



HIGHLANDER

The Series

94314
EXECUTIONER'S SONG

Written by
David Tynan

Highlander

"SONG OF THE EXECUTIONER"
(formerly **"EXECUTIONER'S SONG"**)

Written By

David Tynan

Production #94314

November 16, 1994 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"Song of the Executioner"

Production #94314

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD
RICHIE RYAN
JOE DAWSON
ANNE LINDSEY

KALAS

PAUL
TIMON
MARCIA
KAREN
DAN TARENDASH
MAX JUPE

DETECTIVE BRENT MOHAN
NURSE

HIGHLANDER

"Song of the Executioner"

Production #94314

SET LIST

INTERIORS

DOJO

/OFFICE

MACLEOD'S LOFT

JOE'S

CONCERT HALL

/HALLWAY

/OFFICE

/CATWALK

MONASTERY - EUROPE - 1658

/ENTRANCE HALL

/CORRIDOR

/DINING AREA

/SCRIPTORIUM

/MACLEOD'S CELL

/MAIN HALL

/TIMON'S CELL

HOSPITAL

/NURSES STATION

/CORRIDOR OUTSIDE E.R.

/WAITING AREA

/TARENDASH'S OFFICE

/CORRIDOR OUTSIDE TARENDASH'S OFFICE

EXTERIORS

DOJO

JOE'S

HOSPITAL

CONCERT HALL

ROAD OUTSIDE MONASTERY - EUROPE - 1658

RECORDING STUDIO

/BACK ALLEY

HIGHLANDER

"Song of the Executioner"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1401 INT. CONCERT HALL - EVENING 1401

An AUDIENCE listens with rapt attention, eyes riveted to the stage as a single MALE VOICE sings a phrase of Gregorian Chant, the ancient plainsong floating through the air as if through the centuries. As MORE VOICES join it, we see --

ONSTAGE - A CHOIR OF MONKS

robed, looking both medieval and timeless, their pure, ethereal voices soar and intertwine over the transfixed listeners like a host of doves in flight. But as the voices rise --

1402 INT. CONCERT HALL - HALLWAY - SAME TIME 1402

The SAME VOICES come from an OPEN DOOR at the end of the hallway. Camera TRACKS STEADILY towards the source, passing various CONCERT POSTERS, the singing growing louder

As we approach the door, enter the room to find --

1403 INT. CONCERT HALL - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 1403

An office, dimly lit, the sound coming from SPEAKERS flanking a large TV MONITOR: It displays a video broadcast of the CONCERT. As the televised monks sing, we see --

REVERSE ANGLE - KALAS

an Immortal with a dark, brooding presence, an expressive face that writes his intense feelings on his features as he watches, lips silently following the familiar chant with a mix of ecstasy and pain. As he listens, he closes his eyes for a BEAT in remembered pain and loss -- his hand briefly touches his scarf-covered throat -- then he recovers, touches a remote control unit, his cold gaze locked on

THE MONITOR

As it now ZOOMS IN to focus on the monk leading the choir: it is PAUL.

1404 INT. CONCERT HALL

1404

CLOSE ON PAUL

In his late forties, likable and graying, he is the head of the order and another Immortal. As he sings, Paul feels a BUZZ. His eyes alertly sweep the Audience to find --

PAUL'S POV - MACLEOD

seated in one of the first rows beside Anne, both listening with the same rapt attention as the others. MacLeod smiles, and as a look of friendly recognition flashes between the two Immortals just before the choir ends the chant, the last note dying into silence. There is silence for a BEAT, then --

MacLeod is on his feet, Anne with him, the audience following as they burst into applause. As the monks incline their heads, modestly accepting the accolades --

1405 INT. CONCERT HALL - OFFICE - ON KALAS

1405

He toggles the remote, and another camera now ZOOMS IN on the applauding MacLeod. Kalas reacts to the sight. At times history gives hatred a name and a face... at this moment it is Kalas.

1406 INT. CONCERT HALL - LATER - NIGHT

1406

The concert over, the lights dimmed and the patrons long gone, Paul sees off the last two members of his choir.

PAUL

Go... I'll join you later.

As the monks head for the exit, a smiling Paul turns to face MacLeod and Anne. The two Immortals regard each other for a moment, then embrace.

PAUL

Duncan! I was afraid you wouldn't get my letter in time.

MACLEOD

(reproving)

I almost didn't. Why didn't you call me?

(off Paul's bemused look)

Of course... no telephones.

(turning to Anne)

Paul, meet Anne Lindsey.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1406 CONTINUED:

1406

MACLEOD (CONT.)

Anne, meet a man who doesn't believe
in the twentieth century.

Paul takes her hand, a charming smile.

PAUL

I believe in it... I just haven't
quite arrived yet.

ANNE

Then don't hurry. The singing was
incredible.

PAUL

(modestly)
We try. And if it brought you
happiness, it wasn't wasted.

MACLEOD

What made you decide to join the
outside world?

PAUL

Apparently it decided to join us.
(explaining)
A promoter heard of our little
choir. He kept writing, telling
me it was a sin not to share those
voices with the world.

ANNE

(a smile)
He was right.

PAUL

We were never a wealthy order.
The truth is, we needed the support.

MACLEOD

All you had to do was ask.

Paul gracefully waves away the offer.

PAUL

Thanks... but we have a recording
contract.
(a smile)
Just order plenty of records for
your friends.

MACLEOD

CDs, Paul. They're called CDs
now.

(CONTINUED)

1406 CONTINUED: (2)

1406

ANNE

If tonight was anything to go by,
you're going to be a major hit.

PAUL

Not too big, I hope. Getting out
once a century is enough.

(wondering)

You know I actually rode in a jet
plane? And the movie they showed...

(with wry humor)

Entertainment isn't what it used
to be.

MACLEOD

(with a smile)

Come on over, we'll talk about the
decline of Western Morality.

PAUL

(with a smile)

Who's talking about morality? The
dialogue was terrible.

(beat)

I have to see the brothers settled.
But later, if it's not too much
trouble... ?

MACLEOD

You know it's not.

They embrace warmly, then MacLeod and Anne leave.

Paul picks up his satchel, moves across the deserted
stage... then stops a moment, muses over the empty seats.

PAUL'S POV - THE HALL

waiting, the silence crying out to be filled. He sings a
short phrase, shyly at first, then his voice swelling in
the vast space, bringing a broad smile to Paul's face.
Then he feels the BUZZ. As the echo dies, he turns...

PAUL

Duncan?

He moves toward the BUZZ but there is no response.

SUBJECTIVE POV OF PAUL

moving cautiously back, his eyes moving to the shadows.

PAUL

Who's there?

(CONTINUED)

1406 CONTINUED: (3)

1406

Paul moves back toward the stage away from the BUZZ. He and quickens his pace.

A strangely broken voice rasps from the shadows behind him.

KALAS (O.S.)
You disappoint me, Paul...

KALAS steps forward. He is impeccably dressed, intense, an elegant scarf covering his neck.

KALAS
You were a quarter-tone flat.

Paul reacts with recognition and instant, deep dislike.

PAUL
Kalas. What happened to your voice... Where have you been?
(sudden suspicion)
And how did you know I was here?

Kalas smiles, grates in his unmistakably damaged voice.

KALAS
Who do you think brought you?
Vanderbilt Hall is mine.

With a flash Paul sees the trap. He draws his sword -- but years in the monastery have slowed him. Kalas is lightning fast. Kalas plays with him, finally disarming him. Paul moves into the wings, expecting Kalas to pursue. He looks out, sees no one. Then suddenly a blade is at his neck. Kalas steps into view.

KALAS
I've waited so very long for this.

Paul knows he is about to die. He remains composed.

PAUL
Then another moment won't matter.
(beat)
You'll allow me to pray.

A BEAT -- Kalas pulls the sword back slightly.

KALAS
Be my guest.

Paul sinks to his knees, lifts his worn ROSARY and begins to turn the beads, eyes closed, his lips moving in whispered prayer. Kalas brings his sword back for the final blow.

(CONTINUED)

1406 CONTINUED: (4)

1406

KALAS
While you're at...
(beat)
Say one for MacLeod.

As his sword flashes down Paul's ROSARY clatters to the floor at Kalas' feet.

Kalas raises his arms, and as the great curtains begin to billow with the wind of the coming Quickening --

1407 OMITTED

1407

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1408 EXT. DOJO - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 1408

1409 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT 1409

MacLeod is readying drinks and refreshment for Paul's arrival.

ANNE

(into phone; kidding)

Next time you get sick, go to
someone else's E.R.

(beat)

You are the worst patient.

INTERCUT:

1410 INT. N.D. BEDROOM - NIGHT 1410

Where MARCIA, the duty nurse from the hospital, is in her bed, on the phone with Anne.

MARCIA

Blame it on my doctor.

ANNE

(playing)

Your doctor says you better get
some rest so you can get your butt
back to work.

MARCIA

(beat)

Or what? You'll fire me?

ANNE

In a minute.

MARCIA

(teasing)

The place will fall apart without
me.

ANNE

(more serious)

Karen's coming in. You stay home
until you're okay... got it?

MARCIA

Yes, ma'am!

(CONTINUED)

1410 CONTINUED:

1410

ANNE

I'll check in with you tomorrow.

Anne hangs up, shaking her head. MacLeod sees her look.

MACLEOD

How's Marcia doing?

ANNE

The woman's a workhorse.

(beat)

She's gonna be fine.

As MacLeod passes, glasses in hand, Anne stops him, kisses him lightly.

ANNE

(off his look)

That's for tonight. I've never heard singing like that before.

(beat)

Come to think of it, I've never met a monk before.

MACLEOD

Paul is one of a kind.

MacLeod glances at his watch, looking slightly preoccupied.

ANNE

Something wrong?

MACLEOD

Just that he should be here by now. I hope he isn't lost...

ANNE

He's probably just settling his choir down.

(beat)

I still can't picture you two being friends.

MACLEOD

Really.

She moves up, slides her arms playfully around his neck.

ANNE

(playing)

I dunno... somehow you never struck me as the celibate type.

MACLEOD

You'd be surprised.

(CONTINUED)

1410 CONTINUED: (2)

1410

As they move into a clinch, MacLeod's eyes go to the TAPESTRY over his bed. It begins to RIPPLE in a breeze, the sound of WIND lapping over as it becomes...

TRANSITION TO:

1411 INT. MONASTERY - ENTRANCE HALL - EUROPE - 1658 - NIGHT 1411

ANOTHER TAPESTRY, being wafted by storm winds. A filthy night. From without, the sound of WIND and distant THUNDER intermittently drowns out the beautiful, faint SINGING of male voices from somewhere deep inside the walls.

WIDEN -- we are in the stone entrance hall of an ancient MONASTERY. Candles give light, tapestries cover the walls. The sound of HEAVY KNOCKING comes to us. As camera finds the heavy WOODEN DOOR and the knocking continues --

TIMON, an Immortal of thirty in a monk's robe, candle held high, moves into the hall, drawn by the knocking just as PAUL, the founder of the order, approaches from another direction -- they both stop, getting the BUZZ from the other side of the door. Timon looks a question to Paul. Paul nods reassuringly.

PAUL

See to our guest, Timon.

(a smile)

Man or beast, it's no night to be kept waiting outside.

Timon places his candle in a holder and slides back the great BOLT on the door. As he does, it pushes open, and with a blast of wind and rain --

MACLEOD staggers in. He is soaked, travelworn, and there's a hunted, haunted look about him. As Timon forces the door shut, MacLeod faces them, resolute, but wet.

PAUL

I am Paul, the founder of our order... this is Brother Timon. How can we serve you?

MACLEOD

(guarded)

I heard I would be welcome here. I am Duncan MacLeod, of the Clan MacLeod.

Paul gives him an appraising look.

PAUL

A Highlander, no less. You've come far to find us.

(CONTINUED)

1411 CONTINUED:

1411

MACLEOD

Far enough. Up from Italy and
across Europe.
(weary)
It seems half the world is at war.

PAUL

And the other half after your head.
(off MacLeod's look)
Oh, I know the outside world.
That is why I made this place a
refuge for our kind.
(a smile)
You are welcome to stay.

MACLEOD

I was to meet a friend here...
Peter Hale.

PAUL

Brother Hale was here but he left
weeks ago. I believe he told
Brother Kalas that he was on his
way to England.

Off MacLeod's look:

PAUL

Your friend came in need of
sanctuary.
(a look)
It think your need is even greater.

He extends a hand.

PAUL

Come, your coat.
(MacLeod hesitates)
Even Immortals can't like being
wet and cold.

As MacLeod strips off his wet cloak and hands it to Paul
we now see the sword at his side. Timon reaches for it --
but MacLeod flinches back, automatically guarding the pommel
with his hand.

TIMON

(wry)
I can see you're attached to it...
but you won't need it here.

MACLEOD

(defensive)
It stays by my hand.

(CONTINUED)

1411 CONTINUED: (2)

1411

PAUL

(nods)

It is a world of blood and tears.
But this is holy ground... a place
to fear no one.

(beat)

And is that not why you came?

MacLeod meets Paul's calm gaze, knows it's true. With some reluctance, he hands the sword to Paul.

PAUL

Don't worry. We haven't lost one...
yet.

He smiles disarmingly as he takes the sword.

1412 INT. MONASTERY - CORRIDOR 1658 CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

1412

As the three move along the corridor, Timon in the lead, MacLeod glancing curiously at his surroundings.

MACLEOD

Peter told me about this place.
Wasn't sure I believed him.

PAUL

Believe it.

(beat)

Remain with us as long as you have
need.

MACLEOD

Are there are more of us here?

PAUL

A few among us like you, needing
solitude, peace... a place to heal
the spirit.

MACLEOD

I am a bit weary.

Paul gives him a look.

PAUL

We carry a heavy burden. Everyone
needs refuge from time to time,
from another Immortal.

(beat)

Or from themselves.

They pass an open archway from which we see light and hear glorious SINGING coming forth. MacLeod stops, magnetically drawn to the archway by the sounds, to see...

(CONTINUED)

1412 CONTINUED:

1412

MACLEOD'S POV - THREE COWLED MONKS

singing a liturgical CHANT. But it is the tall, central monk that holds his attention: his voice is powerful and pure -- a breathtaking instrument... and he is the source of a BUZZ. The Immortal monk feels MacLeod's BUZZ. As his part finishes, he turns to face MacLeod: it is KALAS. He smiles, but the look behind the smile is one of a predator. MacLeod's hand goes to where his sword was. Paul notices.

PAUL

That is Brother Kalas. I'm afraid warmth isn't a quality he possesses in great abundance.

(beat)

He has been with me from the beginning. I was his teacher.

MACLEOD

(moved)

His voice... I've never heard the like.

PAUL

He lives only to sing. It is his glory, and God's glory.

(apologetic)

Now if you'll excuse me, I must join them. Timon will show you the way.

Paul steps into the room next to the other monks and joins in, his own beautiful voice rising with the others.

RESUME MACLEOD

Watching and listening in wonder. Timon touches his shoulder, breaking the spell.

TIMON

I think you have more immediate needs right now.

(a smile)

Food, and a hot fire.

MACLEOD

Aye.

MacLeod pulls himself away from the singing with an effort. As they move down the corridor --

CLOSE - KALAS

Still singing, he turns slightly, eyes tracking MacLeod. Inscrutable. Then he turns back.

1413 INT. MONASTERY - DINING AREA - 1658 - LATER - NIGHT 1413

MacLeod sits at a simple refectory table, ravenously eating from a plain wooden bowl as Timon looks on.

MACLEOD

What's it like, being a monk?

Timon is amused at the thought.

TIMON

I wouldn't know. I'm just a lay brother, a visitor here, like you.

MacLeod looks at Timon the calm, composed spirit seems nothing like him.

MACLEOD

(doubtful)
Like me.

TIMON

You find it hard to believe?

(beat)
Out there I forgot who I was...
what I was living for. Life was
one long battle.

(wry)
Does that sound familiar?

MACLEOD

(guarded)
Perhaps.

TIMON

I sense you are still battling.
(beat)
That will pass in time.
(re: the singing)
After you've eaten, you can join
Paul and the others.

MACLEOD

(beat)
I think not.

TIMON

You don't sing?

MACLEOD

Only over a keg of ale.
(wry)
I haven't the gift they have.
They sound more like birds than
men.

(CONTINUED)

1413 CONTINUED:

1413

TIMON

So do I...

(a smile)

Like a sick crow, so Brother Paul
tells me. There are other ways to
pass the time...

Timon reaches in the folds of his robe, lifts out a leather
bound BOOK and hands it to MacLeod.

MacLeod peers at a page. He sees with consternation that
it's written in English, a language he can't read. He
forces a smile to cover.

MACLEOD

(cautiously)

It looks, uh... interesting.

TIMON

(enthusing)

It's a play by an Englishman...
William Shakespeare. You know
him?

MACLEOD

Of course... who doesn't?

TIMON

It's Macbeth.

MACLEOD

Macbeth? I've been meaning to
read it.

(beat)

Any good?

TIMON

(enthusiastic)

It's fantastic. A ghost story...

MACLEOD

I thank you. Tis a fine book...

(awkward)

But I'll probably be too busy.

He starts to slide the book back. Timon suddenly twigs to
MacLeod's hesitation.

TIMON

You can't read.

MACLEOD

(offended)

Of course I can read! A little
Italian, some Latin...

(CONTINUED)

1413 CONTINUED: (2)

1413

TIMON

But not English.

MACLEOD

(uncomfortably)

I make out a word. Here and there.

Timon beams, delighted.

TIMON

Then I'll help you.

MACLEOD

You wouldn't mind?

TIMON

(a smile)

I don't know about you, but I can
only pray so many hours a day.

(rising)

Call for me when you feel rested.

He slaps MacLeod's shoulder and moves off. MacLeod muses
over the book.

MACLEOD

Macbeth... a Scottish story...

(shrugs)

Might not be too bad at that.

He tears off a chunk of bread, then rises and begins to
wander down the hallway, trying to make out the words.

NEW ANGLE - MACLEOD

as he walks past a stone column, he hears a sound -- metal
on metal. He looks up --

MACLEOD'S POV - A MONK'S CELL

past the column, the door is open -- and inside it, a monk
is sliding something into a scabbard -- we catch the
unmistakable sheen of a SWORD. As MacLeod continues to
watch, the monk turns -- we see his face in profile: it is
Kalas.

MacLeod frowns, then moves on, into the light of a CANDLE.

CLOSE - HIS BOOK

as he runs his finger down the unfamiliar words on the
FRONTISPIECE, as it becomes...

1414 INT. DOJO OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

1414

CLOSE - A TELEPHONE

MacLeod's finger rapidly punches the buttons. He lifts the instrument to his ear, frustrated -- there is still no word from Paul. As he waits --

RICHIE

Arrives in the doorway, carrying a dufflebag and wearing a pair of sunglasses.

MACLEOD

(into phone)

All right... call me if he shows up.

He hangs up, focuses on Richie.

MACLEOD

Going somewhere?

RICHIE

(sheepish)

Larry was in town... You remember, races bikes on the pro-circuit? We took a spin on a local flat track.

(beat)

I was with him to the finish.

MACLEOD

(dry)

That explains the luggage.

RICHIE

Oh, right. See, that's the thing, he wants to place me in his team. There's a race coming up, Mac...

(beat)

In Miami.

MACLEOD

Flat track? You think you're up to it?

RICHIE

Larry thinks so.

(beat)

It's the big show, Mac. I know it's short notice, but it's just a few days...

(CONTINUED)

1414 CONTINUED:

1414

MACLEOD
(distracted)
Have a good time.

MacLeod is clearly bothered, his mind on something else.

RICHIE
Okay, Mac, what's up?

MACLEOD
Paul never showed up.
(pacing)
I made calls all morning. Nobody's
seen him.
(beat)
Even missed morning prayers.

RICHIE
Come on, Mac, I think we both missed
our share of those.

He's trying to lighten up, but MacLeod doesn't respond.

MACLEOD
Not Paul. He hasn't been off holy
ground in three-hundred years.
(beat)
I doubt if he's handled a sword in
that time.

RICHIE
(soberly)
You think he ran into someone?

MACLEOD
He's an easy target.
(beat)
I should have stayed with him.

RICHIE
What were you gonna do, guard the
guy day and night?

MACLEOD
(an edge)
If I had to.

Richie sees MacLeod's anguish. He tosses his bag into a
corner.

RICHIE
I'll stick here.
(beat)
What the hell... the bikes can
wait.

(CONTINUED)

1414 CONTINUED: (2)

1414

MACLEOD

Thanks... but it wouldn't help.
If Paul turns up, everything's
fine. If he doesn't...

(beat)

There's nothing you can do.

RICHIE

You're sure?

MacLeod picks up Richie's bag and tosses it to him, forcing
a smile.

MACLEOD

Watch your knees in the turns.

RICHIE

See you in a few days.

Richie moves to the door.

MACLEOD

Richie?
(off Richie's look)
Luck.

RICHIE

You too.

He leaves. MacLeod picks up the phone, starts to dial
again.

1415 INT. HOSPITAL - NURSES STATION - DAY

1415

Anne is coming on shift, reading a handful of messages, in
a good mood as she passes the Nurses Station where KAREN
is on the phone. When Karen sees Anne she jumps up, hurries
around the station, her face tight with concern.

ANNE

(reading)
Hey, Karen... how's the day?

KAREN

Not good.

Her tone makes Anne look up.

KAREN

It's Marcia.
(beat)
They just brought her in.

A BEAT as this hits Anne -- instantly concerned, she starts
moving toward the E.R. area.

(CONTINUED)

1415 CONTINUED:

1415

ANNE

Where is she...?

KAREN

(sharper)

Anne...

Something in her voice brings Anne up short. She searches Karen's eyes, not wanting to believe what she sees there.

ANNE

No...

KAREN

She was D.O.A. Her husband couldn't wake her.

(beat)

I'm really sorry.

Anne sinks back against the wall, numb. Karen watches her a beat.

KAREN

You okay?

ANNE

Sure.

(harder)

No, dammit, I'm not okay.

She pushes off the wall and starts off down the corridor, face set. Karen calls after her.

KAREN

The Administrator's been asking for you...

ANNE

Then he can come to the morgue because that's where I'll be.

As she passes Karen, DAN TARENDASH, the Hospital Administrator, a mid-forties suit with a hard managerial manner, steps from his office and intercepts Anne.

TARENDASH

Dr. Lindsey...

ANNE

(still moving)

Sorry, Dan, it can keep.

TARENDASH

(pointed)

No, it can't. Unfortunately.

(CONTINUED)

1415 CONTINUED: (2)

1415

Anne grits her teeth, reins herself in, and turns to him.

ANNE

Dan, Marcia's downstairs. She should be home with her family, her kids...

(beat)

But she's lying on a slab. I want to know what happened.

TARENDASH

So do I.

(beat)

So does the hospital Board.

His manner is clear: this is not business as usual.

ANNE

What are you talking about?

TARENDASH

Cause of death looks like an insulin overdose.

ANNE

(stunned)

That's impossible... She came in for hypoglycemia... Where the hell did she get insulin?

TARENDASH

You tell me.

(pointed)

I suggest you don't make any statements to anyone.

The implication hits Anne like a hard slap.

ANNE

You think I had something to do with this? That I killed her?

TARENDASH

(soothing)

I'm on your side. Whatever the lawyers throw at us, we intend to fight.

He places a hand on her shoulder... all on the same team. Anne stares at him a BEAT, anger welling up.

ANNE

Marcia was my friend...

(shakes off his arm)

I don't give a damn about any lawsuit!

(CONTINUED)

1415 CONTINUED: (3)

1415

She stalks off down the hall. Tarendash sighs and heads back into his office. As he does...

FOLLOWING ANNE

As she moves down the corridor, she passes a man in green O.R. scrubs, his back to us. As she passes, the man turns to watch her, and we see it is

KALAS

A turtleneck hiding his neck. As he watches Anne move away, a glacial smile creases his face, and OFF that look --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

1416 EXT. JOE'S - ESTABLISHING - EVENING 1416

1417 INT. JOE'S - EVENING 1417

Dawson is there, standing at the bar and listening to his band warm up as MacLeod enters. He looks distracted as he moves up to the bar beside the cheerful Dawson.

DAWSON

Sorry, MacLeod, I've checked. No one's seen Paul.

(beat)

I thought you were coming with Anne.

MACLEOD

There was trouble at the hospital.

(changing the subject)

How's the place doing?

DAWSON

(beat)

I'm happy, the customers are happy, the IRS is happy.

MACLEOD

So everything's working out.

DAWSON

About ninety percent.

(beat)

Oh, and I got something for you...

He trails off, his smile disappears as he sees someone entering the bar. MacLeod follows his gaze to see --

MAX JUPE

Entering. Scruffy, an attitude, he was the house bass player. He looks at the BAND a moment, incredulous.

MACLEOD

Who's that?

DAWSON

(sour)

The other ten percent.

Jupe spins on his heel and heads towards Dawson.

(CONTINUED)

1417 CONTINUED:

1417

DAWSON

Max... nice of you to drop by.

JUPE

What the hell's that new guy doing?

DAWSON

Offhand? I'd say he's playing
bass.

JUPE

(angry)
Dammit, I play bass!

DAWSON

Not here... not anymore. You don't
give a damn about the band.-- You
come late, skip rehearsals, you're
loaded half the time. It's over.

JUPE

(disbelief)
You're firing me?

Dawson hands Jupe an envelope.

DAWSON

Don't ask for a recommendation.

JUPE

(sneering)
You think I need this gig? I just
signed a record contract, man. Go
into the studio tomorrow... So you
can take this two-bit job and shove
it, man, cuz I'm gone.

He throws a scowl at Dawson and moves behind the bar,
reaches under it and pulls out a beer. He cracks the top,
takes a defiant swig -- then heads for the door.

DAWSON

(to himself)
Have one for the road, why don't
you?

MACLEOD

You're lucky it's only ten percent.

DAWSON

The other guys play their butts
off, probably never get a break...
and a slimeball like him gets a
record deal.

(CONTINUED)

1417 CONTINUED: (2)

1417

MACLEOD

You said you had something for me?

DAWSON

(chagrined)

Sorry. A messenger dropped it off
just before you came.

He reaches behind the bar, lifts a sealed envelope and hands it to MacLeod. MacLeod takes it, curious -- thumbs open one end and empties the contents into his hand.

CLOSE - MACLEOD'S HAND

holding Paul's ROSARY. But the string has been cut, the beads are loose, disconnected.

DAWSON

What does it mean?

MACLEOD

(hollow)

Paul's dead.

His grips the rosary tightly, his eyes going to its CROSS.
We PUSH IN on the cross...

TRANSITION TO:

1418 INT. MONASTERY - SCRIPTORIUM ENTRANCE - 1658 - DAY

1418

The same cross hangs from Paul's waist as we WIDEN and find him moving down the corridor with MacLeod, now in the robes of a lay brother.

PAUL

You look well. A monk's robe suits
you.

MACLEOD

Tis true. I have felt at peace
here.

(beat)

But I don't think it's a calling.

They stop as MacLeod nears the Scriptorium and sees --

KALAS

In the Scriptorium, hunched over a wooden writing desk that holds a complete BIBLE and the new one he is copying from it, forming the letters with infinite care.

As MacLeod watches intently, Paul looks over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

1418 CONTINUED:

1418

PAUL
(to MacLeod)
Sacred pages, but time and men's
hands wear them thin.

MACLEOD
(re Kalas)
He looks more like a warrior than
a scribe.

PAUL
We were all warriors once.

Paul turns away, and MacLeod enters the Scriptorium.

1419 INT. MONASTERY - SCRIPTORIUM - 1658 - DAY

1419

CLOSE - A BIBLE

as a HAND carries a quill pen to a partially-filled page,
finds a blank spot and begins to continue the Latin script
there. The hand is sure, the letters perfectly formed.

WIDEN

Kalas works as MacLeod looks over his shoulder.

MACLEOD
It must take ages to copy like
that.

KALAS
Years.

MACLEOD
And you stay on holy ground all
that time?

KALAS
Everything I want exists within
these walls. Here my voice touches
heaven. Or so it seems...
(beat)
I can't imagine leaving.

MacLeod peers from one book to the other in growing
amazement.

MACLEOD
I can see no difference... they
are exactly the same.

KALAS
Indeed. God's word must not be
diluted or distorted.

(CONTINUED)

1419 CONTINUED:

1419

MACLEOD

I've not seen its like in man or machine.

(beat)

Truly, you're a master.

KALAS

I've worked centuries to perfect my skill.

MACLEOD

The only skill I've perfected is my sword arm.

KALAS

Few of us are made for this life.

Most take the refuge they need, then return to the outside.

MACLEOD

Like Peter Hale.

KALAS

(shrug)

That is the way.

MACLEOD

Where exactly did he tell you he was going?

KALAS

Denmark, I think.

MACLEOD

(beat)

Not England?

KALAS

(beat)

Of course. It's been so long since I've gone anywhere my knowledge of geography leaves something to be desired.

(beat)

Now, if you'll excuse me, I have God's work to do.

Kalas returns to his task. MacLeod watches him for a moment and leaves.

1419A INT. MONASTERY - TIMON'S CELL - 1658 - DAY

1419A

Timon is in his cell writing as MacLeod stands in the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

1419A CONTINUED:

1419A

TIMON

Come in, MacLeod.
(re his cell)
It's not much, but it's home.

MacLeod steps inside.

TIMON

Is there something you wanted?

MACLEOD

It's not important.
(beat)
You've been here a long time.
(awkward)
Tell me... How do you take the
lack of... I mean...
(beat)
You know.

TIMON

(amused)
You mean women?

MACLEOD

They cross my mind.

TIMON

I read, I meditate... it's enough.

MACLEOD

I don't think I have your strength.

TIMON

You will go back when you are ready.

MACLEOD

(chagrined)
Aye... but it may be sooner than I
planned.

As they share a laugh.

1420 INT. MONASTERY - MACLEOD'S CELL - 1658 - LATER - NIGHT

1420

MacLeod sits in his cell on a wooden bench, reading by candlelight, staring intently at the page, his fingers tracing the words as he reads a hair-raising passage.

MACLEOD

(haltingly)
"Double, double, toil and trouble.
Fire burn... and..."

He frowns, trying to make out the next word.

(CONTINUED)

1420 CONTINUED:

1420

PAUL (O.S.)
(finishing)
"Cauldron bubble."

MacLeod startles -- looks up to see Paul there, smiling.
Paul joins MacLeod on the wood bench.

PAUL
I'd rather hoped to find you reading
the Bible...
(smiling)
But it's a good story, Macbeth.

MACLEOD
I've read it through.
(beat)
He's a tricky way with words, Mr.
Shakespeare, but there's much truth
in it.

He slides the copy to Paul, who opens it to the frontispiece
and reacts in surprise.

PAUL
(reading)
"William Shakespeare..." He signed
it himself, right here.

MACLEOD
(agreeing)
And ruined a perfectly good copy.
Do you suppose he's written much
else?

PAUL
(with a smile)
A few others, I think.
(returns the book)
It seems Brother Timon taught you
well.

MACLEOD
He's a good man. If he has the
books to match his patience, I'll
get better at it.

PAUL
You didn't know?
(off MacLeod's look)
Timon's time here is finished.
He's left the monastery.

MACLEOD
Where is Brother Kalas?

(CONTINUED)

1420 CONTINUED: (2)

1420

PAUL

I don't know.

MacLeod jumps to his feet in consternation.

PAUL

Where are you going?

MACLEOD

I have a book to return!

MacLeod is already hurrying away. OFF Paul, shaking his head in bemusement: these young ones.

1421 EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE MONASTERY - EUROPE - 1658 - NIGHT

1421

Timon, no longer wearing his monk's habit, walks the road, carrying a torch, feeling carefree.

MACLEOD

Well behind, hurrying along the same road, the book in his hand.

RESUME TIMON

As he rounds a bend in the road, he gets the BUZZ. Startled, he looks up to see --

KALAS

Standing in the road ahead, waiting for him. Timon's face lights up with relief and pleasure.

KALAS

Forgive me if I startled you...
but I couldn't let you slip away
without a final word.

TIMON

I'm sorry, Brother Kalas...
(awkward)
I'm not very good at farewells.

KALAS

Of course.
(beat)
You haven't my long experience.

He moves closer to Timon. As he does --

MACLEOD

Reaches a bend in the road well above the two Immortals. He looks down the hill ...

(CONTINUED)

1421 CONTINUED:

1421

MACLEOD'S POV - THE ROAD BELOW

Timon and Kalas stand there, visible under the light of Timon's torch.

A relieved MacLeod pauses to catch his breath, and as he does --

RESUME - KALAS AND TIMON

TIMON

You needn't have come. It's late,
and we're far off holy ground
here...

KALAS

(pointed)
I know.

With a fluid movement, he draws his sword.

CLOSE - TIMON

Reacting in disbelief. He goes for his own sword. They fight. Kalas' blade arcs down, disarming him. Timon does his best without his sword but it's not enough.

MACLEOD'S POV - THE ROAD BELOW

as Timon's body falls to the ground, Kalas standing over him. And as the FLASH of a QUICKENING begins --

MACLEOD

Reacts in anguish at his friend's murder.

MACLEOD

Timon...

1422 INT. MONASTERY - MAIN HALL - 1658 - LATER - NIGHT

1422

Kalas enters the room silently, closing the door behind him. As he moves across the floor, he feels a BUZZ --turns to find MacLeod watching him coldly. If Kalas knows MacLeod was the witness on the road, he isn't concerned.

KALAS

You should be asleep at this hour,
Brother MacLeod. It's late.

MACLEOD

It is.
(beat)
Tell me, Kalas... what was it like?

(CONTINUED)

1422 CONTINUED:

1422

KALAS

(guarded)
I don't know what you mean.

MACLEOD

The Quickening of a man who ate
with you, who called you friend...
(growing anger)
Tell me, what was the look on his
face when you betrayed him? Was
it the same as Peter?

KALAS

You wouldn't understand.

Kalas face fills with a delicate contempt. He starts to
move past, but MacLeod blocks him.

MACLEOD

How many of us, Kalas?

KALAS

Enough.

He raises a hand to push MacLeod's aside.

KALAS

Now if you'll excuse me, I have to
sing...
(beat)
The Mass for the dead.

MACLEOD

It's finished.

MacLeod grabs part of Kalas' cowl. Kalas face fills with
a delicate contempt.

KALAS

Because you'll tell Paul?
(pitying)
We've been together for centuries.
He'd never believe you.

MACLEOD

(beat)
He'd believe you.

MacLeod turns, opens the door -- Paul enters from the
doorway, his face tight with cold, suppressed rage.

PAUL

(a whisper)
How could you? How could you do
these things?

(CONTINUED)

1422 CONTINUED: (2)

1422

KALAS

MacLeod is from outside! How could you believe his word over mine?

PAUL

I heard your words, Kalas... heard everything.

(Anguished)

I taught you. I loved you as a son. We praised God together!

(beat)

This was holy ground, a sanctuary for all... and you used it as a slaughterhouse. You used me.

(with sorrow)

Now your very presence soils these walls.

KALAS

But it was off holy ground! I'd never hurt you...

PAUL

Better you had, than all those others.

(hard)

Leave. Forever.

Kalas is trapped, desperate. He pulls at Paul's robe.

KALAS

You can't! This place is my life, I can't leave it!

MacLeod pushes Kalas away, yanks open the door with his other hand.

MACLEOD

You'll leave...

(threateningly)

And me after you.

He means to kill Kalas. Paul holds up a hand to stay him.

PAUL

There has been enough killing tonight.

Even in his pain, his look is unwavering. MacLeod releases Kalas. Kalas backs to the door, fixes them with a look of hate. He's beaten, his life here over. When he speaks, his voice is a cold wash of venom.

KALAS

You don't know what you've done.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1422 CONTINUED: (3)

1422

KALAS (CONT.)

(beat)
But you will.

He turns and steps through the door into the night. As he does, the tapestry on the wall flies up in the wind, and becomes --

1423 INT. JOE'S - THE PRESENT - NIGHT

1423

A TABLECLOTH being flipped over a table by Mike. Widen to find MacLeod at the bar, looking bleakly at the Rosary while a somber Dawson looks on.

DAWSON

I'm sorry. I don't know of many like Paul.

MACLEOD

There weren't any.

DAWSON

You think it's Kalas?

MACLEOD

Paul was vulnerable. His strength was never in his sword.

(beat)
It could be anyone.

There's a commotion at the door. They look up --

TWO DETECTIVES enter. One is named BRENT MOHAN. He's a friend of Joe.

BRENT

You got a minute?

Dawson nods.

DAWSON

Absolutely. Duncan MacLeod, meet Detective Brent Mohan. Lousy poker player but a helluva cop.

BRENT

It's not a social call.

Dawson turns to the bartender.

DAWSON

Mike, I told you that kid's I.D. didn't look kosher.

(CONTINUED)

1423 CONTINUED:

1423

BRENT

This isn't about I.D.

He hands a warrant to Dawson. Dawson takes it, scans it quickly, looks up in disbelief.

DAWSON

A warrant for drugs? This is a joke, right?

BRENT

We got somebody who swears you're dealing, Joe.

DAWSON

That's crazy! Whoever you've been talking to is a damn liar.

BRENT

Sorry, Joe, we've got to search the place.

Brent waves his partner to start looking. The other Detective moves behind the bar.

DAWSON

(pissed)

Go on. Search all you want, but you're wasting your time.

MacLeod pushes forward.

MACLEOD

Nobody sells drugs here, Detective.

The SECOND DETECTIVE straightens up from the bar -- he's holding a bag of WHITE POWDER that was taped there. The First Detective turns back to the stunned Dawson.

BRENT

I think you'd better come with us.

(beat)

And tell everybody to go home, you're closed.

DAWSON

(hard)

You know me, Brent... I don't deal.

BRENT

(with some regret)

I'm going to have to place you under arrest.

Brent takes out a pair of cuffs.

(CONTINUED)

1423 CONTINUED: (2)

1423

MACLEOD

That's not necessary.

Brent and MacLeod share a look. He puts the cuffs in his pocket.

BRENT

You have the right to remain silent,
you have the right to an attorney...

DAWSON

I know my rights!

Brent takes Dawson's arm to lead him out the door.

DAWSON

(hard, with dignity)
And I can get to the damn door by
myself.

The Detectives back off. Dawson turns and walks out under his own steam, his face set. As he goes through the door, he stops, throws a look back at MacLeod. The Detectives move him through the door, and OFF his look --

1424 INT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

1424

The seats are empty, the hall deserted. On the stage, a man stands in semi darkness, alone, his face hidden from US. The sound of glorious PUCCINI ARIA fills the air... it is NESSUN DORMA. From this angle, it appears the man is singing the aria. The camera GLIDES in from the rear of the concert hall.

CLOSE - THE MAN

as the music swells, the man lifts his head -- it is KALAS, lips moving to the words he cannot sing, a look of sublime triumph on his face, stereo speakers on either side of him pumping out the sound.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

1425 OMITTED 1425

1426 OMITTED 1426

1427 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY 1427

Anne is seated on the couch, preoccupied with what happened to Marcia. MacLeod hands her a cup of coffee which she takes it without looking.

MACLEOD
Mistakes happen.

ANNE
Not mistakes like this one.

MACLEOD
You're not responsible for the whole hospital.

ANNE
She was my patient. You don't give insulin to a hypoglycemic. A premed student would know better.

MACLEOD
You're all moving at 90 miles an hour in the E.R. Not everybody's perfect.

ANNE
We have to be. Somebody screwed up...
(beat)
And my friend died.

MacLeod touches her comfortingly. Before he can speak, Anne's BEEPER goes off. MacLeod nods encouragingly.

MACLEOD
Maybe it's about Marcia.

She takes the phone, dials the hospital.

ANNE
Dr. Lindsey here. What did you find...
(trails off, listening)
Right away.

She hangs up, looks as if she's been struck.

(CONTINUED)

1427 CONTINUED:

1427

MACLEOD

Anne? What is it?

She looks at him, white-faced.

ANNE

I'm losing another patient.

And OFF her look:

1428 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE E.R. - LATER - DAY

1428

Anne is rushing towards the E.R., a Nurse beside her, handing her a GOWN as she heads for the double doors. She passes a hospital-garbed Kalas. The camera LINGERS for a moment, then moves back to Anne.

ANNE

(grim)

I don't get it... he was stable!
Who's working oh him? Selby?

NURSE

Dr. Kramer.

ANNE

At least something's going right...

She's at the doors, about to yank on the gown -- the doors open and KAREN steps out. She stops as she sees Anne, the two exchanging looks. Karen shakes her head -- they lost him. Anne slumps against a wall.

ANNE

Dammit! He looked fine...
(pulls herself together)
What was it?

KAREN

(hesitates)

Kramer thinks it's anaphylactic
shock.

ANNE

(stunned)

An allergic reaction? He was on
digitalis! How could that happen?

KAREN

I don't know.

ANNE

Then find out. I want an autopsy...
now.

(CONTINUED)

1428 CONTINUED:

1428

KAREN

Kramer's already on it.

Karen re-enters the O.R. As she does...

TARENDASH (O.S.)

Dr. Lindsey.

Anne looks up -- it's TARENDASH, standing by his office door, looking grim. OFF his look --

1429 NT. HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA - DAY

1429

MacLeod is in the waiting area As Anne enters. She's just left Tarendash, and she's moving slowly, in a state of shock. MacLeod moves to her, waits for her to speak. Finally she looks at him, dazed, white-faced.

ANNE

I'm suspended... my license is under review.

MacLeod stares at her in disbelief.

MACLEOD

Suspended for what?

ANNE

He used words like burnout.. the good of the institution...

(beat)

Liability to my patients.

(at a loss)

How the hell did this happen?

MACLEOD

Anne, you're the best they've got.

ANNE

Am I?

(beat)

He was allergic. Giving him penicillin was the same as giving him cyanide.

She snaps, hits the wall in frustration.

ANNE

I tell myself... I couldn't screw up like this.

(beat)

He put his life in my hands... Now he's dead and so's Marcia and I don't know why.

(CONTINUED)

1429 CONTINUED:

1429

MACLEOD
You didn't kill them.

ANNE
(with passion)
This place gets crazy sometimes.
Maybe I picked up the wrong chart.
It's happened before.

MACLEOD
Not to you.

ANNE
I just saw the order. It was in
my handwriting, damn it!
(in a small voice)
This is all I ever wanted to do...
All I ever wanted to be.

She pulls away to look out the window. As she does:

CLOSE - MACLEOD

As he reacts to her words, remembering.

1430 INT. MONASTERY - EUROPE - 1658 - MACLEOD'S MEMORY

1430

KALAS is hunched at the wooden writing desk, drawing the letters with infinite care.

MacLeod peers closely, looks from one book to the other in growing amazement.

MACLEOD
I can see no difference... they
are exactly the same!

KALAS
Indeed. God's word must not be
diluted or distorted.

MACLEOD
I've not seen its like in man or
machine.
(beat)
Truly, you're a master.

KALAS
I've worked centuries to perfect
my skill.

1431 INT. HOSPITAL - RESUME SCENE 1431

MacLeod realizes what has happened. Anne turns back from the window, trying to hold herself together.

ANNE
I guess it's time for a new life.

MACLEOD
Not yet.

He grabs Anne by the arm, pulls her toward the door.

ANNE
Where?

MACLEOD
To see your boss.

As they go through the door, Anne protesting.

ANNE
What for?

1432 INT. HOSPITAL - TARENDASH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1432

MacLeod storms in, Anne trailing behind him. Tarendash is at his desk, looks up as MacLeod enters.

MACLEOD
I'd like to see that chart.

TARENDASH
Who's he?
(to MacLeod)
What are you doing in here?

MACLEOD
Saving you time, embarrassment..
and probably a hell of a lot of
money.
(beat)
Now if you don't mind... the chart.

He puts out his hand. Anne shrugs -- she has no idea what's going on. Tarendash throws her an annoyed look, then hands the chart to MacLeod. MacLeod looks at it

INSERT - THE CHART

the original order, signed by Anne. Below is the penicillin order, with her identical signature.

(CONTINUED)

1432 CONTINUED:

1432

BACK TO SCENE

MacLeod holds the chart to Anne.

MACLEOD
Sign it.

ANNE
What?

MACLEOD
(insistent)
Just sign your name.

She gives him a look, but complies.

MACLEOD
Again.
(off her look)
Please, just do it.
(Anne signs)
Again.

She does, wondering where this is leading.

TARENDASH
(coldly)
What's the point of all this?

MACLEOD
That none of her signatures are
quite the same.

He hands the chart to Tarendash, who examines it briefly.

TARENDASH
So?

MACLEOD
No one's are. It can't be done,
except by a machine, or a skilled
forger.
(beat)
Now look at the two orders.

Tarendash peers at the chart again, puzzled.

TARENDASH
(beat)
The signatures are identical.

MACLEOD
In every detail.

ANNE
You think someone forged my writing?

(CONTINUED)

1432 CONTINUED: (2)

1432

MACLEOD

I'd bet my life on it... so would
any handwriting expert.

(to Tarandash)

And so would your lawyers.

(beat)

If I were you, I'd lift Dr.
Lindsey's suspension right away.

As Tarendash takes this in, MacLeod heads for the door.
Anne throws a look at Tarendash, then goes after him.

1433 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE TARENDASH'S OFFICE DAY 1433

Anne catches up to MacLeod. She is emotionally depleted...
a frayed nerve.

ANNE

Duncan, why would anyone do this?

MACLEOD

(beat)

Because they're trying to hurt me.

ANNE

By killing my patient?... And
Marcia!

MACLEOD

By destroying your life like I
destroyed his.

ANNE

Who's destroying my life?

MACLEOD

I'm sorry this had to touch you,
Anne.

(beat)

It won't happen again.

ANNE

What is happening?

MACLEOD

(beat)

Later...

ANNE

(emphatic)

Not later... Now.

MACLEOD

I can't, Anne. Go back to work.

(CONTINUED)

1433 CONTINUED:

1433

He turns and strides away.

ANNE
(calling after him)
I can't do this anymore, Duncan...
I tried... I can't. You walk away
from me now and it's the last time.

He keeps walking.

ANNE
Duncan... Duncan...

He keeps on walking.

1434 EXT. JOE'S - DAY

1434

There is a large sign on the door: CLOSED BY ORDER.

1435 INT. JOE'S - DAY

1435

Chairs upturned on the tables. Dawson finishes a guitar RIFE. He places his guitar in a case then looks around the bar a last time -- his dream, his shot at a different life -- gone.

DAWSON
What the hell.

MacLeod stands inside the door.

MACLEOD
Thought you had until tomorrow to
clear out?

DAWSON
The best wakes are short.

He slaps the guitar case shut with finality.

MACLEOD
I know who set you up, Joe.
(off Dawson's look)
It was Kalas. He's trying to
destroy everyone near me.
(wry)
If it's any comfort, you were on
the list.

Dawson slumps on a bar stool, taking this in.

(CONTINUED)

1435 CONTINUED:

1435

DAWSON

I know what Kalas looks like... so
does Mike. There's no way he could
get past us without being seen.

MACLEOD

Unless he had help from inside.
(beat, thinking)
The bass player, the one you
fired...

DAWSON

Max?

MACLEOD

You know where he is?

DAWSON

Yeah.
(beat)
But what about Kalas?

MACLEOD

(grim)
One thing at a time.

And OFF his look:

1436 EXT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY - ESTABLISHING

1436

As OVER we hear:

JUPE (O.S.)

(cocky)
Why should I talk to you?

1437 EXT. RECORDING STUDIO - BACK ALLEY - DAY

1437

MacLeod is in his car, the top down, having a conversation
with Max Jupe.

MACLEOD

(casual)
You could do it for moral reasons.
Or because, deep down inside, you're
a real prince of a guy...

JUPE

(sneering)
You're outta your skull.

Jupe's sneer disappears as MacLeod grabs his tie.

(CONTINUED)

1437 CONTINUED:

1437

JUPE

What are you doing, man?

MacLeod starts to drive, still holding the tie.

MACLEOD

I think personal health is the
best reason of all.

(dangerous)

I know you set up Joe. Who put
you up to it?

Jupe hesitates. MacLeod drives a little faster.

JUPE

No... Stop... Please...

MacLeod slows it down a little.

JUPE

(panting)

Some guy... Calls me up a few days
back, says how would I like a record
deal. What was I gonna say, man?
I asked who I had to kill...

MACLEOD

What was the company?

MacLeod stops the car.

JUPE

Magna Records... Hey, all I had to
do was plant some dope and tip off
the cops... no big deal.

MACLEOD

(dangerous)

I want to know who called you and
where I can find him.

JUPE

I dunno! The guy's a weirdo, he
never comes to the office...

(MacLeod pulls him up
close)

I dunno, I swear! It was just a
phone call, nobody sees him! You
gonna let me go?

MACLEOD

No.

(beat)

What did he sound like?

(CONTINUED)

1437 CONTINUED: (2)

1437

JUPE

Like broken glass.

(pleading, as MacLeod
reacts)

I told you everything I know, how
many times I gotta tell it?

MACLEOD

Once more... to the cops.

And OFF Jupe's trapped look:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

1438 INT. DOJO - OFFICE - EVENING

1438

MacLeod is on the phone, Dawson there with him.

MACLEOD

(into phone)
You must have some way of reaching
him...

He hangs up, disgusted.

DAWSON

Don't tell me. The guy's just a
number and a bank account.

MACLEOD

(nods)
Does everything by phone or mail.

MacLeod rises and starts to pace,

DAWSON

They dropped the charges, MacLeod.
The club's back in business...
(beat)
Don't do this on my account.

MACLEOD

No, not on your account.

Joe is about to speak when MacLeod holds a silencing hand --
he's getting the BUZZ. MacLeod tenses, drawing his sword
as the door opens --

RICHIE

Steps in. He has his jacket off, covering something.

RICHIE

(excited)
Guess what I've got under here...
(takes out the gold
trophy)
Nobody could believe it. I came
from nowhere.
(beat)
I won...
(seeing MacLeod)
If anyone's interested.

And OFF his look --

1439 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - SHORTLY AFTER - EVENING 1439

Richie's been brought up to speed on what's been happening by MacLeod. Dawson is there, as well.

RICHIE

Okay, I get why you want the guy's head... how are you gonna find him?

MACLEOD

We all use what we know... Kalas knows music.

(explaining to Richie)

Jupe was offered a record deal. Paul was lured out of the monastery by a promoter. Has to be Kalas.

RICHIE

What about the record company?

MACLEOD

I tried that. He never shows.

RICHIE

You know he's gonna come for you. What's he waiting for?

MACLEOD

Maybe the right time and place?

The PHONE RINGS. They look at each other.

DAWSON

Maybe it's time.

MacLeod picks up.

INTERCUT:

1440 INT. CONCERT HALL - EVENING 1440

KALAS

The phone to his lips, the sound of OPERA in the B.G.

KALAS

Did you appreciate my little presents, MacLeod?

MACLEOD

Leave the others out of this, Kalas... it's just you and me.

(CONTINUED)

1440 CONTINUED:

1440

KALAS

I go to all that trouble, and that's
all you have to say?

MACLEOD

Just tell me where.

ON KALAS

KALAS

You're good at finding out things.
(beat)
Come to the music.

He holds the phone out towards the empty CONCERT HALL and
the swelling OPERA music there.

RESUME MACLEOD

Listening, hearing the music over the receiver... then the
line goes dead. MacLeod hangs up, grabs his coat.

RICHIE

I'm coming with you.

MACLEOD

No. I want you to go to Anne,
make sure she's all right.

RICHIE

What if he comes?

MACLEOD

Don't try to take him... just get
her to a public place and stay
there.

MacLeod heads for the door.

DAWSON

MacLeod.
(as MacLeod stops)
He's as good as you. Maybe better.

MACLEOD

I know.

He leaves. Dawson and Richie look at each other.

1441 INT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

1441

MacLeod enters warily, moves across the silent room...
suddenly the hall is filled with soaring VOICES -- the
recording of Paul's CHOIR. MacLeod moves through the
darkness, eerie with ghostly singing, to the stage.

(CONTINUED)

1441 CONTINUED:

1441

NEW ANGLE - THE STAGE

as he moves onto it, the CHOIR dies into silence. A SPOTLIGHT suddenly throws a brilliant pool of light at center stage. MacLeod gets the BUZZ -- and Kalas steps from the wings into the light.

MACLEOD

You could have come for me sooner.

Kalas smiles and shakes his head.

KALAS

I had to get Paul off holy ground first, and now I've got you, too.

(beat)

Symmetry has its own beauty.

MacLeod draws his sword.

MACLEOD

(incredulous)

Beauty... You believe that?

KALAS

I believe in revenge.

(goads)

What do you believe in, MacLeod?

MacLeod charges Kalas. They lock swords, battling into the wings, finally up a set of STAIRS leading to the CATWALK high above the stage.

1442 INT. HOSPITAL - NURSES STATION - NIGHT

1442

Karen looks up from her seat at the Nurse's station at Richie, standing there with his helmet in his hand.

KAREN

Dr. Lindsey? You just missed her.

RICHIE

Look, I need to know where she went. It's important. I'm a friend of Duncan MacLeod's.

KAREN

She got a fax just before she got off shift. Think it's still here...

She reaches into a PAPER BIN, pulls out a crumpled fax. She reads it, smiles broadly, and holds it out to Richie.

KAREN

Looks like she got a date.

(CONTINUED)

1442 CONTINUED: 1442

INSERT - FAX PAGE

a note, in MacLeod's handwriting: "I'm sorry... I need you. Please meet me at Vanderbilt Hall" It's signed with MacLeod's signature: "Duncan"

RESUME SCENE

Richie reacts, realizes it has to be a forgery.

1443 INT. CONCERT HALL - CATWALK - NIGHT 1443

MacLeod and Kalas fight. Kalas is formidable, proving a match for MacLeod -- then more than a match. As they fight, MacLeod is driven back -- it's clear Kalas is the toughest opponent he has ever encountered. MacLeod takes a slashing cut on his arm and reels back for a moment. Kalas is enjoying this. As he moves in again --

1444 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - ON ANNE 1444

Stepping out of her car on the street outside, she enters the concert hall.

1445 INT. CONCERT HALL - CATWALK - MACLEOD AND KALAS 1445

As MacLeod looks, sees Anne. Kalas sees his look -- this is what he wanted.

KALAS

Symmetry, MacLeod. Everyone's here.

MacLeod fights desperately, but Kalas has the upper hand. Then he makes a move MacLeod isn't ready for, hasn't foreseen -- and with enormous force, drives his sword into MacLeod's body. MacLeod falls to his knees at the edge of the roof, dropping his sword as he does -- he's finished, helpless.

1446 INT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT 1446

As Anne moves through the theater, Richie races up behind her.

RICHIE

Anne!

As she turns to him --

1447 INT. CONCERT HALL - CATWALK - RESUME KALAS 1447

He watches the helpless MacLeod for a moment. As he does he removes the scarf from his neck.

KALAS

For this!

CLOSE

On the ugly SCAR around his throat going from ear to ear... He fingers the old wound. PULL BACK and Kalas brings his sword back to behead MacLeod.

MACLEOD

Knows he has only one choice, one way out. He lunges back... and throws himself off the catwalk.

KALAS

No!

1448 INT. CONCERT HALL 1448

Anne reacting to the cry. She looks up just in time to see...

ANNE'S POV - MACLEOD'S BODY

as it plunges to the ground. She gasps in horror, and starts toward him. Richie tries to hold her back, keep her from seeing who it is.

ANNE

Let me go...

RICHIE

There's nothing you can do!

Anne pulls away, bends over the body.

ANGLE KALAS

Looking down at Anne and Richie, hatred on his face.

ON ANNE

As she looks upon MacLeod.

ANNE'S POV - MACLEOD

Lying there. He is dead. Anne is frozen, not wanting to believe it. Slowly she bends to touch his neck, feels for a pulse... none.

(CONTINUED)

1448 CONTINUED:

1448

ANNE

No. Oh God, no...

As she cradles his head, Richie looks up:

RICHIE'S POV - KALAS

on the catwalk, looking down at them. Kalas turns and disappears from sight. There's nothing Richie can do. He turns back to Anne -- she's leaning over MacLeod, holding him, tears in her eyes.

ANNE

He's gone.

He reaches to lift her to her feet. She touches MacLeod's face a last time -- then lets Richie pull her away.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

1449 INT. DOJO - DAY

1449

Anne is there. Looking around the Dojo, lost in thought, in memories. Richie enters, watches her a BEAT.

RICHIE

Thought I might find you here.

Anne can barely speak, holding it back.

ANNE

One last look.

(beat)

Then I'll never see it again.

It hits her that Richie must be feeling the pain of loss.

ANNE

It must be hard for you too.

Richie nods -- he can say nothing to ease her pain.

ANNE

What happens to the dojo?

RICHIE

(beat)

I'll keep it open for a while.

After that...

He shrugs: who can say. Anne nods. She knows it's time to go, but she has never felt this way.

ANNE

Must've done this a hundred times

for other people. Closure...

saying good-bye. Now that it's

me...

(beat)

If I could just tell him... I was

so angry the last time...

She starts to lose it, biting her lip to hold back.

ANNE

I better go.

She gives Richie a quick hug, then turns and leaves, wiping her eyes. She doesn't look back. Richie watches her go through the doors. He turns at a sound --

(CONTINUED)

1449 CONTINUED:

1449

MacLeod is behind him, his own gaze fixed on the door Anne went through.

RICHIE

You heard.

MacLeod nods, his sense of loss too great for words.

RICHIE

How can you let her think you're dead?

MACLEOD

Because the truth would be worse.
(beat)
It's better this way.

RICHIE

But she loves you! Maybe she can handle it.

MACLEOD

She'd be dragged into our world.
Be in more danger... Kalas isn't going to go away.
(long beat)
I couldn't take another Tessa.

He starts to turn away.

RICHIE

(imploring)
Mac, we could think of something...
you don't have to leave!

MacLeod shakes his head. This is hard, but there is no other way.

MACLEOD

Yes... I do.

He turns away and walks out the back door. And OFF Richie's face, watching him leave --

TO BE CONTINUED...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW