



94309
SHADOWS

Written by
David Tynan

Highlander

"SHADOWS"

Written By

David Tynan

Production #94309

September 20, 1994 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"Shadows"

Production #94309

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD
RICHIE RYAN
JOE DAWSON
ANNE LINDSEY

GARRICK

OFFICIAL
COP ONE
MARCIA

CORY LITTMAN
HAG
MERCHANT
SHERIFF

HIGHLANDER

"Shadows"

Production #94309

SET LIST

INTERIORS

DOJO
/OFFICE
MACLEOD'S LOFT
JOE'S

CORRIDOR - DESERTED BUILDING
GARRICK'S STUDIO
HOSPITAL
/HALLWAY
/RECORDS ROOM

EXTERIORS

DOJO
JOE'S
/STREET NEAR JOE'S
PARK - OUTDOOR SCULPTURE EXHIBITION
/STREET NEAR EXHIBITION
ENGLISH VILLAGE - 1665
/STREET
/TOWN SQUARE
OUTDOOR RESTAURANT

903 CONTINUED:

903

THE FIGURE

Slips into the alley, a glint of STEEL flashing off the sword it carries -- then it is out of sight.

RESUME MACLEOD

He closes his car door and moves after the figure.

NEW ANGLE - THE ALLEY

as MacLeod enters it -- but the figure is gone, and the alley is a DEAD END. On one wall, an open DOOR creaks loosely -- the only place the figure could have gone. MacLeod moves to the door and enters.

904 INT. CORRIDOR - DESERTED BUILDING - NIGHT

904

MacLeod moves inside. Sees nothing. He draws his sword. TRACKING MACLEOD moving along the dark, labyrinthine corridor, senses tight as piano wire. PLAY THE TENSION as he moves around corners, past strange shadows -- but the corridor remains eerily empty, silent. He reaches a final corner, readies himself then moves swiftly around to see:

HIS POV - A ROOM

but it's empty, no doors -- no way to get out. MacLeod relaxes, thinking the figure escaped. He turns back --

SHOCK SHOT - MACLEOD'S POV - THE FIGURE

standing behind him, head down, cowl covering the face, its sword planted point-first into the floor.

MACLEOD

(challenging)

I'm Duncan MacLeod of the Clan
MacLeod! Who are you?

The figure is motionless a BEAT, then it LAUGHS -- a dry wheeze of bodiless air, echoing in the corridor (NOTE: NOT a heavy SFX). MacLeod has had enough of this.

MACLEOD

Get out of my way... or fight me.

CLOSE - THE FIGURE

as its head lifts to face him -- but there is NO FACE under the cowl -- just an ominous, empty black HOLE. MacLeod barely has time to react when it springs into action, coming at him with astonishing speed.

(CONTINUED)

904 CONTINUED:

904

They battle around the room, the FIGURE fighting with overwhelming strength. MacLeod's every lunge is blocked - his defensive moves barely able to slow it. He's forced back, unable to stop the onslaught -- he has never encountered a foe like this.

NEW ANGLE

As with a last blow, the figure knocks MacLeod's katana from his hands. He watches helplessly as

THE KATANA

Lands behind him, out of reach.

THE FIGURE

Moving relentlessly in, raising its sword

MACLEOD

Turns, lunges desperately -- the katana is in his hand. He starts to turn back, trying with all his might to swing his sword around in time to block the blow, but --

THE FIGURE

Swings, the sword arcing down. MacLeod trying to move -- the figure's sword flashing towards his neck -- he's not fast enough.

CLOSE - MACLEOD'S HAND

as it spasms in death, his katana falls to the floor... the unthinkable has happened.

NEW ANGLE

As MacLeod's headless body falls.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE CORRIDOR

fills with wind, the roar of a monstrous QUICKENING beginning, the FIGURE thrusts up its hands in triumph --

SMASH CUT TO:

905 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT

905

CLOSE - MACLEOD

As he sits bolt upright, gasping for breath, bathed in sweat, his heart pounding like a jackhammer.

(CONTINUED)

905 CONTINUED:

905

ANNE (O.S.)

Duncan!

For a BEAT MacLeod is lost in that other world -- then he turns to find himself in his bed, Anne beside him, reacting to his panic.

ANNE

(anxious)

Duncan? Are you all right?

And OFF MacLeod's face, still reeling from the horrifying nightmare that was more real than any dream:

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

906 EXT. DOJO - ESTABLISHING - MORNING 906

906A INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - MORNING 906A

Anne is at one corner of the loft on the phone. MacLeod is at the other. Anne is on the portable. She pours coffee as she speaks.

ANNE

Thanks for switching shifts with me, Paul ... I'll see you around four.

She hangs up the phone and moves to MacLeod, who is thumbing absentmindedly through a magazine. MacLeod looks drawn from the previous night. Anne is aware of it, and is pointedly cheerful, waving the newspaper she's holding. In her other hand is a coffee cup.

ANNE

I have a great idea... Why don't I play hooky this morning and we'll go somewhere.

MACLEOD

(looking up)
I don't think I'm in the mood.

She hands him the coffee.

ANNE

All the more reason to go.
(beat)
Sunshine, outdoors, works of fantasy.
(beat)
C'mon, Duncan, I think we could both use a break.

MACLEOD

(dismissive)
Anne... it's nothing to worry about. It was just a dream.

ANNE

Right. Pulse about 200, I could barely wake you... And you haven't been sleeping well for days.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

906A CONTINUED:

906A

ANNE (CONT.)

(beat)
Gonna tell me you were counting
sheep again?

MACLEOD

I was counting sheep.

ANNE

Please...

MacLeod's hand goes to his forehead as if to suppress a
migraine.

MACLEOD

There's an art show downtown.

She looks in the paper, finds it.

ANNE

(surprised)
Great.
(upbeat)
I'll just go home and change and
meet you there.
(beat)
You'd tell me if something was
really wrong?

MACLEOD

(with a forced smile)
Why wouldn't I?

She smiles and leaves. MacLeod turns back to the room,
picks up the coffee cup -- then his smile fades as he
remembers --

906B INT. CORRIDOR - MACLEOD'S MEMORY - THE FIGURE (FORMERLY 30908) 906B

The image from his dream again, lasting a split-second,
just as the FIGURE brings its sword whistling down at him --

RESUME MACLEOD

Flinching at the memory. So damn real. He runs a hand
over his face and tries to shake it off.

906C INT. DOJO - MORNING (FORMERLY 30906A)

906C

Anne comes out of the elevator. RICHIE approaches, followed
uncertainly by CORY, 17, a good-looking but shy kid with
unkempt hair and ripped jeans.

(CONTINUED)

906C CONTINUED:

906C

RICHIE

Hey, Anne. MacLeod around?

ANNE

Upstairs. He hasn't been sleeping well.

(re Cory)

Who's your friend?

RICHIE

Cory Littman. I'm going to call him Cory Lightning.

ANNE

(to Cory)

Anne Lindsey.

CORY

(very quiet)

Hi.

ANNE

(to Richie)

Cory Lightning?

RICHIE

You don't like it? Too flashy? How about just Cory Light?

ANNE

That depends. Is he going into professional wrestling?

Richie throws a proud and possessive arm around Cory's shoulder.

RICHIE

The kid's a musician.

ANNE

(to Cory)

What do you play?

CORY

(still shy)

Guitar.

ANNE

(still trying)

Really. Rock?

RICHIE

Rock, blues, anything. You should hear him. A little help, a little agenting, he's gonna go a long way.

(CONTINUED)

906C CONTINUED: (2)

906C

ANNE

(amused)

With you as the agent.

RICHIE

Why not? I get Joe to give him a show and pack the house... Get a couple of A&R guys down to listen... and ba-boom, the kid's career takes off.

Anne's looking at Cory.

ANNE

That's great.

Richie moves Anne out of earshot.

RICHIE

I know he don't look so good. The kid's been playing guitar for quarters by the Third Street bridge.
(off Anne's look)
Don't worry, I'm gonna get him breakfast, get him cleaned up.

ANNE

He might need more than breakfast.

RICHIE

(beat)

I've been there, Anne. The kid just needs a break.
(a big smile)
You should hear him. He's gonna make us both a million bucks.

Anne turns to Cory.

ANNE

You got yourself a hell of an agent.

907 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY

907

It is just after the memory. MacLeod sees the elevator arriving, knows it's Richie.

Grabs his long coat and goes down the stairs, not wanting to see anyone for the moment.

Richie exits the elevator with Cory.

RICHIE

Mac... Mac...

(CONTINUED)

907 CONTINUED: 907

But MacLeod is gone.

908 OMITTED 908

909 OMITTED 909

910 EXT. PARK - OUTDOOR SCULPTURE EXHIBITION - DAY 910

CLOSE on a display of STONE SCULPTURES. These are of various sizes and shapes: griffins, monsters, gargoyles -- they are weird, unsettling, other-worldly. MacLeod and Anne are passing by. In the background, a variety of folks enjoy the art and the park.

As MacLeod and Anne move towards the gargoyles --

ANNE

(with a smile)

Did I say coming here was a good idea?

MACLEOD

The critics loved it.

They look at each other. A smile.

ANNE/MACLEOD

(unison)

They would.

He nods at a particularly grotesque sculpture.

MACLEOD

Just the thing for your waiting room.

ANNE

Half my patients would die on the spot.

(beat)

That is if I had a waiting room. Guy must've had a helluva childhood.

MacLeod feels something strangely familiar about the sculptures. He touches the head of one. As he does, he gets a BUZZ. Anne sees his distracted look, becomes concerned.

ANNE

Duncan?

MACLEOD

Sorry...

(CONTINUED)

910 CONTINUED:

910

ANNE

You don't look so great. Are you sick?

GARRICK (O.S.)

That's one of the better reactions they get.

Anne follows MacLeod's gaze to see --

GARRICK

Almost forty, a younger Kris Kristofferson, strong arms, a craggy likable face, wearing a sports jacket and T-shirt. He gives them a warm smile.

GARRICK

But at least you haven't run away.

He and MacLeod look at each other, an unspoken feel of past business between them -- then they clasp hands warmly.

MACLEOD

Garrick! Where in the world have you been?

GARRICK

Working, studying... out of circulation. You know how it is.

MacLeod nods, then turns to Anne.

MACLEOD

Anne, meet my old friend. Garrick... Dr. Anne Lindsey. I think he has something to do with these.

Garrick takes Anne's hand with a touch of old-world charm.

ANNE

(realizing)
You're the sculptor.

GARRICK

Just an old stone carver who sells a little work at inflated prices.
(a smile)
But don't tell anyone.

Anne's BEEPER goes off.

ANNE

Excuse me.
(beat)
Reality calls.

(CONTINUED)

910 CONTINUED: (2)

910

As she moves away, taking a CELL PHONE from her handbag, MacLeod and Garrick trade appraising looks.

MACLEOD

Garrick. How are you?

GARRICK

I'm good, Duncan. Really good.
It's been a long time.

He leans on the GARGOYLE HEAD MacLeod was first drawn to.
And as we PUSH IN on the HEAD --

TRANSITION TO:

911 EXT. STREET - ENGLISH VILLAGE - 1665 - DAY

911

CLOSE - THE SAME GARGOYLE

PULL BACK to see it is a DRAIN SPOUT on a building cornice, water drizzling from its mouth like some rabid hydra.
FOLLOW THE WATER as it spills down the stone face of the building to find --

MACLEOD

Gazing up at it. Newly arrived, dressed like a traveler, he steps around the splattering water and moves along the street, wooden staff in hand.

People hurry past with their eyes downcast -- it is a murky time of witch trials and public hysteria. As MacLeod dodges a donkey cart, moving past a building --

ANGLE - AN OPEN WINDOW

as a SERVING WOMAN suddenly heaves a pail of SLOP out into the street, only missing MacLeod because he dodges quickly.

MACLEOD

And I missed the city.

He scrapes the slop from his shoes against a curb with a satisfied look -- all is as it should be -- and continues.

VARIOUS ANGLES

As he passes a crowd watching a muzzled DANCING BEAR, the OWNER banging a drum for the dancing beast as people watch.

Further on he passes a MAN IN STOCKS. As he continues, a toothless old HAG plucks at his coat.

(CONTINUED)

911 CONTINUED:

911

HAG

A black time to be about the
Countryside, sir.

MacLeod's nose wrinkles in disgust.

MACLEOD

A black time to be anywhere, if
that smell means anything.

HAG

It's the witches you smell.
(crafty)
Give me a coin, and I'll tell you
a charm against such things.

MACLEOD

I need no charms, old woman...
(handing her a coin)
But you could use food... and a
good deal of washing.

OFF her baffled look he continues, sees a MERCHANT standing
in his doorway, suspiciously eyeing MacLeod's well-cut
clothes. MacLeod starts toward him amiably.

MACLEOD

I seek a friend... Garrick, the
stone-cutter. Do you know where I
might find him?

MERCHANT

At the trials...
(beat)
With the other witches.

The Merchant goes inside and slams his door shut. Before
MacLeod can respond, he feels the BUZZ. He turns toward
the source to see --

MACLEOD'S POV - THE SQUARE

crowded with stalls where MERCHANTS display wares, pigs
are tethered, chickens scratch. And raised above it --

RAISED WOODEN STAGE

where a CROWD faces a black-capped CHURCH OFFICIAL with a
manner so bloodless and icy a popsicle would gain a week's
shelf-life in his sphincter. Nearby a burly SHERIFF guards
a young girl with bound hands: in her teens, wild-haired,
MARGARET looks pathetic and bewildered.

(CONTINUED)

911 CONTINUED: (2)

911

NEW ANGLE

Below the stage, bound hands held by a SHERIFF'S MAN as he awaits his turn on the stage -- it is GARRICK. He looks distracted, wild-eyed, not the man MacLeod once knew.

RESUME MACLEOD

As he reacts to the sight of his friend, then pushes determinedly toward the stage.

NEW ANGLE - GARRICK

as through his fog, he feels the BUZZ, turns to see MacLeod standing there. His reaction is a strange half-smile.

GARRICK

MacLeod...
(beat, unsure)
Is it really you?

MACLEOD

Of course it's me. Garrick, what
in God's name happened?

GARRICK

They're gone, MacLeod, gone...

He's disjointed, drifting. A terrible foreboding hits MacLeod. He grabs Garrick to get his attention.

MACLEOD

Juliana?

Garrick lifts his bound hands, gazes at the gold WEDDING BAND there, his voice dropping to a lost whisper.

GARRICK

Gone.

MACLEOD

(shaken)
And her son..?
(off Garrick's nod)
Dear God, Garrick. How?

GARRICK

(lost)
There was a fire. The whole house.
I watched...
(beat)
I could not get to them in time.

MacLeod looks at his broken friend with compassion, turning to fierce resolve.

(CONTINUED)

911 CONTINUED: (3)

911

MACLEOD

Hold fast, friend. I'll set this right.

ANGLE - THE STAGE

where the official is finishing pronouncing sentence.

OFFICIAL

For consorting with demons and familiars...

The Sheriff lifts a CAGED CAT for all to see. Margaret reaches toward it -- but he yanks her back by the rope.

OFFICIAL

Margaret of Devon, you stand convicted of witchcraft.

RESUME GARRICK AND MACLEOD

as MacLeod reacts.

MACLEOD

It's only a frightened girl and her cat!

GARRICK

Aye... and they call it evil.

ANGLE - THE STAGE

The Church Official reads the verdict to Margaret.

OFFICIAL

You are to be burned at the stake, and may God redeem your soul.
(to the Guard)
Bring forward the stonecutter.

The Guard shoves Garrick up the short steps to the stage. MacLeod pushes past the Guard to the stage, and slams the butt of his staff down on the wooden planks.

MACLEOD

This man is no witch. He's broken by grief. All he needs is sleep.

Garrick lurches forward but MacLeod grabs him.

GARRICK

No! That's when the demons come!

MACLEOD

(terse)
Garrick, shut up while you can...

(CONTINUED)

911 CONTINUED: (4)

911

GARRICK

They leave me no peace!

OFFICIAL

(pointed)

He is possessed.

MACLEOD

He's half-mad! Surely you know
his wife is dead... their son...
burned in a fire!

OFFICIAL

And he saw them die.

MACLEOD

That is not witchcraft!

OFFICIAL

It is, when he saw them from twenty
miles away...

(his trump)

In a vision.

And OFF MacLeods' stunned look, Garrick lurches free of
his Guard and screams at the Official.

GARRICK

It's true, I have the sight, but
it's not evil.

(beat)

We know what evil really is, don't
we, MacLeod? We live in hell!

MacLeod grabs him, tries to restrain him.

MACLEOD

You're making this worse...

He pulls MacLeod's dagger from his breeches and wrenches
away, turning to the official.

GARRICK

You want real evil? Then watch!

He raises the dagger two-handed -- MacLeod sees he's about
to plunge the blade into his own chest. He grabs Garrick,
tries to take it away. As they struggle, Garrick turns
wildly, out of control -- a BEAT -- they stop.

CLOSE - MACLEOD

As he staggers back, stands a surprised BEAT, the DAGGER
driven into his heart -- then falls, mortally wounded.

(CONTINUED)

911 CONTINUED: (5)

911

GARRICK

(wild)

There's your monster! Immortality!
Everyone dies and we go on living!

The Sheriff and his men grab Garrick and hold him.

SHERIFF

Witch! Now you can add murder to
your crimes!

GARRICK

There's been no murder!
(pointing)
Don't you see? We can't die!

The CROWD falls silent, moving back in fear as they see:

MACLEOD

Sitting up now, the knife he has pulled from his chest in
his hand. He tosses it aside, still in pain.

OFFICIAL

Hold them!

As several men drag the dazed MacLeod to his feet.

912 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - ENGLISH VILLAGE - 1665 - LATER

912

ANGLE - THREE PYRES

with waiting STAKES in the center, attended by a black-
hooded EXECUTIONER with a blazing pitch torch. Near him
stands the Church Official.

OFFICIAL

The fire will purify your souls.

He looks coldly down at --

MACLEOD

Bound with ropes, held beside Garrick and Margaret as the
CROWD watches. MacLeod turns to the Church Official.

MACLEOD

At least let the child go! Anyone
can see she's no witch... she's
mad!

OFFICIAL

An innocent has nothing to fear
from God.

(CONTINUED)

912 CONTINUED:

912

MACLEOD

It's not God we fear... it's your
bloody fire.

OFFICIAL

In that case...
(a thin smile)
You are surely guilty.

He nods a signal. Two of the sheriff's men grab the
prisoners' ropes and pull them towards the pyres.

CLOSER - MACLEOD AND GARRICK

As they are dragged along, MacLeod struggles with his ropes.

GARRICK

Why fight it, MacLeod... you know
we won't die.

MACLEOD

(grim)
We'll soon wish we could.

MACLEOD'S POV - TWO HORSES

nearby, tended by a groom -- they belong to the Official.

MACLEOD

Has worked a hand loose. He plants his feet, yanks his
ropes -- sends the two sheriff's men holding him sprawling.
As they stumble past, MacLeod pulls one of the men's DAGGERS
and slashes the rope binding him.

OFFICIAL

Seize them! Seize the witches!

As the Sheriff and his TWO MEN gather their courage and
step forward, MacLeod gives a boogie-man ROAR and waves
the dagger to hold them at bay.

MACLEOD

Back, or I'll turn you into toads!

That does it -- the men back fearfully away. MacLeod
quickly slashes Garrick's ropes, then Margaret's. He turns,
grabs the horse's reins tosses one set to Garrick.

MACLEOD

Ride far and fast!
(sharp)
Hurry!

Garrick seems to come to his senses. He takes the reins,
tries to struggle onto the horse. As he does --

(CONTINUED)

912 CONTINUED: (2)

912

THE OFFICIAL

Steps forward, apoplectic with rage.

OFFICIAL

You cannot escape! Every soul is
judged by the Almighty!

MacLeod's hand snakes out and grabs him by his black
Cassock. As the Official pales in fear --

MACLEOD

Then worry about your own.

He shoves. The Official topples backwards.

RESUME MACLEOD

As he leaps on his own mount and hoists Margaret up behind
him. The Sheriff makes a move towards him -- but MacLeod
KICKS the Sheriff away, and spurs his horse. He looks
over and sees --

MACLEOD'S POV

Garrick getting on the horse.

BACK TO SCENE

MacLeod gallops through the square, scattering people and
chickens as he rides through this pandemonium and out of
town, Margaret's long DRESS fluttering behind them. As it
moves PAST CAMERA:

TRANSITION TO:

913 EXT. PARK - OUTDOOR SCULPTURE EXHIBITION - THE PRESENT - 913
DAY

As ANOTHER DRESS moves past, attached to an elegant female
ART PATRON -- and WIPES CAMERA to find MacLeod and Garrick
talking, Anne in the B.G. on her cell-phone.

GARRICK

(re the cell phone)

I remember when it used to take a
week to send a message a hundred
miles.

MACLEOD

It's called progress.

GARRICK

At least we're not burning witches
anymore.

(CONTINUED)

913 CONTINUED:

913

MACLEOD

I'm happy for you, Garrick. It seems you finally beat your demons.

GARRICK

It took a while.

He turns, lifts a small GARGOYLE SCULPTURE off a pedestal, and holds it thoughtfully.

GARRICK

(re the sculptures)
Remember what Michelangelo said sculpture was?

MACLEOD

Freeing the shape from the stone.

GARRICK

But I hammer it into the stone. I capture my fears... then I'm free of them. It's kept me sane, Duncan.
(a smile)
And they even make me a few bucks.

Garrick holds the sculpture to MacLeod -- a gift.

GARRICK

It's just a small momento.

MACLEOD

(touched)
You're sure?

GARRICK

I'd be honored.

MacLeod nods his acceptance, takes the sculpture.

ANNE comes up, toggling off her phone, looking chagrined.

MACLEOD

The hospital?

ANNE

Whoever said it's nice to be needed oughtta be shot. Why don't you stay?

GARRICK

Not on my account. Time for me to work the crowd.

He nods at some well-heeled COUPLES approaching.

(CONTINUED)

913 CONTINUED: (2)

913

MACLEOD

For your sake, I hope you've improved.

Garrick smiles as they grip hands. He hands MacLeod a card.

GARRICK

I hope you'll come see me.
(to Anne)
Doctor...

He turns to the PATRONS as MacLeod and Anne move on.

914 EXT. STREET NEAR EXHIBITION - LATER

914

MacLeod walks with Anne back to their cars, MacLeod carrying the sculpture.

ANNE

(thoughtfully)
Your friend Garrick seems pretty level-headed.

MACLEOD

Why shouldn't he be?

ANNE

(re: the sculpture)
I see this kind of work, I picture a kid who spent his childhood sticking pins in things.

MACLEOD

(beat)
Garrick's had his share of problems.

ANNE

You'd never know it. How long since you saw each other?

MACLEOD

Ages.
(beat)
A party was getting out of hand, and I gave him a ride.

ANNE

Like a designated driver?

MACLEOD

Sort of.

They reach MacLeod's car first and stop. Time to go.

(CONTINUED)

914 CONTINUED:

914

ANNE

You know you could have stayed.

MACLEOD

(a smile)

And missed all this time alone?

ANNE

Then we better not waste it.

They lean forward for a kiss. As they do, MacLeod looks over her shoulder --

MACLEOD'S POV - THE HOODED FIGURE

standing there, its sword planted in the street, waiting. But this time it's no dream -- MacLeod is wide awake. He tosses the sculpture in the car, at the same moment shoving Anne behind him, away from the figure.

MACLEOD

Stay back!

By the time Anne turns to see what the hell is going on, MacLeod is already holding his sword.

NEW ANGLE

As the FIGURE closes, and MacLeod meet s it. They fight across the sidewalk, the figure giving its spine-chilling, mirthless laugh.

MacLeod swings, but the figure slides away, and he fails to connect. As their swords clash --

ANNE

Reacts.

ANNE

Duncan! Duncan!

ANNE'S POV - MACLEOD

alone, swinging desperately at nothing.

RESUME - MACLEOD

From his POV we see the Hooded Figure, and MacLeod fighting desperately with it. As they move apart, MacLeod raising his sword for another onslaught --

ANNE

Gets right in his face, grabbing his shirt, yelling.

(CONTINUED)

914 CONTINUED: (2)

914

ANNE

Duncan! What are you doing?

A BEAT -- MacLeod sees her horrified face, yelling at him to stop. He looks up and sees --

MACLEOD'S POV - THE STREET

the figure is gone -- where it stood, MacLeod now faces TWO COPS who cover him with drawn guns, looking wired, tense, ready to shoot this man with a raised sword.

COP ONE

Drop it! Now!

ANNE

Duncan, please!

And OFF MacLeod's stunned look, facing them, as Anne looks on:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

915 EXT. STREET NEAR EXHIBITION - DAY

915

CLOSE - MACLEOD'S SWORD

as it is held aloft and examined.

ANNE (O.S.)

But it's not a concealed weapon,
Officer.

WIDER

As COP ONE gingerly handles the sword, looking doubtful as MacLeod tiredly repeats his story. Anne jumps in to corroborate.

ANNE

He was just showing it to me.

COP ONE

Who is he, Bruce Lee?

ANNE

He's an antique dealer.
(beat)
Believe me, officer, he's fine.

Anne doesn't miss a beat, handing him her card.

ANNE

I'm a doctor.

She flashes a bland smile and hands the cop her card. He looks at it. COP ONE trades a look with the SECOND COP, who nods.

COP ONE

Okay, Doc. But keep an eye on
him... And, Bruce --
(beat)
Keep that thing at home.

He hands the sword to MacLeod, and the two Cops turn away. MacLeod meets Anne's look.

ANNE

I think we have to talk.

MACLEOD

(beat)
Don't you have work to do?

(CONTINUED)

915 CONTINUED:

915

ANNE

It'll wait.

Her mood is clear -- he's got some explaining to do.

916 EXT. OUTDOOR RESTAURANT - LATER - DAY

916

MacLeod leans on his car, looking less than thrilled as Anne is determined to get to the bottom of the incident.

MACLEOD

So now I'm your patient.

ANNE

It's the best I could do on short notice.

(beat)

It's not every day I lie to the police...

(pointed)

Besides, normal people do not go swinging swords around in the street.

MACLEOD

There aren't any little men following me, if that's what you mean.

ANNE

Then what the hell are you doing with a sword?

MACLEOD

(with a smile)

It's a dangerous world out there.

ANNE

Duncan, this isn't funny. First your nightmare, now this...

MACLEOD

It's nothing I can't take care of myself.

ANNE

Whoa! Excuse me, Dr. MacLeod... Did I miss the shingle on your wall?

MACLEOD

Anne, I don't need a doctor.

(CONTINUED)

916 CONTINUED:

916

ANNE

How do you know?
(off his silence)
Duncan, you were hallucinating
back there, it could be anything.
Epilepsy...
(beat)
Even a tumor.

MACLEOD

Or maybe a bad pastrami sandwich.

ANNE

(soberly)
I doubt it.
(beat)
At least let me run a couple of
tests.

MACLEOD

(beat)
Not yet.

Anne tries another tack.

ANNE

Okay, no tests.
(beat)
A good friend of mine is a shrink.

MACLEOD

(light)
You think I'm delusional, or just
borderline paranoid?

ANNE

(exasperated)
I think you're stubborn as hell.

She's getting upset. He takes her hand.

MACLEOD

I know you care, but I need a chance
to work this out on my own.

ANNE

When I told those cops you were
fine, I meant you were sane...
(beat)
That doesn't mean everything's all
right.

She holds his gaze a moment. And OFF MacLeod's face,
looking troubled:

917 OMITTED

917

918 INT. JOE'S - DAY

918

Dawson is working on the stage. MacLeod is nearby.

MACLEOD

They happen. What I want to know
is if you know why.

DAWSON

The crap you guys live through?
I'm surprised you're not all nuts.

MACLEOD

Darius wasn't. Constantine wasn't,
Amanda... I could name a dozen
others.

DAWSON

(curious)
What are you looking for, Mac?

MacLeod paces, agitated, not knowing the answer.

MACLEOD

A pattern, a reason.
(beat)
Some way to stop it.

DAWSON

Who is this about?

MACLEOD

Never mind.

MacLeod stands at the piano and plunks a couple keys.

DAWSON

I didn't know you played.

MACLEOD

(reacts to the same
line in his dream)
I don't.

He moves from the piano. Dawson watches him leave,
wondering.

919 INT. GARRICK'S STUDIO - EVENING

919

CLOSE - A BOOK

and on the page a WOODCUT of a mad person wearing a grotesque head restraint. MacLeod's hand flips a page: another mad person, another horrifying restraint.

GARRICK (O.S.)

That's how the insane were kept
until the last century. Dogs lived
better.

WIDER as MacLeod, standing at a table, leafs the pages. Garrick, a hammer and chisel in his hand, is covered in stone dust from the SCULPTURE he is working on. Other works clutter the studio, some with SHEETS draping them.

GARRICK

(quietly)
I keep it to remember what I went
through.

MACLEOD

I'm sorry.

GARRICK

It's all right... I'm glad you
came.

(beat, shyly)

When I saw you, I wasn't sure you'd
be happy to see me again. I was a
pain in the ass the last time we
met.

MACLEOD

That's all past, Garrick. Right
now I could use your help.

GARRICK

(surprised)
How could I help you?

MACLEOD

(hesitates)
By telling me what it was like.

Garrick watches him carefully, reads between the lines.

GARRICK

You mean, to go insane?

MACLEOD

You talked about demons once.
What were they like?

(CONTINUED)

919 CONTINUED:

919

GARRICK

Mine were...
(pained)
Personal.

MACLEOD

(pointed)
This one wears a hood.

Garrick stops and stares, stunned and fascinated.

GARRICK

You've seen it?

MACLEOD

More than once. You know what I'm
talking about?

Garrick stares at MacLeod a BEAT. He hesitates, then goes
to a large , then yanks the sheet off.

MACLEOD'S POV - THE SCULPTURE

the HOODED FIGURE from his visions, carved in stone.

GARRICK

I know.

And OFF MacLeod's stunned look:

920 EXT. OCEANSIDE PATH - EVENING

920

Richie and Dawson walk along, Dawson with a "why me" look
on his face while Richie makes an earnest pitch for Cory.

RICHIE

The kid's the real thing, Joe.
And it's not the money with him.
He just wants to play.
(beat)
One set's all I'm asking.

Dawson sighs.

DAWSON

I'll think about it.
(beat, off Richie's
smile)
Now talk to me about MacLeod.
Have you noticed... anything?

Richie automatically defends MacLeod.

RICHIE

Like what? I don't follow.

(CONTINUED)

920 CONTINUED:

920

DAWSON

Anything out of the ordinary.
Strange behavior.

RICHIE

What do you mean, strange?

DAWSON

Anything you'd worry about.
(beat)
He doesn't seem his usual self.

RICHIE

Maybe he's having a bad day.

DAWSON

No, it's more than that.

RICHIE

He's an Immortal, Dawson, he's not
like you.
(beat)
Maybe you just don't understand
him.

Dawson wonders where this is coming from.

DAWSON

Maybe I don't.

Richie realizes he overreacted.

RICHIE

(awkward)
Look, I gotta go. Mac's fine.

Richie turns and walks away. Dawson watches him go, his
face neutral. And OFF this:

921 INT. GARRICK'S STUDIO - RESUME SCENE - EVENING

921

Garrick moves around the studio as MacLeod looks at the
statue of the hooded figure.

MACLEOD

You're saying this is a racial
memory? Something we all share?

GARRICK

That's what Carl Jung called it.
I saw them all, MacLeod. The hacks,
the butchers ... finally Freud and
Jung. Anyone who could help me
learn how the mind works.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

921 CONTINUED:

921

GARRICK (CONT.)

(beat)

I spent more time in analysis than anyone in history. Jung was right. We carry the fears inside us all the time.

MacLeod moves to the sculpture, faces it directly. His fear, the dream warrior... the thing that killed him.

MACLEOD

So what is it?

GARRICK

Something from the dark end of your mind.

(beat)

Death, MacLeod... that's what you're afraid of. That's what you're really facing.

MACLEOD

Why now? After so long?

GARRICK

Because of how we live... What we do... It's only a matter of time for all of us...

(beat)

After all... part of us is still human.

MACLEOD

How do I stop it?

GARRICK

You realize it comes from your mind... That it's an illusion.

Garrick throws the sheet over the stone figure.

MACLEOD

That's it?

Garrick nods, takes the BOOKS MacLeod was looking at, presses them into his hands.

GARRICK

If I could do more, I would. But you have to do the rest yourself...

(taps his head)

In here.

MacLeod nods and leaves. Garrick watches him thoughtfully, then picks up his hammer and turns to his sculpture.

(CONTINUED)

921 CONTINUED: (2)

921

The CAMERA continues to move in on the stone as Garrick's chisel cuts into it, his old WEDDING BAND clearly visible on a dusty finger.

921A INT. JOE'S - NIGHT

921A

ON THE STAGE

Cory sits on the stool, alone, his guitar on his lap, warming up with a few blues runs. The bar is medium busy, humming with background chat and laughter. At a table near the stage --

TWO SUITS

Young, slick, terminally hip Paul Shafers with hair, slouched in their seats with untouched sodas before them and "this better blow our socks off" looks on their faces.

DAWSON (O.S.)

So, where'd you scare up the two oilcans?

ANGLE - THE STANDUP BAR

where a nervous, energized Richie leans, watching Cory like a mother hen while a mildly bemused Dawson looks on.

RICHIE

(distracted)
What?

DAWSON

(indicating)
The suits. The guys keeping Armani and Gucci off welfare.

RICHIE

Got the record company to send 'em down. Practically had to fight my way past the secretary.
(beat; re the suits)
You think they'll go for him?

DAWSON

If they buy him, they buy him. If they don't ...
(shrugs)
You've done what you can.

RICHIE

(taken aback)
But he's good. You thought so too...

(CONTINUED)

921A CONTINUED:

921A

DAWSON

Why do you think he's got my stage?
(pointed)
Even if he's got the chops, Richie,
he's got to get lucky, too.

RICHIE

I believe in this guy. As long as
they see what he can do, we'll get
the deal.

But he casts a nervous eye at the suits.

ANGLE THE SUITS

FIRST SUIT looks at Richie, throws out his hands -- where
the hell's the music? Richie forces a grin, gives a falsely
hearty thumbs up at the suit. As he does --

CORY

Finally kicks into a loud BLUES NUMBER. He's good.

RESUME SCENE

RICHIE

(relieved, listening)
What'd I tell you? He's gonna
blow 'em away.

DAWSON

(been through this)
Maybe.

As Cory continues to play -- (NOTE: shoot this for time)

DAWSON

When's MacLeod coming?

RICHIE

(beat)
I guess he's running late.

ANGLE - THE SUITS

still expressionless, but one of them is grooving, nodding
slightly to the music. The FIRST SUIT looks pointedly
over at Richie. Magisterially crooks a beckoning finger.

RESUME SCENE

Richie reacts nervously.

RICHIE

Now what?

(CONTINUED)

921A CONTINUED: (2)

921A

DAWSON

You're the agent ...
(a smile)
Sic 'em.

He slaps Richie on the back. Richie plasters a broad rictus smile on his face, and heads over to the SUIT TABLE. As he does, Dawson shakes his head, leans back against the bar.

922 INT. DOJO OFFICE - LATER - NIGHT

922

The desk is covered with the books Garrick gave MacLeod. MacLeod sits in the chair, silently leafing through one of them.

INSERT - THE BOOK

more of the horrifying WOODCUTS we saw in Garrick's loft.

RESUME MACLEOD

As he turns a page, the PHONE RINGS -- MacLeod starts slightly, then picks up: it's Anne.

INTERCUT:

923 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

923

Anne is using a wall phone.

ANNE

I tried your loft first. I was
kind of hoping you be asleep.

MACLEOD

Just doing a little light reading.

ANNE

About today...
(beat)
I didn't mean to come on like Albert
Schweitzer. I just wanted you to
know I'm thinking about you.

MACLEOD

(wry)
No... you just wanted to find out
if I talked to anyone yet.

ANNE

Okay, smart guy. Did you?

(CONTINUED)

923 CONTINUED:

923

MACLEOD

Yes.

(beat)

I'm getting a handle on it, Anne.
You can stop worrying.

ANNE

I tried. Didn't work.
(with tenderness)
'Night.

She hangs up, leans on the wall a BEAT. A NURSE approaches with a clipboard. Anne sighs and takes it from her.

924 INT. DOJO OFFICE - NIGHT

924

As MacLeod rings off with a sigh. He feels a BUZZ, and closes the book. He rises and moves to the doorway--

MACLEOD

Richie?

MACLEOD'S POV - THE HOODED FIGURE

standing in the center of the darkened dojo.

925 INT. DOJO - NIGHT

925

MacLeod pulls his sword and goes for it. They fight around the dojo. It's a repeat of the dream: MacLeod is driven back, finally disarmed -- his katana falling out of reach.

This time, as the figure's sword comes towards his neck -- MacLeod ROLLS ASIDE, regains his feet, and slashes at the figure, his sword striking the robes. As he draws his sword back again:

RICHIE (O.S.)

MAC!

MACLEOD'S POV

the figure has disappeared -- RICHIE stands before him, breathing hard, his sword held defensively, blood on his chest from MacLeod's blow.

MacLeod freezes -- the world stops turning.

MACLEOD

Richie ...

RICHIE

Who'd you think it was! You know
you damn near took my head?!

(CONTINUED)

925 CONTINUED:

925

MacLeod sees the slash of BLOOD on Richie's chest. Concerned, he moves to help him.

MACLEOD

You're hurt --

Richie quickly backs warily away.

RICHIE

I'll live.

(beat)

What the hell is with you, Mac?!
What's happening?

MACLEOD

I don't know...

MacLeod slumps against the wall, knowing he almost killed his friend, as the chilling truth hits him.

MACLEOD

(beat)

I don't know.

And OFF MacLeod's face, as Richie watches him:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

927 CONTINUED:

927

MACLEOD

(frayed)

I'm not sure about anything ...
except that I keep seeing it.

Richie looks at him a beat, sees how burnt he is.

RICHIE

You better get some R & R real
soon.

(pointed)

So far, you just owe me a shirt.

He lifts the bloodied shirt, and OFF Richie's look, as
they face each other:

928 INT. HOSPITAL - RECORDS ROOM - DAY

928

A COMPUTER PRINTER spits out two pages as a Nurse, MARCIA,
sits at a computer, calling up files while Anne sits on
the desk.

MARCIA

Nothing... absolutely nothing.

ANNE

There's got to be something...
check the Veterans Administration
records.

MARCIA

I did... zero. The guy has no
medical history.

ANNE

What do you mean, "no medical
history?" Everyone has a medical
history...

She grabs the monitor, swivels it toward her.

MARCIA

Not in any data-bank I can find.
You sure this guy's real?

ANNE

He's real.

MARCIA

Then either he doesn't believe in
Blue Cross or he has one hell of
an immune system. All I can tell
is he's never been admitted to any
hospital. And there are no specific
medical records on the guy.

(CONTINUED)

928 CONTINUED:

928

Anne yanks the sheets from the printer.

ANNE

No one's that lucky.

MARCIA

This guy one of your patients?

ANNE

No... He's a friend.

Marcia gives Anne a look, then heads out. Anne crumples the printout and throws it in the trash, and OFF her look:

929 EXT. OUTDOOR RESTAURANT - DAY

929

MacLeod and Anne have lunch. MacLeod is distracted, picking at his food. Anne eats a bite, watching MacLeod carefully.

ANNE

I thought you liked this place.
Is the salmon okay?

MACLEOD

It's fine. I'm just not hungry.

ANNE

So much for the small talk. What
did this guy you went to have to
say?

MACLEOD

It's nothing physical.

ANNE

Really. That would be great news...
(levelly)
If he knew which end of a
stethoscope you stick in your ears.

MACLEOD

(beat, focusing)
Why wouldn't he?

ANNE

Because you don't go to doctors.
(beat)

I ran a search on your medical
records, and guess what? There
weren't any.

(beat)

Go ahead, tell me you've got great
genes.

(CONTINUED)

929 CONTINUED:

929

MACLEOD

(quietly)
You shouldn't have done that, Anne.

ANNE

Maybe you'd like to explain how
you missed ever seeing a doctor.

MACLEOD

(an edge)
Maybe you should mind your own
business.

ANNE

(taken aback)
Excuse me, I thought we were in a
relationship.

MACLEOD

You went behind my back.

ANNE

(stung)
I care!

MACLEOD

Then give me some room!
(beat)
Please.

ANNE

Duncan...

MacLeod stands up, his face full of turmoil.

MACLEOD

I'll see you later.

He turns and leaves. Anne's face reflects her conflict
frustration and anger fighting love, and winning this round.

930 INT. DOJO - NIGHT

930

MacLeod is in the middle of an intense kata with his sword,
trying to exorcise his demons. He moves rhythmically to
some inner beat. His eyes rise to the mirror and he sees

MACLEOD'S POV

a figure behind him.

BACK TO SCENE

He turns with his sword raised and finds

(CONTINUED)

930 CONTINUED:

930

MACLEOD'S POV

an empty dojo.

BACK TO SCENE

A troubled MacLeod returns to the kata more intensely, as if the energy he expends could drive the image from his mind.

931 INT. GARRICK'S STUDIO - NIGHT

931

A CANDELABRA throwing strange shadows on the sculpture Garrick is working on. Garrick turns away from it to face MacLeod, deep concern on his face.

GARRICK

You saw it again?

MACLEOD

As real as ever.

Garrick moves away from the stone, somber.

GARRICK

I owe you, Duncan. I know what you're going through, so I won't lie to you...

(beat)

It's going to get worse.

MACLEOD

But you're here... you survived it.

GARRICK

(pointed)

After going through hell.

MACLEOD

I'm there already.

(searching)

How do you beat shadows? How do you fight something that isn't there?

GARRICK

You don't.

(beat)

Fighting it is the worst thing you can do. The illusion feeds off your fear.

(beat)

You give it power.

(CONTINUED)

931 CONTINUED:

931

MACLEOD

But it seems so damn real! It
keeps coming...

GARRICK

But it's only real if you make it
real.

(beat)

Don't try and fight it, Duncan ...
That's the only way you can beat
it.

MACLEOD

(long beat)

Where is this going, Garrick?

A LONG BEAT. Garrick's voice becomes hollow, far away...
he's been there.

GARRICK

Imagine a cliff with no bottom.
You're on the edge of that cliff.
Make the wrong choice now...

(beat)

You fall forever.

MacLeod takes this in. He starts toward the door.

GARRICK

Duncan.

(as MacLeod stops)

There's nothing to lose... and
your mind to get back.

(beat, with compassion)

I know.

MacLeod turns and heads out. As the door closes, Garrick's
eyes fall on the CANDLE FLAMES. We PUSH IN on the flame.

TRANSITION TO:

932 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - ENGLISH VILLAGE - 1665 - DAY

932

And PULL BACK from an Executioner's TORCH as he stands
near a funeral pyre.

It is the same scene from MacLeod's escape -- but this
time we see it from --

GARRICK'S POV

MacLeod brandishes the dagger, yells at the encircling
men.

(CONTINUED)

932 CONTINUED:

932

MACLEOD

Back, or I'll turn you into toads!

He grabs the horses' reins, tosses a set to Garrick.

MACLEOD

Ride far and fast!

(sharp)

Hurry!

Garrick grabs them, tries to mount his horse. As he does --

MACLEOD

As before, scoops up Margaret and rides off, scattering chickens and people.

RESUME GARRICK

Having trouble getting into the saddle. When he finally does, the horse is surrounded by men. Garrick tries desperately to ride off, but there are too many foes. Yelling, screaming, he's dragged off his horse.

NEW ANGLE

As Garrick is pulled to his feet, his arms bound for a second time. As he struggles uselessly, the Church Official approaches, glaring at him with hate.

OFFICIAL

We will purge his demons. To the stake!

He stands aside -- revealing the PYRE and the Executioner waiting by it with his torch. The men drag Garrick towards the waiting PYRE. As he is tied to the stake:

GARRICK

(panicked)

For God's sake, have mercy!

OFFICIAL

You will know God's mercy.

(beat)

When the fire scorches your flesh.

He nods -- the Executioner puts his torch to the base of the pyre. And OFF Garrick's face as he SCREAMS:

GARRICK

MacLeod... MACLEOD!

TRANSITION TO:

933 INT. GARRICK'S STUDIO - THE PRESENT - NIGHT

933

Garrick stares at something OFF CAMERA, eyes deep in a concentration so intense it is almost physical. Finally he relaxes, drained by his effort.

GARRICK

You left me, but I won't leave
you. Wherever you go, wherever
you run... we'll be there, MacLeod.

REVERSE - THE SCULPTURE OF THE HOODED FIGURE.

As Garrick caresses it in a familiar, almost loving way.

GARRICK

We're inside your head.

He smiles without warmth. And OFF the sculpture, the black shadow under the hood waiting like a bottomless hole:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

934 EXT. OUTDOOR RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

934

MacLeod arrives to meet Anne. She sighs at his haggard face, the three-day stubble... the relationship is strained, but Anne doesn't know why, and MacLeod can't tell her.

A WAITRESS gives them menus, glancing at MacLeod before she leaves.

ANNE

I didn't hear from you... Is it me you're avoiding or just this place?

MACLEOD

It's not that. I'm glad you called.
(beat)
Guess I over-reacted.

ANNE

I guess we both did.
(beat)
So, you getting any sleep?

MACLEOD

(avoiding)
Enough.

ANNE

Really? You don't look it. Nothing personal, but even strangers are noticing.

MACLEOD

Maybe it's my sparkling personality.

ANNE

When are you going to stop?

MACLEOD

Stop what?

ANNE

Pretending everything's okay, when you know damn well it's not.
(beat)
I want to help, Duncan, but I can't unless you let me.

(CONTINUED)

934 CONTINUED:

934

MACLEOD

(beat)

I'm fighting this, Anne. I'll get over it... I just need some time.

She takes his hand.

ANNE

Then let me help you!

MACLEOD

You can't.

Anne sighs, leans back from the table. She comes to a decision.

ANNE

That's what I thought you'd say.

She opens her purse, hands him a small pill bottle.

MACLEOD

What's this?

ANNE

If you won't get help, at least you can get a night's sleep.

MACLEOD

That's why you came to see me?

ANNE

(trace of bitterness)
First house-call in years.

MACLEOD

I never was one for pills.

ANNE

Or doctors?

She gives him a searching look -- she means herself, and MacLeod knows it. He takes her hand.

MACLEOD

I'll get through this Anne... trust me.

She nods, hearing him -- not necessarily believing it. She reluctantly takes her hand back.

ANNE

I have to get back to work.

(beat)

Think about it.

(CONTINUED)

934 CONTINUED: (2) 934

She leaves. MacLeod turns the bottle over in his hand.

935 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT 935

MacLeod sits on the couch, watching Richie move around the room with determined enthusiasm.

RICHIE

So, you doing okay? Anything I
can get you? Pizza, video...

MACLEOD

I don't need a baby-sitter.

RICHIE

Hey, no question. I'm just trying
to help out here.

MACLEOD

(quiet)

What worries you most? That I'll
hurt myself? Or someone else?

RICHIE

What makes you think that?

MACLEOD

Richie...

Richie loses the cheerful tone.

RICHIE

(beat)

You can't do everything alone,
Mac. Sometimes you need to listen
to someone else.

MacLeod runs a weary hand over his face and looks at Anne's pills.

MACLEOD

Maybe you're right.

(beat)

Go home, Richie.

RICHIE

Mac, I don't think that's such a
great idea.

MACLEOD

Richie, I came after you once! If
it happens again...

(with difficulty)

You do whatever you need to protect
yourself.

(CONTINUED)

935 CONTINUED:

935

RICHIE

Come on, Mac... that won't happen
again.

He's trying to laugh it off. MacLeod grabs his arm, anger
masking his concern for his friend.

MACLEOD

(harder)
You do whatever it takes!

RICHIE

I can't kill you, Mac.

MACLEOD

You better try.
(beat)
You may not get a second chance.

They face each other a BEAT. Finally Richie nods. He
turns and leaves.

NEW ANGLE

As MacLeod slumps on the couch. Anne's PILLS are on the
table. MacLeod picks them up, looks at them a BEAT,
hesitating, then slowly he begins to unscrew the cap.

936 EXT. JOE'S - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

936

937 INT. JOE'S - NIGHT

937

Richie sits at the bar. He doesn't look happy.

DAWSON

You look down. Didn't you get
your deal?

RICHIE

Cory did ... I didn't.
(beat)
The suits told him to get a new
agent.
(beat)
He plays here one time. Gets some
recognition and he dumps me.

DAWSON

(as a joke)
And show business was your life.

Richie barely reacts to the jibe.

(CONTINUED)

937 CONTINUED:

937

DAWSON

It's a joke, son.

A moment passes.

RICHIE

(finally)

I think you were right. Something weird is going on with Mac.

DAWSON

What happened?

RICHIE

He went after me.

(off Dawson's look)

He didn't even know who I was. He was in some other world, fighting some kind of hallucination...

(beat)

What the hell's happening to him?

DAWSON

He could be losing it.

RICHIE

(beat)

Mac went four-hundred years without a problem... the guy's a rock.

DAWSON

Four hundred years of his friends dying. Everyone after his head...

(beat)

Maybe he's been a rock too long.

RICHIE

You believe all this head-shrinking stuff?

DAWSON

What head-shrinking stuff?

RICHIE

You know -- Jung, Freud.

DAWSON

You been studying, Richie?

RICHIE

Mac's been talking to a friend who knows all about this stuff.

DAWSON

What friend?

(CONTINUED)

937 CONTINUED: (2)

937

RICHIE

Garrick.

Dawson reacts.

DAWSON

Garrick? John Garrick?

RICHIE

(nods)

Mac's trying to get himself
straightened out.

DAWSON

Then Garrick's the last one he
should be talking to.(beat, off Richie's
look)The man's insane. Has been for
centuries.

And OFF their looks:

938 INT. DOJO - NIGHT

938

The dojo is dark. The door opens, and Richie hurries
inside. He starts toward the elevator, heading for
MacLeod's loft. As he does, he gets the BUZZ.

RICHIE'S POV - THE ELEVATOR

it's down, and empty.

RICHIE

Mac? You there?

No answer. He turns around --

RICHIE'S POV - THE HOODED FIGURE

standing before him.

RESUME RICHIE

Too stunned to move -- the fucking thing is REAL.

RICHIE

No way.

The FIGURE moves toward him. Richie recovers, goes for
his own sword -- but the FIGURE moves with lightning speed,
smashes the sword from his hands.With the next blow, a heavy POMMEL knocks him out cold.
As Richie crumples to the floor, unconscious --

(CONTINUED)

938 CONTINUED:

938

FIGURE

I'll come for you later.

It steps over him, the heavy robes dragging over his face as it moves toward the elevator.

939 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT

939

MacLeod is on the couch, sleeping fitfully. The sound of the ELEVATOR arriving. MacLeod stirs at the sound, then comes awake as he gets the BUZZ. He sits up, sees --

THE HOODED FIGURE

Stands at the elevator entrance. The figure moves into the loft.

MACLEOD

Rises, draws his sword. He's feeling groggy, dazed. As the figure moves in and attacks, he automatically fends off the first few blows. In his weakened state, he's driven back.

There's a BREAK in the action, then -- MacLeod makes his decision. He lowers his sword.

MACLEOD

No.

(beat)

No more. I won't fight you.

The Figure laughs the same hollow laugh, slowly moves in.

MACLEOD

Waits, sword down, defenseless.

MACLEOD

(to convince himself)

You're an illusion, a dream.

THE HOODED FIGURE

Slowly raises its sword for a killing blow. As it does --

CLOSE - THE FIGURE'S ARM

as the loose SLEEVE slides back -- and MacLeod sees the glint of a GOLD RING on its finger.

RESUME MACLEOD

Reacting.

(CONTINUED)

939 CONTINUED:

939

MACLEOD

Garrick...

THE FIGURE

Brings the sword down.

MACLEOD

Reacts, but he's slowed by exhaustion, by the pills -- he barely deflects the blow. In desperation he grapples with the Figure. As he does ...

CLOSE - THE FIGURE

As the HOOD falls off -- Garrick faces him.

MACLEOD

I was your friend! Why?

GARRICK

Because you left me.

(beat)

Because you have no idea what it's like to be burned alive.

MACLEOD

What are you talking about?

GARRICK

They burned me. I smelled my skin as it was roasting.

MACLEOD

I saw you get on that horse.

(stunned)

Garrick, I never knew...

GARRICK

And I never forgot.

(beat)

I always had the gift, MacLeod...
I just got better at it.

MACLEOD

But you got help!

GARRICK

I spent the years learning to control the dreams ... to project them. Making you live what I went through.

(beat)

How does it feel?

(CONTINUED)

939 CONTINUED: (2)

939

Garrick attacks. In his exhausted state, MacLeod has trouble fighting him.

He's driven back, and finally Garrick knocks him sprawling, hanging onto the edge of the table, vulnerable. Garrick grins savagely.

GARRICK

This time it's real.

He swings. MacLeod grabs the SCULPTURE from the table and uses it to catch Garrick's blade. Before Garrick can turn, he grabs his katana, makes a desperate lunge -- and runs Garrick through.

MACLEOD

In your dreams.

Garrick goes to his knees, the sword falling from his hands.

MACLEOD

With a wrenching effort he swings -- and Garrick dies. MacLeod collapses, exhausted, as the Quickening hits.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

940 INT. DOJO OFFICE DAY

940

MacLeod seems his old self except for a subdued manner as he examines the small sculpture Garrick gave him. Richie is there.

RICHIE

Funny. I always thought this
psychic stuff was just another
scam.

(beat)

But the way Garrick got into your
head...

MACLEOD

There are more things in heaven or
hell, Horatio.

(beat)

What a loss.

Richie does a doubletake.

RICHIE

You mean Garrick? Mac, the guy
tried to kill you! What's to lose?

MACLEOD

Knowledge. Insight.

(beat)

He spent centuries understanding
his own mind. If he could have
shared what he knew...

RICHIE

But he didn't.

MacLeod nods. Sadly. He plays with the statue a BEAT.

MACLEOD

Do me a favor?

(off Richie's nod)

Get rid of this ...

Richie nods. He takes the stone piece just as Anne arrives. She barely sees Richie, her eyes locked on MacLeod. Richie takes his cue.

RICHIE

Gotta go. I found a new bass player
Dawson's gonna let sit in with the
band.

(CONTINUED)

940 CONTINUED:

940

He starts toward the door, then turns back.

RICHIE

Mac?

(off MacLeod's look)

Glad to have you back.

He leaves with the statue. Anne and MacLeod face each other, both feeling the awkwardness of the moment.

ANNE

You look okay.

(beat)

Professionally speaking.

MACLEOD

Anne, whatever happened, it's over.
I'm sorry if I hurt you.

ANNE

Hey, you know me... I'm bulletproof.

MACLEOD

(quietly)

No, you're not.

Anne moves around the office, trying to come to the point.

ANNE

I came to tell you...

(faltering)

Damn. This is a lot harder than I
thought.

MACLEOD

Make it easy. Just say it.

Anne takes a moment and a breath.

ANNE

I always thought that when I met
"the guy," we'd be able to be inside
each other... to know each other.
Feel each other.

(beat)

I don't know you, Duncan.

(with some emotion)

And the real truth is I don't think
you want me to.

MacLeod looks at her with understanding, sadness. He has
no answer.

ANNE

(beat)

I'll call you.

(CONTINUED)

940 CONTINUED: (2)

940

She turns away fast, heads out while she's still in control.

MACLEOD

I'll be here.

MacLeod watches her cross the dojo and go out the door.

And OFF his face, alone in the room:

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW