HIGHLANDER
The Series

#96506
MONEY NO OBJECT

Written by
James Thorpe
Highlander

"MONEY NO OBJECT"

Written by

James Thorpe

Production #96506

August 14, 1996 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander
HIGHLANDER

"Money No Object"

Production #96506

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD
RICHIE RYAN

AMANDA
CORY RAINES

REYNALDO
DETECTIVE DENNIS TYNAN
SAM GRINGKOV

FARMER
HIGHLANDER

"Money No Object"

Production #96506

SET LIST

INTERIORS

MACLEOD'S LOFT
DOJO

CHECK CASHING PLACE
VAN
1924 PACKARD
CORY'S PLACE
CLASSIC CAR BODY SHOP
ROADSTER - MISSOURI - 1926
BANK - OKLAHOMA - 1926
CONSTRUCTION TRAILER

EXTERIORS

INNER CITY STREET
  /CHECK CASHING PLACE
ROAD OUT OF TOWN
  /VAN
  /CLEARING
  /DITCH
CORY'S PLACE
ROAD - MISSOURI - 1926
DUSTBOWL FARMHOUSE - MISSOURI - 1926
PAUPER'S GRAVE - MISSOURI - 1926
COUNTRY BACK ROAD - KANSAS - 1926
SMALL TOWN BANK - SOUTH DAKOTA - 1926
BACK ALLEY
INTERSECTION
DOCK YARD
  /CONSTRUCTION TRAILER
CEMETERY - MISSOURI - 1926
FADE IN:

601 EXT. INNER CITY STREET - DAY

GRAFFITI screams from the walls. HOMELESS push shopping carts overflowing with the debris of other people's lives. Hope, like Elvis, has definitely left the building.

VRRROOM!

-- a motorcycle screams by with two riders. A WOMAN'S LAUGH drifts back, on a trail of exhaust.

602 EXT. CHECK CASHING PLACE - DAY

A shining bastion of international commerce. Garish red and yellow signs proclaim "CHECKS CASHED" in more languages than Saturday afternoon cable access.

The bike ROARS up to the curb and stops. It's Richie.

RICHIE
You gotta be joking.

AMANDA (O.S.)
I never joke about money. Especially when it's mine.

Amanda pops her head up from behind Richie's shoulder. She looks over at the store.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Besides, the place has atmosphere.

Richie sniffs the air, wrinkles his nose.

RICHIE
Yeah. I can smell it from here. What's wrong with a regular bank?

Amanda swings herself off the bike.

AMANDA
Unfortunately, dear boy, regular banks are full of sad little men who would insist on knowing all the dreary little details of my overseas money transfer.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RICHIE

So?

Amanda gestures toward the store.

AMANDA

Behold the "Temple of No Questions Asked."

RICHIE

Amanda, that's called fraud.

AMANDA

It's called C.Y.A.

(off his look)

Cover your assets.

She heads for the front door.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Coming?

Richie casts a wary glance up and down the street.

RICHIE

I'd better stay with my bike.

INT. CHECK CASHING PLACE - CONTINUOUS

Peeling paint, chipped counter... and one very terrified male CLERK behind the counter.

The Clerk slides a canvas bag across the counter to a MASKED BANDIT. The Bandit wears a grey FEDORA pulled down over his eyes, a HANDKERCHIEF tied over his face and brandishes an old-fashioned TOMMY GUN.

CORY

Relax! I'm not going to hurt you.

He stops, getting the BUZZ. A BELL TINKLES behind him. The Masked Bandit spins just as the front door swings shut behind Amanda.

AMANDA

Uh, oh.

Amanda and the Masked Bandit lock eyes. A flash of recognition.

CORY

Amanda!?

Her jaw drops...
AMANDA

Cory!?

The Clerk sees his chance to hit the ALARM. SIRENS galore.

CORY

Damn!

He grabs the money from the counter, grabs Amanda's arm.

CORY (CONT'D)

C'mon! Time to blow.

EXT. INNER CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

At a corner food stand, Richie trades SOUVLAKI SAM two bucks for Indigestion on a Stick. He's about to take a tentative bite when Cory explodes out the front door of the check cashing place pulling Amanda behind him. She's yelling with excitement.

AMANDA

Yeeeee!

From down the street Richie sees the masked man, the gun, Amanda screaming -- puts two and two together. He drops his lunch and rushes to her rescue.

RICHIE

Hey!!!

Cory swivels toward the noise, his Tommy Gun BARKING BULLETS into the air.

CORY

Stay back! Everybody!

Souvlaki Sam SCREAMS. Richie hits the dirt. So do the rest of the PASSERSBY, obviously familiar with the duck and cover two-step.

Cory and Amanda dash up to a VAN. He pulls open the side door, shoves Amanda in and jumps in after her.

Richie's on his feet again and pounding the pavement --

RICHIE

Amanda!!!

As the van BURNS RUBBER and disappears down a side street.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Amanda!!!

FADE OUT.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

605  EXT.  ROAD OUT OF TOWN - DAY

The van speeds down the road, quickly leaving the city behind.

AMANDA & CORY (O.S.)

Yeeehaaaw!

606  INT.  VAN - CONTINUOUS

CORY RAINES is at the wheel. Unmasked, fedora cocked back, he looks every part the handsome, debonair, gentlemanly... thief. Amanda rides shotgun, feeding off his adrenalin rush, matching his excitement whoop for whoop.

CORY

Seems like old times.

AMANDA

Too old. I haven't been in a getaway car since... well, too long.

CORY

Miss it?

AMANDA

Yeah, I do.

Cory glances at her out of the corner of his eye.

CORY

Miss anything else?

Amanda smiles mischievously, fondly remembering...

AMANDA

Well --

They both get the BUZZ. Cory checks his rearview. It's Richie on his bike.

CORY

Hmmm... persistent little devil. Know him?

AMANDA

A friend.

Cory squints back at the bike.
CORY
Let's take a look at who you're making friends with these days.

His foot eases off the accelerator and

RICHIE
speeds up alongside the driver's side. He cranes his neck to look in the window and sees

AMANDA AND CORY
looking back. A sly smile curls Cory's lips. Suddenly

THE VAN
lurches toward Richie.

RICHIE
reacts to the van.

    RICHIE (CONT'D)
    Hey!

He swerves.

WIDER - THE BIKE
losing control, flying up and over an embankment, plunging head first into a muddy stream.

INT. VAN

Speeding along, leaving Richie behind. Amanda turns to Cory --

    AMANDA
    What was that for?

But Cory just shrugs it off -- a well worn gesture.

    CORY
    Maybe I want you all to myself.

    AMANDA
    I'm flattered, of course, but that was too much.

    CORY
    Don't get your knickers in a knot. He's an Immortal. Takes a lickin' and keeps on tickin'.
EXT. VAN

Cory takes a side road on two wheels and pulls up into a clearing.

EXT. CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER

Cory wipes down the van for fingerprints.

AMANDA
Since when were you so careful?

CORY
Since forensics got better. Gettin' hard for an honest man to make a dishonest living these days.

He glances at his watch, looks over to Amanda.

CORY (CONT'D)
Don't just stand there, we're two minutes behind schedule already.

AMANDA
We? I'm just an innocent bystander.

CORY
Don't kid yourself, sister. Minute you jumped in the van, you became an accomplice.

Cory walks up to her, feels the heat of her excitement.

CORY (CONT'D)
You and me, together again. Look at you. Your cheeks are flushed. You love it.

AMANDA
(tries to play it cool)
Merely a metabolic surge in reaction to external stimuli.

Cory crosses to a large TARP under a tree. With a magician's flourish, he whips off the tarp revealing a glittering 1924 PACKARD. Mint condition.

Amanda loses her cool.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
The twenty-four Packard! I don't believe it.

Cory glances suggestively from the car to Amanda.

(CONTINUED)
CORY
(eyeing Amanda)
I've always appreciated the distinctive allure of a classy chassis.

AMANDA
You silver-tongued devil.

Opening the passenger door, he puts out a gallant hand.

CORY
Your chariot awaits, my queen.

EXT. DITCH - SAME TIME

Sopping wet and coveted with mud, Richie drags his crippled bike up the embankment. He stands in the road, surveying the damage.

RICHIE
(pissed)
Someone's gonna pay.

He hears a car approaching. He steps into the road, tries to wave it down.

RICHIE'S POV

A 1924 Packard GRILLE roaring towards him at warp speed. It's speeding up.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
(resigned)
Damn.

THWACK!

He bounces off the hood, up into the air and back flips down into the muddy stream. Again.

INT. 1924 PACKARD - CONTINUOUS

Cory turns to Amanda.

AMANDA
(shocked)
Cory!

CORY
(peering out windshield)
I think he smudged my hood ornament.

And the Packard chews up the road.
Richie sits poring over a glossy antique car book.

Macleod looks over his shoulder.

Macleod
1924 Packard. You're sure?

Richie
I'm sure.
(rubs shoulder)
I got a real close look at that grill.
(beat)
What the hell's he want with Amanda?

Macleod
What do Immortals usually want with other Immortals, Richie?

Off their worried looks we...
CORY
It's great to see you again.

He tries to nibble her neck, but she wriggles free.

AMANDA
I can tell.

CORY
You always were a great-lookin' skirt.

AMANDA
Skirt?
(beat)
Cory, you're stuck in the past.

CORY
What can I tell ya, some habits are hard to break.
(moving in again)
I remember one in particular.

He nuzzles her ear, draws her to him. She slips away.

AMANDA
Cory... look, I'm flattered. Really.
But no.

CORY
You're married!?

AMANDA
Of course not. But you know me...
the original serial monogamist. One man at a time.

CORY
The guy on the bike?

But Amanda only shrugs noncommittally -- let him think what he wants. She glances at her watch, remarks coyly...

AMANDA
You know, I should really call home.
He must be wondering...

615 INT. MACLEOD’S LOFT - DAY
The TELEPHONE RING ricochets off the walls of the empty loft.

616 INT. CLASSIC CAR BODY SHOP - DAY
A vintage Pierce Arrow sits perched up on the garage lift. Underneath a well-oiled mechanic, REYNALDO, puts the finishing touches on the exhaust system as Richie and MacLeod enter.

(CONTINUED)
REYNALDO
You got an appointment?

RICHIE
We're looking for a 1924 Packard.

REYNALDO
I'm happy for you.

Reynaldo turns back to the job at hand, ignores them. Richie taps his shoulder.

RICHIE
(insistent)
This is important.

REYNALDO
Really? You a cop or something?

RICHIE
No.

REYNALDO
Then buzz off.

MacLeod thinks quickly, dons a French accent and the attitude to match --

MACLEOD
(indignant)
Does he not know who I am?

REYNALDO
I give up. Who?

MACLEOD
(isn't it obvious!)
I am Jacques Bellac!

Reynaldo stares blankly. So does Richie.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
Oui! Jacques Bellac!
(beat)
The greatest director in all of France.

REYNALDO
(beat)
You make movies?

Richie clicks in, hurries to catch up --

MACLEOD
Movies... Pffft! I make film history.
MACLEOD
I am desolate! I am destroyed!

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
I, Jacques Bellac, am on the threshold of creating my greatest masterpiece. And yet, the gods, they mock me. The only thing my creation lacks is a car. But not just any car.
(wringing his hands)
Mais, non! It must be a 1924 Packard!

MacLeod rages over to Reynaldo, his eyes ablaze with insane inspiration.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
You, monsieur.

REYNALDO
Me?

MACLEOD
You are also an artist.

MacLeod grabs Reynaldo's hands.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
Just look at these hands.

Greasy palms, dirt under the fingernails, but MacLeod sees --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
The hands of a genius!

REYNALDO
A genius...

MACLEOD
But what good is genius if you don't have the right tools?
REYNALDO
(struggling to keep up)
Oh yeah. Right.

MacLeod turns to Richie, beaming.

MACLEOD
You see!? He understands. He knows my pain.

He embraces Reynaldo, declares passionately --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
I love this man.

Reynaldo quickly detaches himself, searches his memory.

REYNALDO
Twenty-four Packard? There was a guy... Needed a part.

MacLeod, overwhelmed with gratitude, moves to embrace him again --

MACLEOD
Genius! I love this man!

REYNALDO
Gimme a minute.
(breaking away)
I'll check the order book.

Reynaldo hurries off to look for the address. MacLeod is proud of himself. He shoots Richie a look.

RICHIE
I'll applaud later.

MACLEOD
That'll be nice.

INT. CHECK CASHING PLACE - DAY

In the B.G., two UNIFORMS take notes while they talk to the Clerk. Off to one side, Robbery Detective DENNIS TYNAN, has just finished interviewing the owner, SAM GRINGKOV. Gringkov, from hard-working, immigrant stock, is clearly upset. Tynan, rumpled, Peter Falk at 40, is on top of the case.

DETECTIVE TYNAN
Well, Mr. Gringkov, look at it this way. No one got hurt. And they didn't get away with much.
Agitated, flustered, Gringkov nods quickly.

GRINGKOV

Tynan waves the Uniforms over.

DETECTIVE TYNAN
Okay, boys. We've taken up enough of these folks' time today. I'll finish up here... meet you back at the car.
(pats them on the back)
Save me a donut.

The Uniforms exit. Tynan closes the door and turns back to Gringkov.

DETECTIVE TYNAN (CONT'D)
So what happened?

Gringkov's eyes turn to ice. He drops the poor confused victim routine, spits his reply --

GRINGKOV
You tell me. There was one-point-four mil in laundered cash and I want it back! What the hell I pay you for? So lowlife can waltz in through front door and clean me out!?

DETECTIVE TYNAN
I've already put the word out on the street. Nobody knows nothing. The guy came outta nowhere.

GRINGKOV
I don't want hear no stinking excuses. All I know is I'm one and half million poorer than I was this morning. And I am not happy.

DETECTIVE TYNAN
I'll make it right.

Gringkov gets in Tynan's face.

GRINGKOV
You bet you make it right. Find money and bastard who stole it or it's your ass.
(beat)
How's my English?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

DETECTIVE TYNAN
I got the message.

EXT. CORY'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS

MacLeod and Richie creep stealthily around a bush, working their way towards a large log cabin. Rustic but ritzy, cedar deck, hot tub, and a 1924 Packard in the lane.

RICHIE
This is it.

They slink along a row of bushes and up alongside the Packard. MacLeod fingers a fresh DENT in the hood.

MACLEOD
I see you made a good impression.

RICHIE
Very funny.

MacLeod and Richie share a look, move off toward the cabin.

INT. CORY'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS

A fire CRACKLES in the big stone fireplace. Bearskin rugs blanket a gleaming wooden floor. Gershwin TINKLES from concealed speakers. And standing center stage, Cory, in a burgundy silk robe, fills a crystal champagne flute with the best bubbly stolen money can buy.

He gets the BUZZ. No time to react.

MacLeod bursts through the front door. Richie kicks in the back. They rush the room, swords at the ready.

Richie lunges for Cory.

RICHIE
Where is she, you bastard!?

He looks to his partner for backup, but MacLeod is LOWERING his sword!

MACLEOD
Cory!?

Amanda appears from another room. She almost drops her champagne glass.

AMANDA
MacLeod!?

Now it's Richie's turn. Relaxing his attack stance, he aims his dropped jaw in her direction.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RICHIE
Amanda!?

And through it all, ever the charming host, Cory extends a champagne flute to MacLeod --

CORY
Champagne, anyone?

Off this tableau, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

620 INT. CORY'S PLACE - NIGHT

Like a game of "Statues," everyone is still frozen. Cory breaks the ice first.

CORY
Serial monogamy, Amanda?

He looks from MacLeod to Richie and back again.

CORY (CONT'D)
Unless I'm seeing double... I count two of them.

He offers a champagne flute to MacLeod.

RICHIE

rushes up, knocks it out of his hand. The glass SMASHES on the floor. Cory turns to Richie, snaps his fingers --

CORY
Now I recognize you. You look a little different flying over the hood of a car.

Richie cracks.

RICHIE
How would you like to go flying through a wall!?

AMANDA
Listen, Richie. Cory didn't mean anything personal by it.
(beat)
Did you, Cory?

CORY
No, of course not. I don't know him well enough to dislike him yet.

RICHIE
Alright! That's it!

Richie moves on Cory but MacLeod blocks him.

MACLEOD
Easy, Richie.

(CONTINUED)
CORY
Hey, kid. What's the big deal?
You're an Immortal, right? It was all in fun.

RICHIE
All in fun? Are you nuts?

Cory puts his arm around Amanda.

CORY
Let's everybody relax. As you can see, the lady's not in any immediate physical jeopardy.

MACLEOD
(shoots her a look)
Apparently not. In fact, she's positively glowing.

Amanda taunts him with a smile.

CORY
I was just going to suggest we dive into the ol' hot tub. Room for two more.

MACLEOD
I'll take a rain check. You know what they say. Two's company... but four's just not sanitary.

Cory turns to Amanda.

CORY
I think he’s still jealous...

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. ROAD - MISSOURI - 1926 - DAY

Summer air shimmers in the heat. Sun-scorched wheat fields stretch to the horizon. The only crop this year -- dust.

ZOOM!

Bisecting this beige wasteland, a cherry red ROADSTER blazes through FRAME.

INT. ROADSTER - MISSOURI - 1926 - CONTINUOUS

At the wheel of her convertible roadster, Amanda argues with MacLeod. She is dressed in her circus spangles and wearing a glittery turban.

(CONTINUED)
AMANDA
Rules are made to be broken. So are contracts.

MACLEOD
But we signed on to Barnum and Bailey's for a year. We can't just leave. Where are they going to find an act to replace us?

AMANDA
Let 'em use that third rate lion tamer. The "Amazing Amanda" does not take second billing to anyone.

MACLEOD
I thought he was pretty good.

She punches it again. MacLeod grips the door handle.

AMANDA
And then expecting me to work that tacky fortune teller scam between shows!

She tears off the turban and tosses it out of the car.

MACLEOD
(trying to calm her)
But you were great. Really. With that turban and crystal ball... could've fooled me.

Amanda growls and tromps on the accelerator.

AMANDA
(dissmissive)
Ugh. Parlor tricks for rubes. Is that why I spent sixty years perfecting my tightrope technique?

MacLeod mistakes this for a rhetorical question and doesn't reply. Besides, he's got his eye on a HERD OF COWS looming up ahead.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Well!? Is it!?

MACLEOD
Uh... Amanda. You may want to slow down a bit.

AMANDA
You're not even listening.

(MORE)
AMANDA (CONT'D)
You don't care about me. You don't care how depressed I get playing all these one-pump towns night after night. Where's the glamour? Where's the glitz? Where's the Great White Way?

Up ahead, a herd of cows move slowly across the road. MacLeod tries to get Amanda's attention.

MACLEOD
Amanda!

Taking desperate action, MacLeod wrenches the wheel from her grip and stomps on the brake with his foot.

The roadster SKIDS to a stop centimeters from the cows.

AMANDA
Edgy today, aren't we?

An ARMORED CAR pulls up and stops on the other side of the herd. MacLeod takes a deep breath and begins to relax, then he gets the BUZZ. Amanda checks her mirror but MacLeod points through the windshield.

MACLEOD
There.

They watch as a sleek black ROADSTER pulls up beside the Armored Car.

Out of this roadster jumps Cory, Tommy Gun in hand. He runs to the Armored Car and hurtles a GAS GRENADE through the view slot. It EXPLODES in a burst of SMOKE.

MacLeod and Amanda are out of their car in a flash. MacLeod starts moving through the cows that block his path.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
Damn!
(to the cows)
Excuse me. Pardon me.

On the other side of the herd, the two SECURITY GUARDS stumble out of the armored car, coughing and gagging from the gas. Cory cold-conks both of the Guards, apologizing as he goes.

CORY
Sorry, fellas. But it's all in the name of charity.

The Guards lie motionless as Cory draggs a couple of money bags from rear of the armored car.

(CONTINUED)
He takes a few bills, stuffs them into their shirt pockets.

CORY (CONT'D)
There's a little something for your trouble. I'll mail you a receipt for the rest.

Cory tosses the money bags into his roadster, jumps in, does a 180.

In the midst of the cows, MacLeod silently curses.

MACLEOD
(to cows)
Would you move? You're on my foot.

CORY

tips his grey fedora, waves a cheery adieu to his captive audience as he speeds away.

MACLEOD
That Immortal just robbed that armored car.

AMANDA
So? He saw it first. C'mon, Chicago's still fourteen hours away.

Amanda and MacLeod are driving along.

AMANDA
How much you think he made?

MACLEOD
He didn't make it, he stole it.

AMANDA:
Picky, picky.

They react to the BUZZ and turn and see

THEIR POV

A ramshackle single story farmhouse. A tractor skeleton lies rusting nearby. An ancient truck stands out front overflowing with the family's possessions, next to Cory's roadster.

BACK TO SCENE

AMANDA
That's his car.

(CONTINUED)
MACLEOD
So.

AMANDA
I want to meet him.

MACLEOD
Why?

AMANDA
Please...
(beat)
Pretty please...

EXT. DUSTBOWL FARMHOUSE - MISSOURI - 1926 - DAY

On the front porch, Cory is handing out some of the stolen money to a poor young FARMER and his WIFE while their three malnourished CHILDREN look on. Dressed in rags, they have the gaunt, bleak faces of people who gave up hope a long time ago.

FARMER
We'll never forget you for this, Mr. Cory.

Cory finishes handing out the money and receives a grateful handshake from the Farmer and a big hug from his Wife.

As Amanda's roadster pulls up, Cory turns to it.

CORY
(friendly)
Cory Raines.

AMANDA
Amanda.
(beat; flirt)
They call me the Amazing Amanda, actually.

CORY
(re the spangles)
I'll bet they do.

MACLEOD
(wet blanket)
Duncan MacLeod.
(re the money)
You're giving it away?

CORY
What else is it for?
(MORE)

(continues)
CORY (CONT'D)

(beat)
I just gave that family hope. Chance to head west to California and begin again. A new life.

Cory plays it up. He puts a hand on his heart. MacLeod's not buying.

MACLEOD
Oh, brother... let me get my violin.

CORY
Aw, c'mon, pal. It's not like I took all the bank's money. They've got lots left.

MacLeod points out the remaining money in Cory's bag.

MACLEOD
And so do you.

CORY
Try thinking of me as the Robin Hood of the Roaring Twenties.

MacLeod can't help but like Cory, but he knows he's an accident waiting to happen.

MACLEOD
Well, I got news for you, Robin. This isn't Sherwood Forest. And you're not robbing the rich. You're stealing from banks. Banks that hold other people's money.

(gestures toward family)
People like them.

While MacLeod and Cory talk, the Farmer tries to start the vehicle. He fails.

CORY
Hey. Nobody gets hurt, and I get to do a little good for the common folk.

MACLEOD
(re the truck)
Block's cracked.

The Farmer's Wife sags against the truck, their new-found hope snatched away again.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
What now, Robin?

(Continued)
Cory sighs. Looks at the truck, looks at his roadster. He makes a decision.

CORY
Hey! Catch!

He tosses the keys to his beloved roadster to the Farmer.

CORY (CONT'D)
Take care of her and she'll take care of you.

The Farmer can't believe his good luck.

FARMER
Thank you. Thank you.

AMANDA
Cory, that was the most unselfish thing I've ever seen.

CORY
Thanks, Amanda.

MACLEOD
(with a half smile)
Now I suppose you'll be wanting a lift?

Cory slaps MacLeod jovially on the back.

CORY
I knew you'd come around!

MACLEOD
(resigned)
C'mon, Robin... get in.
(to the Farmer)
If I were you, I'd switch the plates before you hit the main road. She's probably a little hot.

CORY
A minor detail, Mackie-boy. A minor detail.

And as MacLeod gives Amanda an "I told you so" look, they head off down the lane.

EXT. ROAD - MISSOURI - 1926 - DAY

Just your typical pastoral scene -- sun shining, birds chirping, three Immortals speeding through the countryside in a red roadster.
Amanda points up ahead.

AMANDA
Uh-oh.

MacLeod strains to see.

MACLEOD
Uh-oh.

Cory peeks around.

CORY
Oh brother.

There's a ROADBLOCK dead ahead. Three police cars block the way through. MacLeod starts a U-turn. Too late.

POLICE swarm out of the trees on either side of the road, effectively blocking any escape.

MACLEOD
Look's like this is the end of the party.

Amanda glances in the back seat.

AMANDA
This definitely doesn't look good.

Cory's not fazed at all. If anything, he's a little disappointed in his new playmates.

CORY
Oh, please. Where's your sense of adventure?

The CORDON of Police closes in.

MACLEOD
Right now, I'd say it's looking at ten to twenty years behind bars.

CORY
Don't worry. I always got a plan.

Silence. MacLeod and Amanda are waiting.

MACLEOD
Now would be a good time.

CORY
Okay. I got it. You're my hostages, see?

(MORE)
CORY (CONT'D)
You didn't have anything to do with
the robbery.
(warms to it)
Yeah, that's it! And you two get
off scott free.

MACLEOD
What about you?

CORY
I'll be waiting for you guys to dig
me up.

MacLeod and Amanda exchange looks... "Dig him up...?"

In a flash, Cory's out of the car, wielding his Tommy Gun.
He sprays the air with hot lead, then he points his gun at
the car.

CORY (CONT'D)
Freeze or I blast these hostages
into swiss cheese!

Everybody freezes. MacLeod and Amanda raise their hands.
Cory points the gun at the cops. He moves toward them
threateningly.

CORY (CONT'D)
You'll never take me alive, coppers!

Like shooting a well-dressed fish in a barrel, the Police
open fire and Cory goes down in a hail of bullets.

As several Cops crowd around his lifeless body. Amanda and
MacLeod get out of the car.

AMANDA
Thank God you shot that horrible
man! He threatened to kill us!

As an OFFICER approaches, MacLeod pulls her head down onto
his shoulder, comforts her.

MACLEOD
There, there, dear. It's all over.

EXT. PAUPER'S GRAVE - 1926 - DAY

MacLeod and Amanda are digging up a pauper's grave. MacLeod's
working, Amanda leans on her shovel.

AMANDA
Can't we dig any faster?

(CONTINUED)
MACLEOD
"We?"

MacLeod's shovel strikes wood.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
About time.

He starts to work on the coffin lid.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
You know, it'd serve him right...

AMANDA
MacLeod! Don't even think about it.

OFF her look he pries open the lid, revealing Cory inside. A shaft of sunlight strikes his face and his eyes pop open.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Cory?

MacLeod bends over to lend a hand, but Cory's up and out of the grave like a jack-in-the-box.

CORY
For a minute there I thought you guys weren't coming.

He dusts himself off.

AMANDA
(eyeing MacLeod)
Never crossed our minds.

MACLEOD
Speak for yourself.

Cory thinks he must be joking, slaps him on the back.

CORY
Guy's a riot. Listen, I got an idea. What do you say we run this same racket all over the country!

Amanda starts to catch on.

AMANDA
That's brilliant.

MACLEOD
It's stupid.

CORY
We'd make a fortune.

(CONTINUED)
MACLEOD

You'll get caught.

CORY

Of course we will. Then we just die and start over.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(to Amanda)

You're not actually listening to this maniac?

AMANDA

Why not? It beats fortune telling for rubes.

MACLEOD

(beat)

If that's what you want, Amanda... go ahead.

AMANDA

Great!

MACLEOD

Just don't expect me to tag along on your little suicide junket.

He looks to Amanda. She's thrown.

AMANDA

You want me to go without you?

MACLEOD

If that's what you want.

AMANDA

If you want me to stay, then tell me.

MACLEOD

It's up to you, Amanda.

Not what she wanted to hear.

CORY

Hey, guys... can we get the show on the road here?

AMANDA

(to MacLeod)

That's how it's going to be?

(beat)

Okay, fine.

(CONTINUED)
She takes Cory's arm.

**AMANDA (CONT'D)**
Looks like it's just the two of us.

They walk to her roadster, Cory takes the wheel.

**CORY**
Just you and me, dollface.
(over his shoulder)
So long, Mackie-boy. It coulda been fun.

MacLeod watches as Amanda and Cory pull out of the graveyard.

Amanda turns to look back, something in her eyes pleading with MacLeod to stop her. But he stays strong. Hat pushed back, jacket slung over his shoulder, MacLeod just watches them drive away -- finally, the roadster becomes a dot on the horizon.

With a last look down at the now-empty grave, MacLeod turns and heads down the road the other way.

**MONTAGE - FIVE STATE ROBBERY SPREE - 1926**

**INT. BANK - OKLAHOMA - 1926 - DAY**
Cory backs out of a small town bank, Tommy Gun aimed and ready.

SUPER OVER - NEWSPAPER spins into frame, old newsreel style - front page headline reads "OKLAHOMA STAR - BANK ROBBERY SPREE SPREADS NORTH" as --

SIRENS approach. Cory jumps into the waiting getaway car with Amanda at the wheel. They speed off down the road.

**EXT. COUNTRY BACK ROAD - KANSAS - 1926 - DAY**
Amanda drives as Cory hangs out the window, his Tommy Gun rat-tat-tatting at the POLICE CAR pursuing them.

SUPER OVER - NEWSPAPER spins, front Page headline - "KANSAS GAZETTE - FEDERAL MARSHAL TRACKS DANGEROUS DUO"

**EXT. SMALL TOWN BANK - SOUTH DAKOTA - 1926 - DAY**
Cory backs out of the bank, heads for Amanda and the waiting getaway car. Suddenly the street is full of Police. The cops open up and Amanda and Cory are surrounded by a fury of gunfire.

SUPER OVER - NEWSPAPER spins, front page headline - "SOUTH DAKOTA COURIER - FIVE STATE SPREE ENDS IN BLOODY BATTLE" as --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Their bullet-riddled bodies slump to the ground.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Two headstones mark the grave of Amanda and Cory.

MACLEOD

approaches with a shovel in his hand. He begins to dig.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(to himself)

This is getting very old.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. CORY'S PLACE - THE PRESENT - NIGHT

Richie looks to Amanda and Cory.

CORY

(fondly)

Boy, those were the days.

MACLEOD

Are you out of your mind? How many bullets did they pump into you?

CORY

More than Bonnie, less than Clyde. What's the difference?

MacLeod signals to Richie, they're leaving.

MACLEOD

C'mon Richie.

(to Amanda)

Amanda?

Amanda knows that tone, she puts her champagne glass down. She gathers up her things, follows Richie and MacLeod to the door. Cory calls after --

CORY

Amanda... think about tomorrow.

Amanda just smiles. As they move out, she blows him a kiss goodbye.

EXT. CORY'S PLACE - NIGHT

Amanda, Richie and MacLeod climb into the T-Bird. Richie's still pissed.

(CONTINUED)
RICHIE
How can you like this guy? He treats everything like a joke.

AMANDA
That's why I like him.

MACLEOD
Amanda, what did Cory mean about tomorrow?

She plays it cool, buffs her nails against her sleeve.

AMANDA
(vague)
Tomorrow?

MACLEOD
Amanda...

She borrows the rearview mirror to fix her hair.

AMANDA
He wanted me to do a little job.

MACLEOD
(persistent)
What kind of job?

Amanda sighs. He's worse than a parent, sometimes.

AMANDA
The Federal Reserve.

MacLeod reacts, hits the gas and with an angry roar, the T-Bird speeds off down the lane.

FROM THE BUSHES
comes a BEEPING noise. Concealed from the cabin, Detective Tynan dials a cell phone.

DETECTIVE TYNAN
(into phone)
Gringkov? Yeah. I found him. But I'm gonna need some extra bodies.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT

MacLeod paces back and forth in front of an obstinate Amanda. From the sidelines, Richie's eyes track MacLeod like a tennis ball at Wimbledon.

MACLEOD
You're not actually thinking of helping Cory rob the Federal Reserve!?

Amanda only plants her feet firmer.

AMANDA
So what if I am?

MACLEOD
Amanda, this is not some Ma and Pa outfit in Hicksville. You're talking about the Federal Reserve!

AMANDA
C'mon MacLeod. It's not the whole Federal Reserve.

MACLEOD
(dryly)
That's a relief.

AMANDA
It's more like... a Federal Reserve truck. A little one. And Cory promised no one will get hurt.

MACLEOD
He can guarantee that?

AMANDA
He's got a plan.

MACLEOD
He always has a plan!

AMANDA
You are jealous.

MACLEOD
I am not jealous.

(continues)
AMANDA
  (doubts him)
  Oh yeah?
  (beat; believes him)
  Why not?

MACLEOD
Because this is all a big joke to Cory, that's why. You're shot, you die, bingo, you pop back up again.
  (with feeling)
Amanda, Immortality is a gift, not a game. You don't go running people down for fun.

RICHIE (O.S.)
Damn right.

They both turn to stare at Richie. In the heat of the moment, they forgot he was there. A LONG BEAT as Richie feels their eyes on him. He reddens.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
Not that I'm taking sides.

MacLeod turns back to Amanda.

MACLEOD
Listen, you get in over your head, don't come looking for me to bail you out.

Amanda swallows. Richie does a double take.

AMANDA
What are you saying? You're throwing me out?

MACLEOD
I didn't say that.

AMANDA
Sounded a helluva lot like that to me.

MACLEOD
You don't need the money.

But she stopped listening long ago.

AMANDA
Far be it from me to stay where I'm not wanted.

She picks up her jacket, puts it on.

(CONTINUED)
MACLEOD
I didn't say I didn't want you here.

AMANDA
I know what I heard. You don't need to tell me twice.

She spins on her heels and storms out.

MACLEOD
Amanda!

RICHIE
Very smooth.

MacLeod throws Richie a dark look.

INT. DOJO - NIGHT
MacLeod comes out of the stairwell as Amanda moves toward the dojo entrance.

MACLEOD
Amanda!

AMANDA
(turns around; with an edge)
What?

MACLEOD
Why are you doing this?

AMANDA
Why shouldn't I do this?

MACLEOD
'Cause it's dangerous and it's stupid.

AMANDA
So now I'm stupid, too.

MACLEOD
Please...

AMANDA
Please what? Please don't rob the Federal Reserve. Please stay away from Cory?

MACLEOD
What you do with Cory is your business.

(CONTINUED)
AMANDA
Exactly.

Amanda starts to walk away. MacLeod steps in front of her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Are you gonna stop me?

MACLEOD
No.

AMANDA
Then move out of my way.

MACLEOD
Amanda, what do you want from me?

AMANDA
It's amazing, MacLeod. We've known each other for 350 years and you still don't know.

MacLeod can only watch as she walks out the door.

INT. CORY'S PLACE - NIGHT

A surprised Cory opens his front door to find... Amanda.

CORY
Well, well, well. I thought you said you weren't interested.

She brushes past him.

AMANDA
Yeah... I say a lot of things. I changed my mind.

CORY
Woman's prerogative.

AMANDA
Okay, let's see this plan of yours.

She plops down on his sofa. Cory accepts his good fortune and decides to shut his mouth as well as the door. He pours Amanda a glass of wine, pulls out a map.

CORY
Let's get down to business.

EXT. CORY'S PLACE - NIGHT - LATER

POV CAMERA sneaks up behind the cabin. Peers through a

(CONTINUED)
curtained window to see --

INT. CORY'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS

Amanda lounging on the sofa. She gets the BUZZ and glances toward the window. She smiles, a knowing look on her face.

AMANDA
I knew you'd come after me.

But it's not MacLeod who comes through the back door.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Richie!? Where's MacLeod?

RICHIE
Where's Cory?

AMANDA
He's out.
(beat)
What're you doing here?

RICHIE
Trying to stop you from making a big mistake.

AMANDA
Forget it. I'm doing the job, and that's that.

RICHIE
I'm not talking about the heist.
(beat)
I'm talking about you and Mac.

AMANDA
You're wasting your time.

RICHIE
Look, you don't really want to be with Cory. You're just doing it to get back at MacLeod.

AMANDA
Thanks for the insight, Oprah. But you're wrong. I miss the good old days. Racing from town to town, always one step ahead of the cops.

RICHIE
I know Mac comes on a little strong. But that's only because he cares about you.
Amanda looks up at him, half-hoping --

AMANDA
(beat)
He send you here to tell me that?

As soon as Richie shakes his head, he realizes his mistake.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
And that's the difference between MacLeod and Cory!

Amanda gets up, paces the room.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
A woman wants to be wanted. Hell, not just a woman... everyone wants that.

RICHIE
But he does want you.

AMANDA
Then why didn't he tell me to stay.

RICHIE
Amanda, nobody tells you anything.

AMANDA
That's beside the point.

She stops pacing, declares to no one in particular

AMANDA (CONT'D)
No. This is the right thing. It's time to cut loose again. Time to have some fun.
(beat)
You want to come along?

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

SPARKS fill the screen.

CORY (O.S.)
Ouch!

WIDEN TO REVEAL

Cory hunched under the hood of a SAAB. He sucks on his burned fingers.

CORY (CONT'D)
Damn it!
Takes out a pair of pliers and cuts a wire leading to the engine. Splices it with dynamite and starts humming a tune.

INT. CORY'S PLACE - NIGHT

Amanda spreads out Cory's map on a table, motions Richie over to see.

AMANDA
This is the armored car route.

RICHIE
Yeah, so?

She points to an intersection on the map.

AMANDA
And here's where they're gonna stop.

RICHIE
Because...

AMANDA
Because a nearby car will choose that moment to explode. Boom!

Richie catches on.

RICHIE
So that's where Cory is.

AMANDA
Wiring the dynamite as we speak.

RICHIE
You really are going through with this.

AMANDA
Why not!? Nice, elegant scheme. The armored car pulls off the road, we gas the security guards and make off with the loot. Nobody gets hurt.

RICHIE
You don't know that for sure.

Amanda tries appealing to his dark side.

AMANDA
Aw, c'mon, tiger. You weren't always such a boy scout. Remember the thrill of a plan well-laid... a lock well-picked... that adrenalin high. Or maybe you've forgotten?

(CONTINUED)
RICHIE
Oh, I remember alright. Being terrified. Never knowing who to trust. Always wondering if today was the day I'd bite it.
(shakes it off)
Uh uh. Been there. Done that. And I'm definitely staying away from anything to do with Cory.

AMANDA
Cory's a pro.

RICHIE
Cory's a jerk!

AMANDA
And you're not just saying that because he ran over you.

RICHIE
Twice.

Suddenly there's a pounding on the door.

DETECTIVE TYNAN (O.S.)
Police... open up!

Richie grabs Amanda and drags her toward --

RICHIE
C'mon!

AMANDA
The map!

She breaks his grip and dashes back to retrieve the plan. Just then, Tynan kicks in the front door --

DETECTIVE TYNAN
Freeze!

Richie sees two armed Cops rush in after Tynan. Amanda throws him the map and a look -- "I'm trapped. Get out!"

AMANDA
Go!

BLAM! The cops fire at Richie.

Tuck and roll and Richie somersaults to the back door, shoulders through it and into the surprised COP who waits. They both go down. Richie takes him out with a punch and takes off.
638 EXT. INTERSECTION - DAWN

The rigged Saab sits in the middle of the intersection.

INSERT EXPLOSIVE TIMER

8:24:01... 8:24:02... 8:24:03...

BACK TO SCENE

as CORY watches from behind cover. He scans up and down the intersection. The BUZZ. He half-turns, calls softly --

CORY
Doll face... ?

BAM!!! His answer is a FIST in the mouth. Reeling back, Cory comes face to face with MacLeod.

CORY (CONT'D)
MacLeod, what was that for?
(beat)
Where's Amanda?

BAM!!! MacLeod lets loose again. He's pissed.

MACLEOD
She's been arrested. Thanks to you.

Sensing another impending blow, Cory puts up his hands in surrender.

CORY
Let's talk this thing out, okay?
What do you mean arrested? Where?

MACLEOD
Your cabin.

CORY
Damn!

He glances toward the ticking Saab.

CORY (CONT'D)
This does put a kink in things.

MACLEOD
I'm gonna put a kink in your ass!

He grabs him by the scruff of the neck.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
Right after you help me get her out.

(CONTINUED)
CORY
Well, listen, I'd really love to, but we've got us a little situation here.

MACLEOD
What situation?

CORY
At 8:29 an armored car comes by.

Cory indicates the Saab.

CORY (CONT'D)
And I set the Saab to blow at 8:28.

At this precise moment, the air is blasted by the strident strains of John Philip Souza.

A HIGH SCHOOL MARCHING BAND swings around the corner. Trombones booming, trumpets blaring, cymbals crashing... it's a nightmare of off-key ADOLESCENTS. A BAND LEADER backpedals frantically in front of the band.

MacLeod looks at Cory.

CORY (CONT'D)
Oops.
(checking his watch)
Two minutes.

INSERT EXPLOSIVE TIMER
8:26:05... 8:26:06... 8:26:07...

BACK TO SCENE

MacLeod calculates the trajectory of the band. It's going to get to the Saab at exactly the wrong time.

MACLEOD
How do you disarm the car?

CORY
There's no time.
(sheepishly)
Disarming the car wasn't in the plan.

MacLeod snorts his disgust.

MACLEOD
The plan. Give me the keys!

He grabs the keys and runs to the Saab. Starts it and peels off down the road... in the opposite direction of the marching band.
Cory jumps in MacLeod's car. No keys -- no problem. He pops the column, hot wires it, roars off after MacLeod.

The band marches through the intersection, the sound blaring.

INSERT EXPLOSIVE TIMER

8:27:09... 8:27:10...

EXT. ROAD OUT OF TOWN - CONTINUOUS

The Saab slices through the countryside. MacLeod gives it all he's got. Pedal to the metal. Detonator on the seat beside him counting the seconds... 8:27:15...

MACLEOD

C'mon...

He races against the clock, trying to get as far away from civilization as possible... 8:27:30... Thirty seconds left... he spots a secluded pullout... screeches in... 8:27:45...

Skidding to a stop, MacLeod reaches for the door handle. It comes off in his hand. He looks at the door handle. Looks at the timer... 8:27:55...

MACLEOD

gnashes his teeth --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I hate him.

FOOM!!! The Saab explodes.

CORY

sits a hundred yards away in MacLeod's car. Chunks of singed Saab rain down all around him.

CORY (CONT'D)

Yowza.

A particularly large piece of wreckage plummets earthward.

WHOOOMPH!

Slams into the dirt right in front of the car. He peers over the windshield. It's MacLeod. With half his clothes blown off. Scorched and dead.

CORY

wincers.
CORY (CONT'D)
That's gotta hurt.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

640 EXT. ROAD OUT OF TOWN - DAY

Still prostrate on the ground, an ashen MacLeod slowly wakes up. Cory extends a hand, but gets brushed aside.

MACLEOD
Get away from me.

CORY
Aw, c'mon Mackie-boy.

MacLeod gingerly stands up.

MACLEOD
And don't call me Mackie-boy.

Cory instinctively backs away.

CORY
Yeah, sure. No hard feelings, eh?

MacLeod advances on Cory.

MACLEOD
(hisses)
You mean, why let a little thing like being blown to bits come between us?

CORY
All in fun, eh? All in fun. Hey, think now. You can't kill me. You need me to get Amanda out...

Cory smiles ingratiatingly. MacLeod knows he's right. And he hates him for it.

641 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY

MacLeod on the phone, strains to hear over Cory and Richie's constant caterwauling in the background.

RICHIE
First you run me off the road. Then, you get Amanda arrested. Now, you've blown up Mac.

CORY
(glancing at MacLeod)
Hardly the worse for wear.

(CONTINUED)
RICHIE
Why don't you try it?

MacLeod slams down the phone... loudly.

MACLEOD
SHUT UP! Both of you.

Duly chastised, they relent.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
The police don't have Amanda.

What!

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
Everybody's got the same story. No progress on the robbery case. No arrests made. No suspects in custody. No Amanda.

RICHIE
If the cops don't have her, then who does?

MACLEOD
Exactly... Cory?

CORY
You're not going to like this. (beat)
Sam Gringkov.

RICHIE & MACLEOD
You stole from Sam Gringkov?!

EXT. DOCK YARD - DAY

The forlorn BLEAT of a tugboat pierces the eerie stillness. In one end of the yard, a battered aluminum CONSTRUCTION TRAILER perches precariously on cement blocks.

AMANDA (O.S.)
Peee-yuuu! What's that horrible stench? Oh, of course. It's a rotten cop.

INT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Amanda sits tied to a chair in the trailer. Detective Tynan raises his arm to strike her, but Gringkov stops him.

GRINGKOV
Don't damage the insurance policy.

(CONTINUED)
Amanda smiles at Gringkov.

**AMANDA**
Obviously a gentlemen of discretion.
(takes in his clothes)
Though of somewhat dubious fashion sense.

Gringkov chuckles a low chuckle. He can rise above it.

**GRINGKOV**
Your partner took something that
didn't belong to him. Namely, my money.

Gringkov puts his mouth an inch from her face.

**GRINGKOV (CONT'D)**
And I want it back!

She recoils.

**AMANDA**
You really should brush again after lunch.

Tynan has had enough. He lunges forward.

**DETECTIVE TYNAN**
And you really should shut your mouth.

**AMANDA**
Relax, Fido.
(to Gringkov)
My hands are tied. You'll have to
dial.

**INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY**

MacLeod is on the phone as --

**RICHIE**
You actually thought you'd get away
with stealing money from Sam Gringkov. You're not a thief, you're an idiot.

MacLeod steps in, mediates.

**MACLEOD**
(to Richie)
Alright, alright, we get the idea.
(to Cory)
We give back the money, he gives
back Amanda.

(Continued)
CORY (shaking head)
Sorry, no can do.

MacLeod grabs him by the throat.

MACLEOD
come again?

CORY
I gave the money away.

RICHIE
Yeah, right. To an orphanage, I suppose.

CORY
Actually, yes. The Little Angels Orphanage. You know, just across town.
(to MacLeod)
You can check if you want.

MacLeod releases Cory's throat, Cory seizes the moment.

CORY (CONT'D)
(lays it on thick)
Hey... guys... you know what it's like... growing up in one of those places... no money, no toys, no love.

MACLEOD
Okay, Mother Theresa, so how do you expect to pay back Gringkov?

CORY
I was thinking you could front me the money? Strictly a loan, of course.

MACLEOD
One point four million dollars?!

CORY
Yeah, right. Recession. Okay, we'll just have to steal it.
(snaps fingers)
I got a plan! We go for the Federal Reserve truck again tomorrow --

MACLEOD
No!

(CONTINUED)
Cory

C'mon. It was a beauty of a plan.
Uh, except for that little timer thing.

MacLeod smiles a frightening smile, bears his pearly whites in Cory's direction.

MacLeod

I've got a better idea, Cory.

Ext. Construction Trailer - Night

Close on a vest wired with explosives and a plunger detonator.

Cory (O.S.)

There's got to be another way.

Pull back to find MacLeod with Cory. The vest is on him.

Cory

Let's be creative! Work with me here.

MacLeod

Shut up.
(hands him detonator)
Here's the plunger.

Cory

But it's a fake one, right?

MacLeod

Trust me. I got a plan.

He tightens the cinches on the vest, Cory's lungs collapse.

Richie rounds a corner carrying a briefcase filled with "money." He opens the case for MacLeod's inspection.

Richie

How'd I do?

MacLeod reaches in, pulls out a stack of "bills" -- actually a few real bills on top, pieces of newspaper on the bottom.

Richie (Cont'd)

They better not look too close.

MacLeod

They won't have time to.

He smiles at Cory.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
We have ignition.

INT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

The briefcase sits in front of Gringkov and Tynan.

Gringkov tries to open it, but it's locked with a COMBINATION LOCK. He looks up at Cory who stands beside Amanda.

GRINGKOV
What gives?

CORY
You give up Amanda, and I give you...
(taps his head)
...the combination to the briefcase.

Gringkov aims his gun at the briefcase lock.

GRINGKOV
Screw the combination.

CORY
Uh uh uh... any attempt to tamper with the lock will detonate the contents.

DETECTIVE TYNAN
You're bluffing.

Cory shrugs...

CORY
Your call.

A BEAT as they all look at each other.

CORY (CONT'D)
Mild weather for this time of year.

GRINGKOV
Okay, untie her. Get her outta my sight.

AMANDA
Pleasure's all mine.

Cory unties Amanda, she gets up.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Coming, Cory?

GRINGKOV
He stays.

(CONTINUED)
CORY
You get going. I'm right behind you, doll face.

Amanda leaves. Gringkov gestures with his gun.

GRINGKOV
The combination.

CORY
Oh, yeah. Lemme see if I can remember how that goes. Three, two, one...

He opens his jacket, reveals the explosive vest, his finger on the plunger --

CORY (CONT'D)
BOOM! Can you say "incendiary device?"

GRINGKOV & TYNAN
You wouldn't!? 

CORY
Sixty seconds... and leave the money on your way out.

Gringkov stands there nervously.

GRINGKOV
You're bluffing.

CORY
Forty-five to go.

DETECTIVE TYNAN
Hell, it's not my money.

He rushes out.

GRINGKOV
You're not that crazy.

Cory reaches into his pocket and takes out a stick of dynamite. He lights it.

Gringkov runs out the door. Cory smiles and pulls the fuse.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

MacLeod, Amanda and Richie watch the trailer from a distance.

AMANDA
Looks like it worked, MacLeod.

(CONTINUED)
Suddenly Tynan and Gringkov come tearing out of the trailer, running for their lives.

MACLEOD
Now for the grand finale.

He reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out a device. It's a wireless ELECTRONIC TRIGGER.

RICHIE
You didn't.

Amanda is shocked --

AMANDA
You wouldn't!?

and a little turned on --

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Would you...?

RICHIE
Let me.

He grabs for the detonator. MacLeod snatches it away.

MACLEOD
Uh uh. This one's all mine.

He presses the switch and -- BLAAAMM!!

The construction trailer is airborne. Like a giant aluminum can, it's up, up and away. And then a shattering CRASH. Flat as a pancake. Scraps of money and newspaper drift through the air. Nothing left standing. Well, almost nothing.

Through the smoke and fire, one lone, slightly scorched figure staggers out of the wreckage. It lurches over toward MacLeod.

CORY
What the hell was that for?

Again that frightening smile.

MACLEOD
All in fun, Cory-boy. All in fun.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR
ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

648 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT DAY

MacLeod enters, sees Amanda's bags packed.

MACLEOD
(re: suitcases)
Somebody leaving?

Amanda tries to keep it light.

AMANDA
Cory already blew town. Said he had a plan. Time I hit the road, too. Least 'til Gringkov stops looking for me.

MacLeod watches her face. He knows what she wants to hear. It hangs like an unseen barrier between them. Much to his own surprise, he says it --

MACLEOD
I wish you could stay.

And the invisible obstacle vanishes. Amanda's up and across the room without touching the floor. She looks up at MacLeod, into his eyes. He meets her gaze -- no walls.

They both know how much it took for him to give that to her.

AMANDA
That's nice to hear.

They kiss. She pulls away and glances at her watch.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
But I really do have to go.

MacLeod smiles.

MACLEOD
Of course you do.

Amanda gathers up her suitcases, starts for the door. A toss of her head --

AMANDA
Hey, Mackie-boy. Maybe I'll see you in Paris?

(CONTINUED)
MACLEOD
(as the French director)
But of course, my cherie, but of course.

And she's out the door.

FADE OUT.

THE END