



HIGHLANDER

The Series

94306
COURAGE

Written by
Nancy Heiken

Highlander

"COURAGE"

Written By

Nancy Heiken

Production #94306

September 13, 1994 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"Courage"

Production #94306

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD
RICHIE RYAN
ANNE LINDSEY

BRIAN CULLEN

KELLEY
KATHERING
ZOLTAN LASZLO
HARRY THE DRUG DEALER
MARCIA
ORDERLY
ROBIN (AGE 5)
COP #1
MIKE

HIGHLANDER

"Courage"

Production #94306

SET LIST

INTERIORS

DOJO

/OFFICE

/ELEVATOR

MACLEOD'S LOFT

JOE'S

HOSPITAL

/EMERGENCY ROOM

/CORRIDOR NEAR EMERGENCY ROOM

/ANOTHER CORRIDOR NEAR EMERGENCY ROOM

/SUPPLY ROOM

/DUTY STATION

HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE - SWITZERLAND - 1810

OPIUM DEN - SAN FRANCISCO - 1854

WAREHOUSE

EXTERIORS

DOJO

JOE'S

MOUNTAIN ROAD

PARK - BIKE PATH

STREET - SAN FRANCISCO - 1854

HARBOR

WATERSIDE CAFE

ROOFTOP

WAREHOUSE

MOUNTAIN ROAD - SWITZERLAND - 1810

HIGHLANDER

"Courage"

TEASER

FADE IN:

601 EXT. JOE'S - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 601

601A INT. JOE'S - NIGHT 601A

Late at night. The band is gone. Mournful blues plays on the jukebox. MIKE's tending bar, a few others at tables.

BRIAN CULLEN is knocking back whiskeys. He's got the red-rimmed, staring eyes of a guy with a serious substance problem.

CULLEN

Gimme another.

MIKE

(friendly)

I think you've had enough.

Cullen grabs Mike by the collar and pulls him forward.

CULLEN

I don't think so.

Cullen abruptly lets go as he gets a BUZZ.

ANGLE

On the double doors in the entrance as RICHIE comes in. The two Immortals lock eyes.

CULLEN

You looking for me, kid?

RICHIE

Not tonight.

(turns to Mike)

Joe around?

Mike shakes his head no.

MIKE

Went home about an hour ago.

Richie's turning away when he finds Cullen blocking his path.

(CONTINUED)

601A CONTINUED:

601A

CULLEN

Right here, right now.

RICHIE

Look, mister, I'm just looking for
a friend.

(sotto voce)

And we're in public.

He tries to move away. Cullen, sloppy drunk, tries to
sound threatening.

CULLEN

You're lucky there's people around.
You'd be begging my ass for mercy.

Richie gives him a look. Yeah, right.

RICHIE

Some other time.

Richie turns to go. Cullen grabs Richie by the shoulder
And tries to sucker punch him.

Richie sees it coming, ducks under it. Cullen's momentum
causes him to lose his balance and fall forward. He goes
down hard, taking a table and chairs with him. He lies
there, wasted and unconscious.

Richie puts a couple of bills on the bar.

RICHIE

(to Mike)

Call him a cab.

602 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAWN

602

Cullen stands on a windswept hill and stares with dead
calm through a pair of field binoculars at the twisting
road below. The sound of an approaching motorcycle wafts
into the wind.

CULLEN'S POV - BINO MATTE

A bright red motorcycle. Sun glinting off the spacehelmet.
The driver stops, removes his helmet to wipe his brow and
breathe the fresh air. The binocs ZOOM IN CLOSER:

It's RICHIE.

ON CULLEN

Smiling with satisfaction. He lowers the binoculars, pulls
out a small silver capped vial and takes a hit of the white
powder inside.

(CONTINUED)

602 CONTINUED:

602

As the crystal meth rush hits him, his full-body shiver coincides with the O.S. RUSH of Richie's BIKE STARTING.

Cullen jolts into action. He jumps into his car and tears off down the road, leaving a cloud of brown dust.

LOWER ROAD

Richie rides along unawares, enjoying the ride, bent over the front of his machine.

BEHIND A CURVE

Cullen drives like a demon, shifting into fourth as he approaches the curve.

RICHIE

Shifts down for the curve.

CULLEN'S CAR

Spews gravel as it eats up the road.

RICHIE'S HELMET

The reflection of a magnificent view over the valley.

CULLEN'S EYES

Peering at the road with murder in them.

RICHIE

Turns back to look at the road. Richie gets the BUZZ and straightens up.

CULLEN

Smiles like a maniac as he sees his prey. He switches into the other lane and targets Richie.

RICHIE

Looks hard at the oncoming car.

RICHIE'S POV

Cullen stares him down.

FULL SCENE

As the car and bike head for a collision, like some shiny metal joust. At the last second

RICHIE

(CONTINUED)

602 CONTINUED: (2)

602

Grits his teeth and swerves onto the narrow shoulder between him and a forty foot drop. His bike slides sideways, slipping on the loose earth. Richie rolls off and goes sprawling in the dirt just feet from the edge.

CULLEN'S CAR

Roars past, just missing him.

ON CULLEN - IN HIS CAR

furious, turns and looks back over his shoulder, without slowing down.

RICHIE

Sits up and pulls off his helmet, looking after Cullen in shock and anger.

ON CULLEN

CULLEN

Damn.

He grins to himself, then turns back to the road just in time to see --

HIS POV - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

An old school bus, with a mixed group of passengers, filling the frame.

The DRIVER'S EYES widen in panic as Cullen's car comes at him at 75mph.

ON CULLEN

It's too late to do anything.

CULLEN

(annoyance more than
fear)

Son of a bitch!

He raises his arms instinctively in front of his face as the huge SHADOW of the bus blocks out the sun.

GO TO BLACK

With the sickening sounds of a major COLLISION.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

603 EXT. PARK - BIKE PATH - DAY

603

Early on a summer morning. ANNE LINDSEY rides her bike along a reservoir path marked with "Bikes Only" signs every ten yards or so. Only a few other early birds are out.

ANNE'S POV

Ducks on the reservoir. A young couple walking a baby in a stroller. The kind of sights that are good for your soul.

She comes around a curve to find

MACLEOD

Jogging along the bike path, looking at his watch to check his lap time. He's right in her path.

ANNE

Look out!

She tries to swerve, he tries to swerve -- but they swerve the same way, and collide. Anne goes down in a tangle with her bike.

MACLEOD

Sorry! ... You okay?

He reaches down to help her up, recognizes her.

ANNE

Fine.

MACLEOD

Dr. Lindsey.

ANNE

Anne. I'm off duty.

MACLEOD

Duncan MacLeod.

ANNE

I remember.
(as she climbs to her
feet, wry)
Like your bike.

She indicates a "Bikes Only" sign. MacLeod grins sheepishly.

(CONTINUED)

603 CONTINUED:

603

MACLEOD

Sorry again.

She examines her bike for damage as MacLeod gathers up her spilled equipment -- a water bottle, a walkman, a granola bar.

MACLEOD

Funny how we seem to keep running into each other.

ANNE

(with a smile)
Maybe I need collision insurance.

MACLEOD

(kidding)
I was hoping we could settle out of court.

She remounts her bike and puts her equipment back where it belongs.

ANNE

Depends on what you have in mind.

MACLEOD

How about dinner?

After a beat, she grins.

ANNE

If it's tomorrow at eight. Pick me up at work?

ACLEOD

Absolutely.

She pushes off and rides away down the path.

MacLeod smiles to himself, watching her go. As he turns to jog off, he hears

ANNE'S BEEPER

As it lies on the ground, half-hidden in fallen leaves.

RESUME

MacLeod picks up the beeper. Looks down the path, but Anne is out of sight.

604 INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

604

Two rows of gurneys with bloody CRASH VICTIMS.

(CONTINUED)

604 CONTINUED: 604

MOANS and WEEPING. NURSES and ORDERLIES rush back and forth with blankets, IVs, etc., looking overwhelmed.

605 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE EMERGENCY ROOM - SAME TIME 605

An ORDERLY wheels in one more gurney with Cullen on it. He reaches the door to the Emergency Room, looks through it.

There's no room.

ORDERLY
(to the unconscious
Cullen)
Parking lot's full, man. I'll
tell 'em you're here.

He parks the gurney by the wall outside the door, takes the chart off the foot and goes inside.

STAY WITH CULLEN

A hand twitches. CAMERA MOVES from the hand, over his chest, reaching his face just as he takes a sudden, convulsive breath, his eyes snapping open.

WIDER

Cullen sits up shakily. He groans with all the aches and pains of the crash.

CULLEN
I hate this part.

He slips off the gurney; his knees buckle under him and he stumbles. He hangs on to the edge of the gurney a moment, gathering his strength, then moves down the corridor to a

SUPPLY ROOM

Cullen checks to make sure no one's looking, opens the door and scoots inside.

606 INT. HOSPITAL - ANOTHER CORRIDOR NEAR EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY 606

Double swinging doors burst open and Anne rushes in, narrowly avoiding a NURSE pushing a cart of medications.

She makes a beeline for the duty nurse, MARCIA. Marcia is 35, full of life, professional -- and, right now, very harried.

(CONTINUED)

606 CONTINUED:

606

Marcia's hurrying down the hall with a stack of charts as Anne catches up to her.

MARCIA

It's a mess in there. Four
critical, six serious, seventeen
minor and one already gone.

She hands Anne a couple of charts. As Anne flips through them, on the move:

ANNE

I'm sorry I didn't get here sooner.
I lost my beeper.

They pass a duty station with a little waiting area with a few chairs. MacLeod is there, leaning on the wall, obviously waiting for Anne. She sees him and stops in surprise.

ANNE

What -- ?

He holds out her beeper.

MACLEOD

I thought you might need this.

MARCIA

(taking charts from
Anne)

I'll see you inside.

Marcia continues to the E.R. door and hurries inside. Anne takes the beeper from MacLeod.

ANNE

Thanks.

Anne nods toward the door to the Emergency Room.

ANNE (cont'd)

(beat)

Look, I'd love to stay and talk,
but there was a bus accident. I'm
going to have a very long night.

It's said in a matter-of-fact way -- this is normal for her.

MACLEOD

(no hesitation)
See you tomorrow.
(a beat)
Good luck.

(CONTINUED)

606 CONTINUED: (2)

606

She hurries into the E.R. The big door stays open and MacLeod's eyes follow her --

607 INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM

607

MACLEOD'S POV

Anne moves into the crowded room. Marcia guides her quickly to the most critical patients.

ON MACLEOD - IN THE DOORWAY

Watching her. His eyes drawn to her as she moves swiftly and surely among the carnage left by the bus accident.

ON ANNE

At the side of a critically injured patient. She's taking the woman's pulse at the same time as she's looking for head wounds. Marcia stands beside her.

ANNE

Internal bleeding, right femur and tibia fractures... Get her in the operating room. If we don't stop the bleeding, the fractures won't matter.

ORDERLIES wheel the gurney away.

A little girl, ROBIN, sits on the next examining table. She's dead silent, in shock. Anne moves to her.

ANNE

(to the girl)
And who's this?

ROBIN

(soft)
Robin.

ANNE

You want to tell me what hurts?
(gently touches her
shoulder)
Here?

Robin squirms. Anne presses on her ribs, very lightly.

ANNE

Here?

Robin winces again.

(CONTINUED)

607 CONTINUED:

607

ROBIN

Uh-huh.

ANNE

Even here?

She squeezes the little girl's toe. She pulls her foot back with a little gasp. Anne nods, satisfied.

ANNE

(pleased)

I know it hurts right now, but you're going to be all right.

She gives her a little head pat and, with Marcia following on her heels, moves to the next patient. It's the DRIVER of the bus. He's in bad shape.

Anne opens his eyes and looks in. Checks an EEG printout. Shakes her head, allowing herself a moment of sadness. Takes his wrist.

ANNE

We're gonna lose him.

MARCIA

Put him on a respirator?

ANNE

There's no point.
(closes her eyes for
a moment; then)
Let him go.

Anne takes a breath, lays the Driver's hand down gently, and pulls herself together.

ANNE

Get x-rays on her --
(pointing at Robin)
And lets go back and get that first
bleeder.

She heads for the operating room.

608 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE EMERGENCY ROOM

608

ON MACLEOD

Watching, impressed. He lets the door to the E.R. swing shut and turns away. He's moving down the corridor toward the exit when he gets the BUZZ. He stops, looks up and down the hall, then heads cautiously down a side corridor.

609 INT. HOSPITAL - SUPPLY ROOM - DAY

609

Cullen is now wearing surgical scrubs. He wraps his torn and bloody clothes into a ball, finds a plastic bag that reads "Contaminated Waste" and stuffs them inside.

He starts to move toward the door, then stops, a thought occurring. He pulls his clothes back out and starts going through the pockets in a panic, looking for his drugs.

Suddenly, the BUZZ. Cullen freezes, hastily drops the clothes, moves behind an industrial shelving unit to watch the door.

HIS POV

The knob turning.

CULLEN

Panicked. Paranoid. Looking frantically around for a way out.

ON THE DOOR

As it opens and MacLeod enters, on the alert. He sees Cullen and relaxes.

MACLEOD

Brian?

CULLEN

Duncan!

He comes out from behind the shelves, panic replaced by manic over-excitement.

CULLEN

(clapping MacLeod's
shoulder energetically)
Damn. I heard you were still
around.

MACLEOD

(looking him over)
How are you?

CULLEN

Great! Never better! Fantastico.

MACLEOD

You look like hell.

CULLEN

It's funny, doing sixty into a bus
will do that to you.

(CONTINUED)

609 CONTINUED:

609

MACLEOD

You were in the crash?

CULLEN

The jerk was on the wrong side of the road! You know these mountain roads -- you cheat on the turns, and whammo -- !

(a nervous laugh)

Scrap metal.

MACLEOD

I heard a lot of people were hurt.

CULLEN

Yeah, I heard that too.

(glancing over his shoulder)

Listen, I gotta get out of here before they start counting the bodies.

He reaches for the door. His hand is shaking.

CULLEN

(nervous laugh again)

Still a little shaky from the wreck, I guess.

MACLEOD

Here --

(shrugging off his coat)

You're going to attract a lot of attention dressed like that.

CULLEN

Don't I always?

As MacLeod pulls his coat over Cullen's shoulders, they pass an orderly pushing a CART past.

TRANSITION TO:

610 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - SWITZERLAND - 1810 - DAY

610

A HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGE, the area behind the DRIVER loaded with trunks, moves through a high forest overlooking stretches of pristine alpine meadow.

CULLEN (O.S.)

These Alps are getting on my nerves, Duncan. How long before we get to France?

610A INT. HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE, TRAVELING - SWITZERLAND - 610A
1810 - DAY

As CULLEN, swaying in the bouncing coach, pulls his heavy cloak around his shoulders to keep out the cold. MacLeod, seated opposite, notes this with a smile.

MACLEOD

Another day, Brian, so you might as well enjoy the scenery while we're here.

CULLEN

Scenery? Trees, trees, and trees. What the hell do these Swiss do for excitement?

MACLEOD

(dry)
They build cuckoo clocks.

CULLEN

They would... but I have something better.

He draws a silver flask from his coat, offers a mocking toast and takes a swig. MacLeod looks doubtful.

MACLEOD

You got that at the inn?

CULLEN

(cheerfully)
Any port in a storm, Duncan. At least it's cognac.

MacLeod takes it, has a swig -- grimaces.

MACLEOD

Barely.

There is an alarmed SHOUT from the Driver -- the carriage LURCHES to a hard stop, throwing them around.

KELLEY (O.S.)

Brian Cullen.

MacLeod and Cullen look out of the coach window to see

THEIR POV - KELLEY

on horseback, directly in the coach's path. He might be a young dandy, except for the hard, defiant look on his face and the sword on his waist.

(CONTINUED)

610A CONTINUED:

610A

CULLEN

Seems the mountains aren't so boring
after all.

MACLEOD

(quietly)
He's not an Immortal ... do you
know him?

CULLEN

(grim)
I don't have to.

610B EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - SWITZERLAND - 1810 - DAY

610B

As MacLeod and Cullen step out of the coach and swing down
to the road.

Kelley dismounts and moves closer, hand on his sword hilt,
eyeing them, coiled like a spring.

KELLEY

Which of you is Brian Cullen?

MACLEOD

(reasonably)
We're traveling, lad. We're not
after trouble.

KELLEY

(cold)
Which of you is Cullen?

Cullen looks at him a BEAT, not wanting this.

CULLEN

(wearily)
Why don't you go home, son. Just
say you never found me.

He turns away, grabs a leather strap to pull himself back
into the coach -- Kelley's SWORD suddenly flashes down,
slashes through the strap. As Cullen FREEZES --

KELLEY

My name is Alan Kelley...
(hard)
And that's the last time you turn
your back on me.

CULLEN

(weary)
Tell him to go away, MacLeod.

(CONTINUED)

610B CONTINUED:

610B

MACLEOD

He's giving you fair warning,
Kelley. I'd take it if I were
you.

Kelley leans close to Cullen, hisses in his ear.

KELLEY

The only thing I'll take from you,
Cullen... is your life.

Cullen sighs deeply, turns tiredly to Kelley.

CULLEN

Think about this, son.

KELLEY

I have. I think you're a damn
coward...

Cullen looks at him, weary, not wanting this -- but he's
being given no choice.

CULLEN

If that's the way it has to be.
(beat)
Give me a moment.

As Cullen leans into the Coach for his cloak, Kelley makes
some practice cuts and thrusts. MacLeod moves to Kelley.

KELLEY

He's in no hurry to face me.

MACLEOD

(an edge)
He's in no hurry to kill you, you
young fool! Cullen's the best
swordsman in Europe!

He grabs Kelley's arm. Kelley's face hardens.

KELLEY

Not for long.

He shakes MacLeod's hand off, moves further away.

NEW ANGLE - CULLEN

as he comes up beside MacLeod, a look of infinite weariness
on his face, his words not so much a question as an
expression of despair.

CULLEN

(hollow)
Why the hell don't they stop coming?

(CONTINUED)

610B CONTINUED: (2)

610B

MACLEOD

Because you're the best, Brian.
(beat)
I'll wait for you.

He eyes Kelley's horse.

CULLEN

It won't be necessary.

He drops his cloak, takes a swig from his flask as if it could drown everything he hates -- then hands it to MacLeod.

CULLEN

I'll meet you in France.
(forcing a smile)
Make sure it's filled with something better.

MacLeod nods. He swings up onto the running board and signals the Driver. As the coach starts off, he turns, takes a last look back.

MACLEOD'S POV - CULLEN

standing in the road, alone. Slowly, reluctantly, he starts to walk toward the waiting Kelley. And as the coach passes behind a TREE which WIPES FRAME....

TRANSITION TO:

611 INT. DOJO - THE PRESENT - NIGHT

611

Cullen throws an arm around MacLeod's shoulder as they move through the dojo.

CULLEN

Thanks for the offer, Duncan... I pretty much lost everything in the wreck.

MACLEOD

We'll find something to fit you.
How long are you in town?

CULLEN

Not long. I'm looking for a guy.
(off MacLeod's look)
Yeah... that kind of guy. I find him, I'm gonna have him.

MacLeod reacts. He lifts the gate on the elevator. They get in.

611A INT. DOJO - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

611A

MacLeod pulls the gate down. As the elevator starts to move --

MACLEOD
I didn't think you were fighting
much these days.

CULLEN
(a bit of bluster)
Still the best.

MacLeod looks at him, not so sure, but says only:

MACLEOD
You always were.

Cullen gives MacLeod an inscrutable look, then both are distracted by the BUZZ as the elevator nears the loft.

Cullen tenses, his sword in his hand. He gestures to MacLeod, indicating the danger.

MACLEOD
(less worried)
Take it easy.

He puts a hand on Cullen's sword arm, reining him in.

The elevator's reached --

612 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

612

MACLEOD
(as he raises the
elevator door)
Richie?

MacLeod steps but of the elevator. Cullen, hanging back, isn't Visible from this angle.

Richie approaches from the kitchen.

RICHIE
Mac! Glad you're back. Some
lunatic came at me with a car.

Cullen steps from the elevator. Richie stops mid-word, thrown.

RICHIE
(the best he can do)
You!

(CONTINUED)

612 CONTINUED:

612

Cullen's sword comes up.

CULLEN

(a snarl)

Almost had you, too.

Richie has his sword out, too, squaring off. And as MacLeod looks from one to the other...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

613 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

613

Richie and Cullen are eye to eye, tense, swords out, neither moving.

CULLEN

Let's go, boy.

RICHIE

Anytime you're ready.

MACLEOD

I take it you two know each other.

CULLEN

He owes me his head.

He starts toward Richie. MacLeod stays in his path.

MACLEOD

This is my home, Cullen. And
Richie's my friend.

CULLEN

Nobody makes a fool out of me.

RICHIE

You didn't need my help, jackass.
You were doing fine on your own.

MACLEOD

What the hell is this about?

CULLEN

(sneering)
Son of a bitch sucker punched me
in a bar.

Richie turns on him, pissed.

RICHIE

Sucker punched you? I didn't touch
him, Mac. He was drunker than
hell. He just fell on his ass.

CULLEN

Let's do it.

MACLEOD

Cullen, he's my friend
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

613 CONTINUED:

613

MACLEOD (CONT.)

(beat)

You owe me.

Cullen and Richie are almost toe to toe.

TRANSITION TO:

614 EXT. STREET - SAN FRANCISCO - 1854 - NIGHT

614

ON two men in a brawl. MacLeod moves KATHERINE, a pretty young chorus girl, out of the path of the brawl.

MACLEOD

Careful.

KATHERINE

(re the people)

I remember when it was safe to cross the street. Where are all these people coming from?

MACLEOD

Gold's always had a way of attracting a crowd.

KATHERINE

(with a smile)

I think some of them are surprised they actually have to dig for it.

(beat)

They think the whole city is made of gold.

MACLEOD

In a way it is.

(off her questioning look)

Look around. New houses, new music halls, who knows maybe someday a bridge across the bay...

(beat)

The gold will run out, but the city will still be here.

They've turned onto a smaller, quiet street. They stop on the stoop of Katherine's house; she turns to MacLeod.

KATHERINE

Why think about when the gold runs out? We'll be dead and gone by then.

(CONTINUED)

614 CONTINUED:

614

MACLEOD

Maybe.
(a smile)
Let's not think about it tonight.

MacLeod leans in, about to kiss her, but stops. The BUZZ. Katherine, waiting for her kiss, looks at him in surprise and a touch of impatience.

KATHERINE

Duncan?

He gives her a quick peck.

MACLEOD

(very quick)
I-had-a-lovely-time-Katherine.
Good night.

KATHERINE

(taken aback)
You're not coming up?

He wants to, but his eyes are already scanning the street for the source of the BUZZ.

MACLEOD

Another time.

KATHERINE

(pouting)
But it's such a perfect evening.

MACLEOD

There'll be others.
(hasty charm)
I promise.

He holds the door open for her. Still disappointed, she hesitates a moment, then goes inside.

MacLeod moves down the street, on the alert, following the BUZZ. He passes an alley, then backs up -- the BUZZ is coming from in there.

IN THE ALLEY

There's no one in sight.

MACLEOD

I am Duncan MacLeod of the clan
MacLeod.

(CONTINUED)

614 CONTINUED: (2)

614

CULLEN (O.S.)
(with false bravado)
Is that a factor Cullen steps out
from behind a stack of crates.

MACLEOD
Cullen? What are you doing back
there?

CULLEN
Didn't know it was you.

MACLEOD
And what are you doing in San
Francisco?

Cullen comes toward MacLeod a little shakily, casting a
nervous glance toward the mouth of the alley.

CULLEN
I was just on my way to get a drink.
Want to join me?

MACLEOD
Maybe later. There's a lady
waiting.

CULLEN
Isn't there always?

Cullen's laugh is a tad too hearty, stops a tad too short.

CULLEN
Come on, let an old friend buy you
one and catch up.

MacLeod senses something in his old friend. He's just not
sure what.

MACLEOD
Are you all right?

CULLEN
Never better... What could be wrong?

Cullen throws his arm around MacLeod and the two start off
when they both get the BUZZ. Cullen freezes, going white
as a sheet.

CULLEN
(hasty)
Come on, let's go find a crowd.

MacLeod reacts to Cullen's apparent fear.

(CONTINUED)

614 CONTINUED: (3)

614

MACLEOD

(re the BUZZ)

Do you know who it is?

CULLEN

(overhasty)

No, and I'm in no mood to find
out. Let's go get that drink.

(bluffing hard)

Let the bastard live another day.

Cullen backs up, trying to pull MacLeod with him. MacLeod looks toward the mouth of the alley to see

LASZLO

A tough-looking dock worker with a sword. He's moving toward them slowly, deliberately.

LASZLO

I am Zoltan Laszlo.

(pointing)

You Brian Cullen?

MacLeod steps out of the way. It's Cullen's fight.

MACLEOD

Gentlemen.

Cullen moves with MacLeod, staying behind him. MacLeod is astonished, not sure what's going on.

LASZLO

Come on, Cullen. Let's finish it.
Now.

Cullen backs away a few steps, drawing his sword. It looks like he's taking his position for the fight. But he's moving stiffly, uneasily. As Laszlo takes the en garde, Cullen suddenly breaks and runs, heading for the street.

MACLEOD

Cullen!

He's stunned for a moment. Laszlo turns to MacLeod.

LASZLO

So is that one a friend of yours?

MACLEOD

Yes.

LASZLO

(pointed)

And are you a coward, too?

(CONTINUED)

614 CONTINUED: (4)

614

MACLEOD

(tight)

No...

(beat)

I am Duncan MacLeod and I fight
when I'm challenged.

MacLeod draws his sword. Laszlo puts his sword away.

LASZLO

I came for Cullen.

(beat)

When you find him, tell him I'm
still here.

CLOSE ON MacLeod's sword --

TRANSITION TO:

615 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - PRESENT - NIGHT

615

A SWORD BLADE

We PULL BACK and find Cullen pointing his sword at Richie.

CULLEN

You're only alive because you're
MacLeod's friend. You want to
keep your head, stay out of my
way.

Richie, steamed, is ready to take a swing at Cullen.

RICHIE

Don't do me any favors.

MACLEOD

(pointed)

Richie, if you don't have to...
don't.

CULLEN

(scornful)

You wouldn't last ten seconds.

He tosses MacLeod his coat.

CULLEN

Thanks anyway, Duncan, I think
I'll get a hotel.

He gets in the elevator and it goes down. Richie shakes
off MacLeod, heated.

(CONTINUED)

615 CONTINUED:

615

RICHIE

This guy's a friend of yours?

(off MacLeod's nod)

He came at me with a car. He was going to run me over and take my head.

MACLEOD

Be careful of him, Richie. He holds a grudge... and he's good.

RICHIE

How good?

MACLEOD

Used to be the best.

Richie takes a beat to absorb that.

RICHIE

So... got any advice?

MACLEOD

(patting his sword arm)

Yeah -- practice.

(beat)

And try to stay out of his way.

616 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE EMERGENCY ROOM MORNING 616

Anne comes through the doors from the Emergency Room. She's moving slowly, wiped out, but there's satisfaction in her face for a job well done. She nears the Duty Station and sees

MACLEOD

Leaning on the wall where he was the day before.

MACLEOD

I thought you might've had a rough night.

(off her shrug)

Can I buy you breakfast?

ANNE

Thanks... But I can barely see straight.

MACLEOD

(beat, holding her gaze)

You're sure?

(CONTINUED)

616 CONTINUED:

616

ANNE

(she's tempted, but)
I think I'd better just go home
and go straight to bed.

MACLEOD

(re the E.R.)
And dream about this?

She looks at him sharply. How did he know? She says only:

ANNE

I'm a little old for nightmares.
Aren't you?

MACLEOD

No... And maybe you're not, either.

Anne searches MacLeod's face and sees the sincerity and wisdom behind his words. Softly:

ANNE

How come you know so much?

MacLeod offers a smile and an eloquent shrug. Their eyes lock in a moment of profound affinity.

ANNE

Let me just wash up.

617 EXT. HARBOR - DAY

617

A panoramic view.

ANNE (O.S.)

You're right, I'd rather dream
about something like this.

618 EXT. WATERSIDE CAFE - DAY

618

Anne and MacLeod are at a table overlooking the harbor.

MACLEOD

(re the view)
It'll get you through a lot of
rough nights.

It's spoken as one who knows. Anne looks at him, considering.

ANNE

Sometimes I think the way to get
through it is to just keep going.

(CONTINUED)

618 CONTINUED:

618

MACLEOD

(nods)

Make a decision, and move on.

ANNE

(a quiet sigh, looking
out at the view)Then in the morning you look back
and wonder what you should have
done differently.

MACLEOD

Stop wondering.

ANNE

Easy to say. Not so easy to do.

(beat)

Especially when you lose them.

She shakes her head. MacLeod takes her hand. Anne reacts warmly.

MACLEOD

(beat)

Sometimes you have to let them go.

Anne looks into MacLeod's eyes.

ANNE

They're all so fragile. One nut
with a gun... One drug addict behind
the wheel and they're gone...

(beat)

Like that bus accident yesterday.
They found amphetamines all over
the son-of-a-bitch's car.

MacLeod reacts.

ANNE

People do crazy things on drugs.

(beat)

And other people get killed.

PUSH IN on MacLeod's eyes...

619 INT. OPIUM DEN - SAN FRANCISCO - 1854 - NIGHT

619

CLOSE ON MACLEOD'S EYES

as he pushes aside a curtain to enter the dim, smoky room.

FULL SCENE

As he stoops to pass through the low doorway.

(CONTINUED)

619 CONTINUED:

619

An ancient Chinese man in traditional garb approaches MacLeod, offering a pipe. MacLeod shakes his head.

MACLEOD

I'm looking for a man. Brian
Cullen?

The ancient man nods, beckons. He leads MacLeod through the crowded room, past an eclectic mix of patrons -- a ragged miner, a richly groomed businessman, a wealthy lady dressed like a man, a couple of "intellectuals" and a foreign sailor, all leveled by the opium.

Cullen lies on a pallet in a back corner. MacLeod crouches down to his level.

MACLEOD

Brian.

Cullen opens his eyes dreamily.

CULLEN

Duncan, my friend.

He holds out his pipe, offering it. MacLeod waves it off.

CULLEN

No?

(dreamy)

Sleep the sleep of the angels,
MacLeod.

MacLeod regards him through narrowed eyes.

MACLEOD

No thanks.

(beat)

I want to talk about Zoltan Laszlo.

CULLEN

He was my present to you.

(trying for lightness)

I knew you could handle him.

(beat)

Did you?

MACLEOD

No. He's still out there.

Cullen reacts for a moment, then turns away as if to shut it all out. He brings the pipe to his lips. MacLeod grabs him by the shoulders, forces him to look at him.

MACLEOD

What's happening, Brian? I never
saw you run from a fight.

(CONTINUED)

619 CONTINUED: (2)

619

CULLEN

(with a forced smile)
Is that what you thought I was
doing?

MACLEOD

That's what you did. Why?

Cullen laughs, but the laugh is hollow.

CULLEN

Why... ? Pretty obvious. I was
scared to death.

(beat)

Never thought it would happen, did
you? You and me both.

(indicating pipe)

This helps me to forget what I am
and what's waiting out there.

MACLEOD

Everyone is afraid sometimes.

CULLEN

I never was...

(a bitter laugh)

Don't ever be the best, MacLeod.

Everybody wants a shot at the best.

(beat)

And God help you if you lose your
nerve, and they keep coming.

Cullen goes to light his pipe. MacLeod grabs his hand.

MACLEOD

(angry)

Damn it, Brian. This isn't the
answer... Let me help you.

Cullen pulls his hand free and lights his pipe.

CULLEN

Go away. You've interrupted my
dreams.

As the smoke drifts out --

620 EXT. WATERSIDE CAFE - DAY

620

The smoke of a man lighting his pipe as he's passing Anne
and MacLeod as they are leaving the cafe.

ANNE

Not a lot of docs stay in trauma.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

620 CONTINUED:

620

ANNE (CONT.)

(beat)

You burn hot and then you burn
out.

(she catches herself)

Listen to me... I don't even know
you.

MACLEOD

Yes, you do.

He stops and turns to her.

MACLEOD

You see more life and death in one
night than most people see in a
lifetime.

(beat)

The thing to remember is that it
is life and death... not just death.

Anne's eyes rise to MacLeod's and lock in the silent
acknowledgment of something very special happening. She
nods and smiles awkwardly.

621 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

621

CLOSE - A SEVEN OR EIGHT INCH BAGGIE OF WHITE POWDER

A pair of hands rip it open voraciously, take a pinch.
Follow the hands to --

CULLEN

As he snorts hungrily, coughs, sniffs, and grimaces with
satisfaction.

HARRY THE DEALER watches him.

HARRY

So whaddaya think?

CULLEN

Excellent.

HARRY

Told you. I deal only quality
stuff uncut. That's fifteen
hundred.

Cullen hands over the bills, then takes another sizable
snort. Shakes his head a little at the rush as the stuff
hits his system.

(CONTINUED)

621 CONTINUED:

621

HARRY

You wanna take it easy on that.

CULLEN

I'm having a hard day.

HARRY

You're a good customer, man. Hate to see you wind up dead.

CULLEN

(a tight smile)

Don't worry about it. I have a high threshold.

Harry stuffs Cullen's money away as Cullen takes another hit. Suddenly --

COP #1 (O.S.)

Don't move!

The DOOR bursts open and two COPS come barreling through.

COP #1

Hands in the air! Both of you!

Harry's hands fly into the air.

COP #1

Assume the position.

Cullen, moving without haste, stuffs the bag of drugs in his pocket. He looks at the Cops languidly, unafraid. Slowly raises his hands, bends over and grabs some wall.

The Cops move toward them, guns drawn. Cullen is cool. Cop #1 gets to Harry and frisks him, starts to cuff him.

HARRY

Oh, man.

Cop #2 moves to Cullen and holsters his gun to frisk him.

Cullen waits for him to get close enough. As the Cop starts to frisk him, Cullen WHACKS him hard with an elbow on the top of the head, then gets him on the chin as he starts to crumple, taking the Cop down quickly and efficiently, with no wasted motion.

Cop #1 throws the handcuffed dealer to the ground and points his gun at Cullen.

COP #1

Big mistake, mister.

Cullen looks at the gun. Starts walking toward Cop #1.

(CONTINUED)

621 CONTINUED: (2)

621

COP #1

Don't try it.

Cullen keeps moving. Cop #1 FIRES.

CULLEN

Takes the bullet in the side and keeps coming. Head down, he RUNS at the Cop.

COP #1

FIRES again, wildly, as Cullen rams him. The momentum carries them both backwards to the edge of the roof.

They slam against the waist-high wall and Cullen levers the Cop over, sending him SCREAMING to the pavement below.

HARRY

On his knees, his hands still cuffed behind him, stares in horror and amazement at Cullen.

CULLEN

Turns to him with a lopsided grin. Rubs his nose a little edgily.

CULLEN

You were right. Excellent quality.

And off his agitated face --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

622 INT. DOJO - DAY (E)

622

Richie's moving to MacLeod as he enters the dojo.

MACLEOD

What's up?

RICHIE

Your friend Cullen's upstairs. I had to get him out of the dojo.

(off MacLeod's look)

Don't worry, Mac, we didn't fight.

(beat; disgusted)

The guy's higher than a kite.

MACLEOD

I'll take care of it.

MacLeod starts inside. Richie puts a hand on his arm, stopping him.

RICHIE

What's the deal, Mac? This guy...

He doesn't seem like your type.

MACLEOD

He needs help.

Richie shrugs. He clearly doesn't think Cullen is worth bothering with.

RICHIE

You'd think after living all those years, he'd know better.

Leaving Richie mulling that over, MacLeod heads --

623 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY

623

Cullen paces about. The bag of powder sits on a table nearby as MacLeod enters.

MACLEOD

Cullen... What the hell are you doing?

CULLEN

Nothing. Wanna join me?

He offers the bag to MacLeod. MacLeod just looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

623 CONTINUED:

623

CULLEN

Guess not.

Cullen moves about with manic energy.

MACLEOD

I'll help you, but you're going to have to stop putting that crap up your nose.

CULLEN

What makes you think I want your help?

MACLEOD

You're here.

There's truth to that, but Cullen doesn't want to admit it..

CULLEN

Just needed a place to hang. You got a problem with that?

There's a silent beat. Finally Cullen can't take it.

CULLEN

What?

MACLEOD

I'm trying to remember what you used to be. There wasn't a better swordsman in Europe.

(beat)

Or a better friend.

CULLEN

Don't pity me, MacLeod. One day it'll be you.

(beat)

You can't keep your nerve forever, when all you do is look over your shoulder for a guy with a sword...

(beat)

It's easier just to let it go.

MACLEOD

Immortality isn't one long fencing match, Brian.

(beat)

What about everything we've done? Everything we've seen?

(CONTINUED)

623 CONTINUED: (2)

623

CULLEN

(scornful)

I forgot. We're the lucky ones.

(real sadness)

I'd trade it all in a minute for a normal life.

MACLEOD

We don't get to choose. This is the life you have. Is it worth less because it's longer?

CULLEN

(a snort)

Longer? You could lose your head tomorrow. What kind of Immortality is that?

MACLEOD

Nobody knows how long they have. A week, a year, a century, you live it.

(re the drugs)

Or throw it away.

CULLEN

Don't lecture me. It's my life.

MACLEOD

(pissed)

That's right, but when you slam your car into a bus, you don't die --

(grabbing the drugs off the table)

Other people do.

Cullen grabs at the bag. MacLeod keeps it away from him.

CULLEN

That's mine.

MACLEOD

Not anymore.

CULLEN

(paranoid)

Don't think I don't know what you're doing.

MACLEOD

I'm trying to save your life.

CULLEN

Right.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

623 CONTINUED: (3)

623

CULLEN (CONT.)

(beat)

You figure without the drugs you
can take me.

(beat)

Well, try it. I'm still the
toughest son-of-a-bitch on the
block.

MACLEOD

You're wrong.

CULLEN

(as a challenge)

Right here. Right now.

MACLEOD

Go away, Cullen.

CULLEN

Who's afraid now?

(beat)

There's plenty more.

(re the bag)

Keep it, MacLeod.

(a threat)

You're gonna need it.

Cullen storms out. MacLeod watches him go, torn. As he
does, the phone RINGS. MacLeod grabs it, eyes still on
Cullen's departing form.

MACLEOD

(distracted)

Hello?

INTERCUT:

624 INT. HOSPITAL DUTY STATION - ANNE

624

Borrowing Marcia's phone.

ANNE

Hi. Am I interrupting anything?

BACK ON MACLEOD

As he watches Cullen leave.

MACLEOD

No...

(beat)

Just saying goodbye to an old
friend.

(CONTINUED)

624 CONTINUED:

624

ON ANNE

Turning her back on Marcia and the other duty nurses,
lowering her voice for a little privacy.

ANNE

So... we having dinner tonight?

625 EXT. DOJO - TO ESTABLISH - NIGHT (E)

625

626 INT. DOJO (E)

626

Richie's folding up mats and getting the place put away
for the night.

MacLeod comes out of the elevator. He looks hot. Richie
notices.

RICHIE

All dressed up with no place to
go, huh?

MACLEOD

Not exactly.

He heads for the door. Richie reacts, abandons his work
to run after MacLeod.

RICHIE

What, you got a date?

MACLEOD

None of your business.

RICHIE

That's a yes.
(bouncing along beside
him)
So, who is she? Do I know her?
Where're you going?

MACLEOD

Which part did you miss, Richie,
"none" or "your business?"

RICHIE

Okay, I can take a hint.

MACLEOD

So I noticed.

As MacLeod goes out the door, Richie calls after him,
teasing:

(CONTINUED)

626 CONTINUED:

626

RICHIE

Should I wait up?

MacLeod shoots him a look as he goes out and we go --

626A EXT. JOE'S - TO ESTABLISH - NIGHT

626A

627 INT. JOE'S - NIGHT

627

Music plays through the speaker system. Anne and MacLeod enter. She looks around. The dance floor is lit in a blue hue. The lighting in the rest of the bar is subdued and romantic. Joe's is completely empty except for them.

ANNE

Where is everybody?

They move to a table in the middle of the place. On it is a bottle of champagne and a big blue tin of caviar. He opens the champagne.

MACLEOD

We are everybody.

ANNE

Just you and me?

He pours the champagne.

MACLEOD

If you want, I could invite a few friends.

She takes a glass from him.

ANNE

That's okay.

(beat)

You do this often?

MACLEOD

No...

Anne is about to swallow some champagne. Then she stops herself.

MACLEOD

You don't like champagne?

ANNE

I love it.

(putting it down)

I'm on call.

(CONTINUED)

627 CONTINUED:

627

MACLEOD

Sorry.
(beat)
Can you dance?

ANNE

Like a giraffe on roller skates.

MACLEOD

I doubt that.

ANNE

Really. In high school, when other girls were buying prom dresses, I was dissecting frogs for extra credit.

MACLEOD

(beat)
I saw you with that little girl in the E.R.

ANNE

You were watching me?
(off his nod)
For how long?

MACLEOD

Long enough to know that you have a real gift.
(beat)
Some people face life with compassion. Some face it with courage. A few... very few... face it with both.

ANNE

Still want to dance?

She folds into his arms and they start to move to the music when the high-pitched SQUIRP of her beeper interrupts them.

ANNE

I knew it was too good to be true.

She hesitates a moment, then takes the beeper off, puts it on the table, and returns to dance with him.

ANNE

(to convince herself)
Jennings is on back up. Let them call him in for once.
(beat)
Where were we?

(CONTINUED)

627 CONTINUED: (2)

627

MacLeod places her head against his chest and holds her close.

MACLEOD
About here, I think.

ANNE
Go on.

She smiles. They continue to dance.

The BEEPER goes off again. They both know she can't ignore it.

MACLEOD
(as a statement)
You have to leave.

ANNE
No, I don't.
(giving up)
Yes, I do.

She looks wistfully about, then back at MacLeod.

ANNE
Are you going to be mad about this?

MACLEOD
(a little surprised)
Why would I be?

ANNE
(still guilty)
All the trouble you went to.

MACLEOD
Anne. It's part of the package.
Who you are.
(beat)
I'll walk you out.

He hands her the beeper. Her hand closes over his as she takes it. As they move to the door --

ANNE
I'm only on call for three more
hours tonight. Maybe you could
come by the hospital ... If you're
up.

MACLEOD
Maybe I will.

They move toward the exit.

(CONTINUED)

627 CONTINUED: (3)

627

ANNE

It's not always like this ...

MACLEOD

It's okay.

(beat)

Really.

They reach the door and the beeper goes off again. MacLeod shows her out with a smile.

MACLEOD

Go.

He watches her leave, then senses the BUZZ. He turns back into the bar and looks around.

MACLEOD

Richie?

MacLeod moves up the stairs toward the BUZZ.

Cullen comes from nowhere, tackling MacLeod. They roll to the floor together, crashing through the tables.

MacLeod gets free and rolls away, coming up in the next row. Moves into a crouch, ready for action. He faces Cullen.

MACLEOD

Don't do this, Cullen. You don't have to prove anything to me.

But Cullen's too far gone for reason. He charges MacLeod.

MacLeod backs up, parrying. Cullen, kicking tables and chairs out of his way, advances on him steadily. He manages to knock MacLeod's sword aside for a moment and dives under his sword arm to tackle him.

They fall against a table, which breaks under their weight.

They wrestle for a moment on the ground, then MacLeod rolls free, rolls under the nearest table.

Cullen jumps up onto the table MacLeod just went under, comes over it and dives down at MacLeod.

MacLeod sidesteps and catches Cullen in the back of the neck with the hilt of his sword, driving him to the ground.

Cullen rolls over, trying to bring up his sword arm. MacLeod grabs his forearm and holds it, hard. He kicks Cullen's sword away and puts a knee in his chest. Cullen is trapped.

(CONTINUED)

627 CONTINUED: (4)

627

MACLEOD

I'll tell you this once, Cullen.
If you want to live, get some help.

CULLEN

(defiantly)
Do it.

MacLeod leans on him harder. Deadly:

MACLEOD

Next time, I won't walk away.

MacLeod stands and stalks off.

628 OMITTED

628

629 OMITTED

629

630 OMITTED

630

631 OMITTED

631

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

632 INT. DOJO - NIGHT 632

The big room is dark, the only light coming from the office in the corner.

633 INT. DOJO OFFICE - NIGHT 633

Richie is at the desk in a pool of light, hunched over a portable computer.

RICHIE

(to the computer)

What do you mean, "File Not Found?"
I gotta find those damn invoices.

He looks up as he gets the BUZZ.

RICHIE

Mac?

He moves out into --

634 INT. DOJO - CONTINUOUS 634

MacLeod's nice jacket is torn and smeared with dirt.

MACLEOD

What are you doing here so late?

RICHIE

You asked me to manage the place...
I'm managing.

(noticing MacLeod's
jacket)

Must've been a helluva date...
What happened?

MACLEOD

Cullen.

RICHIE

Aw, man.

(a thought)

You mean the lady saw the light
show?

MACLEOD

There was no light show.

(CONTINUED)

635 CONTINUED:

635

Cullen swings to face MacLeod, ready for trouble -- then his glassy eyes focus doubtfully.

CULLEN

MacLeod...?

MACLEOD

(quietly)

What are you trying to do?

CULLEN

(wildly)

Watch your back... the sons of
bitches tried to get me.

MacLeod moves closer, trying to talk him down.

MACLEOD

Nobody's trying to get you, Brian.

(beat)

Let him go.

CULLEN

No... he was going to take my head.

MACLEOD

He was bringing you opium... like
you asked him.

CULLEN

They're everywhere, MacLeod.
Just because you can't feel them
Doesn't mean they won't come for
you.

MACLEOD

Look at him.

(beat)

Can't you see he's scared to death?

(beat)

No one will hurt you.

(beat)

Brian, please put down the sword.

Cullen looks at the man he's holding -- finally sees his terrified eyes, his pleading face -- confusion and doubt set in. MacLeod reaches for Cullen's hand, gently disengages it from the man... Cullen doesn't resist. As the man scrambles away, Cullen looks at MacLeod.

MACLEOD

Come on. It's time to go home.

MacLeod offers his hand to Cullen. A BEAT -- then slowly Cullen takes it, comes down from the pallet. He looks at MacLeod, suddenly knowing how far gone he is.

(CONTINUED)

635 CONTINUED: (2)

635

CULLEN

(lost)

Help me... Please.

MacLeod puts an arm over Cullen's shoulder, and walks him gently through the room, the spooked men stepping out of their way, letting him pass. MacLeod continues on, passing --

TRANSITION TO:

636 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - THE PRESENT - NIGHT

636

Richie in the loft. As he goes by...

RICHIE

(sympathetic)

Mac... he's not that guy anymore.
I know he was your friend... but
he's a stone cold junkie.

MacLeod's face hardens. He says nothing, starts to move away. Richie comes after him, something on his mind.

RICHIE

Mac...

(not the first time
he's wondered)

How does it happen? He was one of
the good guys.

MACLEOD

Fear... It can take your heart,
your soul ...

RICHIE

That's comforting.

MacLeod looks at him. Sees this is really bothering Richie.

MACLEOD

There are critical moments in
everybody's life, Richie.

When you could go one way or another. I think who you are
can depend on who you meet.

(real reflection)

Who would I be today if Connor
MacLeod hadn't found me?
If I'd never met Darius, or
Fitzcain, or Tessa... or you?

RICHIE

I know who I'd be if I hadn't met
you... Dead.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

636 CONTINUED:

636

RICHIE (CONT.)

(a loaded beat)

You think you can be that guy for
Cullen?

MACLEOD

(infinitely weary)

I think it's too late.

637 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (E)

637

Cullen is a scary-looking sight. Haunted eyes, unshaven,
clothes torn and muddied from the fight. He waits, a dark
figure in the shadows, as a battered van pulls up.

Harry the Drug Dealer gets out of the van, grabs his
battered army knapsack full of stuff, pockets the keys.

He turns to find Cullen standing right behind him. Jumps
three feet.

HARRY

(trying to be cool)

Whoa, man, you scared me.

CULLEN

Sorry.

HARRY

So, ugh, you need some more stuff?

CULLEN

What've you got?

HARRY

I got some good meth, man. Saving
it for you.

He fumbles a vial out of his bag. Cullen takes it, snorts
most of the contents, and turns back to Harry.

CULLEN

What else you got?

There's a level of mania here we haven't seen before --
and neither has Harry. He backs away nervously.

HARRY

Nothin', man. That was the last
one.

Cullen's charged, full of energy and misdirected anger.
He grabs Harry, hauls him toward him. Right in his face:

(CONTINUED)

637 CONTINUED:

637

CULLEN

I need more. Give me the keys to
your van.

Harry shoves the knapsack at him.

HARRY

Take it, man. Whatever you want.
It's yours.

CULLEN

Thanks, Harry. Now get the hell
out of here.

Harry moves off Cullen snorts some meth, then flips open a
cellular phone and punches a number.

INTERCUT:

638 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT

638

MacLeod is making himself a meal as the phone rings.

MACLEOD

(into phone)
Cullen.

CULLEN

You gotta help me, Duncan.
(beat)
I'm trying to kick. I can't get
through it.

MACLEOD

Come to my place.

CULLEN

Can't drive.

MACLEOD

Where are you?

639 OMITTED

639

640 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

640

MacLeod moves into the warehouse, following the BUZZ. In
the dark he can make out the forms of a couple of dumpsters,
some forklift pallets, a parked van.

MacLeod moves to the dumpster, comes around it in fighting
stance, expecting Cullen to be behind it. He's not.

(CONTINUED)

640 CONTINUED:

640

MacLeod then moves toward the stack of pallets, ready to find Cullen. As he does --

THE VAN

Starts up with a roar, its headlights snapping on, catching MacLeod in the glare. Its tires screech as Cullen guns it toward MacLeod.

MACLEOD

Pulls his sword. There's a wall behind him. Nowhere to go.

ON CULLEN

Through the windshield, as he roars straight at MacLeod. His eyes have the same demonic look they had when he went after Richie on the mountain road.

MACLEOD

Doesn't have time or space to get out of the way. He raises his sword to shoulder height, holds it like a lance.

THE VAN

Crunches into MacLeod, driving him against the wall.

MacLeod's katana goes through the windshield, driving into Cullen's sternum.

ANGLE ON VAN

It impacts into the dumpster and rebounds.

The CRASH of metal and glass is accompanied by the persistent screech of the horn.

Cullen, "dead," has fallen onto the horn. MacLeod's body lies against the wall. Neither moves.

CULLEN'S HAND

A finger gripped around the steering wheel moves slightly.

MACLEOD

Still doesn't move. The HORN blares...

CULLEN

GROANS, blinks his eyes, starts to breathe.

MACLEOD

(CONTINUED)

640 CONTINUED: (2)

640

His body shivers as bones knit. No breath in him yet.

CULLEN

Ahead of MacLeod. His eyes snap open. There's murder in them.

MACLEOD

A labored breath. On the way back.

Suddenly the HORN STOPS.

MacLeod's eyes open, startled by the sudden silence. He looks up at the van.

HIS POV

The van looms over him like a malevolent dragon. From this angle he can't see in the windshield. He can see the smashed hood, his sword sticking out of the wreck.

MACLEOD

Tries to raise himself up. Still very weak. He falls back.

CULLEN

On the other side of the van, creeping around it, sword raised. He comes around the end of the van.

MACLEOD

Lies still, eyes closed.

CULLEN

Lifts his sword for the death blow.

At the last moment, MacLeod rolls out of the way.

Cullen misses MacLeod by a hair, his sword striking the pavement.

MacLeod, despite weakness and pain, scrambles onto the hood of the van, reaching desperately for his sword.

Cullen rushes at MacLeod, who's prone on the hood of the van, reaching for the katana. He swings his sword at MacLeod's head.

MACLEOD

Ducks under the blow.

(CONTINUED)

640 CONTINUED: (3)

640

MacLeod manages to kick Cullen in the chest. Cullen falls back, gasping for air.

He crashes into the stack of pallets.

MacLeod slides off the hood of the van. He's unsteady on his feet, leaning on the van, still recovering.

Cullen comes to his knees. He scrabbles for the half-full vial he got from Harry, finishes it off.

MACLEOD

(no sympathy now)

What you need's not in that bottle,
Cullen.

MacLeod takes in a deep breath, concentrating, drawing on his deepest reserves of strength. He moves away from the van, no sign of his recent death betrayed in his movement.

Cullen rises to meet the attack. Full of false confidence.

CULLEN

(as a threat)

Best arm on the continent.

He swings. MacLeod parries, but barely. The powerful blow knocks him back a step. He backs away, the two men circling warily.

MACLEOD

Last chance, Brian. Put it away.
Please.

Cullen starts to lower his sword, as if to capitulate. Then, with a wild cry, he raises it again and goes on the attack, running wildly at MacLeod.

Cullen's war cry is cut short as MacLeod swings, slicing cleanly across at neck level. Cullen's body falls.

MacLeod, weak and drained, drops to the pavement as the QUICKENING begins.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

641 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR DAY

641

MacLeod, in fresh clothes, healed from the night's battle, waits as Anne approaches.

ANNE

Hi.

MACLEOD

(subdued)

Hi.

ANNE

Have you been here long?

(MacLeod shakes his
head)I didn't get off when I thought I
would.

MACLEOD

I couldn't come back when I thought
I could.

She gazes at him a moment, taking in his changed demeanor. She hasn't seen the serious side of him until now.

ANNE

Rough night?

(off his nod; a wealth
of meaning:)

Nightmares?

He nods again. Anne sees it in his face the hurt, the need, the strength that gets him through. It's like the mirror of her soul.

She puts an arm through his.

ANNE

Buy you breakfast?

And as they walk off together --

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW