

HIGHLANDER THE RAVEN

#98117

“Love and Death”

Written by
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HIGHLANDER : THE RAVEN

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Prod. # 98117

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Firecorp IV Productions Inc.

HIGHLANDER : THE RAVEN

"Love and Death"

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CAST LIST

AMANDA
NICK WOLFE

BERT MYERS
LIAM RILEY

DERRICK MARKHAM

BURKE
SVETLANA SIRANOVA
SHOPGIRL
DELIVERY MAN

PASCAL
NEWS VENDOR

DURANT (NON-SPEAKING STUNT)

HIGHLANDER : THE RAVEN

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SET LIST:

INTERIORS

SANCTUARY
/CORRIDOR
/CLUB
/NICK'S OFFICE
/KITCHEN

LIAM'S CHURCH
HUNTING LODGE - DINING ROOM
MARKHAM'S HOME - LIVING ROOM
HOSPITAL RECOVERY ROOM

HOTEL ROOM - BEDROOM - MANCHESTER - 1867
HOTEL ROOM - PARLOR - MANCHESTER - 1867
BEDFORD DOLL & TOY STOREROOM - MANCHESTER - 1867
HABERDASHER - MANCHESTER - 1867

EXTERIORS

SANCTUARY

HUNTING LODGE
CHURCH - RECTORY GARDEN
HOSPITAL
TRAIN YARD
STREET
BRIDGE BY THE QUAI
QUAI BY THE SEINE
BRIDGE OVER THE SEINE

ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE (ESTABLISHING)
MARKHAM'S HOME (ESTABLISHING)

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND - 1867
BACK STREET - MANCHESTER - 1867
BEDFORD DOLL & TOY STORE - MANCHESTER - 1867

"LOVE AND DEATH"

by Jocelyn Barque Simmons

TEASER

FADE IN:

11701 EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT 11701

Rolling hills, patches of forest, beneath an evening moon in the gorgeous Lake District.

11702 EXT. HUNTING LODGE - NIGHT 11702

Across the landscaped lawn, lights burn conspicuously in the first-floor windows. PULL BACK TO REVEAL

MYERS AND NICK

Both dressed in dark colors, focused on the task at hand: Myers, wielding a pair of shears, cuts open a chain-link fence. Nick, wearing thick gloves, peels back the fence.

INCLUDE RESCUE TEAM

Four of them. In black, armed. Nick holds open the fence. They file through the breach. Fan out across the lawn.

Myers and Nick toss down shears and gloves, pick up weapons, exchange a glance as we GO TO:

11703 INT. HUNTING LODGE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT 11703

Stately high ceilings, wood paneling, furnished in burnished leather and old wood. French doors open onto the garden, double doors onto the foyer. At the long dining table:

SVETLANA SIRANOVA

Beautiful but gritty, in her twenties. She sits in a high-backed chair. Legs drawn up, pouting, like a child. In the corner of the room a WELL-MUSCLED MAN man sits mute, watching her. Svetlana looks up as the sound of a DOOR BOLT BEING THROWN catches her attention. The heavy wooden door opens and two men,

BURKE AND DURANT

enter. Angular faces, cold and hard with tough sinewy bodies. They emit a sense of danger. Durant SLAPS a tidy gym bag down on the table.

As Burke approaches her, Svetlana glances from the gym bag:

(CONTINUED)

11703 CONTINUED:

11703

SVETLANA

So it's finally been paid.

BURKE

Straight from the Palladium box office. Mister Rock and Roll laid aside his guitar after the concert. Asked his fans to join him in a prayer. For your safe return.

Burke opens the case, revealing packets of bank notes. Svetlana responds with an arrogance she does not feel.

SVETLANA

And why am I still here?

As Svetlana rises, Durant pushes her roughly back down.

BURKE

Sit.

He tosses a packet of bills back into the case. At his nod, Durant checks his pistol's clip. Svetlana's gaze swivels to the gun.

SVETLANA

What are you doing?

11704 EXT. HUNTING LODGE - NIGHT

11704

At the back entrance to the Lodge: AN ARMED GUARD.

TIGHT ON Guard -- bored, he exercises his neck, stops, suddenly. Alert. Myers emerges from behind. A choke hold keeps him quiet while Nick swiftly cold cocks him.

11705 INT. HUNTING LODGE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

11705

While Svetlana recoils in mortal fear, Durant impassively raises his gun and aims.

MARKHAM (O.S.)

Don't.

INCLUDE DERRICK MARKHAM

Good-looking -- smart, arrogant, deadly with a commanding presence. Smiles encouragingly at Svetlana.

MARKHAM

Not here.

(CONTINUED)

11705 CONTINUED:

11705

Durant lowers his gun. Burke moves a flat screen television that is hinged on the wall, revealing a wall safe, which he swings open.

MARKHAM

(continuing)

You've had a pleasant stay I trust.

SVETLANA

When do I leave?

Markham crosses to the case, inspects the cash.

MARKHAM

You'll be gone, shortly.

(beat)

Your boy friend must love you a great deal.

SVETLANA

You have your money.

Markham places the case into the safe, locks it, and turns to confront Svetlana.

MARKHAM

And that's the good news, Svetlana.
The ransom's been paid. The bad
news: The ransom's been paid.

All the feigned arrogance is gone. There is only fear.

SVETLANA

But... You promised.

MARKHAM

I lied. Time for a stroll in the moonlight.

(indicating Burke and Durant)

Make sure she doesn't get lost.

As Burke and Durant move toward her.

SVETLANA

No, please.

As Markham gives a philosophical shrug:

INCLUDE THE DOORS

They're ripped open.

THE FRENCH DOORS

Shatter and explode inward.

(CONTINUED)

11705 CONTINUED: 2

11705

A SERIES OF SHOTS

Nick and Myers, together with the Four Members of the Rescue Team, pour into the room.

BURKE WITH SVETLANA AND DURANT

Both go for their sidearms. Svetlana dives under a table and squeezes shut eyes and ears.

MARKHAM

Moves swiftly to douse the lights.

RESCUE CREW MEMBERS AND MUTE GUARD

As they SHOOT it out. The guard, firing, is hit, staggers.

NICK

As he scopes Markham, dodges a bullet.

MARKHAM AND BURKE

As Markham backs into a secret escape route through a wall panel, Burke and Durant follow leaving:

THE MUTE GUARD

Falling, he lets out a blistering series of SHOTS.

NEW ANGLE

As Nick turns on the lights. The guard lies dead, but the others are gone. As Nick moves to Svetlana. Myers curses and barks orders.

MYERS

Where'd they go?

(turning to one of his men)

Have the local police set up perimeters, at one, three and five miles. I want these bastards.

SVETLANA

Her inner resources spent. She sits there, her hands over her ears, her body rocking with fear. Nick pulls an afghan off the couch and throws it over her quaking shoulders. He kneels down next to her. He smiles and speaks gently.

NICK

It's okay... It's over. No one's going to hurt you.

Nick puts out his hand.

(CONTINUED)

11705 CONTINUED: 3

11705

NICK

Let's go home.

With hesitation and the look of a deer caught in the headlights. Svetlana takes his hand in hers. They rise. She clings to him. Almost as an unconnected afterthought, she points to the safe behind the flat screen TV.

SVETLANA

The money.

NICK

We'll take care of it.

Nick and Myers share a glance as Svetlana exits with Nick. Myers turns to a RESCUE TEAM MEMBER:

MYERS

(re: safe)

Blow it.

11706 INT. HUNTING LODGE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

11706

CLOSE ON THE SAFE

As it BLASTS open.

Myers pulls out the bag of money. As he does a withered DAGUERREOTYPE falls to the floor. More interested in the cash, he pays no attention to it. He checks the money, then hands it to the Rescue Team Member.

MYERS

Count it.

His looks down at the old Daguerreotype which lies face down. He turns it over. The look on his face is closer to amazement than surprise.

CLOSE ON PORTRAIT

A man and a woman. The man resembles Markham. Beside him, hand draped on his shoulder. PUSH IN ON

AMANDA!

Unmistakably her.

MYERS

Amanda.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

11707 INT. SANCTUARY - NICK'S OFFICE - DAY

11707

Nick is at the computer, on the telephone, typing as he talks.

NICK

(into phone)

It's not necessary. I've already been paid. I'm happy she's okay.

(beat)

Next time you're in Paris.

He hangs up the receiver and hunches over the screen.

TIGHT ON NICK

As he works -- focused, concentrating. Until a LOUD WHEEHAW from a party horn goes off in his ear. He reacts, a heartbeat away from cardiac arrest.

INCLUDE AMANDA

The offending party, wearing a cone party hat with streamers. She BLOWS the horn again.

AMANDA

Happy birthday!

Nick collects himself.

NICK

It's not my birthday.

AMANDA

Of course not. It's mine!

NICK

I didn't know you had birthdays.

AMANDA

Then how would I get presents?

NICK

And you're gonna be -- how old?

AMANDA

(coyly)

Twenty-nine.

NICK

Give or take.

(CONTINUED)

11707 CONTINUED:

11707

AMANDA

A woman who can't lie about her age
has no imagination.

She takes off her party hat and dangles it before him.

AMANDA

I just dropped in to welcome you
back to Paris.

NICK

Nothing like a parade.

AMANDA

And to remind you that you've only
got two shopping days left.

NICK

What to get for the woman who has
everything?

AMANDA

Something very soulful...like a
diamond. Or very soft...like -- a
diamond.

NICK

Or very subtle.

AMANDA

Like 'a diamond.

11708 EXT. MARKHAM'S HOME - ESTABLISHING - DAY

11708

A nondescript small stone house in an older Parisian
suburb. Nothing too garish that would draw attention.

11709 INT. MARKHAM'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

11709

Wooden floors, the interior is spacious. What furniture
there is, is modern and expensive. On the wall is a
collection of swords. Blades of every shape and
description. Markham is working up a sweat working through
an intricate fencing maneuver. It is clear he is a master.

Markham responds to the HARSH KNOCKING.

MARKHAM

Come.

Markham moves toward the door. It opens and Burke enters.
With incredible swiftness Markham's blade rises to only an
inch from Burke's Adam's apple.

(CONTINUED)

11709 CONTINUED:

11709

MARKHAM

Only good news.

He ushers Burke inside.

BURKE

Name's Bert Myers and you were
right. He's in Paris.

Markham lowers the point of his blade and turns back
inside.

MARKHAM

What else?

BURKE

Used to be with the Stassi, then he
turned. Now he works as an
independent contractor.

MARKHAM

Who's on him?

BURKE

Durant.

(beat)

Should I have him take care of it?

MARKHAM

No. Remember Carlson?

(beat)

It took him three days to die.

(beat)

Myers cost me half a million
pounds. I want him to know it's me
killing him.

11710 INT. SANCTUARY - CLUB - DAY

11710

Amanda is making a party list while PASCAL, the bartender,
washes glassware.

AMANDA

Let's see. Hors d'oeuvres, foie
gras. Let's not forget artichokes,
champagne, Sauterne...Pascal, can
we get some of that wonderful
Chateau d'Yquem from '53?

PASCAL

Should I order a case?

MYERS (O.S.)

At five hundred dollars a bottle?

(CONTINUED)

11710 CONTINUED:

11710

Amanda turns. Myers has entered.

AMANDA

(beat)
Order two....

MYERS

What's the occasion?

AMANDA

I didn't know you were back in town.

MYERS

Just passing through.
(to Pascal)
An espresso.

AMANDA

Want to come to my party?

MYERS

I was in England.

AMANDA

Yes, I know. With Nick. So are you free Saturday?

MYERS

In the Lake District.

Amanda still checking her list, as Pascal sets down a cup before Myers.

AMANDA

It's cold this time of year.

MYERS

You've been there.

AMANDA

It's been a while. So what do you think, lobster or steak?

MYERS

Lobster.
(beat)
Cumbria mean anything to you?

AMANDA

Home of great poets and nervous cows. Not that there's any correlation between the two.

(CONTINUED)

11710 CONTINUED: 2

11710

MYERS

Listen, Amanda: You don't know
anyone from there?

AMANDA

Should I? Now wait a minute.

Amanda wrinkles her forehead, concentrates.

MYERS

Yes...?

AMANDA

I did know a soccer player from
Windermere once. Great legs.

As Myers reacts, disappointed:

NICK (O.S.)

Hey, Bert. Thought you were on
your way to Geneva.

INCLUDE NICK

As he enters, we hear a DOOR SLAM. A DELIVERY MAN enters.
Myers eyes Amanda as she moves to greet the Delivery Man.

MYERS

(to Nick)

Got a line on someone who might be
connected to our kidnapper.

AMANDA (O.S.)

For me?

ANOTHER ANGLE

As the Delivery Man presents Amanda with a package.

As Amanda signs for it, the Delivery Man shares a look with
Myers. She turns, waves the package and shakes to see if
it rattles. Begins to open it.

INCLUDE NICK AND MYERS

NICK

(re: package)

The birthday deluge begins.

(to Myers)

So what kind of line?

MYERS

(eyeing Amanda)

A woman connected to Markham. I'm
putting a couple of extra men on
it.

(CONTINUED)

11710 CONTINUED: 3

11710

NICK

Need help?

MYERS

I'll let you know.

ON AMANDA

As she tears off the brown paper and opens the parcel, she finds an antique photo in a frame. Amanda's delight turns to concern and bewilderment.

PUSH IN on Amanda: She's holding a copy of the old daguerreotype that Myers found in Markham's safe.

PUSH IN AGAIN on daguerreotype --

TRANSITION TO:

11711 EXT. MANCHESTER - ENGLAND - 1867 - DAY

11711

SUPER: MANCHESTER, ENGLAND - 1867

A busy street on a frigid Manchester morning. People bustling off to work in the Satanic mills and tiny shops. A NEWS VENDOR hawks a paper:

NEWS VENDOR

Charlie Shavers, son of Ice Baron,
kidnapped. Irish anarchists
suspected. Read all about it.

Buying a paper, a MAN we recognize as MARKHAM steps out of the crowd. Frock coat, silk hat. He opens the paper and stands reading it beside several tethered horses and a carriage.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Amanda emerges from a storefront which bears the sign: VAUGHAN BEARINGS MANUFACTURE LTD. Dressed like a middle-class Victorian lady. Elaborate feather hat, prim waistcoat. She carries a small leather traveling bag.

Crossing the street, she approaches Markham. He folds the paper, tips his hat, smiles.

MARKHAM

Funny, you don't look Irish.

AMANDA

Not funny.

MARKHAM

Relax.

(CONTINUED)

11711 CONTINUED:

11711.

AMANDA

I'm not nervous Derrick. I just don't like this.

MARKHAM

You're a thousand years old Amanda isn't it time you tried something new.

(off Amanda's smile)

Besides that.

AMANDA

(looking around)

I think we best finish our business and be off.

MARKHAM

It's the one with the red blanket.

AMANDA

I know. I wrote the ransom note.

Nearby, three horses are tethered to a hitch. One of the horses has a bright RED BLANKET under its saddle. Amanda moves to the horse, casually opens the saddlebag.

CLOSE ON SADDLEBAG

Revealing packets of banknotes within.

MARKHAM

Everything in order?

AMANDA

Businesslike, she closes the bag. She nods to Markham, who climbs into the carriage.

MARKHAM

Shall we.

Amanda unhooks the saddle bag and tosses it to Markham. In a swift movement, she gets into the carriage. Suddenly a

PIERCING WHISTLE --

WIDER as a RAFT OF POLICE descend toward them: English Bobbies with batons, high hats, and SHOUTS of "Stop, Halt!"

A POLICEMAN

Tries to pull Markham from the carriage. Markham successfully kicks him away.

(CONTINUED)

11711 CONTINUED: 2

11711

A GROUP OF POLICE

Rush toward them. Wielding their clubs, a path clears for them. Markham whips the horses and takes off.

MARKHAM

(into crowd)

Out of the way, damn you!!

Amanda, turns to the police and lets open her leather bag. A river of ball bearings pours out.

INSERT - BALL BEARINGS AS THEY HIT THE PAVEMENT

The Police slip and fall.

Markham and Amanda race off.

11712 EXT. BACK STREET - MANCHESTER - 1867 - DAY

11712

Markham and Amanda ride into a deserted alley. He helps Amanda from the carriage. Nearby, a fire burns trash in a metal barrel.

MARKHAM

Job well done. Pity they saw you.
I love you in that hat.

Amanda gives him her hat and he unceremoniously throws into the fire.

MARKHAM

Waistcoat.

Amanda surrenders her waistcoat and Markham drops that into the fire. He withdraws a handkerchief and bends down to daub Amanda's face.

MARKHAM

A proper lady doesn't walk around,
her nose besmirched with Manchester
grime.

Amanda smiles. Markham's charm is undeniable. They kiss.

AMANDA

Is that what a proper lady does?

The kiss does have its effect on Markham.

(CONTINUED)

11712 CONTINUED:

11712

MARKHAM

Any time she wants.

(a beat)

I'll ride over to free our young
friend. You go on to the hotel.
Wait for me there.

Amanda nods but goes for the saddlebags.

AMANDA

Just one thing: a proper lady keeps
track of her money.

She pulls the saddlebags off. Markham rides off on the
carriage.

11713 EXT. BEDFORD DOLL AND TOY STORE - MANCHESTER - 1867 - DAY 11713

Shades drawn. Markham's carriage outside.

11714 INT. BEDFORD DOLL & TOY STOREROOM - MANCHESTER - 1867 - DAY 11714

Dolls, toys and novelties line the shelves.

(PRODUCTION NOTE: This doesn't have to be a toy storeroom.
It needs to be some place interesting and not obvious.)

On the floor lies a young man, CHARLIE SHAVERS, 23. The
kidnap victim. Gagged. Bound hands and feet. Pale flesh,
eyes plaintive and crying for freedom as he looks to

SHAVER'S POV

Markham standing over him.

RESUME SCENE

MARKHAM

Everything is in tip top shape,
Charlie. You've been very
cooperative. Your father as well.

Shavers MUMBLES through the gag.

MARKHAM

No need to thank me. Just look at
me the way I want to remember
you -- just like that... Lovely.

ANGLE MARKHAM

As he finishes lighting a cigar, drops and grinds the
wooden match. He smiles casually, shrugs his shoulders,
reaches into his coat, withdraws a derringer, aims it --

(CONTINUED)

11714 CONTINUED:

11714

ANGLE - A SHELF FULL OF DOLLS
Motionless as a SHOT rings out.

11715 INT. HOTEL ROOM - BEDROOM - MANCHESTER - 1867 - DAY

11715

TIGHT ON THE MONEY in neat stacks on the dresser. WIDEN to reveal Markham dividing it.

MARKHAM

There it is. Your share -- and mine.

Amanda is not paying attention. She stares out the window. The fading light of day bathes her in an almost ethereal light. She looks radiant.

MARKHAM

I don't think I've ever seen anything more beautiful.

AMANDA

It's only money.

MARKHAM

I wasn't speaking of the money.

Amanda offers a half smile. Something is troubling her. He touches her cheek gently.

MARKHAM

Why so glum, lass?

Amanda doesn't respond.

MARKHAM

C'mon now we trust each other. Don't we?

(off her nod)

Then what is it?

AMANDA

I've never minded opening safes, picking pockets...but this was different.

MARKHAM

How?

AMANDA

We held a human being for ransom.

Markham tightens. He turns away and pours himself a drink. When he speaks again, it's with his familiar charm.

(CONTINUED)

11715 CONTINUED:

11715

MARKHAM

What's the harm? He sits on a cold floor for a couple of days. Probably did the spoiled little twit some good. Toughen him up.
(returning to the money)
His father made his fortune from what?

AMANDA

You know as well as I.

MARKHAM

Largest ice manufacturer in Britain. He pays a few pennies a hundred gallons to pipe it in from the river. Sells it frozen for a hundred times that. Our hearts should bleed for young Charlie?

AMANDA

I won't have any of it... again.

MARKHAM

But it was perfect. Half the population is out hanging Fenians. The police are more than happy to pin our little adventure on those poor Irish bastards. And we're free and clear -- almost.

AMANDA

Almost?

Markham approaches Amanda:

MARKHAM

Marry me.

AMANDA

(startled)
I beg your pardon.

MARKHAM

Why not? We care for each other. Your concerns are my concerns. And even on a bad day the lovemaking is... spectacular.

AMANDA

I'm flattered Derrick. Really I am. But for us, marriage truly is for eternity.

MARKHAM

You don't love me.

(CONTINUED)

11715 CONTINUED: 2

11715

AMANDA

(sadly)
Not enough.

Markham covers his hurt with flippancy.

MARKHAM

You'll learn.
(beat)
You see besides me you're the only
one who knows of our little scheme.

AMANDA

I would never betray you.

MARKHAM

But as my wife, even if you were
caught, the authorities would be
helpless. By law you couldn't be
compelled to testify against me.

AMANDA

Isn't there some other way?

MARKHAM

Actually, there is.

Markham withdraws his blade. Amanda grabs hers. One swift
movement by Markham disarms her. He holds his blade to
Amanda's throat.

AMANDA

You wouldn't.

He moves the blade down the side of her throat.

MARKHAM

As fond as I am of the soft curve
of your neck, I'm more concerned
with my own.

(beat)
I will take your head.

Amanda quivers, breaks into a warm smile.

AMANDA

Always the romantic. Mrs. Derrick
Markham -- it will be.

TRANSITION TO:

11716 INT. SANCTUARY - CLUB - THE PRESENT - DAY

11716

Amanda is still frozen by the daguerreotype.

(CONTINUED)

11716 CONTINUED:

11716

MYERS (O.S.)

Anything wrong?

Amanda looks up troubled, the color drained from her face.

NICK

You okay?

AMANDA

Fine. I didn't have breakfast.
Must be low blood sugar.

She keeps the picture from his eyes.

AMANDA

I'm going to get myself something
to eat.

Shaken Amanda does her best to cover as she moves off.

MYERS

Amanda.

Amanda stops and turns back.

AMANDA

Yes.

MYERS

(beat)
Happy birthday.

AMANDA

Thanks.

11717 INT. SANCTUARY - KITCHEN -- DAY

11717

ON THE PHOTO of Amanda and Markham. WIDEN to find Amanda,
shaken, breathing deeply to steady herself.

AMANDA

All these years.

Suddenly... she feels the BUZZ. Whirls around to find
MARKHAM

As he slips in the back door, sword first. Seeing her, he
smiles coldly.

MARKHAM

My long lost wife.

As he circles her, admiring her.

(CONTINUED)

11717 CONTINUED:

11717

MARKHAM

This is your century. You always
looked a lot better without the
whalebone and bustle.

AMANDA

What do you want?

MARKHAM

It's a small world. I come to kill
a Bert Myers and I find an Amanda.

AMANDA

The rock star's girlfriend. I
should have known.

As Markham approaches, she backs away, bumps up against the
kitchen table. He presses himself closer to her.

MARKHAM

Remember what the preacher said.

AMANDA

"Does anyone here object to this
union?"

MARKHAM

"Do you, Amanda, this Immortal
wed?"

AMANDA

I don't think that's what he said.

MARKHAM

"For richer or poorer --"

AMANDA

I'd never go for poorer.

Markham lays his sword across her throat.

MARKHAM

"Till death us do part."

CLOSE ON Markham with Amanda in extremis as we --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

11718 INT. SANCTUARY - KITCHEN - DAY

11718

Picking up where we left off: Amanda gently, carefully pushes Markham's blade from her neck.

AMANDA

Holy ground, darling.

MARKHAM

I know. I saw the Roman relics on the way in.

Markham puts his blade away.

AMANDA

Since we can't fight here, I'll be running along now.

MARKHAM

Still the same Amanda.

AMANDA

It's worked so far.

MARKHAM

You know, I haven't changed much, either. The past century and a half have been -- pretty much the same old, same old.

AMANDA

Kidnapping, murder... Bit of a rut, don't you think?

(beat)

Tell me, Derrick. Why did you keep our wedding picture?

MARKHAM

(a smile)

I spent thirty years on an island prison before I escaped. It helped me remember.

AMANDA

Should I be flattered?

MARKHAM

(shrugs)

Why not? It was a once-in-a-lifetime betrayal. Never to be repeated. Or forgotten. Or forgiven.

(CONTINUED)

11718 CONTINUED:

11718

AMANDA

Try unloading some of that baggage,
sweetheart. You'd be surprised how
much better you'll feel.

Markham moves toward the door, turns back to her.

MARKHAM

You can't hide on holy ground
forever. It's just a matter of
time.

(he starts to leave)
I'll be waiting.

He goes. Off Amanda's frustration.

11719 INT. SANCTUARY - CLUB - DAY

11719

Nick is leaning into Myers, angry and perplexed.

NICK

(re: Amanda)
I've told you, I trust her.,

MYERS

How far?

NICK

With my life.

A beat. Myers reaches into his jacket, brings out a copy
of the daguerreotype. Nick stares for a beat. He won't
look at Myers as his brain runs for cover.

MYERS

What do you make of this?

NICK

Souvenir photos. Carnival time.
These things are a dime a dozen.

MYERS

We'll see. I'm having the original
analyzed.

NICK

Got one of me in Tijuana on the
back of a donkey --

MYERS

I found it in Markham's safe.

(CONTINUED)

11719 CONTINUED:

11719

NICK

-- wearing one of those sombreros.
Don't make me show it to you. It
isn't pretty.

MYERS

There's another like it in the
package she just got. Right before
she ran out of here with a bad case
of the munchies.

Nick hands back the picture.

NICK

You had to blindside her, huh? Why
didn't you bring this to me first?

MYERS

'Cause I knew what would happen.
You'd start copping pleas, just
like you're doing.

NICK

I'm just telling you it can't be
her.

MYERS

Come on. She's the queen of con
jobs. They're pulling some scam,
her and Markham together.

NICK

(cautious)
That's what you think this is
about?

MYERS

Gotta be.
(eyes the picture)
I've seen some great fakes in my
time, this one takes the friggin'
cake.

NICK

(relieved)
A scam? Works for me.

MYERS

Either that or they're both a
hundred and fifty years old.

NICK

(amused)
At least.

Off Myers's appreciative laughter and Nick's relief.

11720 INT. SANCTUARY - CORRIDOR -- DAY

11720

CLOSE ON AMANDA as she hurries down the corridor. WIDEN as Nick catches up with her, taps her on the shoulder.

NICK

Hey.

Amanda nearly jumps out of her skin.

NICK

What's going on?

AMANDA

Nothing. In a hurry, gotta go.

NICK

Well slow down for a second. Myers is asking questions.

AMANDA

About what?

NICK

You, an old photo -- and Derrick Markham.

AMANDA

Really?

(beat)

So it was Myers who sent it.

NICK

Not the reaction I was hoping for.
How well do you know Markham?

Amanda is unnerved and uncomfortable. She waves off the question.

AMANDA

It's been over a hundred years. I can barely remember.

She starts to go, but Nick stops her.

NICK

Amanda. Please. How well do you know him?

AMANDA

(reluctant)

We're related.

NICK

Related? How?

(CONTINUED)

11720 CONTINUED:

11720

AMANDA
(very reluctant)
By marriage.
(beat)
Technically... he's my husband.

Following Amanda's gaze as she looks away and we

TRANSITION TO:

11721 INT. HABERDASHER - MANCHESTER - 1867 - DAY

11721

Amanda in Victorian dress, before the Haberdasher's mirror, trying on a Colossal hat, replete with exotic feathers and artificial flowers.

Behind her the young SHOPGIRL watches, taken with Amanda's beauty.

SHOPGIRL
'At's lovely, Ma'am. Becomes you
very nicely, if I do say so myself.

AMANDA
This will be fine. Wrap it, will
you?

SHOPGIRL
Of course, Ma'am.

Amanda removes the hat. As she hands it off, the Shopgirl fumbles it. Picking it up with effuse apologies.

SHOPGIRL
No harm done. I'm a mite nervous
this morning. The police come by
asking all sorts of questions.

AMANDA
Really? The police?

SHOPGIRL
They found a hat in the gutter the
other day. Thought it belonged to
one of them that kidnapped poor
young Charlie Shavers.

AMANDA
(carefully)
Of course. I heard about that.
(a beat)
I didn't think Shavers was exactly
poor.

The Shopgirl places the hat in a hat box and ties it.

(CONTINUED)

11721 CONTINUED:

11721

SHOPGIRL

Oh, I didn't mean by lack of a shilling, Ma'am. I mean in what 'appened to 'im.

AMANDA

. What happened to him?

Matter-of-factly, as she knots the string:

SHOPGIRL

Found 'is body in the dump. Even though the ransom was paid. Murdered. Shot 'e was.

AMANDA

(tight)
Shot?

SHOPGIRL

Right through the noggin'. I ask you, what kind of a devil would do something like that, Ma'am? What evil devil person would commit a crime like that.

CLOSE ON AMANDA as outrage begins to mount.

11722 INT. HOTEL ROOM - PARLOR - MANCHESTER - 1867 - DAY

11722

Markham is relaxing in the Victorian parlor. Except instead of the knick-knacks usually found, this room is sparse -- home to two people who collect little in order to get away fast.

On the wall is a familiar collection of blades, but not as expansive. Markham gets the BUZZ. He reaches for one.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Amanda enters, bearing the hat box from the Haberdasher's. Markham relaxes, returns the blade.

MARKHAM

Ah, the prodigal wife returns, home from a day of -- shopping. Was it good hunting my sweet?

He moves to her, pulls her into his embrace. To his surprise, she resists. Pulls away. Casually starts to unwrap the hat box.

(CONTINUED)

11722 CONTINUED:

11722

AMANDA

The shops were crowded.

(beat)

There is one thing I've been
meaning to ask you.

MARKHAM

Ask away.

AMANDA

Young Charlie. Charlie Shavers.
What did he say when you told him
he was free to go?

MARKHAM

Excuse me?

AMANDA

Was he grateful? Did he thank you
profusely?

She turns, meets his gaze head on. Markham knows she
knows.

MARKHAM

My self-righteous queen. How do
you think you paid for that new
dress? You're wearing the dead lad
on your back.

Amanda slaps him across the face. Markham's lip curls up
in a smile without joy.

MARKHAM

Not the Victorian lady now, are we?

AMANDA

I'm not a murderer.

Markham reaches for a blade on the wall, turns to her. To
his surprise, she throws open the parlor door. FOUR POLICE
flood through the door. Amanda points to Markham.

AMANDA

He's the one. He killed the boy.

Markham is overpowered, disarmed and restrained. As the
police clap on handcuffs, he turns to Amanda:

MARKHAM

You can't do this. You're my wife.

Amanda moves close to him, to whisper in his ear:

(CONTINUED)

11722 CONTINUED: 2

11722

AMANDA

Next time, read the fine print. I
can't be compelled to testify. But
I can damn well volunteer.

MARKHAM

Traitorous bitch.

As they take him away, she calls after:

AMANDA

See you in court, darling. I'll be
the one in the witness box.

MARKHAM

I'll see you in hell.

On Amanda as we

TRANSITION TO:

11723 INT. SANCTUARY - CORRIDOR - THE PRESENT - DAY

11723

As Amanda turns to Nick.

AMANDA

He believes in holding grudges.

NICK

(beat)

Can you take him?

AMANDA

(considers; then)

He's good.

They resume walking down the corridor.

NICK

You can't stay on holy ground
forever.

AMANDA

There's always the tunnels. I can
scoot underground, come up a block
away, get to the car.

NICK

Where will you go?

Amanda pointedly doesn't answer. She continues down the
corridor and he stays at her side.

NICK

For how long?

(CONTINUED)

11723 CONTINUED:

11723

She stops, turns to him.

AMANDA

Look, just think of me as in the
Immortal Relocation Program.

(beat)

Don't you dare worry about me.

NICK

Easy to say.

She traces a finger along the line of his jaw.

AMANDA

You'll probably be a little grayer
by the time I get back. Might be
cute.

As she kisses him gently and walks away, PUSH IN on Nick,
pensive.

11724 EXT. BRIDGE BY THE QUAI - DAY

11724

The cold has kept people home. There is no traffic. Cars
parked on the cobblestones near the bridge.

AMANDA

comes through a large steel grid that covers the stone arch
of the bridge. She emerges from the darkness, draws her
sword. Calls out:

AMANDA

Markham!

Her voice echoes.

AMANDA

I know you're watching. Let's get
this over with.

She feels the BUZZ and whirls to see

MARKHAM

as he, too, seems to materialize from the darkness. His
blade out, he moves toward her. Amused.

MARKHAM

Direct confrontation, Amanda?
What's come over you?

AMANDA

Sometimes I surprise myself.

(CONTINUED)

11724 CONTINUED:

11724

MARKHAM

Why don't you just -- call the
police?

MARKHAM AND AMANDA

They advance toward one another. Amanda raises her blade.

AMANDA

I've got news for you. I'm not the
same woman you married.

MARKHAM

I'd suggest divorce but it's so
messy. I'll just take your head.

They engage; swords CLASH. Amanda retreats.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

As they fight their way down the quai toward the bridge.

Markham's thrusts are powerful. Amanda dodges them and
comes back with murderous slices.

Markham is ready for them. With finesse, he KNOCKS her
sword out of her hand and away.

Amanda stands unarmed. Markham swipes at her. Amanda buys
space with a strategic kick.

FAVORING MARKHAM

As he parries, turns, and with lightning speed, SMASHES her
in the head with the heavy hilt of his sword.

AMANDA

drops to her knees, eyes staring like a stunned doe. Blood
trickles from the cut on her temple.

INCLUDE MARKHAM

His lips form a smile of satisfaction. CLICKS his tongue
in gentle reprimand.

MARKHAM

So much for the institution of
marriage.

About to raise the sword over his head when:

DELIVERY MAN (O.S.)

Freeze!

Markham does.

(CONTINUED)

11724 CONTINUED: 2

11724

MARKHAM

Is that you, Myers? I hope so.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE - THE DELIVERY MAN

Myers' guy. He holds a gun, moves forward.

DELIVERY MAN

Close. Drop it.

Markham lets the sword fall to the ground with a CLATTER.
Turns slowly.

DELIVERY MAN

Step forward. Away from her!

Markham moves slowly toward the man.

INCLUDE AMANDA

struggling to heal. She feels strength returning.

AMANDA'S POV - THE BRIDGE

As she looks past Markham and the Delivery Man.

RESUME MARKHAM AND THE DELIVERY MAN

Markham has his hands in the air.

MARKHAM

I'm not armed.

The Delivery Man just signals him to come closer. He spins Markham around, his gun trained on him the whole time. Pats him down. Moves around to face him again.

MARKHAM

Now what?

DELIVERY MAN

Myers is expecting you.

Suddenly Markham's arm flashes down, a spring-loaded DIRK shoots down his sleeve, into Markham's hand. He runs the blade into the Delivery Man.

MARKHAM

Send him my regrets.

The Delivery Man manages to squeeze off a SHOT which hits Markham in the leg. Markham GROANS in pain. He unwraps the stunned man's fingers from the pistol. Then the man falls to the ground, dying.

Markham turns.

(CONTINUED)

11724 CONTINUED: 3

11724

HIS POV

Amanda's sword, but no Amanda.

RESUME MARKHAM

MARKHAM

Amanda!

The scuttling NOISE overhead alerts him. He limps closer, turns to see Amanda crawling up the parapet of the bridge, pulling herself up and over the railing.

MARKHAM

Damn it!

Off his fury --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

11725 EXT. CHURCH - RECTORY GARDEN - DAY

11725

A quiet place, plants shivering in the dead of winter. Hunkering beside the trellised pea vines, LIAM is with a YOUNG GIRL of six or seven.

LIAM

In the spring the flowers come up
yellow, purple, pink and white.
The colors pass down, generation to
generation. And look:

CLOSE ON HIS HAND as he opens it to reveal a palmful of
peas and pea pods.

LIAM

So do the shapes: Some wrinkled,
some smooth. Now go sort and count
these with the rest. Like I showed
you.

WIDER TO INCLUDE AMANDA WATCHING

Liam deposits the peas in the Little Girl's cupped hands,
she runs off. Liam smiles at Amanda.

LIAM

Immortal lines of peas -- and
people. Both privileged, in
Nature.

AMANDA

(re: the little girl)
She doesn't know that she might
live for a thousand years.

LIAM

And so she shouldn't. Not yet.

AMANDA

Right now I feel more trapped than
privileged. Markham is after
Myers. Myers is after Markham. Me
-- I'm the one in the middle.

Liam appraises her, bemused.

LIAM

Was a time when you would've set
sail for Ethiopia...or Patagonia.

They begin to walk together.

(CONTINUED)

11725 CONTINUED:

11725

AMANDA

Life's more complicated now.

(a beat)

Besides, the world's a smaller place. Three hours to New York by Concorde, not two months by Yankee Clipper. Time moves so much faster.

LIAM

For Markham, too.

AMANDA

He was winning, Liam. If it weren't for some poor bastard who ended up dying -- it would've been me instead of him.

He eyes her.

LIAM

Afraid?

AMANDA

Damn right I am. And if things weren't complicated enough --

LIAM

There's Myers.

AMANDA

He found our old wedding portrait. It's driving him crazy trying to figure it out.

LIAM

I can see where it would. And Nick?

AMANDA

Sticking up for me.

LIAM

And moving toward a date with an Immortal Sociopath.

AMANDA

I fight Markham again, I'll lose.

LIAM

And if you don't, your friends lose.

AMANDA

What do I do?

(CONTINUED)

11725 CONTINUED: 2

11725

LIAM
An excellent question.

He smiles and begins to walk away.

AMANDA
So?

LIAM
Let me know what you decide.

AMANDA
You're a big help.

LIAM
Lord knows I try.

11726 EXT. SANCTUARY - LATE AFTERNOON

11726

CLOSE ON Nick as adjusts the collar of his jacket against the cold, and leaves the Sanctuary by the front door.

WIDEN AND MOVING with him as he walks down the street.

REVERSE ANGLE

As Burke emerges from the shadows, head down, to follow.

NICK

keeps moving.

BURKE

stays in the background, seemingly unnoticed, pacing him.

NICK

turns a corner.

BURKE

quickness his step, follows. He reaches the corner.

BURKE'S POV - THE SIDEWALK

Nick is nowhere to be seen.

RESUME SCENE

Burke is baffled and confused. He sprints to the cross street. Looks both ways.

CLOSE ON Burke, perplexed -- as the muzzle of Nick's gun is planted in his neck. WIDEN TO INCLUDE NICK.

(CONTINUED)

11726 CONTINUED:

11726

NICK
With technique like that, you
couldn't follow a duck.

Nick reaches into Burke's jacket and unarms him.

NICK
It's time we paid your boss a
visit.

BURKE
For what?

NICK
Information.

BURKE
I don't think so.

Nick COCKS his gun.

NICK
(re: the gun)
What you think, pal, can be blown
out the other side of your head.

11727 INT. MARKHAM'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

11727

Nick shoves a petulant BURKE into the now cluttered living
room. Lamps and furniture upended. They've been through
the house.

NICK
So where is he?

BURKE
I don't know.

NICK
We'll sit, we'll wait. I've got
time.

ON BURKE as his nervous eyes flit briefly to the double
doors on the other side of the room. Nick catches the
glance.

NICK'S POV - THE DOORS

One of the handles turns slowly.

RESUME NICK

As Nick smiles at Burke, then delivers a SOLID PUNCH.
Burke bounces in his chair, GROANS, sees stars.

(CONTINUED)

11727 CONTINUED:

11727

NICK

(softly)
Shhh...

Nick moves to the door, his gun out.

He tenses, then shoulders the door hard. It flies open, sending the FIGURE (MYERS) outside sprawling in the dark.

When he comes up fighting, Nicks grabs the head, pulls it to him and gives a knee to the face. Pulls it up and back for a roundhouse:

MYERS

Nick!

Nick pulls his punch. Astonished and frustrated:

NICK

What the hell are you...? Wait.
(pointing a finger)
Hold that thought.

Nick turns back, looks into the living room. It's empty. The front door to the house is wide open: Burke has fled.

NICK

Son of a bitch.

MYERS

What?

NICK

Burke. I had him.

MYERS

You went behind my back!

NICK

Don't be paranoid.

MYERS

Markham's my case.

NICK

Mine, too.

MYERS

The guy I had tailing Amanda was
killed last night. Stabbed.

NICK

She had nothing to do with that. .

Myers withdraws from his pocket the original daguerreotype.

(CONTINUED)

11727 CONTINUED: 2

11727

MYERS

(re daguerreotype)

Then explain this. Some kind of
Bromine-iodine photo processing,
done only by a guy named Wolcott.

(boiling point)

In 1867!

NICK

Look, I know it's weird --

MYERS

What the hell is going on?

NICK

Take it easy. Amanda's left town.

MYERS

She's dirty, Nick. And she's hip
deep with a killer.

NICK

She's innocent until proven guilty.

MYERS

Then why is she running?

(beat)

I'm gonna find her, Nick. Don't
get in my way.

Nick meets Myers's gaze head-on.

NICK

(evenly)

That's where I'll be.

11728 EXT. QUAI BY THE SEINE - DAY

11728

Burke hurries down the cobblestones, nursing a swollen jaw
from Nick's uppercut. He crosses to meet two figures
silhouetted against the sky.

Markham and his man, Durant, emerge from the shadows.

MARKHAM

You brought him to my house!

Markham smacks Burke across his fractured face. Burke's
head snaps back, recovers slowly, painfully. His eyes meet
Markham's. A confrontational BEAT. Burke speaks
defiantly, enunciating every syllable.

BURKE

I thought you'd be there.

(CONTINUED)

11728 CONTINUED:

11728

MARKHAM

You're not paid to think.

BURKE

We could've taken Wolfe out.

Markham cocks his head, as if listening to a far-off voice.

MARKHAM

(beat)

How many angels can dance on the
head of a pin?

Burke blinks, confused. In a flash, Markham's arm shoots out. Burke instinctively flinches.

But instead of striking him, Markham's swift movement has released the spring-loaded DIRK from its holster. The concealed blade shoots out the length of Markham's sleeve, where he catches it in his hand.

Markham brings the gleaming steel up close to Burke, places the tip of the dirk inside one of Burke's nostrils.

MARKHAM

And how many idiots can dance on
the tip of a knife?

Burke's eyes pop, he strains to move, but is trapped on the blade. He looks to Durant, who remains a stonefaced observer.

MARKHAM

A twist to the right and you're
dead. Twist to the left, instant
lobotomy. Think you can make a
decision on your own? You tell me.

Markham breathes an inch from his face.

MARKHAM

Left or right? What's it gonna be?

Burke swallows hard, gathers whatever nerve he has left and answers icily.

BURKE

You're the boss. Up to you.

MARKHAM

That's my boy.

Markham releases Burke, the dirk disappears back up his sleeve.

(CONTINUED)

11728 CONTINUED: 2

11728

BURKE
What about Wolfe?

MARKHAM
(shakes head)
Focus, focus. One thing at a time.

11729 INT. SANCTUARY - NICK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

11729

As Nick enters his office, he's alerted to a NOISE. His desk chair is turned away from him. He draws his gun and aims at the back of the chair.

NICK
Who's there?
Amanda revolves to face him.

AMANDA
Ta dah.
Nick reholsters.

NICK
I thought you were leaving.

AMANDA
I was leaving. Now I'm staying.

NICK
Fickle.

AMANDA
I prefer "impulsive".

NICK
Myers'll be thrilled.

AMANDA
How nice.

NICK
The picture of you and Markham. He knows it's for real.

AMANDA
How not nice.

NICK
Better have a good story.

Amanda pretends to wrinkle her brow in deep concentration.

(CONTINUED)

11729 CONTINUED:

11729

AMANDA

Ooooh, that'll be tough. But let's see... just off the top of my head... I'll probably go with number three-forty-seven.

NICK

What the hell are you talking about?

Amanda rises, paces impatiently.

AMANDA

Number three-forty-seven. "The Dead Duke".

(off Nick's confusion)

C'mon... one of the oldest scams in the books. Con a rich spinster into believing she's the long lost heir to the Duke of Humma-Humma. Produce a lot of forged documents and touched up photos to back up the story. Pretty soon, you've got her power of attorney and...

NICK

Myers won't buy it.

AMANDA

I'm either running a scam or I'm Immortal. Which one would you buy?

NICK

(beat)

Number three-forty-seven?

(beat)

I can't believe you actually numbered them.

Amanda nods, blushing a bit with pride.

AMANDA

Catalogued and cross-referenced.

NICK

Now you're scaring me.

AMANDA

Then my work is done.

Amanda picks up the phone and hands it to Nick.

AMANDA

Let's break it to Myers over dinner.

11730 EXT. BRIDGE OVER THE SEINE - NIGHT

11730.

In the wake of a BOAT WHISTLE, three pairs of FOOTSTEPS ring through the night air. Nick, Amanda and Myers cross the bridge.

MYERS

A don't want dinner, I want answers.

Amanda is effusive.

NICK

Eat, first. Talk, later.

Amanda slips her arm through Myers's as they descend the bridge.

AMANDA

I couldn't get reservations at the Tour d'Argent. But you boys aren't dressed for it, anyway.

MYERS

One of my men is dead.

AMANDA

However... I know this nice little place on Rue Monsieur le Prince. Near the Odeon.

MYERS

Amanda, enough. What's going on?

NICK

Go on. Tell him now.

Amanda gets the BUZZ. She tenses. Myers feels it.

MYERS

Amanda?

She stops, scans the area. Nick follows her lead, lays a hand inside his coat on his gun.

MYERS

No more games.

A GUNSHOT suddenly rings out. Myers doubles over, he's hit. He slumps against Amanda.

NICK

Where?

Amanda points. Nick peers across the bridge to the other side. A shadowy figure steps from behind a lamp post. Amanda tracks his gaze.

(CONTINUED)

11730 CONTINUED:

11730

AMANDA

(sotto)
Markham.

NICK

crouches, aims at

MARKHAM

who's drawing another bead on Myers for a second round to finish him off.

AMANDA.

positions herself in front of Myers, shielding him.

MYERS

(to Amanda)
Are you nuts? What are you doing?

NICK

shoots.

MARKHAM

takes the first bullet in the shoulder. The second in the chest.

MYERS

pushes weakly past Amanda.

HIS POV

Markham falls slowly, like a tree cut in the forest. He hits the railing of the bridge and topples over the edge. He drops with a thump to the pavement beneath the bridge, beside the Seine.

RESUME MYERS

looks to Nick.

MYERS

You got him. He's dead.

Amanda is trying to draw Myers along with her.

AMANDA

We've got to get you to a hospital.

NICK

You're bleeding.

(CONTINUED)

11730 CONTINUED: 2

11730

Myers ignores them both, staggers to the railing, looks over the edge.

ON MARKHAM

Stiff, eyes staring. A clean powder burn with a bullet hole right through the heart.

MYERS

We got to call it in.

Nick puts an arm around Myers, draws him away.

NICK

We've got to get you some help.

Myers is breathing heavily.

MYERS

I'll be fine.

(re: Markham)

You're not just gonna leave him --

A COUGH from below the bridge draws Myers' attention.

ON MARKHAM

As he GASPS back to life below. A speeding car barrels down the quai toward the recovering Markham. It squeals to a stop beside him. The front passenger door flies open, Markham dives inside. As the car speeds away, Markham looks up --

MARKHAM'S POV

Three faces -- Nick, Amanda, and a wide-eyed Myers -- stare back at him.

RESUME SCENE

Then the car is gone, disappearing under the bridge and into the gloom of the night.

MYERS

I don't believe it. Don't --
frigging -- believe it.

INCLUDE NICK AND AMANDA

They share a glance of concern.

Myers hits the ground with a THUD. In a faint as we --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

11731 INT. LIAM'S CHURCH - DAY

11731

The church is quiet. Stained glass windows bleed dark rainbows across the empty pews. Off to one side

AMANDA

lights a candle. Her face is solemn, quiet, concerned.

LIAM (O.S.)

Hedging your bets?

She turns to face Liam, almost embarrassed at being caught.

AMANDA

Couldn't hurt, I guess.

LIAM

How is Myers?

AMANDA

He pulled through. But the bullet lodged close to his spine. It was touch and go for hours.

(beat)

But if you'd like to say a prayer anyway...

LIAM

(wry smile)

Couldn't hurt, I guess.

Amanda draws Liam aside, confidentially. He takes her hand in both his own.

AMANDA

There is something...

LIAM

You feel responsible. For Myers, I mean.

Amanda nods, avoids his eyes.

AMANDA

Technically, I'm not, of course. I mean, it's not like I pulled the trigger myself.

LIAM

(placating)

Course not.

(CONTINUED)

11731 CONTINUED:

11731

Amanda, uncomfortable, breaks his grip.

AMANDA

Look, anyway... it's not a question of responsibility. It's worse.

(beat)

Myers saw Markham dead one minute. Jumping into a car the next.

LIAM

I see. Interesting dilemma you have yourself.

AMANDA

Yeah, it's fascinating. Way I see it, I've got three options. One: Lie to him.

LIAM

Much as it's served you in the past, I'm not sure deceit will work this time.

AMANDA

Darn. That was my favorite.

LIAM

Lies will only lead to more questions, harder to answer.

AMANDA

Alright, alright. Option two: Kill him.

LIAM

You're not going to do that.

AMANDA

Probably not.

LIAM

(beat)

And the third?

11732 INT. HOSPITAL RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

11732

Myers, awake and propped up in bed, recovering from the surgery. Nick stands beside him.

NICK

Maybe I'm just not as good a shot as you think.

(CONTINUED)

11732 CONTINUED:

11732

MYERS

No, no. I keep running it in my head. You put two bullets into him. One might've been in the shoulder, okay? But the other hit him straight through the heart.

NICK

Afraid you give me more credit than I deserve.

MYERS

I've seen men die. When you plug a guy through the heart, he falls like a redwood. Just like Markham.

NICK

Look, you were wounded. You'd lost a lot of blood. Probably affected your brain.

Myers deadeyes Nick.

MYERS

I know what I saw, Nick.

AMANDA (O.S.)

So how's the patient this morning?

ANGLE - AMANDA

Myers eyes Amanda with mistrust.

MYERS

Still looking for a straight answer.

NICK

(wryly)
He's improved. But curious as ever.

MYERS

(to Amanda)
The photo of you and Markham. It's the real thing.

AMANDA

Shouldn't you be resting... quietly?

MYERS

Just tell me. How did you do it... Who's the mark?

(CONTINUED)

11732 CONTINUED: 2

11732

NICK
Go ahead, tell him.

Amanda begins to steel herself.

MYERS
And how did a dead man get up and
walk away again?

NICK
(nudges Amanda)
Go on... number three-forty-seven,
remember?

Amanda takes a deep breath, makes the plunge.

AMANDA
Alright...

MYERS
Stop.

AMANDA
I haven't started yet.

MYERS
The truth for a change.

AMANDA
(beat)
That's why I'm here.

Myers stares. Amanda sighs and begins to tell him -- the
truth.

AMANDA
I died for the first time during an
outbreak of plague in the ninth
century. If you're doing the math,
that makes me over a thousand years
old.

Off Nick's reaction:

AMANDA
In 1190 I partied with Richard the
Lion Hearted -- before he went off
to the Crusades. I met Petrarch's
Laura in 1327, and was godmother to
one of her eleven children.
Wolfgang Mozart dropped me for a
Concerto in C Sharp in 1782. I
loved his music but our
relationship went flat as a
Goodyear tire.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11732 CONTINUED: 3

11732

AMANDA (cont'd)

(a beat)
I knew Charles Goodyear.
(a beat)
But I digress. Let me cut to the
chase. I'm immortal.
(a beat)
So is Markham.

Nick and Myers both gape at her in silence, equally shocked
but for different reasons.

AMANDA

Ready for the big finish? The only
way I can die is to lose my head.
Literally.

Amanda turns on her heels and exits.

She's gone. Nick lets out a LONG BREATH, his eyes drift
slowly toward Myers.

NICK

Well...

Myers stares at Nick for a beat, his expression unreadable.
Then his face cracks a smile.

MYERS

She's good. No question.

Nick sees Myers didn't believe her, relaxes a bit.

NICK

The best.

MYERS

But they took a bullet out of my
shoulder, not my brain.

Myers forces a LAUGH. Winces with pain. Can't help it.

MYERS

"Do the math, I'm over a thousand
years old." That's rich.

Off his pained laughter --

11733 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

11733

As Amanda leaves the hospital, Nick catches up to her on
the fly.

(CONTINUED)

11733 CONTINUED:

11733

NICK

Would you mind telling me what you
were doing back there?

AMANDA

I'm fed up.

NICK

Enough to risk everything by
confessing to Myers?

AMANDA

The only thing I'm risking is his
life. Going after Markham... he's
playing with fire and doesn't even
know it.

(beat; softening)
Did you see how he looked. Propped
up in bed. So weak.

NICK

He didn't believe you.

AMANDA

What!?

NICK

But he thinks you're the best liar
he's ever seen, if that's any
consolation.

AMANDA

That ungrateful little weasel.

Nick looks over Amanda's shoulder. Burke and Durant are
moving towards them.

NICK

Right behind you.

Amanda turns, then turns back.

AMANDA

Can papa bear be far behind?

Nick takes her arm and starts to move in the opposite
direction.

NICK

Let's go this way.

They start to walk off when Amanda gets the BUZZ.

MARKHAM

steps into their line of sight.

(CONTINUED)

11733 CONTINUED: 2

11733

AMANDA

I guess this is my dance.

NICK

We'll find another way.

AMANDA

Markham's my husband. My problem.
My fight.

Amanda reaches up and kisses Nick impulsively on the lips.

They share a look. Nick pulls his gun. He glances at
Burke and Durant.

NICK

I'll handle the interference.

Amanda heads across the street to a nearby

TRAIN YARD

Nick moves with her, watching her back.

MARKHAM

follows.

ANGLE - BURKE AND DURANT

BURKE

If the boss is losing, we shoot the
bitch.

ANGLE - UP THE STREET

NICK

sees Burke and Durant moving after Markham.

NICK

And where the hell do you think
you're going?

DURANT

pulls his gun, fires on Nick.

NICK

dives behind a parked car.

BURKE

runs off, following Markham into the train yard.

11734 EXT. TRAIN YARD - DAY

11734

Markham pulls his blade and moves after Amanda, down a row of abandoned boxcars. He hears a CRUNCH of gravel. He looks under the car and sees

AMANDA'S FEET

moving swiftly.

MARKHAM

runs between the boxcars. He jumps up on the coupling between two and he raises his sword. He waits a moment. Nothing.

He peers around the edge of the boxcar and calls out.

MARKHAM

Honey, I'm home!

Amanda's blade arcs down from above him. At the last instant, he deflects it.

ANGLE - AMANDA

standing on top of the boxcar above him.

AMANDA

Sorry, dear. I burned the pot roast.

MARKHAM

climbs up to the boxcar's top. He faces Amanda, blade drawn, ready.

11735 EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

11735

NICK

fires on Durant, dashes between two parked cars for cover.

DURANT

returns fire. He sticks his head around a panel truck. Suddenly, a trash can comes sailing through the air, smashes him in the head. He drops like a sack of potatoes.

NICK

bends, quickly handcuffs Durant to a lamp post. Then, he runs off toward the train yard.

11736 EXT. TRAIN YARD - SAME TIME

11736

On top of the boxcar, Amanda and Markham are engaged in a furious swordfight. After a moment, they disengage.

MARKHAM

(sighs)
Ah, well. I supposed this happens to every married couple. You have a fight. You start to resent each other. And then you slice your wife's head off at the neck.

AMANDA

Come and get me.

Markham charges. Amanda is forced to the edge of the boxcar. She does a flip off the boxcar and lands on the ground below.

ANGLE - NICK

creeping stealthily around the boxcars, searching for Burke.

ON BURKE

As he follows Amanda, aiming his pistol.

NICK

leaps out of the box car, taking Burke down. His gun goes flying. The two roll over onto the tracks.

AN APPROACHING TRAIN

has no knowledge of them.

BURKE

struggles

THE TRAIN

races toward them.

BURKE

pulls a knife from his boot. Nick disarms him.

THE TRAIN

is almost on them. At the last moment,

NICK

pulls both of them to safety. Safely off the tracks, Nick knocks Burke unconscious.

(CONTINUED)

11736 CONTINUED:

11736

ANGLE - AMANDA AND MARKHAM

on the tracks. Amanda is cut, wounded. Markham's blows are driving her back against a switching lever.

MARKHAM

Sorry, dear. I'm taking the car
and your head.

He disarms her. Amanda's sword goes flying. Markham closes in for the kill.

AMANDA'S POV

Markham's foot rests between two intersecting tracks.

BACK TO SCENE

She reacts instantly and yanks the switching lever.

Markham looks down.

HIS POV

The tracks scissor shut, trapping his foot in a steel vice.

RESUME SCENE

Markham howls like a beast.

Amanda moves for her sword. Markham is trapped; he can't retreat, can barely parry her blows. Amanda knocks the blade from Markham's hand.

MARKHAM

I'm your husband.

AMANDA

I want a divorce.

She takes his head.

ON NICK

running down the tracks. He watches, as the Quickening begins.

FADE OUT.

END ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

11737 INT. SANCTUARY - CLUB - DAY

11737

The club is decked out for Amanda's birthday party. The place is draped with crepe and streamers. A table overflows with wrapped presents. Myers, Nick and Amanda are in the middle of it.

MYERS

So I don't have to worry about Markham anymore?

AMANDA

That's right.

Myers shoots Nick a sly wink.

MYERS

Let me guess... Markham was Immortal and you decapitated him with your sword?

AMANDA

Exactly.

MYERS

Give it up, Amanda. The joke's over and I'm still not laughing.

NICK

You better grow a sense of humor, Bert, because this is the only story you're going to get.

MYERS

At least tell me how you forged that picture? Even my lab boys were impressed.

Amanda groans in frustration.

AMANDA

Not again...

(to Nick)

Will you get him out of here? Take him shopping.

NICK

Shopping?

AMANDA

My present?

Glancing at her watch --

(CONTINUED)

11737 CONTINUED:

11737

AMANDA

Cartier's closes in an hour.
You've just got time if you run.
And remember, size matters.

Nick looks at Myers.

NICK

Let's go, buddy. Anything you say
can be used against you by Amanda
in a bar.

Myers pushes off from the bar.

MYERS

Alright, we'll skip it.
(beat)
For now.

AMANDA

Shoo, shoo.

At the door, Nick, with Myers turning back to Amanda:

MYERS

(to Nick)
So... how old is she?

Nick and Amanda share a glance.

NICK

Well, I'd say she's about as old as
her tongue.
(a beat)
A little older than her teeth.

Amanda gives a gentle shrug.

AMANDA

A girl's gotta have some secrets.

OFF her mischievous smile --

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW