



HIGHLANDER

The Series

94316
METHOS

Written by
J.P. Couture

Highlander

"METHODS"

Written By

J.P. Couture

Production #94316

January 19, 1995 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"Methos"

Production #94316

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD
RICHIE RYAN
MAURICE
JOE DAWSON (PRESHOOT)

KALAS
ADAM PIERSON/METHOS (pronounced "Mee-thos")

ROGER
P.A. ANNOUNCER
PHILLIPE
SARACEN
BASIL DORNIN
BARTENDER
MARIA CAMPOLO
DON SALZER
DANIELLE
TERRI
INSPECTOR

HIGHLANDER

"Methos"

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

BARGE
JOE'S (PRESHOOT)

KALAS' HOME
/BASEMENT
/FOYER - 1920
/NEXT ROOM - 1920
/MAIN ROOM - 1920

JAZZ CLUB
SHAKESPEARE & COMPANY BOOKSHOP
MOTORCYCLE RACETRACK
/SARACEN GARAGE
/BAR

PIERSON'S HOUSE
/FOYER
/STUDY

EXTERIORS

BARGE
/QUAY NEAR BARGE
JOE'S (PRESHOOT)

PARIS SKYLINE
JAZZ CLUB
MOTORCYCLE RACETRACK
/SARACEN PIT
/OUTSIDE GARAGE
KALAS' HOUSE - 1920
/BALCONY
SHAKESPEARE & COMPANY BOOKSHOP
PIERSON'S HOUSE
CANAL BANK
BRIDGE

HIGHLANDER

"Methos"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1601 EXT. PARIS SKYLINE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT 1601

As OVER we hear the distant voice of a FEMALE SINGER oozing through an old fashioned, sultry blues number.

1602 EXT. JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT 1602

The source of the song, an older building in the Marais district. As the song ends to a smattering of applause, the DOOR opens -- a man steps into the dark street.

NEW ANGLE

As he passes under a STREET LIGHT. CLOSE on the man's face illuminated in a ghost-like glare as he turns into camera and we see that it is KALAS. As he continues down the cobblestone street...

ANGLE - THE JAZZ CLUB

the door opens again -- ANOTHER figure quietly leaves the club. He pauses a BEAT -- then casually moves in the same direction as Kalas. It might be a coincidence.

CLOSER

As the second man passes the same STREET LIGHT, we see an intelligent face, thirty, neatly dressed: ROGER. He pauses a BEAT, lets Kalas get further ahead -- then moves after him, keeping to the shadows. He's good at this.

FOLLOWING KALAS

As he moves down the deserted street. Then he slows for a moment: he does not turn, gives no sign of recognition that he is being followed -- just a sense of animal awareness. As he continues walking --

ROGER

Emerges cautiously from the shadows and moves after him.

RESUME KALAS

Nearing the mouth of an alley, he stops, pulls his coat tighter around him, as if to keep out the chill.

(CONTINUED)

1602 CONTINUED:

1602

ROGER

Slips into a doorway. He glances briefly at his watch --

INSERT - THE WATCH

just past midnight. As Roger's sleeve pulls back, we see a WATCHER TATTOO clearly visible on his wrist.

BACK TO SCENE

As Roger looks back up --

ROGER'S POV - THE STREET

empty. Kalas is gone. Roger curses under his breath and hurries towards the alley entrance.

FOLLOWING ROGER

As he turns into the mouth of the darkened alleyway -- but it's empty, no one is there. Where the hell did his quarry go? As he turns in consternation --

PAIR OF HANDS

snake from the darkness and push him headlong into a wall. Kalas is on him instantly.

NEW ANGLE

As KALAS holds the dazed Roger immobile, grates in a voice like a conveyor belt carrying gravel into a dusty pit.

KALAS

Looking for me?

And OFF the look of panic on Roger's face --

1603 INT. KALAS' HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

1603

Find Roger, tied to a chair, his shirt soaked in sweat, a dazed, terrified look on his face as we hear --

KALAS (O.S.)

Electricity. Such a wonderful invention, Roger...

CLOSE - KALAS

Casually holding two ELECTRIC WIRES before his face, the bare ends exposed.

KALAS

...if that's really your name.

(CONTINUED)

1603 CONTINUED:

1603

He touches the bare wires together, causing a searing BLUE ARC that he watches dreamily.

KALAS

It doesn't care where it goes, what it goes through... it just takes the path of least resistance.

(beat)

Why were you following me?

ROGER

(pleading)

I wasn't! Why won't you believe me?

KALAS

Long experience.

(beat)

What do you say, Roger?

He gestures with the wires.

ROGER

Alright... I was going to rob you!

KALAS

Wearing Cerruti?

(beat)

Try again.

He touches both wires to the sides of Roger's chest. Roger gasps as his body JERKS, arching violently.

KALAS

The human body can stand incredible amounts of pain before it dies.

(beat)

Why were you after me?

Roger bites his tongue, shakes his head. Kalas sighs.

KALAS

I think it's going to be a very long night.

He moves the wires towards Roger's face. Roger shrinks away, strains uselessly at his bonds. At the last moment --

ROGER

I'm your Watcher!

Kalas stops.

KALAS

My Watcher.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1603 CONTINUED: (2)

1603

KALAS (CONT.)

(beat)

And that's supposed to mean something
to me?

ROGER

(weakly)

Immortals... we know what you are.
We've been observing you for
centuries.

Kalas settles back, taking this in.

KALAS

And that's all you do?

ROGER

I swear... we keep records, nothing
else.

Kalas crouches by Roger's side. When he speaks it is almost
casual, comforting... the supreme interrogator.

KALAS

Tell me. Do you watch all of us?

ROGER

(scared to death)

I think so.

KALAS

Did you watch Fitzcain?

ROGER

Yes.

KALAS

MacLeod?

ROGER

Yes.

KALAS

(beat)

Methos.

Roger nods miserably, his voice pleading.

ROGER

But we never interfere... we wouldn't
hurt you, I swear!

Kalas smiles encouragingly, leans closer.

(CONTINUED)

1603 CONTINUED: (3)

1603

KALAS
Tell me more, Roger.
(intense)
Tell me everything.

And OFF Roger's terrified face, we

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1604 EXT. BARGE - MORNING 1604

ESTABLISHING the Barge as the sun rises over the water.
OVER THIS the sound of a PHONE ringing within.

1605 INT. BARGE - SAME TIME - DAY 1605

MacLeod has just entered. He's looking terse, tosses his
coat aside as he picks up the phone.

MACLEOD

MacLeod.

INTERCUT:

1606 INT. JOE'S - NIGHT - (PRESHOOT # 1) 1606

It's quiet in the joint. Dawson is on the phone. A file
open on the bar in front of him.

DAWSON

Hi, Mac. It's Dawson.

MACLEOD

Joe? What's up?

DAWSON

You've got trouble.

MACLEOD

How come you never call with good
news?

DAWSON

One of our guys. Nobody's seen him
or heard from him for a couple of
days.

MACLEOD

And?

DAWSON

He spotted Kalas. In Paris.

(beat)

I think the son-of-a-bitch is tracking
you.

(CONTINUED)

1606 CONTINUED:

1606

MACLEOD

I know. I've been out looking for him.

(beat)

He found Fitzcainn.

DAWSON

Damn.

(hates asking)

What happened?

MACLEOD

(beat)

Kalas was better.

Dawson shakes his head. This is looking worse and worse.

MACLEOD

You said your man spotted him.

(beat)

Where?

Dawson hesitates the barest moment, then --

DAWSON

Coming out of a little Jazz club in St. Germaine.

ON MACLEOD

DAWSON

Nosferatu.

MACLEOD

Got it. Thanks.

DAWSON

MacLeod... watch yourself.

MACLEOD

Always do.

ON DAWSON

as he hangs up the phone, concern playing over his face.

OFF: we hear the distant WHINE of high-revving ENGINES, and PRELAP this SFX to:

1607 EXT. MOTORCYCLE RACETRACK - DAY

1607

CLOSE - A RACING BIKE

a sculpted, gleaming racing shell, cylinders pounding into the RPM hell-zone as a RIDER, surrounded by his PIT CREW, cranks the throttle.

(CONTINUED)

1607 CONTINUED:

1607

The men move back -- he fishtails onto the track, his motor EXPLODING in a deafening howl.

WIDER - THE TRACK - (STOCK) - VARIOUS SHOTS

As RIDERS gun around it at breathtaking speed, hugging the ground, motors howling like insane wasps. (NOTE: throughout scene various RIDERS run time trials in the B.G.) On a large electronic tote board we see the last name STETKEE and the time of 1136.35.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(over P.A. in B.G.)
Lionel Stetkee completes his trial
lap in 1136.35. That ends the time
Trials for the German team.

1608 EXT. MOTORCYCLE RACETRACK - NEAR SARACEN PIT - DAY

1608

RICHIE stands near the pit area, wearing plain riding leathers, timing the runs with a STOPWATCH. He glances at the time -- and smiles. He can play in this league and he knows it.

ANGLE - MARC SARACEN

mid-forties, a one-time playboy turned racing aficionado, he owns the Saracen Team. He's in a low conversation with a French rider in his late thirties named PHILLIPE. Phillippe is an ex-champion who hasn't been doing well of late.

SARACEN
You didn't finish your run, Phillippe.

PHILLIPE
Basil forced me off the track.

Saracen meets his eyes.

SARACEN
Two years ago, it never would've happened.
(pointed)
Even champions retire, my friend.
(beat)
We'll do it right... Call a press conference... have a party.

PHILLIPE
(cynically)
Give me a gold watch. Forget it.
(with passion)
It's not gonna happen.

(CONTINUED)

1608 CONTINUED:

1608

Phillipe turns and moves off.

RICHIE

Who has seen but not heard the conversation, takes a breath -- it's now or never -- and approaches Saracen.

RICHIE

Mr. Saracen?

SARACEN

(looking around)
Where the hell's security?

RICHIE

I'm a rider... name's Richie Ryan.

Saracen turns now, sizes him up.

SARACEN

Let me guess... You want to join
My team.

RICHIE

(earnest)
I have experience. I've got my
international papers... I nailed
Third place at Long Beach.

SARACEN

Very impressive.
(beat)
But this isn't Long Beach.

He turns away. End of interview.

1609 EXT. MOTORCYCLE RACETRACK - SARACEN PIT - DAY

1609

Wearing the bright poured-on racing leathers of the Saracen team, BASIL DORNIN straddles his bike as MECHANICS fine-tune the idling motor. Basil is late twenties, arrogant, the best and he knows it. A beautiful blonde kisses him on the mouth. She's a racing groupie. Her name is TERRI.

BASIL

Why don't you be a good girl and get
me a beer.

The girl moves off, passing Phillipe.

BASIL

(friendly)
Hey, man, it was an accident. No
hard feelings.

(CONTINUED)

1609 CONTINUED:

1609

Phillipe has other things on his mind.

PHILLIPE

Saracen's losing it. He thinks I
Should retire.

BASIL

(matter of fact)
So...

PHILLIPE

(with difficulty)
So... I was wondering if you would
Talk to him. Tell him he's crazy.

BASIL

Why would I do that?

PHILLIPE

(pissed)
Because I'm your friend... Because
I taught you everything you know
About racing. Because I...

Basil REVS his bike, DROWNS OUT Phillipe's shouting, cupping his ear in a taunting "can't hear you" gesture. Phillipe turns and walks off, disgusted.

RESUME SARACEN

Inputting lap times on a computer, he hears the heady WHINE of a bike almost at red-line. No one's supposed to be racing right now. He looks over at the pit to see --

RICHIE

On Phillipe's bike, racing helmet on, he revs up -- then fishtails onto the track, going like a bat out of hell.

SARACEN

Reacts in disbelief as the stunned PIT CREW crowds around.

ON RICHIE

As he bullets into the curve, so low his knee is polishing the track surface -- he comes out of it perfectly.

RESUME SARACEN

Anger turning to interest as he watches. He toggles his STOPWATCH, looks at Richie's time -- he's grudgingly impressed.

(CONTINUED)

1609 CONTINUED: (2)

1609

ON RICHIE

as he glides to a stop, kills the motor and takes his helmet off. Saracen approaches, waves the Mechanics off.

SARACEN

I could get you arrested for that.

RICHIE

You could.

(beat)

Or you could have me ride for you.

Saracen grunts. The kid's got some chutzpah. Suddenly Phillipe is beside them, grabbing the bars of the bike, leaning furiously into Richie.

PHILLIPE

Get off my bike!

Saracen's had enough.

SARACEN

It's not yours any more, Phillipe.

(beat)

You should've taken the watch.

As Richie reacts, first to the fact that he's made the team and then to Phillipe's face.

1610 EXT. JAZZ CLUB - DAY

1610

ESTABLISHING the night club, as OVER we hear a soft jazz piece.

MACLEOD (O.S.)

His name is Kalas.

1611 INT. JAZZ CLUB - DAY

1611

MacLeod is at the bar, nursing a beer and talking to the big, burly BARTENDER as a small trio rehearses onstage.

MACLEOD

Somebody saw him here the other night.

BARTENDER

Never heard of him.

MACLEOD

You wouldn't forget him. He's got an unusual voice. Something happened to his throat.

(CONTINUED)

1611 CONTINUED:

1611

The Bartender pauses -- the barest BEAT of a reaction.

BARTENDER

Sorry.

He turns away. As MacLeod prepares to go, the TRIO starts, and the singer launches into a SONG -- a jazz piece from the twenties. MacLeod KNOWS that song. He turns --

MACLEOD'S POV - THE TORCH SINGER

young and black, DANIELLE is singing.

RESUME MACLEOD

He settles onto his bar seat to listen. As the memories flood back, we hear the same song. CLOSE in on the singer.

TRANSITION TO:

1612 INT. KALAS' HOUSE - FOYER - PARIS - 1920 - NIGHT

1612

A different singer stands by a piano entertaining a group of well-dressed guests. The CAMERA MOVES through the party to find a

MIRROR

And reflected in it, MacLeod and his escort MARIA CAMPOLO, twenty-two, sexy and beautiful, a young opera star in the making. They're dressed elegantly, and Maria is in heaven: this is the great opera tenor ANTONIO NERI'S first time in Paris. Maria longs to be in his world. MacLeod watches in amusement as Maria checks herself in the mirror.

MACLEOD

You look fine.

She turns back to him.

MARIA

I'm so nervous.

MACLEOD

He'd probably feel the same way about meeting you.

MARIA

(with sarcasm)
Sure he would.

Maria play acts the meeting.

(CONTINUED)

1612 CONTINUED:

1612

MARIA

Antonio Neri, the world's greatest
tenor, I'd like you to meet Maria
Campolo...

(off hand)

She sings a little.

MACLEOD

You have a great gift, Maria, don't
underestimate it.

She pulls him ahead excitedly.

MARIA

(beat)

Oh, my God. I think I see Picasso.

ANGLE

A man who looks very much like Picasso during the 1920s
turns and waves at MacLeod.

MACLEOD

Waves back.

MARIA

You know Picasso!

MACLEOD

We've met.

NEW ANGLE

As they move about the MAIN ROOM of this Art Deco house,
an elegant party is underway. Crowds of glittering GUESTS
swirl about as they enter.

MacLeod snags two flutes from the tray of a passing Waiter,
hands one to Maria.

MARIA

I can't believe I'm here. Antonio
Neri's Paris debut.

(slipping her arm
through his)

And my date's the best looking guy
in the room.

MACLEOD

I'm flattered.

(with a smile)

I wouldn't exactly call this a date.

(CONTINUED)

1612 CONTINUED: (2)

1612

MARIA

I know my uncle asked you to take
me, but I can pretend can't I?

(looking around)

I wonder where he is?

MACLEOD

(dry)

He'll be the one surrounded with
women. Just follow the sound of
rattling jewelry.

OFF: a smattering of applause from another room and an
ARIA (o Soave Fancoulla) is begun by a tenor voice, piano
accompaniment: it's a liquid, mesmerizing sound, even at
this distance.

MacLeod reacts as he senses the BUZZ.

MARIA

Come on, Duncan, he's in there.

She grabs his hand and pulls, spilling MacLeod's drink.
MacLeod rolls his eyes, gamely follows. As they enter --

1613 INT. KALAS' HOUSE - NEXT ROOM - PARIS - 1920 -
CONTINUOUS

1613

MACLEOD'S POV

GUESTS cluster around a central figure. As one or two
guests MOVE ASIDE, to reveal --

Kalas surrounded by adoring GUESTS, the heady cream of
wealthy young Parisian society. He is dressed splendidly,
a glittering DIAMOND PIN on his coat, gesturing grandly as
he sings to a piano accompaniment. Then he feels the BUZZ.
He looks up --

KALAS' POV - MACLEOD

at the entrance to the room, stock-still, eyes boring into
his.

Then a soaring soprano is heard joining Kalas' powerful
tenor.

MARIA

Sings the part of Mimi, matching Kalas' Rudolfo.

She moves across the room drawn inexorably toward him.
The guests part. Even MacLeod is taken by the magical
moment as the two great voices blend for a few moments,
then stop.

(CONTINUED)

1613 CONTINUED:

1613

THE CROWD

Breaks into spontaneous applause as does

MACLEOD

Who moves toward them.

KALAS

That was lovely.

Kalas' eyes go to MacLeod.

KALAS

Welcome to my home, Duncan MacLeod.

(beat)

I'm glad you're here.

MACLEOD

(cold)

Are you?

KALAS

Relax, the past is gone. Forgotten.

We all change over the years.

(sincerely)

I know I have.

It seems to be a quest for a truce, for understanding. Maria CLEARS HER THROAT loudly, and Kalas turns to her, bows gallantly, overdoing it for the sake of her youth.

KALAS

Forgive me. I am Antonio Neri.

MACLEOD

Miss Maria Campolo.

MARIA

(excited)

They said you were greater than Caruso... they were right.

KALAS

And you have the voice of an angel.

She blushes.

MARIA

(to MacLeod)

So, you two know each other?

KALAS

(dry)

Duncan MacLeod knows everybody.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1613 CONTINUED: (2)

1613

KALAS (CONT.)

(beat)

Your friend did me a great favor
once. I used to lead a very
cloistered life...

(to MacLeod)

But he convinced me otherwise.

MACLEOD

It doesn't seem to have hurt you.

KALAS

On the contrary. I owe my success
to you.

MACLEOD

(to Maria)

I think it's getting late.

MARIA

But we just got here.

KALAS

(to Maria)

I hope you won't leave without dancing
with me.

She lights up. Before MacLeod can respond, she accepts.

MARIA

I'd love to.

MacLeod hesitates -- he doesn't like this, but they're in
public -- Kalas can't hurt anyone here.

ON Kalas and Maria as they dance.

KALAS

Let me guess. I know you can't be
his daughter.

MARIA

Of course not...

(coy)

We're close friends.

KALAS

(a sly smile)

And perhaps more than just friends?

Maria is flattered to be linked with the dashing MacLeod
and she plays it up, flashing a seductive look.

MARIA

Really, Mr. Neri.

(CONTINUED)

1613 CONTINUED: (3)

1613

KALAS

I understand. We're all adults
here... and after all, this is 1920.

He flashes a dazzling smile, to Maria's delight. She's almost floating on a cloud. As he dances her out onto the:

1614 EXT. KALAS' HOUSE - BALCONY - PARIS - 1920 - NIGHT

1614

There are torches, waiters, couples glittering on each other's arms. The dance ends. Kalas says a few words we don't hear. She smiles and nods. He kisses her hand, then slides over to another group of admirers. MacLeod approaches.

MACLEOD

(to Maria)
We're leaving.

MARIA

(dazed)
He's setting up an audition for me with the director of the Paris opera.

MACLEOD

What?

MARIA

He's having a dinner party for me on Friday.

MACLEOD

I don't think you're going to be Available.

He pulls her back into the main room.

1615 INT. KALAS' HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - PARIS - CONTINUOUS

1615

FOLLOWING MACLEOD

As he takes Maria firmly through the party to the door.

MARIA

Why?

MacLeod thinks furiously for a moment.

MACLEOD

Because you have to get ready.

MARIA

For what?

(CONTINUED)

1615 CONTINUED:

1615

MACLEOD

(thinking fast)
Your surprise.

MARIA

Duncan, what are you talking about?

MACLEOD

(winging it)
You can't just sing at the Paris
Opera. You have to study, build a
Repertoire, learn languages.
(it occurs to him)
You're going to New York.

MARIA

I'm going to New York?

MACLEOD

To study opera at the Met.

MARIA

(excited)
Me at the Metropolitan Opera!

MACLEOD

Your ship sales on Tuesday.
(beat)
I'll convey your regrets to Mr. Neri.

MARIA

You can't fool me, Duncan MacLeod.
I know why you're doing this.
(beat)
You're jealous.

MACLEOD

(relieved)
Absolutely.

As they move off, we go CLOSE on her dress:

TRANSITION TO:

1616 INT. JAZZ CLUB - STAGE - THE PRESENT - DAY

1616

PULL BACK< we are on the dress of the singer, Danielle,
who has finished her number. As she steps down off the
stage, moves past the bar --

MACLEOD (O.S.)

Haven't heard that in a long time.

She sees MacLeod and stops, less flattered than interested
in MacLeod.

(CONTINUED)

1616 CONTINUED:

1616

DANIELLE

Stick around, you can hear it every night. The owner has a thing about it.

MACLEOD

Really. What's the owner's name?

Before she can answer, the Bartender looms into view. His look tells her she's already talked too much.

DANIELLE

(quickly)
Sorry, I have to go.

She flashes a nervous smile and moves away. MacLeod swivels back to the Bartender, smiling pleasantly.

MACLEOD

If it isn't my old friend. Maybe you could answer a question.

The Bartender replaces the glass he was wiping, leans across the bar, his TIE dangling down.

BARTENDER

Take a walk.

MACLEOD

Nice tie.
(beat)
Where could I find your boss about now?

BARTENDER

(an edge)
The bar's closed.

MACLEOD

Really.

He grabs the TIE, pulls down hard -- the Bartender's HEAD smacks into the bartop. MacLeod knots the tie in his fist, slides him along till his face is under the BEER TAP. He pulls the LEVER -- the Bartender gags under the beer, choking.

MACLEOD

Sounds like a new keg.
(beat)
This could last for hours.

BARTENDER

(sputtering)
Shakespeare and Company.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1616 CONTINUED: (2)

1616

BARTENDER (CONT.)

(beat)

The American bookstore.

MacLeod releases the tie. The Bartender bounces back, coughing, as MacLeod turns away.

MACLEOD

Put it on my tab.

As MacLeod moves toward the door.

1617 EXT. SHAKESPEARE & COMPANY BOOKSHOP - DAY

1617

TO ESTABLISH, a sign over the window reading SHAKESPEARE & COMPANY.

SALZER (O.S.)

(thoughtfully)

No. No, I'm sure I never heard of him.

1618 INT. SHAKESPEARE & COMPANY BOOKSHOP - DAY

1618

Lined with books. Behind a counter is Don salzer, a fortyish, pleasantly bookish Watcher, opening a letter with an antique LETTER OPENER. Kalas stands over a glass case that contains a rare book. Salzer nods at the book.

SALZER

But books... books, I do know. That's my prize. A first edition of Poe signed by the author himself.

KALAS

Fascinating.

(beat)

But it's not what I'm looking for, Mr. Salzer.

He lifts the prize book in his hand.

KALAS

You are.

SALZER

I think you've made a mistake...

(re book)

Please put that down.

KALAS

(dangerously soft)

That's not what Roger said. You remember Roger?

(CONTINUED)

1618 CONTINUED:

1618

Kalas starts to tear pages from the book.

SALZER

(re book)
Don't. It's priceless.
(panicked)
Please, I don't know what you're
talking about...

KALAS

Let me refresh your memory.

Kalas backhands him with the book.

SALZER

Falls back, crashing into a cart of books and lands hard.

KALAS

Stands over him.

KALAS

(as if to a child)
I'm an Immortal. You're a Watcher.
I've heard you know things about
Us... All of us.

SALZER

No.

KALAS

It's not nice to lie to people.

Kalas lifts Salzer, then throws him across the room. He then continues in a matter-of-fact tone.

KALAS

I'm looking for a particular old,
Powerful Immortal. His name is
Methos.

(beat; off Salzer's
look)

I see you've heard of him.

Kalas lifts the sharp LETTER OPENER from the desk, and holds it up close to Salzer's face.

KALAS

Speak...
(beat)
Or I'll forever hold your tongue.

His meaning is horribly clear. OFF Salzer's terrified look:

1619 EXT. SHAKESPEARE & COMPANY BOOKSHOP - LATER - DAY 1619

MacLeod approaches. He tries the door -- it's open. He steps cautiously inside.

1620 INT. SHAKESPEARE & COMPANY BOOKSHOP - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1620

MacLeod stops for a beat, scans the place -- there are books all over the floor. MacLeod hears a MOAN. He looks around and sees --

MACLEOD'S POV

Salzer crumpled on the floor, face in a pile of fallen books -- his hand is moving across a torn PAGE there.

BACK TO SCENE

MacLeod quickly moves to him, kneels and turns him over. Salzer is a mess -- he's nearly dead, there is dried blood around his mouth. He looks terrified until he sees that it's MacLeod holding him -- not Kalas.

MACLEOD

I won't hurt you. You need help...

But Salzer MOANS loudly, shakes his head -- it's too late for help. MacLeod sees he's right -- the man's nearly gone. Salzer tries to talk, but can't.

MACLEOD

(realizing in horror)

Who? Who did this to you?

Salzer shakes his head, moans weakly. He lifts the piece of paper he was clutching earlier, shoves it at MacLeod.

INSERT - THE PAPER

and written on it in thick smears of Salzer's own blood (NOTE: blood will appear dark, suggestive rather than gory) is the letter M, and the beginnings of the next letter. MacLeod sees it, thinks it's his own name.

MACLEOD

MacLeod... that's right.

But Salzer shakes his head, croaking, points at the M again, trying to make MacLeod understand.

MACLEOD

MacLeod...

(off Salzer's negative
moan)

What is it? Who do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

1620 CONTINUED:

1620

Salzer's finger moves to the page again, starts to trace what might be the letter E.

MACLEOD
(deciphering)
E... That's an E. Then?

But Salzer's finger falters. He's going fast. He shoves the paper into MacLeod's hands -- then his head lolls: he's dead. MacLeod lowers him to the floor. He takes the paper from Salzer's clutched fingers, and as he does --

INSERT - SALZER'S WRIST

and the WATCHER SYMBOL tattooed there. And OFF MacLeod's face, as he lowers the dead hand onto the floor --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

1621 EXT. MOTORCYCLE RACETRACK - NIGHT 1621

ESTABLISH the track area. The runs are over: just the distant WHINE of the last couple of bikes as they motor into the garages and pits.

1622 INT. MOTORCYCLE RACETRACK - SARACEN GARAGE/TENT - NIGHT 1622

As Richie, wearing the racing leathers of the SARACEN TEAM, bends to wipe the track grime off the shell of his cycle, a voice gets his attention.

BASIL (O.S.)

You shoulda been in third on Turn
Four.

BASIL DORNIN

Leaning casually against the garage wall, watching his new teammate with a bemused, sardonic look. The beautiful woman we saw with him earlier is on his arm.

RICHIE

Maybe that's the way you take it.

BASIL

I'm Basil Dornin. Saracen's Number
One. Welcome to the team.

He extends a hand. Richie wipes his on the rag and takes Basil's.

RICHIE

Richie Ryan.

BASIL

C'mon, Richie Ryan, lets have a drink
with the ladies.

1623 EXT. MOTORCYCLE RACETRACK - OUTSIDE GARAGE - NIGHT 1623

As Basil, Terri and Richie move into the open lot --

PHILLIPE (O.S.)

(a little slurred)
Long live the king.

(CONTINUED)

1623 CONTINUED:

1623

PHILLIPE

standing waiting for them, pissed and a little loaded. Basil stops. He's not intimidated -- Phillipe is already old news.

BASIL

Still here, Phillipe?

PHILLIPE

You did this. You forced me off the road and then you trashed me to Saracen.

BASIL

(shrugs)

You couldn't move over fast enough.

Phillipe blocks him, grabs Basil's front.

PHILLIPE

There was nowhere else to go!

Richie sees this getting out of hand. He puts a hand on Phillipe's shoulder.

RICHIE

Hey guys, why don't we have a beer and chill out...

Phillipe instinctively swings. Richie dodges it, moves back.

RICHIE

You don't want to do this.

Phillipe swings again. Richie dodges, catches Phillipe's arm -- THROWS him.

PHILLIPE

Goes flying and lies there, winded.

BASIL

Gives Richie an approving look. Terri is also looking at him with newly appreciative eyes.

BASIL

Beer's on me.

He claps Richie on the shoulder and the three move off. Richie looks unhappily over his shoulder back at Phillipe.

1624 INT. MOTORCYCLE RACETRACK - BAR - NIGHT

1624

Several DRIVERS are hoisting cold ones amidst assorted racing groupies. Basil grabs three beers, hands one to Richie. Richie takes it, but he's preoccupied.

BASIL

Try and look happy, mate. You just made the bloody Saracen team.

RICHIE

I'm okay.

BASIL

Is it Phillipe? Is that what's eating you?

(beat)

Hey, he can't cut it anymore. That's just the way it is.

(beat)

Everybody gets old.

The sound of a CYCLE RACING around the track gets their attention.

RICHIE

Somebody's on the track.

1624A EXT. MOTORCYCLE RACETRACK - NIGHT

1624A

A motorcycle tears around the track at breakneck speed.

ANGLE

The group of riders and young women who have come out to see what's happening, Richie and Basil among them.

RICHIE

It's Phillipe. What the hell is he doing?

BASIL

(nonchalant)

I guess the man thinks he's got something to prove.

RICHIE

(urgently)

The guy's loaded. He shouldn't be out there.

ANGLE - THE TRACK

as Phillipe crashes spectacularly.

(CONTINUED)

1624A CONTINUED:

1624A

ANGLE - RICHIE

Running to Phillipe.

RICHIE

(shouts)

Get an ambulance.

He reaches Phillipe, who is lying at an unnatural angle. He bends down and feels for a pulse. He looks up to Basil and the others who have joined him.

RICHIE

He's dead.

1625 INT. JOE'S - DAY - PRESHOOT #2

1625

No customers. Joe's arriving when the phone rings. He reaches over the bar and snares it.

DAWSON

(into phone)

Joe's.

INTERCUT:

1626 INT. BARGE - NIGHT

1626

MacLeod is on the phone with Dawson.

MACLEOD

(into phone)

Joe. It's me.

DAWSON

MacLeod?

MACLEOD

I have some news.

(beat)

It's about your missing Watcher.

DAWSON

Yeah, he turned up a few hours ago. Cops fished him out of the Seine.

MacLeod reacts.

DAWSON (O.S.)

MacLeod? Did you hear me?

MACLEOD

I heard you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1626 CONTINUED:

1626

MACLEOD (CONT.)

(beat)

Then Kalas killed another one of
your people.

DAWSON

Oh, no...

MACLEOD

In the American bookstore.

DAWSON

Don Salzer.

(beat)

Oboy.

MACLEOD

What is it?

DAWSON

Salzer's not a field guy. He's a
historian. He would have had no
reason to be near Kalas.

MACLEOD

Before Salzer died, he tried to write
something... It began with the letter
M.

DAWSON

Maybe he meant you...

MACLEOD

No, it wasn't me.

(beat)

Joe, what was he trying to say? Why
would Kalas go after this guy?

DAWSON

(distracted)

This is no good. I've got to make
some calls.

MACLEOD

Joe.

DAWSON

(back with the program)

Salzer's been working on the Methos
chronicle. If Kalas got a hold of
That, and found Methos...

MACLEOD

Come on, Joe. Methos doesn't exist.
He's a legend... like Adam and Eve.
The oldest Immortal.

(CONTINUED)

1626 CONTINUED: (2)

1626

DAWSON

Oh, he exists all right.

MacLeod reacts to Dawson's certainty.

MACLEOD

Are you telling me you've seen him?

DAWSON

Me? No. He's an elusive guy.
Have to be, to live as long as he
has.

(awed)

An Immortal so old he doesn't remember
the time of his birth.

(beat)

If Kalas finds Methos and takes his
head, he'll be even stronger.

MacLeod reacts.

MACLEOD

I've got to find him first.

DAWSON

We've got a guy at the University
there. Adam Pierson.

ON MACLEOD

DAWSON

Salzer's student. A real prodigy.
He knows as much about Methos as
Anybody.

ON DAWSON

DAWSON

If anybody can tell you where to
Look, he can.

ON MACLEOD

DAWSON (O.S.)

I'll let him know you're coming.

MacLeod hangs up. Stares at the phone a long minute, still
absorbing the news.

MACLEOD

Methos.

1627 INT. JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

1627

KALAS (O.S.)

I'm not interested in excuses. What did he find out?

REVERSE - KALAS

Standing in the wings, facing the nervous Bartender.

BARTENDER

The bookstore. That's all, I swear. Who was that guy?

KALAS

(beat)

Get back to work.

The Bartender leaves. Kalas broods. His hands go to his neck -- it aches. He loosens his shirt to rub it --

CLOSE - KALAS' SCAR

centuries have passed, but pain, hatred for MacLeod all burn brighter. A BEAT -- as his hand touches his scarred throat.

TRANSITION TO:

1628 INT. KALAS' HOUSE - FOYER - 1920 - NIGHT

1628

ANOTHER THROAT, young, beautiful, and, where the scar was, a small CHOKER.

WIDER

As an elegantly dressed Kalas takes Maria's coat, lays it on a table. She's dressed for traveling. In the B.G., an ARIA being sung: It's Kalas' voice, but nasal, thin -- the sound of a GRAMOPHONE of the time.

MARIA

I wanted to thank you in person for your kind offer, but I'm leaving Paris...

KALAS

(cutting her off)

Your presence is all the thanks I need.

MARIA

(excited)

I'm going to New York tomorrow to study at the Met.

(CONTINUED)

1628 CONTINUED:

1628

KALAS

(ignoring her)

These big houses can be so dreary.
They need beauty like yours to make
Them shine.

MARIA

(flustered, backing
away)

I'm sure you know hundreds of
beautiful women...

KALAS

But they don't interest me.
(beat)
You do... Come.

Smiling, he takes her hand and they move into the house.

1629 INT. KALAS' HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - 1920 - CONTINUOUS

1629

As they enter the main room, the MUSIC is seen to come
from a GRAMOPHONE on a wooden stand.

MARIA

I really can't stay.

He places a finger to his lips, hushing her -- then lays
his hands on both her flawless shoulders, musing as the
ARIA plays.

KALAS

I never liked Caruso's way with that
piece. He's dying in New York now...
(dreamily)
Some people think he was poisoned.

She closes her eyes, not hearing him, shivers as he slides
his hands lightly towards her neck -- he can sense the
tiny hairs on her skin rising in excitement.

MARIA

(breathless)

Mr. Neri... What... what will people
say?

KALAS

That you were too young. Too
beautiful... Too tragic.

He slips his hands to her neck, fingers closing -- little
pressure yet.

Her eyes spring open as the words sink in -- she shakes
her head in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

1629 CONTINUED:

1629

He tightens his fingers. - Maria tries to back away, terrified, not understanding -- Kalas' grip is unshakable.

KALAS

You think I want to seduce you.

(a smile)

I'd love to oblige, but the truth is I hate MacLeod much more.

(squeezing)

Your lover took away everything from me.

(beat)

I'm just returning the favor.

MARIA

(protesting)

No, I'm not his...

As he tightens his grip he gets the BUZZ. As he turns toward it --

MACLEOD

Crashes through the French door, sword out, white with anger. Kalas drops the semiconscious Maria.

MACLEOD

She's not part of this!

KALAS

She is yours.

(drawing his sword)

Nothing changes, MacLeod. Ever.

MACLEOD

Then come and die.

He backs onto the balcony, beckoning. Kalas charges.

1630 EXT. KALAS' HOUSE - BALCONY - 1920 - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 1630

MACLEOD

Gives way for the moment.

KALAS

Presses the fight on. They are sword to sword in close. MacLeod gets a leg up and kicks Kalas back. Kalas recovers and attacks again.

MARIA

stumbles out of a door onto the balcony. She sees what is going on and screams.

(CONTINUED)

1630 CONTINUED:

1630

MACLEOD

Is momentarily distracted. Kalas knocks MacLeod's sword from his hand.

KALAS

swings for MacLeod's head. MacLeod ducks under the blow and the two grapple. Kalas still holds his weapon. They fall near the broken French door.

MACLEOD'S HAND

Reaches out for a piece of broken glass.

WIDEN

In a slashing move, MacLeod brings the broken glass tearing across Kalas' throat.

KALAS

Lets out an unearthly scream and releases MacLeod.

MACLEOD

Rolls away, grabbing for his fallen sword.

KALAS

One hand on his ripped throat, turns and VAULTS over the railing, drops into the blackness below.

RESUME MACLEOD

Moving to the wall. He peers into the darkness. He hears Maria's voice behind him.

MARIA

(weakly)
Duncan...

As MacLeod turns back.

TRANSITION TO:

1631 EXT. PIERSON'S HOUSE - DAY

1631

A quiet, isolated house on the outskirts of Paris. MacLeod stands at the door, reaches for the DOOR BELL -- he gets the BUZZ. As he reacts, a voice comes over the intercom:

PIERSON'S VOICE (O.S.)
Come in. It's open.

(CONTINUED)

1631 CONTINUED: 1631

A BEAT -- MacLeod draws his sword and enters the house.

1632 INT. PIERSON'S HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1632

The house is stark, ultra-modern. MacLeod moves towards the BUZZ -- it's strong, coming from a well-lit room beyond. He hefts his sword, moves quickly into the room to face --

1633 INT. PIERSON'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY 1633

The room is a stark ultra-modern mix of computers and leather bound books of different sizes. ADAM PIERSON, a handsome young man of thirty, sits at a desk in an oversized logo t-shirt, Doc Martens propped on the desk, an ancient, leather bound JOURNAL in his lap, headphones on his head. There's a pizza half-eaten in a box, a couple of beers on a shelf behind him. He looks up, gazes at MacLeod with an intelligent, penetrating look.

MACLEOD

Looks back. They HOLD this stance a BEAT -- then Pierson closes his book and takes off his headphones. His voice is calm and friendly.

PIERSON

Duncan MacLeod of the Clan MacLeod.

(beat)

Have a seat. Mi casa es su casa.

He tosses MacLeod a beer. MacLeod lowers his sword to catch it, a bit shell-shocked. Then MacLeod starts to laugh.

MACLEOD

Outrageous.

(beat)

Methos.

Methos/Pierson inclines his head with the slightest of smiles, acknowledging the fact. And OFF his inscrutable look --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

1634 EXT. CANAL BANK - DAY

1634

On the outskirts of Paris, MacLeod and Methos are walking, in mid-conversation.

MACLEOD

(in some awe)
Five thousand years.

METHOS

Give or take. That's when I took my first head. Before that...
(shrugs)
To tell you the truth, I don't remember before that.

MACLEOD

Then you really could be the first.

METHOS

Who knows?

They continue on for a moment.

MACLEOD

So, after all this time, have you... ?

METHOS

Made any sense of it all? Found any purpose?

MACLEOD

You read minds, too?

METHOS

(with a smile)
No. It's what I'd ask if I'd just met me.
(beat)
For me it's my journal.

MACLEOD

You keep a diary?

METHOS

Sort of. I've been writing it almost since writing began.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1634 CONTINUED:

1634

METHOS (CONT.)

(beat)

Someday, when we're all history,
maybe it'll answer a few questions.

(beat)

There aren't many people who've stood
on the same stage with Julius Caesar
and the Rolling Stones.

1635 INT. PIERSON'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

1635

Kalas moves through the foyer.

KALAS

(calling out)

Pierson... Adam Pierson...

1636 INT. PIERSON'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

1636

Kalas enters cautiously. He looks about for any sign of Adam Pierson. He searches through the old books on the shelves, looking in one, then another. His face registers an awareness that what he has been told about Watchers is true. Then his eyes find

KALAS' POV

The large leather journal Methos was perusing earlier.

BACK TO SCENE

Kalas picks it up and begins to scan the pages with great interest.

1636A EXT. CANAL BANK - DAY

1636A

Methos and MacLeod continue.

MACLEOD

Somehow I thought you'd be...

METHOS

Deeper? Wiser? Bearded?

MACLEOD

I didn't really think you existed.

METHOS

It's good to be a myth.

MACLEOD

No one hunts for a myth.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1636A CONTINUED:

1636A

MACLEOD (CONT.)

(beat)
Or a Watcher.

METHOS

What better place to hide? I'm in charge of finding myself... and I make sure it never happens.

MACLEOD

You knew I was coming.
(beat)
What makes you think I won't try and kill you?

Methos stops, looks at him.

METHOS

Because I'm a good judge of character.
(beat)
And you've become something of a legend yourself.
(beat)
It's not you who's coming for me.

MACLEOD

Kalas knows you exist.

METHOS

(soberly)
I know, he killed a good friend.

MACLEOD

Now he'll be looking for Adam Pierson.

METHOS

You think I'd still be around if I was an easy mark?

MACLEOD

(beat)
How long since you fought anyone?

METHOS

(thinking for a minute)
What is it now, March 6th?
(checking his watch)
Two hundred years.
(off MacLeod's look)
I may be a little rusty, but I'm still here.

MACLEOD

Let's keep it that way. Maybe I should stay close.

(CONTINUED)

1636A CONTINUED: (2)

1636A

METHOS

You can't fight my battles for me,
MacLeod.

He walks off. MacLeod watches him go.

1637 OMITTED

1637

1638 EXT. MOTORCYCLE RACETRACK - DAY

1638

As a RACING BIKE screams right into camera, then another bike right behind it, howling blurs of color filling the screen.

WIDER - RICHIE AND BASIL

as they race around the track, leading a pack of riders.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(over P.A.)

Final time trials for the Saracen
Team, led by Dornin and Ryan...

ANGLE - THE FINISH LINE

as BASIL and RICHIE cross the line first. The big electronic display behind them shows their times.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(over loudspeakers)

Dornin, at 1'34.49... Ryan at 1'35.26.

1639 EXT. MOTORCYCLE RACETRACK - SARACEN PIT - DAY

1639

Richie and Basil wheel their BIKES to a stop. As the pit crew swarms over them, Basil watches Richie. His look is hard, cold -- the kid is becoming serious competition.

As Richie climbs off his bike --

BASIL

Helluva run. You were really flying
out there today.

RICHIE

Thanks.

Richie starts to move away.

BASIL

Richie...

Basil looks like he wants to say something, then stops.

(CONTINUED)

1639 CONTINUED:

1639

RICHIE
What?

BASIL
Never mind.

RICHIE
Hey, if you've got something to say...

BASIL
You were really tight on that last
turn.
(beat)
The inside line is pretty unstable,
the gravel gets loose.

RICHIE
Funny, I was talking to Saracen and
he thinks...

BASIL
(impatiently)
Saracen's not a racer.
(beat)
Just offering some friendly advice.

RICHIE
Thanks, Basil.

BASIL
No problem... We're on the same
team, right?

He turns back to his bike. Richie is thinking about it.

1640 EXT. PIERSON'S HOUSE - LATER (FORMERLY 31637)

1640

Methos walks slowly, lost in thought. As he reaches the
door, he feels the BUZZ.

NEW ANGLE

As Kalas steps out of the shadows, sword in hand, directly
behind Methos. Methos whirls at the sound. He shows no
fear of Kalas -- just wary curiosity.

KALAS
(mocking)
So you're the famous Adam Pierson.

METHOS
At the moment.

Kalas smiles and moves forward.

(CONTINUED)

1640 CONTINUED:

1640

KALAS

I was in your house. I found a diary there.

(beat)

Pity I couldn't read the cuneiform... but the ancient Greek was most enlightening.

METHOS

You should've been there.

KALAS

I thought if I found Pierson, he would lead me to Methos.

(with a smile)

You're Methos... and you're mine.

He raises his sword. Methos takes a step back, drawing his own sword, as Kalas advances. Kalas strikes powerfully and Methos parries expertly. This won't be easy. The fight moves away from the house and onto --

1641 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

1641

The fight has moved onto the bridge. Methos is calm, controlled -- but he can't hold off

KALAS

Who is pressing the attack.

METHOS

Falls back, moving along the bridge.

Methos is tiring, he hasn't the rage -- he knows Kalas will win. Methos moves to the rail, lets his guard down a BEAT -- he seems finished.

KALAS

Pauses a BEAT.

KALAS

You've been out of the game too long.

KALAS

Swings hard -- but

METHOS

Suddenly moves aside, grabs Kalas' wrists -- and LUNGES at the bridge railing with all his strength.

(CONTINUED)

1641 CONTINUED:

1641

WIDER - THE BRIDGE

as both Immortals sail out into space -- plunge down into the water below, disappearing under the opaque surface.

ANGLE - THE RIVER

churning. A BEAT LATER, Kalas emerges. The way his head swivels, searching angrily, it's clear he lost Methos.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

1642 INT. BARGE - NIGHT

1642

MacLeod sits by the fire reading. He gets the BUZZ. He rises to his feet, picks up his sword and moves outside.

1643 EXT. BARGE - NIGHT

1643

METHOS

In disarray, his shirt torn, his sword in hand, stands on the deck. MacLeod blows a sigh of relief, starts to lower his sword.

MACLEOD

Kalas found you.

(beat)

Is he dead?

Methos raises his sword. His face is ice cold.

METHOS

No.

And before MacLeod can respond, Methos SWINGS at him hard.

MACLEOD

Instinctively blocks the blow, backing off, stunned.

MACLEOD

Why?

METHOS

There can be only one.

METHOS

Swings again. He is tired, but he means it.

MACLEOD

Blocks a series of blows, surprise turning to anger, then real rage. He KNOCKS Methos' blade away, raises his own sword back --

METHOS

Stands there, waiting for the blade to fall.

(CONTINUED)

1643 CONTINUED:

1643

MACLEOD

stands there, blade back, muscles wound tight as a steel trap, a micro-second from swinging.

METHOS

What are you waiting for, MacLeod?

Methos is goading him, provoking. MacLeod stays that way a LONG BEAT -- then the fire leaves his eyes -- he understands what's happening and he won't take the bait.

He uncoils, lowers his sword.

MACLEOD

No.

METHOS

I'd have killed you!

MACLEOD

You'd have made a mistake, and I would have won.

METHOS

(intense)

You think I want to die? You think it's any easier after thousands of Years?

MACLEOD

Then why?

METHOS

If you don't kill me, Kalas will!

MACLEOD

Unless I get him first.

METHOS

And if not? I can't beat him. I tried... He'll take my head.

(beat)

And then he'll have the strength to Take yours.

MACLEOD

After five thousand years, your Only solution to this is that I Kill you?

METHOS

He can beat me. He might beat you... but he can't beat both of US.

MacLeod puts down his sword.

(CONTINUED)

1643 CONTINUED: (2)

1643

MACLEOD

If it's that simple, why don't you
take my head?

METHOS

I thought about it.
(beat)
This isn't just about who's the best
fighter... It's about passion and
hate.
(beat)
I don't have the fire... you do.
(beat)
You want Kalas.

A BEAT. Methos picks up MacLeod's sword, blade first. He places the hilt in MacLeod's hands, holds his eyes.

METHOS

Live, Highlander. Grow stronger...
fight another day.

And OFF MacLeod's look, the sword in his hand --

1644 EXT. MOTORCYCLE RACETRACK - DAY - (STOCK)

1644

VARIOUS SHOTS as a swarm of BIKES scream around the track. Scores of FANS fill the bleachers, CHEERS mingled with the rapping BIKE EXHAUSTS and the echoing P.A.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(over P.A.)
Silvetti is down. Ryan and Dornin
are one, two. The Saracen team is
taking it away...

CLOSER - TWO BIKES

Richie and Basil, leading the rest of the pack as they near a sharp corner in the track.

SARACEN

Standing in the pits, binocs up, watching tensely with the rest of the PIT CREW.

FOLLOWING RICHIE

As he goes into the last corner. Basil on his inside. Richie takes it high -- and BASIL slides past, low on the inside. There's no room to maneuver -- Richie's bike slides, goes out of control -- he goes down.

(CONTINUED)

1644 CONTINUED:

1644

SARACEN

lowering his binocs in disgust.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ryan is down! Dornin is going to
take the race!

CLOSE - RICHIE

As he slides, finally tumbles to a thudding stop in a pile
of hay-bales. A BEAT -- he rises to his elbows, furiously
YANKS off his helmet. Basil screwed him, and he knows it.

1645 EXT. MOTORCYCLE RACETRACK - SARACEN PIT - LATER - DAY 1645

Richie stands by his crumpled bike, brushing himself off
as Saracen approaches. He's tight, but clearly angry.

SARACEN

You alright?

(off Richie's nod)

Up in the corner like that? What
the hell were you thinking?

RICHIE

I made a mistake.

SARACEN

You only get one.

He goes to congratulate BASIL, surrounded by the Crew and
riders, holding the SILVER CUP, basking in the adulation,
spraying champagne over the crew. Basil sees Richie. He
heads over to him, extending the Champagne.

BASIL

Consolation drink?

Richie ignores him and turns away.

BASIL

Too bad, Richie... you were THAT
close.

Richie gets in his face.

RICHIE

You set me up.

Basil's face hardens.

BASIL

It's a grown up game, Ryan.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1645 CONTINUED:

1645

BASIL (CONT.)

You're only as good as your last win here.

(beat)

Like you Americans say: if you can't take the heat...

Basil turns back to the celebrating Crew. And OFF Richie's look --

1646 INT. PIERSON'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

1646

The house sits quietly. Kalas sits patiently waiting at Methos' desk, reading Methos' journal -- he gets a BUZZ.

Kalas smiles.

KALAS

Welcome home.

He moves toward the front door.

1647 EXT. PIERSON'S HOUSE - DAY

1647

Kalas steps outside expecting Methos. What he finds is

MACLEOD

Standing there, sword out. Grim.

KALAS

Where's Methos?

MACLEOD

Doesn't matter now, does it?

KALAS

(beat)

You were after him all along.

MacLeod moves forward, confident and ready for battle.

MACLEOD

And now I'm after you.

Kalas reacts, backing away... not as confident as he's been.

KALAS

I'll get Methos anyway...

(beat)

When I get you.

(CONTINUED)

1647 CONTINUED:

1647

He suddenly SWINGS, and the two go at it hard. Kalas is careful -- if MacLeod has Methos's power, he better finish him fast. They battle around the side of the house...

NEW ANGLE

And out into a CONSTRUCTION SITE near the house. Machinery, heavy equipment, webs of metal SCAFFOLDING.

Kalas turns, jumps into the scaffolding -- MacLeod follows.

NEW ANGLE - THE SCAFFOLDING

as they work their way up it, alternately swinging and climbing, sparks showering as their swords strike the metal.

CLOSER

As MacLeod swings, Kalas dodges -- braces himself on the scaffolding and KICKS MacLeod in the stomach.

MacLeod sails off the scaffolding --

FOLLOWING MACLEOD

As he lands flat on his back.

KALAS

Leaps off the scaffolding, brings his sword down.

But MacLeod is gone... They play cat and mouse for a moment. MacLeod speaks from the darkness to a frustrated Kalas.

MACLEOD

I think you're losing your edge.

NEW ANGLE

Kalas attacks the darkness. MacLeod is gone again.

MACLEOD

(from the shadows)

That bitter taste in your mouth.

(beat)

That's fear.

Kalas is desperate. He swings, misses -- his sword glancing off the METAL REBAR. Both Kalas and MacLeod ready themselves for another strike.

They are interrupted by a HOWL of sirens, LIGHTS play over the site: the POLICE are arriving. MacLeod hesitates, then jams his sword under his coat as --

(CONTINUED)

1647 CONTINUED: (2)

1647

ANGLE - THREE POLICE CARS

screeching up, LIGHTS STROBING, doors flung open as several COPS jump out, guns drawn, accompanied by an INSPECTOR.

RESUME - MACLEOD AND KALAS

KALAS

Some other time.

MACLEOD

(disappearing around
a corner)

Soon.

The Police surround Kalas. The INSPECTOR faces him. (NOTE: MacLeod cannot be seen by the Inspector.)

INSPECTOR

Mr. Kalas? You're under arrest.
(beat)

For the murder of Donald Salzer.

And OFF Kalas' stunned look, as two COPS pull his arms behind his back, start to cuff him.

KALAS

You have no proof of that!

METHOS (O.S.)

Wrong.

ANGLE - THE CARS

as a FIGURE outlined in the glaring headlights steps through them -- it's Methos. Kalas glares at him, stunned.

METHOS

(holding his gaze)
That's him, Inspector.

INSPECTOR

Take him.

And OFF Kalas' enraged look, the Police pull Kalas towards a car. As they do, MacLeod pulls Methos aside, furious at seeing Kalas escape with his life.

MACLEOD

(terse)
I had him! Why?

METHOS

I didn't know if you could beat him.
It was a chance I couldn't take.

(CONTINUED)

1647 CONTINUED: (3)

1647

MacLeod holds his gaze a LONG BEAT -- there's no comeback to this. He looks over at --

KALAS

About to be shoved into the waiting police car. They share a glance before Kalas is shoved into the car. This isn't over.

Doors slam -- the car PULLS OUT, light flashing. The Inspector steps over.

INSPECTOR

Mr. Pierson? We'll need your statement at the station.

The Inspector moves to her car. Methos turns to MacLeod.

METHOS

Remember, MacLeod... Live... grow stronger.

(beat)

Fight another day.

He turns and enters a POLICE CAR. The doors slam, and the car pulls away, lights flashing. And OFF MacLeod's face --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

1650 CONTINUED:

1650

MACLEOD

Don't bother.

(beat)

He's gone.

(beat)

And all your chronicles are gone
with him. He'll be hard to find.

There's a moment while that sinks in; then:

DAWSON

What about Kalas?

MACLEOD

Out of reach. He'll be in jail for
a long time.

(beat)

But I can wait.

He hangs up, looks around the empty room.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW