



# HIGHLANDER

*The Series*

# 94304  
THE CROSS OF ST. ANTOINE

Written by  
Morrie Ruvinsky

# Highlander

"THE CROSS OF ST. ANTOINE"

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Production #94304

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Filmline International Highlander

**HIGHLANDER**

"The Cross of St. Antoine"

Production #94304

**CAST LIST**

DUNCAN MACLEOD  
JOE DAWSON

AMANDA  
ARMAND THORNE/JOHN DURGAN

FATHER PETER  
MARTIN BLINDER  
JONAH  
RAFE  
BELLAM  
GEORGE  
DRIVER  
BILLOWS  
MISS JANE WELSLEY

**HIGHLANDER**

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**SET LIST**

**INTERIORS**

DOJO  
MACLEOD'S LOFT  
JOE'S BAR

LAUREN'S HOUSE  
THRONE ESTATE/MUSEUM  
  /CROSS ROOM  
  /THORNE'S OFFICE  
  /CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CROSS ROOM  
  /MAIN ENTRANCEWAY  
CATHEDRAL  
CABIN INSIDE FORT WOLFE - 1817  
WAREHOUSE

**EXTERIORS**

DOJO  
JOE'S BAR

LAUREN'S HOUSE  
THORNE MUSEUM  
SNAKE RIVER  
FORT WOLFE  
  /OUTSIDE A SMALL STORE  
CATHEDRAL

HIGHLANDER

"The Cross of St. Antoine"

TEASER

FADE IN:

401 OMITTED 401

402 EXT. JOE'S - NIGHT - TO ESTABLISH 402

A rough brick building, riffs of BLUES MUSIC wafting from within.

403 INT. JOE'S - SAME TIME 403

The place is half full as MacLeod and Amanda enter. A cool blues trio is onstage.

AMANDA

Now I know why it's been 300 years  
between day jobs.

MACLEOD

I thought heading security for a  
rock star would have been right up  
your alley.

AMANDA

She makes me want to gag.

DAWSON

I hope she's not talking about our  
food.

They turn to find --

JOE DAWSON

Dressed in a black-on-black suit -- not the usual Dawson  
duds. Yet he's as happy as we've ever seen him. He  
embraces MacLeod heartily.

DAWSON

Hey, Mac. Good to see you.

MacLeod reacts to the uncharacteristic hug.

MACLEOD

You're in a good mood.

(CONTINUED)

403 CONTINUED:

403

DAWSON

What's to be unhappy about?

There are white fabric roses in vases on every table.  
Dawson takes one of them and hands it to Amanda.

DAWSON

And who is this lovely lady?

MACLEOD

Amanda, this is Joe Dawson. Joe...  
meet Amanda.

DAWSON

(reacting)  
The Amanda..? I've heard a lot  
about you.

AMANDA

(a look at MacLeod)  
I'll bet you have.

Dawson coughs.

AMANDA

I hear you're one of those guys  
who likes to watch.

DAWSON

(squirming a little)  
It's clinical. For history. We  
don't get involved.

She moves in on him, close... teasing, enjoying it.

AMANDA

Tell me... Do you watch us do...  
(beat)  
...everything?

Dawson recovers.

DAWSON

(as a joke; teasing  
back)  
Only the things I can't get arrested  
for.

She slips the flower into her buttonhole.

AMANDA

(re Dawson)  
I like this guy.

Dawson greets another couple passing by with great zest.

(CONTINUED)

403 CONTINUED: (2)

403

DAWSON

Evening, folks... Nice to see you.

MACLEOD

When you come back down to earth,  
maybe you'll tell me what's going  
on.

AMANDA

Can't you tell?  
(beat)  
The man's obviously in love.

DAWSON

With an art historian. Her name's  
Lauren. We met in the library.  
(beat; musing)  
Funny. You reach a time in your  
life, and you think you missed the  
train... Then, out of nowhere, the  
old lightning strikes.  
(checks his watch)  
Got a date... Gotta go.

MACLEOD

What a minute. Don't we get to  
meet her?

DAWSON

She's working late. Doing some  
research at the Thorne Estate.  
(with a smile)  
I'm going to her place.  
(beat)  
Whatever you guys want tonight,  
it's on the house.

Amanda watches as Dawson leaves.

AMANDA

So that's a Watcher.

MACLEOD

What do you think?

AMANDA

I think he's kinda cute.

404 OMITTED

404

404A EXT. LAUREN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

404A

Dawson approaches carrying a dozen white roses and a broad  
smile on his face. As he gets close, he hears a scream.

(CONTINUED)

404A CONTINUED:

404A

Dawson races to the door.

DAWSON

Lauren!

He tries the door. It won't budge. He pounds on the door, then moves down the side of the house to a large window. Dawson looks inside to see --

DAWSON'S POV

The shape of a man, his face unseen in the shadows, strangling Lauren. He drops the body.

BACK TO SCENE

DAWSON

NO!!

Dawson pounds on the window in front of him.

As the window shatters --

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER



ACT ONE

FADE IN:

404B EXT. DOJO - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 404B

405 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT 405

Black mood. MacLeod and Amanda off to one side, not quite knowing how to deal with Dawson's grief. Dawson in a chair, eyes staring mutely at nothing.

AMANDA

I can't imagine what it's like for him. We can be in love a hundred times...

MACLEOD

Maybe.

AMANDA

At least we have the chance.

MacLeod comes over and puts a hand on his friend's shoulder.

MACLEOD

Can I get you something?

DAWSON

(almost pleading)  
Why? I don't get it.

MacLeod and Amanda share a glance. MacLeod looks at him, sighs deeply for his friend's anguish.

MACLEOD

(beat)  
Sometimes there is no sense, Joe.  
Things happen... no reason.

AMANDA

The police said she probably surprised a burglar.

DAWSON

That's a load of crap. The guy was wearing a two thousand dollar suit.

(with self-recrimination)  
I went through the window and fell on my ass. I didn't even get a look at the bastard's face.

(CONTINUED)

405 CONTINUED:

405

MACLEOD  
You did what you could.

DAWSON  
It wasn't enough.

MACLEOD  
I know how that feels.

DAWSON  
(tightly)  
Do you?

MACLEOD  
(quiet, meeting his  
gaze)  
Yes, I do.

DAWSON  
Then do something for me?

MACLEOD  
Whatever you need.

DAWSON  
Help me find the son-of-a-bitch.

406 EXT. THORNE ESTATE/MUSEUM - DAY - ESTABLISHING

406

407 INT. THORNE ESTATE/MUSEUM - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CROSS ROOM -407  
DAY

People crowd the exhibits. MacLeod, Amanda and Dawson are speaking to GEORGE, a uniformed Security Guard.

MACLEOD  
You saw her?

GEORGE  
Like I told the police. She was here all day and she was practically the last one to leave.

MACLEOD  
And there was no one with her?

GEORGE  
Seemed to be alone.

Dawson is fuming, suddenly explodes, grabs the Guard, gets in his face.

(CONTINUED)

407 CONTINUED:

407

DAWSON

Seemed to be? What the hell's  
that supposed to mean? She was  
murdered, you son-of-a-bitch.

MacLeod quickly pulls Dawson away.

MACLEOD

(to Dawson)  
Easy! This won't help.

Dawson shrugs him off.

DAWSON

Maybe we're wasting our time.

MACLEOD

You're sure you didn't see anyone  
around her? Maybe even following  
her?

GEORGE

Sir, Mr. Thorne's security system  
is state of the art.

He points to a camera.

GEORGE

Monitors cover every inch of the  
display area. If something was  
going on, we would have picked it  
up.

MACLEOD

(a beat)  
Thanks for your time.

GEORGE

Sure.  
(to Dawson)  
I'm sorry, mister.

Dawson nods and moves off, and as MacLeod and Amanda move  
after him:

MACLEOD

Dead end. Let's go.

But Amanda isn't with him. He stops, turns to find her  
ogling a museum piece with shining eyes.

MACLEOD

Amanda ...

(CONTINUED)

407 CONTINUED: (2)

407

AMANDA

Do you have any idea what this is worth?

MACLEOD

You've gone straight, remember.

AMANDA

I was just looking.

(as they go)

Besides, did you notice those wall lasers?

(pointing)

This Thorne guy likes his stuff right where it is.

MACLEOD

(with a smile)

But it doesn't concern you, does it?

(off her look)

Let's get Joe and get out of here.

As he starts to pull her away, MacLeod STOPS, staring at something in the room.

AMANDA

What is it?

MACLEOD'S POV - THE CROSS

resting in a case of its own. It's obviously old, a piece of WOOD inlaid in the center, but the rest is formed of heavy, beaten GOLD encrusted with jewels. It is beautiful, the museum lighting giving it a softly glowing aura -- a striking, almost spiritual presence. And as MacLeod's gaze falls on the cross...

AMANDA (O.S.)

MacLeod? I thought you couldn't wait to get out?

TRANSITION TO:

408 EXT. SNAKE RIVER, NEAR FORT WOLFE, MONTANA - 1817 - DAY 408

As we see the SAME CROSS held aloft against a blue azure sky by a man's hand, and hear the voice of FATHER PETER.

FATHER PETER (O.S.)

...and in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I baptize you in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord... Amen.

(CONTINUED)

408 CONTINUED:

408

And we are on Father Peter, a priest of about fifty, standing thigh-deep in the river in his vestments, holding a white-swaddled CHILD in his arms.

WIDER

Behind Peter is his Acolyte JONAH, holding the cross aloft. On the shore are one or two rough-clad TRAPPERS. The MOTHER and FATHER of the child stand slightly apart and closer to the Priest.

ANGLE - MACLEOD

Leading his horse, just inside a stand of trees. He has just arrived, and is trail-worn and rough-looking. There is a RIFLE in a scabbard. He watches the ceremony.

RESUME - FATHER PETER

as he plunges the child quickly into the river water -- then out again, a beatific look on his face. He moves to the waiting parents, and hands the child to the Mother. As she takes him, Father Peter and Jonah move from the river to the bank, and pause there to pray.

MACLEOD

Starts to move past the people, heading for the FORT in the distance.

As he does, he hears a WHOOP and the sound of a woman's SCREAM. He turns back --

MACLEOD'S POV - THE RIVER BANK

where we see two rough-looking men, BELLAM and RAFE (think Struther Martin), circling Father Peter and Jonah. While Bellam holds his weapon on the trappers and others, Rafe points his gun at the Priest.

RAFE

Gimme the cross, old man, or I'm gonna put one right between your eyes.

Father Peter backs away, towards the river.

FATHER PETER

You can't! It's sacrilege!

BELLAM

Let me do 'em, Rafe. Ain't never Killed no priest before.

(CONTINUED)

408 CONTINUED: (2)

408

RAFE

You got to "three" before you join  
Saint Peter. One. Two.

MACLEOD

He drops the reins and runs towards the fray.

JONAH

Tries to get in the way -- but Rafe swings his GUN, knocks  
the young man flat.

RAFE

(to the unconscious  
Jonah)

Don't be doing that again.

As he closes in on Father Peter, cocks the weapon to shoot --

MACLEOD

Running closer, not slowing as he heads for them.

RAFE

Is about to shoot when MacLeod runs right into him, knocks  
him off his aim, the bullet going wild. Rafe shouts at  
Bellam.

RAFE

The cross!

Bellam cuffs Father Peter with his gun butt, grabs the  
cross. As Father Peter stumbles, Rafe pulls free of MacLeod  
and the two bandits run toward their horses, tied in the  
brush nearby.

WIDER

As they head along the river bank, MacLeod is right behind  
them. As he catches up to Bellam, Bellam turns, the cross  
in one hand, his gun in the other. As he SHOTS --

MACLEOD

Catches a bullet in the upper arm near the shoulder and  
tumbles. He recovers. He rises, and before Bellam can do  
anything else, MacLeod is beside him.

WIDER

As MacLeod dives -- hits Bellam -- carries them both off  
into the river.

(CONTINUED)

408 CONTINUED: (3)

408

They come up, in a foot of water, slugging it out for a few rough BEATS -- then face each other, the cross lying between them. Bellam's gun is on the shore a yard away.

MacLeod has his knife out. As Bellam licks his lips, eyes his gun:

MACLEOD

Is it worth your dying?

Bellam looks at him a BEAT -- then breaks and runs for his horse, mounts up and rides off after Rafe, disappearing into the trees.

RESUME MACLEOD

He sheathes his knife as Father Peter hobbles up frantically with Jonah -- bleeding from a head gash -- behind.

FATHER PETER

The cross! Dear Lord, you must get the cross ...

MacLeod reaches into the water -- and lifts up the cross. Father Peter is speechless. He takes the cross, kisses it reverentially, then turns to MacLeod, tears in his eyes.

FATHER PETER

God Bless you... you don't know what this means to these people. I carried this all the way from the Vatican, and to lose it now...

MACLEOD

But you didn't.

Father Peter notices the blood on MacLeod's shirt and the hole it left.

FATHER PETER

(concerned)  
You've been shot.

MACLEOD

It's nothing.

FATHER PETER

I've seen men die of infection from less.

Father Peter tears off the arm of MacLeod's shirt.

FATHER PETER

Here, let me.

He stops himself as he looks at MacLeod's unmarked shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

408 CONTINUED: (4)

408

FATHER PETER

There's no wound...

(beat)

It's ... It's a miracle ...

(clutching the cross)

A miracle.

MACLEOD

(with a weary smile)

A miracle.

FATHER PETER

(to all those present)

The cross ... the power of our

Lord has healed him!

(beaming)

Is there anything... anything at  
all I can do to repay you?

MACLEOD

I'm headed for Fort Wolfe.

(a smile)

You could tell me where I might  
get a hot bath.

FATHER PETER

By the blacksmith's shop. He'll  
be closed now...

(smiling)

But I think I may be able to  
intercede on your behalf.

MACLEOD

I'd be grateful.

He turns to Jonah, looks at his head wound.

MACLEOD

I'd get a little whiskey, if I  
were you.

(smiling)

You don't have to drink it -- just  
pour some on that cut. It'll keep  
it from festering

And OFF Father Peter's grateful smile, as MacLeod mounts  
his horse.

409 EXT. INSIDE FORT WOLFE - LATER - DAY

409

A large wooden walled STOCKADE FORT, with several wooden  
buildings inside the walls. The Fort is busy:

(CONTINUED)



409 CONTINUED:

409

Trappers, Traders and Indians moving about as MacLeod steps OUT from the Blacksmith's Shop, near where his horse is tied. MacLeod has bathed, shaved, cleaned up. He gives his clothes a SNIFF -- scowls -- then shrugs, there's not much he can do about that. He moves to his horse, starts to check the shoes --

Then he breaks off, suddenly getting the BUZZ. He turns to face the source of the BUZZ, and sees --

DURGAN

Riding into the Fort. A big man, grimy, long-haired and long-bearded, his horse laden with furs. He and MacLeod lock eyes, as Durgan rides up and dismounts slowly, facing MacLeod. Finally...

DURGAN

You here for me?

MacLeod shakes his head.

MACLEOD

Passing through. I'm Duncan MacLeod of the Clan MacLeod.

DURGAN

John Durgan. No Clan.

Durgan spits an ugly stream of black tobacco juice onto the ground, and leers at MacLeod.

DURGAN

I like it alone.

MACLEOD

Are you hunting?

Durgan indicates the furs on his horse.

DURGAN

Just for beaver. I got a saying.  
"If you don't look for trouble, it  
don't find you."

(beat)

I'm a trader, MacLeod. Pure and simple.

MACLEOD

Good. Then we've no arguments.

Durgan nods. At this point there's an excited murmur from the people, a few of whom run to the entrance of the fort. MacLeod and Durgan both turn to watch, and as men move to open the gates --

(CONTINUED)

409 CONTINUED: (2)

409

THEIR POV - THE FORT GATES

as Father Peter enters, smiling, the few trappers we saw from the river trailing him. Directly behind the Father, the Acolyte Jonah holds the cross aloft. And as more of the Fort's inhabitants move towards the procession, forming lines on either side, the men removing their hats --

CLOSE - DURGAN

Reacting as he sees the cross.

CLOSE - THE CROSS

the gold catching the sun's rays, burning like fire.

RESUME DURGAN

His mouth open. He's never seen anything like it before, and as he stares at it, his eyes shining...

DURGAN

(wonderingly)  
I'll be damned.

MACLEOD

(dryly)  
Never seen a cross before?

DURGAN

Never seen anything like that one.  
(beat)  
All that gold... wasted on a priest.

MacLeod looks at him sharply; at the Priest and Jonah move towards the wooden CHURCH in the distance.

He finally tears his eyes from the cross and throws a grin at MacLeod.

DURGAN

Enough to make a man take up religion.

He spits again, grinning through his tangled, matted beard. And OFF Durgan's leering face ...

TRANSITION TO:

410 INT. THORNE ESTATE/MUSEUM - THORNE'S OFFICE - THE  
PRESENT -DAY

410

And we are again on the face of Durgan -- but a far different man than the one in the Fort.

(CONTINUED)

410 CONTINUED:

410

He is clean shaven, impeccably groomed and expensively tailored -- he is now ARMAND THORNE, the man who broke in on Lauren.

He sits in an expensive leather chair, in a luxurious, hi-tech office, before an expanse of table, where there are rows of SURVEILLANCE MONITORS.

Thorne -- for that is who he has become -- betrays only the slightest emotion as he faces the screen.

REVERSE ANGLE

As we see what Thorne is watching on the monitor:

INSERT - SURVEILLANCE MONITOR

and it is MacLeod we see there, with Dawson beside him. As the two men turn past the camera, both clearly visible:

RESUME THORNE

As he smiles slightly, dangerously.

THORNE  
Who's your friend, MacLeod?

And OFF his cold face:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

411 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY

411

MacLeod is at the stove cooking a stew in a large cast-iron skillet as Amanda enters from the elevator with an attitude.

AMANDA

I'm telling you, MacLeod, I'm not cut out to work for a living.

MACLEOD

You hungry?

AMANDA

(she's on a roll)  
Especially for a dancing brassiere with an ego the size of Detroit.  
(beat)  
And I thought Elizabeth the First was a bitch.

MACLEOD

You ever hear of an Immortal named Durgan?

AMANDA

Nope. Why?

MACLEOD

A long time ago, we argued over the piece we saw at the museum today.

AMANDA

The cross.  
(off his look)  
You think it had anything to do with the murder?

MACLEOD

I don't know.  
(beat)  
I hadn't heard of him in over a hundred years.

She picks up a wooden spoon and tastes the stew.

AMANDA

(re the stew)  
And he cooks too...

(CONTINUED)

411 CONTINUED:

411

Amanda kisses him lightly on the lips.

AMANDA

Maybe somebody whacked him.

(beat)

It's been known to happen.

MACLEOD

Maybe.

AMANDA

Doesn't your friend Joe have a  
Who's Who on Immortals.

MACLEOD

Let's leave Joe out of this.

As MacLeod begins to pour the stew into a large wooden  
serving bowl --

TRANSITION TO:

412 OMITTED

412

412A EXT. INSIDE FORT WOLFE - OUTSIDE A SMALL STORE - 1817 - 412A  
DAY

CLOSE ON a similar carved wooden bowl, part of a display  
of wooden household items for sale. PULL BACK to find  
Durgan in the middle of an argument with a local shopkeeper,  
HERBERT BILLOWS, over the price of some beaver pelts.

DURGAN

Twenty dollars? It took me two  
months to trap those.

BILLOWS

How long it took you isn't my  
problem, Mister.

Durgan's hand goes to the hilt of his knife.

DURGAN

How about if I make it your problem.

He backs off as he hears a familiar voice.

MACLEOD (O.S.)

What do you get for these?

MACLEOD

Holds some riding tack in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

412A CONTINUED:

412A

BILLOWS

That'll be six dollars.

The shopkeeper moves to him.

DURGAN

What about my money?

MACLEOD

I can wait.

The shopkeeper takes the furs from Durgan and hands him the money. He reaches for a small book.

BILLOWS

You have to sign a bill of sale.

DURGAN

You write it. I'll make my mark.

As the storekeeper writes the bill of sale, a young woman, JANE WELSLEY, approaches. She is the local school teacher.

BILLOWS

Afternoon, Miss Welsley.

Billows reaches into his pocket and withdraws a few bills. She takes the money and puts it in her purse.

MISS WELSLEY

Good afternoon, Mr. Billows.

(re donation)

The children and I both thank you.

BILLOWS

(to MacLeod and Durgan)

Miss Welsley is our teacher.

(urging them)

She's collecting for a new school.

Durgan waves off the purse. She turns to MacLeod, who puts in a generous offering. She reacts to it.

MISS WELSLEY

Thank you, sir.

MACLEOD

It's you who should be thanked.

Miss Welsley smiles and moves off. Billows offers the sale book to Durgan, who makes his mark.

DURGAN

(to MacLeod)

I don't mean I'm stupid.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

412A CONTINUED: (2)

412A

DURGAN (CONT.)

(beat)  
You know how to read and write,  
don't you?

MACLEOD

I learned.

DURGAN

Personally, I never saw no need.  
Reading never killed no beaver.

MACLEOD

(curt)  
You're probably right about that.

MacLeod hands the shopkeeper six dollars.

MACLEOD

Thanks.

The storekeeper goes back inside. MacLeod starts to move  
off. Durgan moves with him. MacLeod pauses to watch --

MACLEOD'S POV - FATHER PETER

giving communion to a small group of people -- 2 children  
of 13, 2 trappers, a couple of people from the fort.

DURGAN

(almost as an argument)  
You learned when you were a boy?

MACLEOD

I was nearly fifty.

DURGAN

Was it hard?

MACLEOD

At first ... then it got easier.  
(beat)  
It's worth the time.

As MacLeod moves off, Durgan ponders his suggestion.

412B EXT. INSIDE FORT WOLFE - 1817 - DAY

412B

CLOSE - A CHILD'S EXERCISE BOOK

And several words there written in a child's scrawl. A  
HAND reaches down with a quill pen and crosses an uncrossed  
letter T.

(CONTINUED)

412B CONTINUED:

412B

MISS WELSLEY (O.S.)  
Don't worry, Helen...

MISS WELSLEY

Smiles down at HELEN, an uncertain six-year-old in a starched frock seated at a bench table with FIVE OTHER children in their cleanest attire.

MISS WELSLEY  
It will come in time.

As Helen returns the smile we hear OFF the sound of a BELL ringing the hour.

MISS WELSLEY  
You've all done very well today.  
So... class is dismissed.  
(as the children rise)  
See you all tomorrow...

But they're already off, laughing and running. She shakes her head at their spirit, then picks up her books and strolls through the grounds of the fort.

NEW ANGLE

As a MAN, his back to us, stands politely aside to let her by. As she passes, he turns -- it is John Durgan. He watches her a BEAT, his face almost a bit wistful -- then he turns back. As she continues OUT OF FRAME:

412C INT. INSIDE FORT WOLFE - SMALL CABIN OR ROOM - NIGHT

412C

(FORMERLY 30412B)

The cabin is neatly but roughly furnished. There are a few shelves with books and a few simple belongings. Miss Welsley sits reading by a kerosene lamp.

Her purse sits next to it. There is a knock on the door and she rises to answer it and finds Durgan.

DURGAN  
Hello, teacher. Name's John Durgan.  
Can I come in?

MISS WELSLEY  
It is late, Mr. Durgan.

DURGAN  
I'm forty years old and I can't read a lick. Can't even sign my name.

(CONTINUED)



412C CONTINUED:

412C

She looks at him for a moment, sighs as her compassion gets the best of her and opens the door. Durgan enters and sees

DURGAN'S POV

The purse on the table.

BACK TO SCENE

Durgan smiles.

Miss Welsley turns her back on Durgan and moves to search for a book amidst the shelves.

MISS WELSLEY

I think we can start with this one.

When she turns back, the book in her hand, she finds Durgan directly in front of her. Before she can speak, his hands go for her throat.

ON THE BOOK

As it falls to the floor and lies open on a page with a pen and ink illustration.

TRANSITION TO:

413 OMITTED

413

414 INT. JOE'S - EARLY MORNING

414

ON the sketch of the Cross of St. Antoine in Lauren's sketchbook, laying on top of the piano. Dawson sits at the closed piano, mindlessly paging through the book. A half empty bottle of Jack Daniels keeps him company.

Amanda enters.

DAWSON

(re the whiskey)  
You want some?

AMANDA

It's a little early. Even for someone with my constitution.  
(beat)  
How about I buy you some breakfast?

DAWSON

(raising the glass)  
I've already eaten.

(CONTINUED)

414 CONTINUED:

414

AMANDA

I've been there. It doesn't work  
for long.

Dawson nods. He knows.

DAWSON

(beat)

It's funny. I could tell you what  
an Immortal had for lunch in Spain  
three hundred years ago next  
Tuesday, but I can't find out who  
killed Lauren.

AMANDA

There's always the police.

DAWSON

The cops'll never find him. They  
need things like motives and  
witnesses.

(beat)

She wasn't robbed. She wasn't raped.  
Someone just opened the door and  
killed her.

Dawson pours himself four fingers.

AMANDA

I've lived a long time, Joe. What  
goes around comes around.

DAWSON

You really believe that's true?

AMANDA

I believe it should be.  
(off Joe's half-smile)  
So, those records you keep on us.  
How accurate are they really?

And off his look --

415 INT. THORNE ESTATE/MUSEUM - CROSS ROOM - DAY

415

Standing near the cross, MacLeod in a trenchcoat, is in  
the middle of a conversation with HAROLD BLINDER, the museum  
curator, early 50s and erudite, a bit of a snob.

BLINDER

I'm sorry, but Mr. Thorne doesn't  
see anyone with or without an  
appointment.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

415 CONTINUED:

415

BLINDER (CONT.)

As his curator, I know as much about the Cross of St. Antoine as anyone... Did you know for example that...

MACLEOD

It was commissioned in Byzantium by Emperor Alexius the First in 1091. To commemorate his defeat of the Normans.

BLINDER

Are you in the trade, Mr. MacLeod?

MACLEOD

I was wondering if it might be for sale.

BLINDER

It's not.

MACLEOD

Perhaps Mr. Thorne should tell me that.

BLINDER

As I told you, Mr. Thorne doesn't see anyone.

(beat)

Besides, that cross is of great personal value to him.

MACLEOD

Old family heirloom.

BLINDER

I couldn't say.

MACLEOD

I'm ready to make a generous offer.

BLINDER

(beat)

Mr. Thorne is not a tradesman. He's a collector. He never sells. He only buys.

MACLEOD

That's clear enough... Thank you.

Blinder turns and starts to walk away. MacLeod speaks as on afterthought.

MACLEOD

Send my regards to John Durgan.

(CONTINUED)

415 CONTINUED: (2)

415

BLINDER

Who?

MACLEOD

John Durgan... Another collector.  
I thought you and Mr. Thorne might  
know him.

BLINDER

Never heard of him.

MacLeod watches Blinder move off. As Blinder moves past  
the cross, we --

TRANSITION TO:

415A EXT. INSIDE FORT WOLFE - 1817 - DAWN (FORMERLY 30412)

415A

CLOSE ON the simple wooden cross around Jonah the Acolyte's  
neck as Jonah ladles out breakfast. He places a cast-iron  
skillet back on the fire and approaches MacLeod, who is  
saddling his horse.

JONAH

Would you like some breakfast, Mr.  
MacLeod?

MACLEOD

Good morning, Jonah. No thank  
you.  
I have a long way to ride.  
(looking around)  
Where's Father Peter? I was hoping  
to say goodbye.

JONAH

He's at the river doing a baptism.

MACLEOD

A little early, isn't it?

JONAH

Your friend said he couldn't bear  
to face another sunrise as a  
heathen.

MACLEOD

What friend?

JONAH

The trapper, Mr. Durgan.

MacLeod is up in the saddle in an instant.

(CONTINUED)

415A CONTINUED:

415A

MACLEOD

Where on the river?

JONAH

I don't know.

(calling after him)

If you don't like stew, I've got  
some biscuits.

MacLeod races off.

415B EXT. SNAKE RIVER - 1817 - DAY (FORMERLY 30413)

415B

Durgan is on his horse. Father Peter on his donkey.

FATHER PETER

Is this place more to your liking,  
my son?

DURGAN

A little further up the bank.

(pointing)

By those trees.

Durgan is making sure they can't be seen from the fort.

FATHER PETER

As you wish, but all of this is  
God's kingdom.

They go a little further and dismount. Father Peter leads  
Durgan into the water's edge.

FATHER PETER

Come.

(Durgan looks around)

Don't be nervous.

(beat)

Kneel, my son.

Durgan kneels. Father Peter holds his old wooden cross  
that he wears around his neck and begins.

FATHER PETER

Do you believe in God, the Father  
Almighty, creator of heaven and  
earth.

DURGAN

Sure.

(beat)

Where's the other cross?

(CONTINUED)

415B CONTINUED:

415B

FATHER PETER

This one will do perfectly well.

(beat)

Do you reject Satan?

DURGAN

You have it with you?

FATHER PETER

Always.

DURGAN

I kind of had my heart set on the other one.

(beat)

Please.

FATHER PETER

Very well.

Father Peter moves to his donkey and opens up his small saddlebag and removes the cross.

DURGAN

Reacts as he sees it glisten in the sun.

FATHER PETER

In the eyes of God, my son, it is the symbol, not substance that makes it priceless.

Father Peter stands over him once more, the gilded cross in his hands.

FATHER PETER

Do you reject Satan?

DURGAN

Do you think I could hold it?

Durgan opens his hands. The Priest considers it for a moment.

DURGAN

For inspiration.

Father Peter places the cross in Durgan's hands. Never in his life has he held something so precious, so beautiful. He caresses it, taken with it.

DURGAN

It's more than beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

415B CONTINUED: (2)

415B

FATHER PETER

It has been touched by the Lord...  
It is his grace you feel.

They both turn as they hear a noise behind them.

THEIR POV - BELLAM AND RAFE

The two bandits who tried to steal the cross before.

BACK TO SCENE

Father Peter reacts.

FATHER PETER

(frightened)  
They've come for the cross.  
(turning to Durgan)  
Heaven help us.

DURGAN

(with a half-smile)  
I don't think heaven will be helping  
you today Father.

Durgan pulls the Priest close. Father Peter's face contorts in pain as the blade of Durgan's knife mortally wounds him. He lets out a gasp and clutches at Durgan. As he does, a SHOT rings out.

BELLAM

Drops.

DURGAN

Let's get out of here.

Durgan moves to his horse.

MACLEOD

Lowering his smoking rifle, races towards them on horseback.

DURGAN

Mounts quickly.

DURGAN

Stop him.

RAFE

Raises his pistol and fires it at the approaching MacLeod.

(CONTINUED)

415B CONTINUED: (3)

415B

MACLEOD

is unhorsed as the bullet takes him in the shoulder. He falls into the woods behind a boulder.

BELLAM

Staggeres to his feet and reaches to Durgan for help. Durgan kicks him away.

DURGAN

Looks at the cross, stuffs it in his coat, then races away.

RAFE

Reloads his pistol and moves into the woods after MacLeod.

MacLeod leaps from a rock and lands on Rafe. With one blow Rafe is unconscious. MacLeod races toward the fallen Priest. He checks his wound and sees there is no hope.

FATHER PETER

The cross ...

MACLEOD

Don't try to speak.

FATHER PETER

It belongs to the church ...  
Please...

MACLEOD

One day I'll return it.

FATHER PETER

Swear.

MACLEOD

I swear.

Father Peter dies in his arms. As MacLeod lays him down gently, we PUSH IN on his robe and pull back from --

416 OMITTED

416

417 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY

417

CLOSE ON fabric. PULL BACK to find it's Amanda's black sweater. MacLeod and Amanda are in the middle of a discussion.

(CONTINUED)



417 CONTINUED:

417

MACLEOD

I thought Durgan might be Thorne's supplier. But when I threw out his name the only thing I caught was air.

AMANDA

The last time anyone saw Durgan was over a hundred and twenty years ago.

MACLEOD

(a take)  
Really. And just how do you know that?

AMANDA

I went to see Dawson.

MACLEOD

I thought I asked you not to bring him into it.

AMANDA

Since when do I do everything you ask?

(beat)

C'mon Mac. Somebody he loved has been killed. He wants to do something about it. You know how that feels.

The telephone rings. MacLeod answers it.

MACLEOD

(into phone)  
MacLeod... Yes, I'm still interested. Where? ... That's fine.

MacLeod turns to Amanda.

MACLEOD

That was the curator. Thorne's agreed to meet me... He's sending a car.

DISSOLVE TO:

418 EXT. CATHEDRAL - DAY

418

A LIMO is already parked, waiting, as another LIMO pulls up. Two men, well trained BODYGUARDS, cover the front and rear of the limo. These men are very skilled and practiced professionals.

(CONTINUED)

418 CONTINUED:

418

A DRIVER opens the door of the limo and MacLeod steps out.  
MacLeod feels the BUZZ.

DRIVER

Mr. Thorne is waiting inside.

MACLEOD

You don't say.

419 INT. CATHEDRAL - DAY

419

Thorne, his back to MacLeod, is admiring a stained glass window.

MACLEOD

(re the glass)  
It's the story of the Good Samaritan, Thorne... you probably wouldn't appreciate it.

Thorne turns, MacLeod recognizes him with a shock.

MACLEOD

Durgan.

THORNE

There is no John Durgan. Hasn't been for years. He died right after he found that cross.

(beat)

And I do appreciate the window.

MACLEOD

Murdering a priest is an interesting way to find religion.

THORNE

I didn't find religion, MacLeod. I found art. I found beauty. It changed my life. It made me what I am.

MACLEOD

And what exactly are you?

THORNE

Wealthy... Powerful... Intellectual... I deal with the finest scholars and artists of the age. I studied for decades. I speak nine languages including Latin and Greek.

(beat)

The suit is crushed linen.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

419 CONTINUED:

419

THORNE (CONT.)

I import it myself. America is truly the land of opportunity. Nothing stands in your way.

MACLEOD

Especially a young woman.  
(off his look)  
Lauren Gale.

THORNE

(remembering)  
The art historian.  
(beat)  
She was very good. She actually knew the history of some of the pieces that were procured through unusual channels.

MACLEOD

You mean stolen.

THORNE

Really, MacLeod. Look at the Metropolitan in New York, the Louvre in Paris. Do you think they purchased all those Roman and Egyptian pieces from the original owners, or from grave robbers?  
(beat)  
What makes them any different than me?

MACLEOD

You kill people.

THORNE

I hardly kill anymore, but the Gale woman asked too many questions.  
(beat, cold)  
Everything I own is a part of me. Especially the cross. I sell nothing.  
(beat)  
And nothing is ever taken from me.

MACLEOD

What about your head?

THORNE

I'm no longer in the game.  
(beat)  
At least until there's only one other left.

(CONTINUED)

419 CONTINUED: (2)

419

MACLEOD

That's easier said than done.

THORNE

Not really. You'd be surprised  
the kind of protection money can  
buy.

(beat)

We can live and let live or you  
can come for me and you'll be dead  
before you hit my doorstep. Then  
I'd be very happy to make it  
permanent.

(checking his watch)

I'm expecting a call from the  
Governor. He wants me to be on  
his Arts council.

Thorne starts to leave.

MACLEOD

Put a pig in crushed linen... even  
an educated one... and he's still  
a pig.

THORNE

Don't even try, MacLeod. You'll  
never get close.

As Thorne leaves we are on MacLeod --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

420 EXT. DOJO DAY ESTABLISHING 420

AMANDA (O.S.)  
You want me to WHAT?!

421 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY 421

Amanda is staring at MacLeod, outraged, incredulous.

AMANDA  
For three hundred years you've  
been telling me to go straight.  
Now that I've finally gone legit,  
you want me to steal.

MACLEOD  
You hate your job.

AMANDA  
That's not the point.

MACLEOD  
It's in a good cause.

AMANDA  
(a beat; their eyes  
lock)  
Don't look at me like that. I'm  
retired. You wouldn't ask an  
alcoholic to take a drink for a  
good cause.

MACLEOD  
Thorne's built a wall around  
himself. I'll never get near him.  
But if we get the cross -- he'll  
come to me.

AMANDA  
And maybe take your head.

MACLEOD  
I can't do it without you.

Who could resist that? Amanda holds out for one more  
nanosecond, then --

AMANDA  
All right. On one condition.

(CONTINUED)

421 CONTINUED:

421

MACLEOD

Name it.

AMANDA

This is my show. I'm in charge --  
completely in charge --

MacLeod opens his mouth to answer; she holds up a hand to forestall him.

AMANDA

No negotiations. Take it or leave it.

MACLEOD

Your obedient servant, Madame.

He sketches a bow in her direction.

AMANDA

Damn, I like the sound of that.

As she kisses him and heads off:

422 EXT. JOE'S - DAY - ESTABLISHING

422

423 INT. JOE'S - DAY

423

The club is dim, closed for the day, chairs upturned on tables. Dawson sits at a back table, paperwork in front of him. Staring at it, trying to concentrate. He can't. He wipes a hand over his eyes. Then --

MACLEOD (O.S.)

Dawson?

MacLeod approaches the table. Dawson hastily composes his face, gets to his feet.

DAWSON

(brusque)  
What can I do for you?

He's moving away as he speaks, heading for the bar. MacLeod looks after him with narrowed eyes.

MACLEOD

You all right?

DAWSON

Don't worry, Sympathy for Joe Day is over. I'm fine.

(CONTINUED)

423 CONTINUED:

423

He grabs a couple of beers out of an under-bar fringe, tries to pop the cap off one with shaking hands. It won't come.

DAWSON

What, do I think I'm the only guy  
who ever lost somebody?  
(a shrug; harsh)  
Happens all the time.

He manages to get the bottle open, shoves it toward MacLeod, who ignores it.

MACLEOD

That's how you see it?

Dawson starts on the second bottle cap.

DAWSON

(with false bravado)  
Hey, take a look at me. It's not  
the first time I've been stomped.  
I handled it then, I'll handle it  
now.

MACLEOD

(with sympathy)  
Sure you will.  
(beat)  
I don't know how much this'll  
help... I found the guy.  
(beat)  
He's one of us. John Durgan.

DAWSON

Durgan died a hundred years ago.

MACLEOD

He didn't die. He reinvented  
himself. He's called Thorne now.

DAWSON

(floored)  
Armand Thorne? An Immortal?  
(sinking in)  
Why would he kill Lauren?

MACLEOD

She found something in his  
collection... something she  
shouldn't have.

Dawson's seeing red. He gets up and moves behind his bar. He takes out a revolver from a drawer.

(CONTINUED)

423 CONTINUED: (2)

423

MACLEOD

locks eyes with him.

MACLEOD

You can't kill him with that.

DAWSON

No, but it'll sure as hell slow  
him down until I can.

MACLEOD

You'll never get close enough to  
use it.

(beat)

I'll do this... For both of us.

Dawson meets his eyes for a long moment. Knows what that  
statement means. Finally he nods. MacLeod moves toward  
the door, then stops, turns back.

MACLEOD

Joe...

(beat)

It won't make you feel any better.

And off that --

424 INT. DOJO - DAY (E)

424

MacLeod and Amanda are returning at the same time. She's  
laden with packages; he hastily grabs the door to let her  
in.

MACLEOD

Do you really need all this stuff?

AMANDA

Tools of the trade.

He opens one of the packages. A lot of hardware. Grappling  
hooks, pulleys, suction cups, a glass cutter. He picks up  
a couple of mysterious-looking electronic devices.

MACLEOD

Remember when all you had was two  
lock picks and a crowbar?

AMANDA

You've got a lot to learn. The  
surveillance cameras and the alarms  
are triggered by laser beams.

(CONTINUED)



424 CONTINUED:

424

MACLEOD  
(impressed)  
Where do we start?

Amanda takes the devices from his hand, hands him a harness.

AMANDA  
With this.

TIME CUT:

424A EXT. DOJO - DAY

424A

AMANDA (O.S.)  
Practice makes perfect ...  
(beat)  
Again.

425 INT. DOJO - DAY - LATER

425

MacLeod is lowering Amanda on a harness. He looks like he's done it a dozen times. Which he has.

MACLEOD  
Again? My arms are getting tired.  
(playing with her)  
Maybe you should lose some weight.

AMANDA  
(playing with him)  
Maybe you should work out more,  
MacLeod. You're getting absolutely  
puny.

MacLeod stops, sighs. This isn't the first time this has happened.

MACLEOD  
(re harness)  
You know what you can do with this.

AMANDA  
(relishing it)  
Who's the boss?

MACLEOD  
And what I'd like to do to you.

AMANDA  
We can play later.  
(beat)  
Easy does it.

(CONTINUED)

425 CONTINUED: 425

MACLEOD  
I think I've got it down.

AMANDA  
I'll let you know.

Amanda is four feet off the ground when MacLeod releases the rope. Amanda lands on her behind.

425A OMITTED 425A

425B INT. THORNE ESTATE/MUSEUM - MAIN ENTRANCE ROOM - NIGHT 425B

ANGLE - THE MAIN STAIRS

as Amanda lowers INTO VIEW from an overhead balcony, lands lightly on the stairs. A BEAT LATER MacLeod follows her. Amanda looks At her watch.

MATCH CUT:

426 INT. THORNE ESTATE/MUSEUM - CROSS ROOM - NIGHT 426

CLOSE ON the stopwatch in Amanda's black-gloved hand.

AMANDA  
Twelve minutes till the guard comes through this wing.

WIDEN to reveal Amanda and MacLeod, dressed in black, standing in the doorway of the Cross Room.

HIS POV - CROSS ROOM

Crisscrossed with the red beams of lasers.

BACK TO SCENE

AMANDA  
Touch one and it's game over.

MACLEOD  
I'm not an idiot.

AMANDA  
No,  
(beat)  
But you're an amateur.

Amanda kneels, takes a small ATOMIZER and fires it across the doorway. Immediately a laser BEAM is visible in the mist.

(CONTINUED)

426 CONTINUED:

426

AMANDA  
(re the beam)  
Source beam.

Amanda leans gingerly through the doorway to get a better look into the Cross Room. Her flashlight plays over the cases.

AMANDA  
Nice.

MacLeod looks at her. She gestures into the room. Trains her flashlight beam.

ON A CASE

A solid gold antique pitcher.

ON MACLEOD AND AMANDA

AMANDA  
Couldn't we just take it, instead?

MACLEOD  
No.

He guides her hand with the flashlight until it comes to rest on

THE CROSS

In another case in the center of the room.

IN THE DOORWAY

Amanda and MacLeod huddle in a shadow, arguing in urgent whispers.

AMANDA  
I'm in charge, remember? I say we grab the vase.

MACLEOD  
We came for the cross.  
(checks his watch,  
pointed)  
Eight minutes.

Off her look --

427 INT. THORNE ESTATE/MUSEUM - CROSS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 427

MacLeod and Amanda, wearing their goggles, move through the LASER BEAMS in tightly choreographed.

(CONTINUED)

427 CONTINUED:

427

AMANDA

Careful, big step, leg down.

MACLEOD

Maybe we should tango?

AMANDA

We'll dance later.

(beat)

Last one.

They gingerly step over a LAST BEAM, and they're facing the CROSS. MacLeod braces himself, carefully raises the glass case.

THE CASE

Rises, lifted above the cross.

AMANDA

Pulls a weight from her backpack, carefully SWITCHES FOR THE CROSS (Indiana Jones-style), and tucks the cross into her backpack. Then she starts scooping up the rest of the contents of the case.

MACLEOD

Leave it, Amanda!

He looks over his shoulder. A Guard's footsteps are approaching.

MACLEOD

Amanda!

And OFF his moment of panic, as she looks at him:

428 INT. THORNE ESTATE/MUSEUM - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CROSS ROOM 428

The Guard moves along the corridor, turns his key in a key-check box, approaches the doorway to the Cross Room.

THE GUARD'S POV - THE CROSS ROOM

The lasers hum quietly. Nothing unusual in sight. The Guard moves on.

RESUME - MACLEOD AND AMANDA

flattened against a wall, not breathing.

429 OMITTED 429

430 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT 430

Two silhouettes move into the darkened loft. Move through the shadows toward the kitchen. Then, out of the darkness, one of them speaks:

MACLEOD  
You were... magnificent.

AMANDA  
I was, wasn't I?

He turns on a light. They're laughing, all but bouncing, adrenalized with success.

AMANDA  
You weren't half bad yourself.

MACLEOD  
For an amateur?

She smiles at him, takes two glasses out of the rack as he pulls a bottle of champagne out of the refrigerator.

AMANDA  
I could make a decent thief out of you yet.

MACLEOD  
(laughs)  
No thanks.

AMANDA  
Come on, MacLeod, admit it, you loved it.  
(a languid stretch)  
This is the life... Fine champagne... a beautiful night... a bag full of priceless treasures... Nothing like it to get your heart pounding.  
(raising glass)  
Partners in crime.

He gives her a look. He doesn't think so.

AMANDA  
How about just partners, then?

They toast. MacLeod opens her bag, takes out the night's booty. Jewelry, a Roman glass jar, two small stone statues... and the cross. MacLeod looks at it, his face sobering. Amanda follows his gaze. Loses the smile.

(CONTINUED)

430 CONTINUED:

430

AMANDA  
Game's over, huh?

MACLEOD  
It was never a game.

She sighs, reality intruding.

AMANDA  
It was fun while it lasted.  
(beat)  
And now you face him.

MacLeod nods. There's a beat, then he takes pity on her disappointed scowl.

MACLEOD  
Tomorrow.

As her smile returns...

431 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - MORNING

431

Our heroes are snoozing under the sheets when the phone rings. MacLeod reaches for it, instantly awake, knowing what to expect.

MACLEOD  
Thorne.

INTERCUT:

TIGHT ON THORNE

On the phone in a dim room. We don't see where.

THORNE  
I'm impressed, MacLeod. I didn't  
know you had it in you.  
(still smooth)  
I think you know you've made me  
very, very angry.

MACLEOD  
(needling)  
You want it -- Come get it.

THORNE  
I don't think so.  
(beat)  
Every man has a weak Point in his

Defenses, MacLeod. Beautiful things are mine ... Yours are even more fragile.

(CONTINUED)

431 CONTINUED: 431

We PULL BACK off Thorne to reveal that he's in a --

432 INT. WAREHOUSE 432

Dawson, furious, bruised from a scuffle, is being held in a chair, a gun trained on him, by Thorne's Bodyguard. MOVE WITH THORNE to Dawson's side.

THORNE

(to Dawson)

Say hello to your friend.

He holds out the phone.

DAWSON

(spits it out)

Kill him for me, Mac.

The Bodyguard shoves him back. Thorne takes the phone back.

THORNE

What do you say, MacLeod a fair exchange? The cross ... for the mortal?

(beat)

How much do you really want it?

DAWSON

(shouts)

Don't do it, MacLeod. Fight the bastard!

Thorne shakes his head pityingly.

THORNE

(into phone)

I think we'll meet where I say.

And OFF MacLeod's reaction --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

433 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (E)

433

Thorne is ready to leave.

THORNE

Time to go, Mr. Dawson.

DAWSON

Drop dead.

(beat)

You won't get away with this.

He gestures to the Bodyguard. Dawson doesn't exactly have a choice.

THORNE

You think not?

(beat)

I'm a well-known man in this town, Mr. Dawson. I doubt you'll be believed.

DAWSON

It's not the police you'll have to worry about.

THORNE

You mean MacLeod.

(beat)

He'll try.

(cryptic, he thinks)

Combat is for barbarians. A civilized man protects himself.

DAWSON

(disgusted)

You're not civilized, Thorne. You're a barbarian in a better suit.

Thorne gives him a look -- Does Dawson know something? Dawson meets his gaze squarely, giving nothing away.

434 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT (E)

434

MacLeod and Amanda are up and dressed.

AMANDA

Do you think Thorne'll do what he said? Trade Dawson for the stuff?

(CONTINUED)



434 CONTINUED:

434

MACLEOD

He's not after my head or anyone's --  
he wants what's his.

AMANDA

(fondling one of the  
pieces)  
I guess the son-of-a-bitch wins  
this round. We just give the stuff  
back and walk.

No answer. She reacts to MacLeod's dark look.

AMANDA

I said, we have to give the stuff  
back, right?  
(beat)  
Hello, MacLeod?  
(beat; not sure she's  
going to like this)  
What are you thinking?

Off his brooding expression.

435 EXT. CATHEDRAL - ALLEY - NIGHT

435

Thorne's car pulls up in the alley. Thorne and Dawson get  
out. The Driver and the Bodyguard follow.

435A INT. CATHEDRAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

435A

Thorne gets the BUZZ. His eyes go to the door of the holy  
building.

THORNE

(quiet)  
Good.  
(to the Driver and  
Bodyguard)  
It's all right, I'll be perfectly  
safe. Wait outside.  
(to Dawson)  
After you.

He ushers Dawson into the church.

436 INT. CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

436

An altar table, covered with an embroidered cloth, is near  
the entrance.

On one end of it, the stolen artifacts from the museum are  
heaped, the cross prominent among them.

(CONTINUED)

436 CONTINUED:

436

THORNE

Very good.

He's still getting the BUZZ, but there's no one in sight.

THORNE

I know you're in here. MacLeod!

He moves into the church, following the BUZZ.

THORNE

I can feel you.

437 EXT. CATHEDRAL - ALLEY - NIGHT

437

The Driver and Bodyguard lean on Thorne's car, smoking and jawing.

MACLEOD

Crouched low, sneaks along behind the car, out of their sight.

He chooses his moment, then springs over the hood of the car, catching the Bodyguard in the back, driving him to the pavement.

NEW ANGLE

He rolls him over and delivers a hard right to the jaw that takes the man out.

ON THE CAR

The Driver has the door open and is prone across the front seat, scrambling in the glove box for a gun.

MACLEOD

Grabs him by the ankles and hauls him out of the car. The Driver tries to bring the gun around to bear; MacLeod kicks it out of his hand and, holding the Driver down, reaches into the open car door and pops the trunk.

He hauls the Driver to his feet and shoves him in the trunk, hauls the Bodyguard behind a dumpster as --

438 INT. CATHEDRAL

438

Thorne moves further into the church, his eyes on a back pew.

(CONTINUED)

438 CONTINUED:

438

THORNE

What are you hiding from? We're  
on holy ground.

He's almost reached the spot where "MacLeod" is hidden.

DAWSON

Watches this, unsure what MacLeod's  
plan is. Suddenly his eyes fall  
on --

THE WHITE SILK ROSE

he gave Amanda in Act One, resting on the table next to  
the stolen items.

DAWSON

Realizes what's going on. And realizes that Thorne is  
about to uncover the switch.

DAWSON

Thorne!

THORNE

Turns back to see

DAWSON

His cane raised over the table, poised to smash the delicate  
artifacts.

DAWSON

(no need to fake his  
fury)  
Is this what it was about? Is  
this what you killed Lauren for?  
These things?

Thorne races back across the room as Dawson moves to strike  
the table. Shoves him out of the way roughly, sending him  
crashing onto the first pew.

ON AMANDA

Still hidden behind the back pew, she winces at the impact.

THORNE

Stands over Dawson, fury in his face -- a dangerous moment  
for Joe.

Finally he just turns away in derision, calling out to the  
room in general:

(CONTINUED)

438 CONTINUED: (2)

438

THORNE

Don't bother me again, MacLeod.

He gathers the stuff off the table into a satchel and moves out.

439 EXT. CATHEDRAL - ALLEY - NIGHT

439

Thorne, his precious things in his arms, moves down the church steps. As he moves into the alley, he gets ANOTHER BUZZ and turns as MacLeod steps out of the shadows behind him, blocking the way back.

MACLEOD

Not this time.

THORNE

MacLeod.

(beat)

Then who the hell was in there?

MACLEOD

A friend. Something you can't buy... and you can't steal...

Thorne's eyes go to the doorway of the church, where Amanda stands with Dawson. She gives him a little wave. MacLeod draws his sword with finality.

THORNE

You're overreacting, MacLeod.  
There's no point dying over this.

MACLEOD

I don't intend to.

Thorne, his eyes never leaving MacLeod, pulls off his expensive jacket, tosses it aside as he draws his sword.

Thorne lunges at MacLeod, misses -- strikes some ELECTRIC CABLES descending from a power pole -- and SPARKS shower around them as the cables dangle onto a TRANSFORMER, causing it to CRACKLE and HUM with energy, as the STREETLAMPS sputter and strobe.

MacLeod parries and they go at it, well matched, chopping through the WINDSHIELDS of parked cars.

NEW ANGLE

The TRANSFORMER is directly behind MacLeod. Thorne manages to drive MacLeod back towards it. He makes a feint -- then ELBOWS MacLeod, drives him back until MacLeod hits the crackling TRANSFORMER.

(CONTINUED)

439 CONTINUED:

439

ON MACLEOD

a FLASH as MacLeod, his back arcing in pain, is hit with the powerful electric jolt, and seems frozen to the transformer.

THORNE

Sees his chance. He pulls back and drives his blade in with all his force, just as --

MACLEOD

With an enormous effort, pulls himself AWAY from the transformer, twisting aside just as --

THORNE

Drives his blade directly INTO the transformer.

WIDER

As Thorne's body vibrates, frozen in place, the huge VOLTAGE crackling along his sword blade and running through his body.

CLOSE - THORNE'S FACE

as he snarls in pain, fighting it, but unable to let go finally he HOWLS like the Durgan of old, as --

MACLEOD

Draws his sword back, then brings it down in a clean arc and Thorne dies.

WIDER - MACLEOD

As he stumbles down the alley, tries to stay upright -- and is enveloped by the Quickening. The LIGHTS blow, ENERGY crackles along the overhead WIRES -- and the TRANSFORMER overloads and blows apart.

DISSOLVE TO:

440 INT. CATHEDRAL NIGHT

440

It is quiet, softly lit. Amanda, with surprising care, is tending a cut on Dawson's forehead as MacLeod enters. He and Dawson look at each other a LONG BEAT. Then MacLeod puts the satchel on the table.

MACLEOD

It's finished.

(CONTINUED)

440 CONTINUED:

440

Dawson nods.

DAWSON

Thank you.

They stay that way a BEAT, then Dawson starts to move past. MacLeod takes his shoulder.

MACLEOD

Joseph...

Dawson shakes his head, holds back his emotion, turns to MacLeod.

DAWSON

You've done what could be done.  
There's nothing more.

MacLeod nods, releases Dawson. As Dawson passes Amanda, they face each other a BEAT. Amanda leans up, kisses him lightly, like a sister, on the cheek.

AMANDA

See you, Joe.

Dawson manages a gentle trace of a smile, then walks out. Amanda moves to MacLeod's side.

AMANDA

Time to go.

She picks up the satchel and starts to move out.

MACLEOD

Amanda...

For once, Amanda doesn't object. She takes the cross out of the bag and hands it to him. She watches as he carries the cross over to the ALTAR and slowly places it in an alcove there.

He stands back and looks at it, glowing softly in the light. And OFF his face:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

441 INT. JOE'S - LATE NIGHT

441

The sound of some down and dirty crying ass blues pour through the bar.

Dawson is up on the stage in the dim bar, pouring his heart out in his song. The place is empty.

MacLeod and Amanda enter quietly, stand in the shadows, just watching, listening. He's so engrossed in the music that he doesn't know they're there.

AMANDA

Did you know he could do that?

MACLEOD

No.

(beat; with irony)

It's funny. The man probably knows more about me than anyone alive, yet I hardly know anything about him.

AMANDA

To sing like that, he's probably had a helluva life.

MACLEOD

Probably...

Amanda starts to move toward the stage.

AMANDA

You want to ask him about it?

He stops her.

MACLEOD

No... when he's ready, he'll tell me.

(beat)

Let's go.

They leave without being noticed.

The camera goes to Joe, on stage, still singing the blues... and we --

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW