

Reagan trots down the empty hallway, wary, alert. She stops at a door, opens it... nothing.

At the end of the corridor, a shoulder disappears into an open doorway. She runs after it, following cautiously. Approaching the doorway, she steps inside and finds herself back in --

951 INT. CHATEAU - SALON - CONTINUOUS

951

-- the salon, entering from the rear door. Reagan looks over the crowd. Cocktail hour is winding down now, the Ministers preparing to go into conference.

(CONTINUED)

951 CONTINUED:

951

A BLUR OF TWEED catches Reagan's eye. It's Kendal, positioning himself in the middle of the crowd. Their eyes lock -- and hold -- the gauntlet is thrown down.

Reagan moves slowly, deliberately toward Kendal.

REAGAN

His name was Brian. Brian Murphy.

KENDAL

Who?

REAGAN

The young man you had killed.

(beat)

I found the gas canister. Your little toy's gone bye-bye.

Kendal pulls his automatic.

KENDAL

I'm walking out of here.

Mild, dignified panic ensues as the crowd begins to pick up on the vibe, some backing away as they notice Kendal's gun.

Mitchell enters the salon, takes in the situation. He speaks softly into his lapel mic --

MITCHELL

(into mic)

Situation in room three. Converge.

KENDAL

In two minutes, a helicopter will land. You will allow me safe passage.

REAGAN'S HAND

snakes out toward Mitchell. In a flash, she yanks his gun from his shoulder holster, aims it at Kendal.

REAGAN

I'll allow you to kiss my butt.
What's to stop me from blowing you away right now?

KENDAL

I might ask you the same question.

Kendal opens his jacket, revealing an intricate

BODY BOMB

(CONTINUED)

951 CONTINUED: (2)

951

With plastique bricks sewn into the lining, and a web of wires crisscrossing his shirt. The crowd GASPS, women SCREAM. Everyone backs to the perimeter of the room.

REAGAN

I suppose a bullet through that sick, twisted brain of yours would stop you.

Kendal shakes his head sadly.

KENDAL

Afraid not. You see these wires? A sophisticated deadman trigger.

REAGAN

Not exactly original.

KENDAL

But effective. If my heart stops beating, the bomb explodes.

Reagan stares at Kendal for a BEAT. Her well-trained eyes take in the room, the frightened Ministers gathered along the far wall, Mitchell at her side, Kendal standing in front of the large plate glass window. Her brain does some rapid calculation.

Finally, she grins at Kendal appreciatively.

REAGAN

Gotta hand it to you. Looks like you thought of everything.

A silent BEAT hangs in the air like the calm before a storm.

REAGAN'S EYES

harden, drill into Kendal.

HER FINGER

tightens imperceptibly on the trigger.

REAGAN

Everything except the fact that if I put one in your brain, your heart will take approximately four seconds to stop.

BANG!

The next few seconds unravel in slow motion. Mitchell screams beside her --

(CONTINUED)

951 CONTINUED: (3)

951

MITCHELL

No!

Kendal begins to fall backward.

The room erupts in panic, Ministers shouting, running.

Reagan charges across the room like a bat out of hell. She barrels full tilt into Kendal, the force of the body blow catapulting him through the plate glass window.

Glass shatters everywhere.

Kendal flies across the patio and lands in the pool, Reagan following shortly after.

A millisecond later -- BOOM!

The pool explodes in a giant geyser of water. No more Kendal. No more Reagan.

The Foreign Ministers are safe, but completely freaked. They charge en masse out of the salon, jostling

MITCHELL

who struggles upstream, crunching over broken glass as he makes his way to the patio.

He looks through the blown window at the scene of destruction in front of him and crosses himself. A solemn BEAT, then

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Pity.

And he turns and walks away.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

952 EXT. BARGE - NIGHT

952

A clear moonlit night. On deck, MacLeod pours Reagan a glass of wine.

REAGAN

Here's to a million dollars.

MACLEOD

Too bad you're dead and can't collect.

REAGAN

(shrugs)

Win some, lose some.

They toast and drink.

REAGAN (CONT'D)

Murph, on the other hand, lost a lot more.

They share a quiet BEAT. MacLeod steers the conversation away from the past.

MACLEOD

So, what's next?

REAGAN

For me? Don't know. Probably the usual. Lie low for a while, come back with a new identity.

MACLEOD

New identity... but the same game?

REAGAN

I'm a big girl. I can take it. Besides, it's not like I have much choice.

MACLEOD

Sure you do.

REAGAN

(shakes head)

Uh uh. Can a doctor turn his back on a dying patient?

MACLEOD

I don't think it's quite the same thing.

(CONTINUED)

952 CONTINUED:

952

Reagan leans forward, earnest.

REAGAN

Look around. The Kendals out there are like a cancer. If it wasn't for me, the world would be a helluva lot sicker than it already is.

She catches herself sermonizing and stops. Changing gears, she flashes MacLeod a sly smile --

REAGAN (CONT'D)

Besides... I'm good at it.

She sidles over to MacLeod, snuggles in close and sighs contentedly.

REAGAN (CONT'D)

A lovely night, a starry sky, a handsome stallion...

MACLEOD

I wonder what the Countess Ludmilla Albertina Katushka von Tcheka would do?

Reagan smiles seductively.

REAGAN

Here, let me show you.

They embrace, kissing passionately under the Paris night sky.

FADE OUT.

THE END