



# HIGHLANDER

*The Series*

# 94317  
TAKE BACK THE NIGHT

Written by  
Alan Swayze

# Highlander

**"TAKE BACK THE NIGHT"**

Written By

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Production #94317

January 25, 1995 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

**HIGHLANDER**

"Take Back The Night"

Production #94317

**CAST LIST**

DUNCAN MACLEOD  
RICHIE RYAN  
MAURICE  
JOE DAWSON (PRE-SHOOT)  
ANNE LINDSEY (PRE-SHOOT)

CEIRDWYN  
PAOLO  
BASIL DORNAN

STEVEN  
GASTON  
ALAIN  
CALLUM  
BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

NEVA  
BLOND MAN  
RUPERT  
CAMERON  
LOUIS

**HIGHLANDER**

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**SET LIST**

**INTERIORS**

BARGE

JOE'S (PRE-SHOOT)

PARIS RESTAURANT

MACLEOD'S CAR

CEIRDWYN'S HOUSE

/BEDROOM

/GROUND FLOOR

/KITCHEN

/STAIRS

FOUNDRY

CEIRDWYN'S TAVERN - SCOTLAND - 1746

/BEDROOM

BLACK DOOR BAR

MOTORCYCLE RACETRACK - RACING SUPPORT VAN

**EXTERIORS**

BARGE

/QUAY NEAR BARGE

JOE'S (PRE-SHOOT)

ALLEY BY RESTAURANT

STREET NEAR RESTAURANT

MOTORCYCLE RACETRACK

/PARKING LOT

/SNACK STAND

/MACLEOD'S CAR

CELTIC VILLAGE - ENGLAND - 60 A.D.

BATTLEFIELD - ENGLAND - 60 A.D.

PAOLO'S NEIGHBORHOOD

FOUNDRY

/DESERTED STREET NEAR FOUNDRY

/ALLEY BY FOUNDRY

WOODS NEAR SCOTTISH COAST - 1746

CEIRDWYN'S TAVERN - SCOTLAND - 1746

WOODS - SCOTLAND - 1746

CEMETERY

HIGHLANDER

"Take Back The Night"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1701 INT. PARIS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

1701

It's a trendy restaurant with a quiet ambiance. At a table in the corner, CEIRDWYN, a slim, slightly hard-edged Immortal in her early 30's, is finishing dinner with her mortal husband, STEVEN. He's in his later 30s, clean-cut but not corporate. They're a good-looking couple.

STEVEN

I thought you'd be happy for me.

She sighs and stirs some cream into her coffee.

CEIRDWYN

Steven, I am happy for you.

(beat)

I love you.

Her hand reaches across the table and takes his.

STEVEN

Then what's the problem?

CEIRDWYN

It's in Madrid.

Steven fixes her with a mock-quizzical smile.

STEVEN

You got something against Spaniards?

CEIRDWYN

No. Of course not.

(beat)

Our friends are here. Our whole life is in Paris.

STEVEN

Our whole life could be in Madrid.

(beat)

This is the opportunity of a lifetime.

CEIRDWYN

There'll be others.

(CONTINUED)

1701 CONTINUED:

1701

He angrily pushes his coffee away. It spills on the tablecloth.

STEVEN

For you.  
(growing heated)  
Maybe this is all I get.  
(pointed)  
Some of us don't live forever.

Ceirdwyn is intensely aware of other patrons overhearing.

CEIRDWYN

I think we should finish this discussion in private.

STEVEN

Fine.

As she signals the Waiter for the check, Steven abruptly stands up, pulls on his leather jacket.

CEIRDWYN

Steven?

STEVEN

I'm just going for the car.

He walks angrily away as the Waiter arrives with the check.

1702 EXT. ALLEY BY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

1702

Five toughs in their twenties are loitering in the dimly-lit alley, looking for trouble.

The leader of the gang is GASTON, an arrogant hot-head. LOUIS, tall and gangly, has a biker jacket on and long blond hair in a tousled rock-star mane. RAOUL is big and broad, with a shaved head and a dark mustache. MARIO and LAURENT, a little younger than the others, scruffy and underfed, pass a cigarette back and forth. Mario's brother, PAOLO, a wiry little 13-year-old street urchin, is hanging around on the edge of the group.

GASTON

(re his new boots)  
Twelve hundred francs he wanted for these.

MARIO

What'd you give him?

GASTON

What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

1702 CONTINUED:

1702

He lifts his shirt up enough to show a GUN BUTT protruding from the waistband of his pants.

PAOLO

Gasps involuntarily, his eyes wide. This draws Gaston's attention to him. The leader smiles at him -- it's like a shark's smile.

GASTON

(to Paolo)

Hey, kid, what'd you get today?

Paolo hesitates, glances toward Mario.

PAOLO

I'm not a kid.

MARIO

Grabs Paolo roughly, trying to look tough.

MARIO

Don't be a pain in the ass, Paolo.  
Hand it over.

Paolo reaches in a pocket, takes out three stolen wallets and hands them to Gaston, who is unimpressed.

GASTON

This it?

PAOLO

It's a tough winter.

Mario cuffs Paolo hard across the head. Paolo looks up at Mario with a mixture of fear and need, love and hate.

PAOLO

I'll do better tomorrow. There'll  
be a crowd at the track.

GASTON

You'd better. Now get lost.

Mario moves to strike Paolo again but Paolo darts away and disappears in the shadows.

ANGLE ON FIRE ESCAPE

Paolo swiftly climbs an iron ladder to furtively watch the youths as they move down the alleyway towards some PARKED CARS.

(CONTINUED)

1702 CONTINUED: (2)

1702

NEW ANGLE - WITH STEVEN

as he comes into the alley to get his car. His eyes are down, his face grim. Suddenly, he finds his way blocked and he looks up.

GASTON

Blocks Steven's path, Mario and Laurent ranged behind him.

STEVEN

Recognizes the danger and turns to escape.

RAOUL AND LOUIS

Are blocking his way.

GASTON

Be cool, man.  
(to Louis)  
Get his wallet.

Steven reluctantly hands it over. Louis looks inside, pulls out a wad of cash, starts to count it Gaston moves along the line of parked cars, drawing his fingers along the shiny trunk of one.

GASTON

This your car?

STEVEN

Look, you wanted my wallet -- you got it... Now, piss off.

Gaston grabs his pistol from his belt and backhands Steven across the face with the barrel. Steven falls back.

GASTON

(an explosion)  
I said, is this your car?

1703 EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

1703

Ceirdwyn is moving toward the alley, face set in irritation.

1704 EXT. ALLEY BY RESTAURANT

1704

Where Gaston and Steven grapple over the gun.

ON CEIRDWYN

Coming around the corner.

(CONTINUED)



1704 CONTINUED:

1704

CEIRDWYN

No!

HER POV

Gaston knocks Steven back and fires his weapon. Steven's body crumples to the ground, Gaston standing above him, the other young men clustered-about. They turn to Ceirdwyn.

CEIRDWYN

Doesn't think, she just charges, hollering a battle cry filled with rage and grief.

GASTON

His expression is more annoyed than angry. He's almost offhand as he raises the gun and fires.

ON CEIRDWYN

The bullet catches her shoulder but she doesn't stop.

Gaston fires again. Ceirdwyn stumbles but keeps coming.

MARIO

Holy -- !

Laurent and Mario run, going over the fence at the end of the alley. Raoul steps in front of Ceirdwyn but she shoves him aside, diving at Gaston.

GASTON

Not believing what he's seeing, he fires again. Ceirdwyn falls, dead, beside Steven, and Gaston runs.

ANGLE ON FIRE ESCAPE

Frozen in horror, Paolo looks down on the lifeless bodies of the murdered couple.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1705 EXT. MOTORCYCLE RACETRACK - AFTERNOON

1705

The Saracen team, including RICHIE, is taking practice runs on the track. Richie's zooming, staying neck and neck with the champ, BASIL DORNIN.

AT THE RAIL

MACLEOD and MAURICE are leaning on a railing, watching. ON THE TRACK the riders come screaming out of the final turn. Richie and Basil jockey for position. Richie is scraped against the inner rail but hangs on.

MAURICE

Winces dramatically.

MAURICE

(to MacLeod)

You don't worry about him getting hurt?

MACLEOD

(eyes on the track)

I worry.

MAURICE

Young men. They all think they're going to live forever.

IN THE PIT - LATER

The run is finished. Richie pulls off his helmet, leans down to examine the damage from the rail, as the other riders dismount and start wheeling their bikes away.

MacLeod and Maurice approach.

MAURICE

(false enthusiasm)

Ridden like a champion!

RICHIE

Thanks Maurice.

(beat)

Looks like I'll get another run in before dark.

Maurice can't quite suppress a shudder.

(CONTINUED)

1705 CONTINUED:

1705

MACLEOD

I don't think Maurice's heart could take it.

MAURICE

(with a smile)

My heart's as young as yours.

(beat)

But I have to be at work. Good luck, Richie... and be careful.

RICHIE

Thanks, Maurice.

With a little wave, he's off.

1705A INT. MOTORCYCLE RACETRACK - RACING SUPPORT WAGON

1705A

A home away from home for the drivers, filled with racing paraphernalia. Richie pours himself a cup of coffee.

MACLEOD

(light)

From where I was, it looked like you took that last turn pretty tight.

RICHIE

You're telling me? That's the second time Basil tried to run me off the track.

(beat)

He's pissed because I beat him yesterday.

MACLEOD

(re Richie's leg)

How bad is it?

RICHIE

Just took a little skin off. It's healed already.

(off MacLeod's look)

What?

MACLEOD

Maybe you're riding a little close to the edge.

RICHIE

(defensive)

Just riding to win, like everyone else.

(CONTINUED)

1705A CONTINUED:

1705A

MACLEOD

Is there anyone else who can break his leg in three places and walk away?

RICHIE

You think I'm cheating?

MACLEOD

You tell me -- would you be pushing this hard if you thought you could get hurt?

RICHIE

(beat)

I gotta get cleaned up.

He moves off, pushing his bike. MacLeod looks after him.

1706 EXT. MOTORCYCLE RACETRACK - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

1706

People are moving toward their cars, MacLeod among them.

A couple of women are moving through the lot, chatting in French. One of them has a little purse on a long strap.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Paolo is moving in the other direction, scoping out the crowd. His eyes zoom in on the loosely-held purse. He starts angling over toward the women.

THE TWO WOMEN

Reach their car and get in.

PAOLO

Foiled, he looks for another target. His eyes find

MACLEOD

Leaning over to unlock his car. His short jacket has ridden up, exposing his back pocket.

PAOLO

Smiles. Easy one. He slides toward MacLeod.

ON MACLEOD

He has the car door open, about to get in. Suddenly he reacts, spins to see Paolo racing off. His hand goes to his pocket, realizing. He slams the door and takes off after Paolo.

(CONTINUED)

1706 CONTINUED:

1706

Paolo sprints between rows of cars, heading back toward the track. MacLeod angles to intercept him.

PAOLO

Comes around from behind a van and sees MacLeod heading for him. He spins on his heel and flees into another row, running for all he's worth. Paolo ducks under a turnstile into the race grounds.

MACLEOD

Vaults the same turnstile. Pauses a moment Paolo's out of sight.

1707 EXT. MOTORCYCLE RACETRACK - SNACK STAND - AFTERNOON

1707

Paolo darts between the snack stand and the grandstand, hoping to hide himself in the narrow alley. Instead he looks up to find

MACLEOD

Staring stonily down at him.

Paolo, even though caught red-handed, still exudes a street-wise cockiness.

PAOLO

What's up, man? Wanna buy a watch?

MACLEOD

Let's have the wallet.

PAOLO

(all innocence)  
What wallet?

MACLEOD

Tell you what.  
(beat)  
I'll take any one you've got --  
With my driver's license in it.

MacLeod makes as if to search him. Paolo puts up a hand.

PAOLO

Oh. Yeah. That one.

Reluctantly, Paolo pulls out MacLeod's wallet and hands it over. MacLeod silently inspects its contents.

PAOLO

You gonna call the cops?

(CONTINUED)

1707 CONTINUED:

1707

MACLEOD

No.

(beat)

Now let's have yours.

PAOLO

What're you talking about?

MACLEOD

Your wallet. You took mine, now I want yours.

PAOLO

You some kind of nut?

MACLEOD

Hand it over.

There's no arguing with that tone. Paolo hands his beat-up wallet over. MacLeod checks it out.

MACLEOD

Not much here.

PAOLO

Yeah... Big surprise.

MacLeod pockets Paolo's wallet.

MACLEOD

Okay, kid. You can go.

Paolo stares up at him.

PAOLO

(incredulously)

How am I supposed to get home without any money?

MACLEOD

You're good on your feet.

(beat)

Walk.

He turns and moves off. Paolo stares after him.

1708 INT. MACLEOD'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

1708

MacLeod gets in the Citroen. As he goes to start it up, the passenger door opens and

PAOLO

Deposits himself in the other seat.

(CONTINUED)

1708 CONTINUED:

1708

PAOLO

Nice wheels.

MACLEOD

Out.

PAOLO

(with feigned emotion)

Please, Mister... I got a sick  
sister I gotta get home to.

MACLEOD

(not buying it)

Really...

PAOLO

(going on)

It's her heart. She needs an  
operation real bad. That's why  
I've fallen into a life of crime.

MacLeod smiles to himself. The kid's got a certain charm.  
He puts the car in gear.

MACLEOD

"Life of crime?"

(beat)

You've been watching too many  
movies.

1709 EXT. MACLEOD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

1709

As it pulls away.

PAOLO (O.S.)

(smug)

Hey, it worked.

1710 INT. CEIRDWYN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

1710

Ceirdwyn prepares to go out hunting. Her combat outfit  
gives her a distinctive look -- with a decidedly masculine  
edge. She's wearing a black tank top and black jeans.  
She straps a knife to her leg, pulls boots on over it.

A MAKE-UP TABLE - ANGLE ON THE MIRROR

Ceirdwyn sits a moment staring at her pallid reflection.  
Her face is hard, closed off. With great care she dips  
her finger in a pot of blue body paint -- warrior's woad --  
and begins to draw geometric designs on her arms from  
shoulder to wrist.

TRANSITION TO:

1711 EXT. CELTIC VILLAGE - ENGLAND - 60 A.D. - DAY

1711

Woad being painted on another arm, in another time, as  
CELTIC WARRIORS, MALE and FEMALE, prepare for battle.

Ceirdwyn, her own woading complete, traces patterns on the upper arms of her comrade-in-arms, a big, bear-like warrior named CALLUM. Like many of the men, Callum wears no shirt and his chest and back are covered in the ritualistic blue designs. He has a bushy mustache reaching below his mouth but no beard, and his short hair has been spiked up with lime to make him appear more fierce. Ceirdwyn's hair hangs loose and she wears a long, sleeveless dress pinned at the shoulders.

CALLUM

I repaired your shield with some  
of the leather we took in Londinium.  
It should hold together for at  
least one more battle.

CEIRDWYN

One more is all we'll need.

She sets down her woad pot and hefts the shield, admiring the repairs.

CEIRDWYN

We burn the Temple of Claudius to  
ash and where is the Mighty Callum?  
Looting the Street of  
Leatherworkers.

CALLUM

You can never have enough fine  
leather.

A horn sounds and out of the round house behind them comes NEVA, Callum's obviously very pregnant wife, carrying an armful of furs and personal effects.

CEIRDWYN

It's time, Neva?

NEVA

Boudicca wants the wagons loaded  
and the families ready to move  
out.

Callum, still seated, hugs Neva near to him, his face against her swollen belly.

CALLUM

This time tomorrow, the Romans  
will be gone and we'll be on our  
way home for the birth of my son.

(CONTINUED)



1711 CONTINUED:

1711

CEIRDWYN

And you're so sure it will be a son?

CALLUM

And his name will be Callum.  
Callum, son of Callum.  
(off the looks of  
both women)  
I think Callum is a fine name.

NEVA

Let me go, I'll be late.

Neva kisses him on the forehead and he lets her go.

NEVA (cont'd)

Fight well.

CALLUM

(with a broad smile)  
I always do.

CEIRDWYN

(smiling)  
For a man.

TRANSITION TO:

1712 INT. CEIRDWYN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - THE PRESENT - RESUME 1712  
SCENE - DAY

Ceirdwyn is reflected in the big mirror as she puts the finishing touches on her warpaint with a small spiral of blue on her cheek.

She opens an old leather case and withdraws her ancient gold TORC. Places it carefully around her neck.

The Celtic warrior is complete.

TRANSITION TO:

1713 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - ENGLAND - 60 A.D. - DAY 1713

The torc on her neck in the middle of a battle. The battle rages -- the colorful but unarmored Celts against the Roman troops resplendent in their uniforms and armor.

ON CEIRDWYN

The fight is in close quarters as the Celts go up against a wall of Romans standing shoulder-to-shoulder. Ceirdwyn fights sword and shield to sword and shield with a

(CONTINUED)

1713 CONTINUED:

1713

LEGIONNAIRE

Who manages to gain the offensive, pushing Ceirdwyn back into her own lines with the force of his attack. Finally,

CEIRDWYN

Dispatches him with a vicious slash and he falls. She looks around for another enemy to engage. She is unaware of the ROMAN SOLDIER coming up behind her, taking deadly aim with his javelin.

CALLUM (O.S.)

Ceirdwyn! Behind you!

She turns to see

CALLUM

Knock the javelin from the soldier's hand with his sword, then, with a big, beefy arm, grab the soldier by the neck of his chainmail and run him through. Callum drops the soldier in a heap.

CALLUM

Watch your back.

CEIRDWYN

Why? I have you.

Callum turns to the battle before him. A Roman stabs him with his sword.

Callum falls to the ground. Ceirdwyn screams as Callum's opponent administers the coup de grace.

CEIRDWYN

Kills Callum's killer from behind, then staggers back from the line. As she turns, she takes a javelin in the side and goes down.

1713A EXT. BATTLEFIELD - ENGLAND - 60 A.D. DAY

1713A

The battlefield is littered in the dead and dying. A few Romans remain in the background, to loot the bodies and hurry the dying, but the misty field belongs to the dead.

CEIRDWYN

Is dead among her fallen comrades. As the CAMERA reaches her, her eyes come open with a start, she gasps for air and sits up sharply.

(CONTINUED)

1713A CONTINUED:

1713A

She rises to her feet and walks, ghostlike, tearful, among  
The bodies of her massacred comrades. She reaches --

CALLUM'S WAGON

Neva lies by a wheel, blood pooling on her pregnant belly.

Ceirdwyn drops to her side, then, hearing the CLANK of  
approaching Romans, rolls beneath the wagon, sword ready.

TWO SOLDIERS approach and begin to loot the wagon, pulling  
out jewelry and domestic items. One reaches for the golden  
torc around Neva's neck.

CEIRDWYN

(a howl of frustration)

No!

CEIRDWYN

Runs him through.

She turns on the second soldier and kills him before he  
can finish drawing his sword.

TRANSITION TO:

1714 INT. CEIRDWYN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - RESUME SCENE - THE 1714  
PRESENT - DAY

Ceirdwyn has left the dressing table. Her face grim and  
emotionless, she pulls on Steven's leather jacket. Its  
sleeves cover her painted arms, leaving only the spiral on  
her cheek and the subtle glint of her torc visible.

TRANSITION TO:

1715 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - ENGLAND - 60 A.D. - NIGHT 1715

Ceirdwyn kneels beside a large hole she has dug in the  
battlefield, a grave large enough for a wagon. Torches at  
the four corners of the grave illuminate its contents --

Callum and Neva lying in state on their wagon, amidst their  
possessions. Ceirdwyn leans in to place Callum's sword at  
his side and his shield across his chest.

WIDER

Ceirdwyn stands and, silhouetted in the torchlight, begins  
to fill in the grave that she has dug.

TRANSITION TO:

1716 INT. CEIRDWYN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - THE PRESENT - DAY 1716

As Ceirdwyn moves toward the door, the last thing she takes is her sword.

1717 EXT. PAOLO'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY 1717

It's an industrial area. MacLeod and Paolo drive through the cheerless neighborhood in MacLeod's car.

1718 INT. MACLEOD'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY 1718

Paolo is slumped in his seat, looking out the window without much interest.

PAOLO

It's about three blocks up.

MacLeod nods.

MACLEOD

You been living here long?

PAOLO

Me and my brother.

MACLEOD

No parents?

PAOLO

You writing a book?

(beat)

Me and Mario make out okay.

MacLeod starts to reply, then reacts as he gets the BUZZ.

HIS POV - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

-- a burned-out Foundry (or some other interesting location).

1719 EXT. FOUNDRY - DAY 1719

MacLeod's car pulls to a stop.

1720 INT. MACLEOD'S CAR - RESUME 1720

PAOLO

Why're you stopping?

MACLEOD

Wait here.

(CONTINUED)

1720 CONTINUED:

1720

MacLeod gets out. Then, as an afterthought, he leans back in.

MACLEOD

And don't touch anything.

He reaches in and takes the keys out of the ignition, pockets them, and moves off.

Paolo sits for a second, irritated and bored. He opens the glove box, pokes through the contents -- not really looking for anything, just to be defiant.

1721 INT. FOUNDRY - DAY

1721

Moonlight filters through the burnt-out husk of a building.

MacLeod moves through the building, between oversized equipment left over from its productive days. The BUZZ is gone now.

MACLEOD

Spots something behind a huge iron vat. He moves cautiously around the vat and finds

GASTON

Lying there, obviously dead.

MACLEOD

Crouches down to look. The body's still warm. He turns quickly to a sound behind him.

PAOLO

Has followed him in and stands staring at the body.

PAOLO

(in fascinated horror)  
What could cut him like that?

MACLEOD

A sword.  
(off Paolo's look)  
You know him?

PAOLO

(backing away)  
Never seen him before.

Something in Paolo's tone makes MacLeod know he's lying.

(CONTINUED)

1721 CONTINUED:

1721

MACLEOD

Who is he, Paolo?

Paolo panics and takes off.

MACLEOD

Paolo.

MacLeod moves after him.

1722 EXT. FOUNDRY - CONTINUOUS

1722

MacLeod looks up and down the empty street, realizes it's hopeless. Paolo is nowhere to be seen.

1723 EXT. DESERTED STREET NEAR FOUNDRY - NIGHT

1723

In the shadowy street, Ceirdwyn waits, her eyes scanning the traffic. She comes alert as she spots

TALL BLOND MAN

his long hair worn in a rock-star mane, tumbling over A biker jacket. It looks like Louis, one of the punks from the teaser.

CEIRDWYN

Steps from her hiding place and moves down the street after the Blond Man.

THE MAN

Senses that someone is behind him. He stops and turns, looks behind him.

HIS POV

The street is empty. No one in sight.

RESUME

With a little shiver, the man resumes walking. As he does, Ceirdwyn emerges from a darkened doorway and moves up behind him, quietly and quickly. She reaches his side as he stops at a corner, under a streetlight. She puts a hand on his arm. Her other hand is under her jacket, ready to bring her sword out.

THE BLOND MAN

Turns to her. He's not Louis.

Ceirdwyn releases his arm, her guard relaxing a touch.

(CONTINUED)

1723 CONTINUED:

1723

CEIRDWYN

Sorry. Thought you were someone else.

The Man's eyes rake over her, taking in her lithe body, her waist-length hair. He turns on the charm.

BLOND MAN

Honey -- I can be anyone you want me to be.

Ceirdwyn's cold look wipes the leer from his face.

CEIRDWYN

You don't want to be the guy I'm looking for.

She turns her back on him, moves back toward the alley she was waiting in before. As she approaches it, she gets

THE BUZZ

Wary, she moves closer, hand on her sword. She steps around the corner to find --

1724 EXT. ALLEY BY FOUNDRY - ON MACLEOD

1724

His sword out, muscles tense, expecting a battle. As she comes around the corner he lowers the katana, steps toward her.

MACLEOD

Ceirdwyn--?

And off his astonished face --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

1725 EXT. ALLEY BY FOUNDRY - NIGHT - CONTINUED

1725

MacLeod moves up to Ceirdwyn. He puts away his sword, and she lowers hers, but there is still tension in the air.

CEIRDWYN

It's good to see you, Duncan.

MACLEOD

Is it?

(beat)

Not exactly your part of town.

(re war paint on her  
cheeks)

You out walking? Or hunting?

CEIRDWYN

Hunting. And you?

MACLEOD

The same.

(a beat, then)

I'm looking for a killer.

CEIRDWYN

(hard)

So am I.

MacLeod is not sure if she's hunting the same Immortal he is, or if she is the Immortal he's hunting.

MACLEOD

There's a dead man in the foundry.  
Killed by a sword. One of us was  
there.

CEIRDWYN

So?

MACLEOD

Tell me it wasn't you.

MacLeod's warning is veiled, but clear enough.

CEIRDWYN

MacLeod, do us both a favor.

(beat)

Don't ask me any more questions.

She starts walking along the alley. MacLeod joins her.

(CONTINUED)



1725 CONTINUED:

1725

MACLEOD

When did the warrior become a  
murderer?

CEIRDWYN

Is that what you call it when a  
killer is killed?

(beat)

I call it justice. So did you,  
once.

TRANSITION TO:

1726 EXT. WOODS NEAR SCOTTISH COAST - 1746 - DAY

1726

The tattered Scottish ROYAL STANDARD flaps in the breeze.

WIDEN to find it carried by a battle-worn SCOTS WARRIOR at the head of a crew of grim men: a handful of Bonnie Prince Charlie's routed forces helping him escape Scotland. Some walk, a few ride horses. PRINCE CHARLIE is on horse, exhausted, a rough cloak hiding his royal colors. Next to him walk ANGUS, a large bearded Clan Chief, and MacLeod, leading their own mounts. As they move through the trees --

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

Starts to slide from his saddle in exhaustion. He jerks awake as MacLeod grabs the reins of his horse, and OFF Prince Charlie's weary look --

MACLEOD

Your Highness? Can we not rest  
the night? We can reach the boat  
at dawn.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

The boat to take me off, to lick  
my wounds like a whipped hound.

(bitter)

I've lead the worst defeat in  
Scottish history. Now the English  
murderers will say that Bonnie  
Prince Charlie ran away with his  
tail between his legs.

MACLEOD

Say what they will. Before God,  
we fought as bravely as men can.

(off Charlie's  
hesitation)

For the sake of the men, Sir.

Prince Charlie looks at his loyal bunch. Haggard, worn they'd die for him, so many already have. He nods.

(CONTINUED)

1726 CONTINUED:

1726

MACLEOD

I know of a tavern nearby.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

Good. Let the English know we  
stopped for a glass of ale before  
leaving.

1727 EXT. CEIRDWYN'S TAVERN - SCOTLAND - 1746 - DAY

1727

A small, rough wooden structure near the trees. MacLeod  
and the band pull up at the front, and as they do --

ANGLE - THE DOOR

Ceirdwyn stands there. She is smiling broadly, wearing a  
rough homespun dress, hands on her hips.

CEIRDWYN

(moving toward him)  
Duncan MacLeod!

MacLeod lifts her off the ground in a hearty embrace.

MACLEOD

Ceirdwyn.

CEIRDWYN

(sotto voce)  
The name's Flora... Flora MacDonald,  
now.  
(beat)  
And you can put me down.

MacLeod does.

MACLEOD

We need food and a place to spend  
the night.

She surveys the rabble. Ragged, rough, Prince Charlie  
mostly hidden in his great cloak, unrecognizable.

CEIRDWYN

(unimpressed)  
This is a sorry lot you're traveling  
with. By their looks, they've not  
two pennies to rub together among  
them.

Prince Charlie raises an eyebrow, but says nothing.

MACLEOD

(irritated)  
Hold your tongue!

(CONTINUED)

1727 CONTINUED:

1727

CEIRDWYN

Why? Who does he think he is,  
Bonnie Prince Charlie himself?

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

Slides back his hood, revealing the royal hat, colors.

RESUME CEIRDWYN

Speechless. She looks from MacLeod to Prince Charlie.

CEIRDWYN

Forgive me. I'd no idea...

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

No matter, lass. You're right.  
(wearily)  
Cumberland is on our heels, and  
I'll not put a woman in danger.  
We'll ride on.

CEIRDWYN

No, please! Whatever I have is  
yours!  
(beat)  
If there's a cause worth dying  
for, it's this one. A trampled  
people must stand while they can.  
(beat, earnest)  
Stay.

Charlie smiles at her backbone. He finally dismounts, and  
as they head into the tavern, he manages a half-smile.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

I thank you, madam. MacLeod...  
(a smile)  
See if you can't find a penny or  
two to rub together.

He goes inside. MacLeod throws Ceirdwyn a killing look.  
She shrugs back, and as she follows him inside --

CEIRDWYN

How was I to know?

DISSOLVE TO:

1728 EXT. CEIRDWYN'S TAVERN - SCOTLAND - 1746 - DAWN

1728

A few MEN on guard, tending the Prince's horse, watching  
the forest, as from inside we HEAR:

(CONTINUED)

1728 CONTINUED:

1728

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE (O.S.)

(grumbling)

I don't like it. Is this really  
necessary?

MACLEOD (O.S.)

Aye. If the English are watching  
the coast.

1729 INT. CEIRDWYN'S TAVERN - SCOTLAND - 1746 - MORNING

1729

MacLeod and Angus, the bearded Clan Chief, are looking on.

MACLEOD

It may be your only chance to get  
past.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

Wearing a long DRESS borrowed from Ceirdwyn. He stands  
scowling as she kneels, sewing up the hem.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

The Pretender, I'm called. Now  
I'm pretending I'm a woman.  
(grumbling)

It's no way for a prince to travel.

MACLEOD

(pointed)

A prince would be caught. They  
won't be looking for a woman.

CEIRDWYN

It's done.

She straightens. Prince Charlie scowls. Hefts the skirts.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

What do you think, MacLeod?

MACLEOD

Most becoming, my Lord. It suits  
you.

(off the Prince's  
glare, hastily)

That is, you'll pass the English...

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

(with a sigh)

What happened to dignity?

(CONTINUED)

1729 CONTINUED:

1729

MACLEOD

Dignity rides with the house of  
Stuart. You cannot lose it,  
whatever the dress.

Charlie finally sighs, nods to Ceirdwyn.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

I thank you, lass. You may have  
saved Scotland.

(beat)

Gentlemen... before the tide turns.

He turns to the door. MacLeod hangs back.

MACLEOD

If it pleases you, Sir, I'll stay.

(grim)

The English are butchering farmers  
who've never seen a battlefield.  
I've unfinished business here.

Prince Charlie stops. Sees his look, understands.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

So do we all, but one sword won't  
turn the war.

MACLEOD

(shaking his head)

No, but I'll make them pay dearly.

Charlie looks at MacLeod a BEAT. He takes off a ring and  
puts it in MacLeod's hand.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

I believe you will.

MACLEOD

(re ring)

There's no need...

Charlie silences him with a wave.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

(with feeling)

Scotland needs hearts like yours.  
I won't fail her next time... Be  
here when I return.

MACLEOD

You may count on it.

Charlie nods. He pauses at the door, musters his dignity.

(CONTINUED)

1729 CONTINUED: (2)

1729

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

Angus.  
(as Angus snaps to)  
The first man that laughs can have  
the back of your hand.

Angus nods. The Royal House of Stuart gathers his skirts  
up and steps outside. As the door closes --

CEIRDWYN

Tries to stifle a snicker. She turns -- MacLeod is glaring  
at her. She swallows the snort, assumes a poker face.

1730 EXT. CEIRDWYN'S TAVERN - SCOTLAND - 1746 - LATER - DAY 1730

Ceirdwyn looks on as MacLeod readies his horse, preparing  
to leave.

CEIRDWYN

Stay with me, MacLeod. The land  
is full of Scottish graves.

MACLEOD

Aye. And they'll be English graves  
before I'm through.

CEIRDWYN

Hasn't there been enough bloodshed?

MACLEOD

(bridling)  
Enough? They slaughtered four  
thousand Scots. Men, women...  
children in their mother's arms!

She doesn't answer. He swings up onto his horse.

MACLEOD

I don't ask you to understand.

CEIRDWYN

But I do. Only too well.

She hands him a bag of food.

CEIRDWYN

More blood won't make it better...  
it never does.

A BEAT. MacLeod takes it, then rides off. Ceirdwyn watches  
him, her face bleak.

1731 EXT. WOODS - SCOTLAND - 1746 - LATER - DAY

1731

MacLeod rides through the woods, reins in his horse. His face darkens at what he sees. Grimly he pulls out his musket.

MACLEOD'S POV - A CAMPFIRE

and four English soldiers, RUPERT, WILLIE and two others,, drinking around it. A MURDERED SCOT and his WIFE hang from a tree nearby. Rupert stokes the fire. Willie hands him a bottle.

RUPERT

(beat)

When we're finished, there'll be nothing left in this stinking land but oats and sheep.

From the darkness, a musket is fired.

WILLIE

Catches a musket ball between the eyes, goes down in a heap, the bottle flying from his hand.

RUPERT

What the devil?

MACLEOD

Steps from the shadows with his sword drawn.

MACLEOD

As far as you're concerned  
(beat)  
The Devil himself.

RUPERT

Scrambles for his musket. He fumbles it, terrified. Before he can fire --

MACLEOD

Attacks, sword slashing. With a cry, Rupert drops backward, dead, landing across the fire. He feels nothing.

THE TWO OTHER SOLDIERS

attack MacLeod from either side.

MACLEOD

Takes them both on simultaneously. It is a quick but deadly battle as one Englishman falls, then the other.

(CONTINUED)

1731 CONTINUED:

1731

FOLLOWING MACLEOD

As he moves to the hanging Scot. It's a young man. MacLeod looks at him a BEAT, his face going cold. As he raises his sword to cut him down, we PUSH IN on the sword --

TRANSITION TO:

1732 EXT. ALLEY BY FOUNDRY - NIGHT

1732

Ceirdwyn's sword hangs loosely at her side.

MACLEOD

There's no war today, Ceirdwyn.

CEIRDWYN

Isn't there?

(beat)

They killed my husband.

MACLEOD

I didn't know... I'm sorry.

CEIRDWYN

Don't be sorry.

(beat)

Just stay out of my way.

MacLeod watches her walk off into the night.

ANGLE ON CORNER

The night-prowling Paolo has been watching from around the corner. As Ceirdwyn passes his hiding place he shrinks back, his eyes wide, his breathing shallow with fear.

1733 INT. MOTORCYCLE RACETRACK - RACING SUPPORT WAGON - DAY

1733

Mid-scene. MacLeod and Richie are drinking coffee from styrofoam cups. MacLeod has already told Richie about Ceirdwyn. Richie understands the dilemma he is facing.

RICHIE

What're you going to do?

MACLEOD

I don't know.

His face is blank as he watches the action on the track. MacLeod finishes the question for him.

RICHIE

Mac, if the only way to stop her is to fight her...

(CONTINUED)



1733 CONTINUED:

1733

He trails off. Doesn't want to voice what he's thinking.

MACLEOD

Could I kill her?

MacLeod shrugs and drops his cold coffee into a trash can, pulls himself together.

MACLEOD

I'm going see if Paolo is working the crowds again.

RICHIE

Mac... You looking for a way to stop her?

(beat)

Or a reason not to?

MacLeod gives him a look. Richie's hit the bull's-eye.

MACLEOD

Either one works for me.

MacLeod moves away. Richie watches him for a long moment.

1733A EXT. MOTORCYCLE RACETRACK - PIT - DAY

1733A

Richie heads for his bike. Basil Dornin wheels his bike in, coming off the track. He moves to Richie.

BASIL

No hard feelings, Richie.

RICHIE

Why? Because you lied to me then tried to run me off the road?

BASIL

It was an honest mistake.

RICHIE

Go away, Basil. Save it for the next rookie.

Basil laughs harshly at Richie's bravado.

BASIL

Be careful on the track.

(beat)

Anything can happen.

As Basil moves off --

1734 EXT. MOTORCYCLE RACETRACK - SNACK STAND - DAY

1734

Paolo crouches out of sight behind the snack stand, a Dumpster hiding him from view. He peers out of the slit between the dumpster and the kiosk, watching the crowd.

HIS POV

a teenage girl puts her hot dog down on the counter for a moment. It's within reach.

ON PAOLO

He can't resist. He sidles between the dumpster and the wall of the snack stand, his arm snaking out, reaching for the unguarded hot dog.

A HAND

Grabs his arm and yanks him out. He looks up to find

MACLEOD

Standing over him.

MACLEOD

We've got to stop meeting like this.

Paolo squirms desperately, trying to free his arm.

PAOLO

(obviously terrified)  
Don't kill me! I didn't do it!

MacLeod is startled by Paolo's reaction. He grabs his other arm and pulls him around to face him.

MACLEOD

Whoa! I'm not going to hurt you.

PAOLO

(babbling)  
I was there but it wasn't me, I swear!

MACLEOD

What are you talking about?

PAOLO

I saw you! I saw you with the dead woman.

That gets MacLeod's attention. He pulls Paolo closer, crouching down to his level so they won't be overheard.

(CONTINUED)

1734 CONTINUED:

1734

MACLEOD

(intensely)  
What did you see?

PAOLO

(desperately)  
She was dead. They killed her --  
but she didn't stay dead. She  
came back.

MACLEOD

She killed Gaston.

PAOLO

And Laurent.

MACLEOD

(reacting)  
Who else?  
(off Paolo's silence)  
Who else was there the night her  
husband died?  
(Paolo shakes his  
head)  
Paolo, I'm going to stop her.

Paolo, if anything, is even more terrified by this notion.

PAOLO

You can't. Nothing can stop her.

MACLEOD

(quietly)  
I can.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

1735 EXT. PAOLO'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

1735

MacLeod is driving Paolo home again.

1736 INT. MACLEOD'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

1736

Paolo is slumped even further down than the last trip -- but this time, his eyes are filled with dread as he relates the tale.

PAOLO

Gaston kept shooting her and she kept coming.

MacLeod absorbs this a beat; then:

PAOLO

She's gonna kill 'em all, isn't she?

MacLeod nods. No question of it.

MACLEOD

Where are the others, Paolo?

PAOLO

I don't know.

MacLeod looks at Paolo, knowing this is a lie, and equally sure that pushing him won't help.

MACLEOD

(after a beat)  
He's not safe on the street.

Paolo reacts, then looks at MacLeod with narrowed eyes.

PAOLO

Who?

MACLEOD

Your brother.  
(off Paolo's silence)  
He's one of them, isn't he?

Paolo doesn't answer.

MACLEOD

Let me talk to him.

(CONTINUED)

1736 CONTINUED:

1736

PAOLO

He didn't do it! Gaston had the gun. Mario was only --

MACLEOD

Going along?

(hard)

A man's dead, Paolo. For what? A few francs? The keys to a car?

PAOLO

(stubborn)

It's not Mario's fault.

MACLEOD

Maybe not, but if she finds him before I do, he's dead.

Paolo says nothing, biting his lip in frustration. Finally he points ahead:

PAOLO

There's my house.

MacLeod pulls the car over to the curb. He takes out a pen and jots down a phone number and address and hands it to Paolo.

MACLEOD

If you ever decide you could use some help -- come see me.

PAOLO

You really think you can stop her?

MACLEOD

I'm going to try.

Paolo hesitates, then points across the street to a seedy club.

PAOLO

They hang out in the Black Door.

(beat)

Don't tell him I told you.

MacLeod reacts to the fear in the boy's voice.

MACLEOD

I promise.

1737 INT. BLACK DOOR - DAY

1737

MacLeod enters the sleazy underground club. The windows are blacked out -- it's dark as night inside.

(CONTINUED)

1737 CONTINUED:

1737

LOUD MUSIC assails MacLeod's ears. He heads for the bar, scoping out the room as he goes.

The place is sparsely populated. A few very sexy women are on the tiny dance floor, moving with the off-beat rhythm of the chemically enhanced. In a back corner, Mario is with Louis and Raoul. MacLeod considers them from a distance, recognizing Mario by his resemblance to Paolo.

MACLEOD

Starts to move toward the three men when he gets the BUZZ and turns to see

CEIRDWYN

Coming through the door, momentarily silhouetted in the bright sunlight streaming in from outside. She gets the BUZZ and looks for the source, her eyes adjusting to the dark room.

MACLEOD

Moves up beside her, takes her by the elbow.

MACLEOD

Ceirdwyn.

CEIRDWYN

Stay out of this, MacLeod.

He is close to be heard over the music.

MACLEOD

You've killed two already. How much is enough?

CEIRDWYN

There were five of them.

MACLEOD

This isn't the answer.

CEIRDWYN

A body for a body. A head for a head. Since the dawn of time. It's no different now.

MACLEOD

Revenge does nothing, Ceirdwyn... nothing.

TRANSITION TO:

1738 EXT. CEIRDWYN'S TAVERN - SCOTLAND - 1746 - NIGHT 1738

MacLeod's HORSE is tethered outside.

1739 INT. CEIRDWYN'S TAVERN - SCOTLAND - 1746 - NIGHT 1739

MACLEOD

At a table, downing a tankard of ale. He's cold-drunk -- the booze numbs, but won't kill the pain. There are others in the bar -- rough men, one HUGE man built like an oak tree. As Ceirdwyn passes with a tray of ale, MacLeod slams his empty tankard on the table.

CEIRDWYN

I think you've had enough.

MACLEOD

Enough for what?

Good question. He holds her eyes a BEAT -- then plucks a tankard off her tray and drains it. Ceirdwyn shakes her head and moves on.

MacLeod slams the empty tankard down. Whatever he needs, it's not at the bottom of the jar. He looks around the room, sees the HUGE MAN. MacLeod walks (only a LITTLE unsteadily) over to him. Taps the man on the shoulder.

CAMERON

Turns. Tough, huge, a real ox, but not mean.

MACLEOD

(deliberately)  
You... are a coward.

Cameron stares a BEAT -- then chuckles.

CAMERON

And you're drunk.

He turns back to the bar. MacLeod taps him harder. Cameron turns again, less amused this time.

MACLEOD

A gutless, spineless coward only a  
Mother could love...

BEAT -- Cameron still holding it in, not wanting to fight.

CAMERON

Careful...

(CONTINUED)

1739 CONTINUED:

1739

MACLEOD

...and only then if she was a pig.

That's it. Cameron turns, HAMMERS MacLeod with a haymaker. MacLeod lands on a table, sends tankards flying. The MEN at the table push him back towards the seething Cameron.

MACLEOD

(laying it on)

An... English... pig.

Cameron growls and hits him again. MacLeod reels against a post, props himself up. He can barely stand now, but gives it one more try, goading Cameron:

MACLEOD

Is that all ye have? Hit me!

Come on...

(with real fury)

COME ON!

He's cut off as with a loud THUNK a heavy metal TANKARD clobbers him from behind. MacLeod's eyes roll up, he falls to the floor, in front of --

CEIRDWYN

She looks from a dented TANKARD to the prone MacLeod, and sighs.

CEIRDWYN

Help me get him upstairs.

1740 INT. CEIRDWYN'S TAVERN - BEDROOM - SCOTLAND - 1746 - 1740  
LATER - NIGHT

MacLeod lies in bed, under the covers. A fire in the fireplace. MacLeod comes to, starts to sit up -- A BEAT - he realizes he's naked under the covers.

CEIRDWYN (O.S.)

They're getting cleaned... before  
they walk off by themselves.

CEIRDWYN

Sits on the bed beside him, holding the dented tankard.

CEIRDWYN

(a smile)

A body like that, you should take  
better care of it.

MacLeod sits up to protest big mistake. He grabs head as a stab of pain shoots through it.

(CONTINUED)



1740 CONTINUED:

1740

MACLEOD

I can't have drunk that much.

CEIRDWYN

You had enough all right...  
(waves the tankard)  
But it was this did you in.

MACLEOD

What kind of cowardly bastard would  
hit me with that?

CEIRDWYN

Me.  
(off his look)  
You want to beat yourself up, don't  
take it out on my place.

MACLEOD

I'll pay for it if that's your  
damn problem.

She holds his eyes. She knows his anger just covers his  
guilt.

CEIRDWYN

Isn't that what you're doing?  
(beat)  
We're warriors, MacLeod. We avenge  
our own, we kill the killers...  
(softly)  
But there is a time to stop. When  
enough is enough. You know that.

MACLEOD

(far off)  
Maybe it's too late. The things  
I've done... I've killed so many...  
young... old... with their wives  
and children watching.  
(beat)  
I've become the thing I hate.

Ceirdwyn feels his pain. She takes his hand.

CEIRDWYN

You've seen too much death.  
(beat)  
What you heed is a taste of life.

She throws the covers back off his chest and kisses him,  
hard. He responds hands going to her smock, Pulling it  
apart, their backs moving, golden in the firelight. As  
they move, PAN OVER to the CRACKLING FLAMES as we...

TRANSITION TO:

1741 INT. CEIRDWYN'S HOUSE - THE PRESENT - NIGHT

1741

A few candles are lit. The light is subdued. MacLeod is putting a small meal on a table in front of Ceirdwyn, just bread and cheese. Almost like a ritual. Ceirdwyn looks up at him.

CEIRDWYN

(reflective)

It's different, being with a mortal, isn't it? I didn't think it could work. But Steven was sure. He said if we loved each other, nothing else mattered. We were together fifteen years, almost sixteen.

(beat)

He was just out of school when we met. It's like it was yesterday, he was lying in my arms, a boy really, so full of hope... dreams.

(with a choked sob)

They change so much, so fast... I watched him grow into the man he was... the man I loved.

Her hand tightens on the wine glass she's holding, the knuckles whitening.

CEIRDWYN

And then to lose him like that...

MacLeod gently takes the glass from her before it shatters. Holds onto her hand, sharing her sorrow and anger.

CEIRDWYN

What about you, MacLeod? Has there been anyone you trusted enough... loved enough...

MACLEOD

Once..

(beat)

She was killed.

CEIRDWYN

Think you'll love again?

MACLEOD

(quickly)

Yes.

(more thoughtful)

Yes.

Ceirdwyn smiles, knowing.

(CONTINUED)

1741 CONTINUED:

1741

CEIRDWYN

And her name is -- ?

MACLEOD

(beat)

Anne... Anne Lindsey.

CEIRDWYN

Does she know?

MacLeod shakes his head.

CEIRDWYN

Why not?

MACLEOD

(soft)

Because they die.

Ceirdwyn reacts with sudden anger.

CEIRDWYN

Steven didn't die. He was murdered.

(anguished)

It was too soon.

MacLeod shuts his eyes briefly, pained by her anguish and his own powerlessness to heal it.

MACLEOD

Don't trade death for death,  
Ceirdwyn.

She takes her hand away.

CEIRDWYN

(stubborn but weakening)

Avenging his death is his memorial.

MACLEOD

You've already killed the one who  
pulled the trigger. Let the rest  
go.

(beat)

Let that be his memorial.

There's a beat, then she nods, the tears starting at last.

CEIRDWYN

I miss him so much.

MACLEOD

I know.

1742 EXT. MOTORCYCLE RACETRACK - NEXT DAY

1742

The big race is on. Dozens of BIKERS go shooting past camera, their racing leathers creating a brightly colored blur.

AT THE RAIL

MacLeod and Maurice are watching the race, along with as large a race-going crowd as we can muster.

MAURICE

They are so many! Can you see him?

MacLeod is looking at the track through binoculars.

MACLEOD

Yes.  
(with a smile)  
He's winning.

MAURICE

Yes! In the green?

MACLEOD

In the green. Here.

He hands Maurice his binoculars.

ON THE TRACK - BINO MATT

Richie and Basil are at the head of the pack.

WIDE

As the bikes come into a crucial turn, a dozen riders bunched together.

RICHIE AND BASIL

Jockey for position.

MACLEOD AND MAURICE

Watch, riveted. Maurice still holds the binoculars.

MAURICE

Go! Go!

ON RICHIE AND BASIL

Richie lets his knee out a half-inch too far. The two riders make contact and before the eyes of HUNDREDS OF SPECTATORS

(CONTINUED)

1742 CONTINUED:

1742

THE TWO BIKES

Spin out of control and crash into the wall in a FIERY EXPLOSION.

MAURICE

Lowers the binoculars in horror.

MACLEOD

Is already racing toward the crash site.

ON THE TRACK

People are crowding toward the wreckage. Track officials hold them back as emergency vehicles squeal to the site.

MACLEOD

Pushes through the crowd in time to see

BASIL

On a gurney, an oxygen mask over his face, an EMT working desperately as he's loaded onto an ambulance.

RICHIE

Is loaded onto another gurney. An EMT checks his vitals.

MAURICE

Reaches MacLeod's side as

THE EMT

Shakes his head. Pulls the sheet up over Richie's face.

Maurice covers his eyes in silent shock; MacLeod just watches somberly, unmoving, as Richie's body is wheeled past.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

1743 EXT. CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

1743

Ceirdwyn, still in black jeans and jacket, crouches by Steven's grave. She's been here a while.

CEIRDWYN

You'd think, after all this time, I'd have learned... Death is always death. When someone's gone, nothing brings them back. Not pain, not rage... not revenge.

(beat)

I did what I could.

She takes off his jacket, lays it on the grave, putting her vendetta to rest. After a moment she takes the torc from her neck and lays it atop the jacket. She stands, looking at the grave, shivering in the Paris winter.

CEIRDWYN

(choked)

I'm sorry.

1744 INT. BLACK DOOR - NIGHT

1744

Mario is at the bar with Louis and Raoul. Raoul has just put three semiautomatic weapons on the bar in front of him. Mario's eyes are wide.

MARIO

We're not really going after her?

LOUIS

You wanna wait around for her to pick us off one by one? No thanks.

He flips Steven's driver's license onto the bar next to the guns.

LOUIS

I checked out the address. It's a house on the Left Bank. I say we go tonight.

Mario licks his lips nervously, his eyes on the guns. He's scared but doesn't want to admit it. Louis hands him one of the guns, effectively ending debate.

(CONTINUED)

1744 CONTINUED:

1744

LOUIS

And remember, aim for the head.  
Whatever kind of vest she was  
wearing won't do her much good if  
we blow her head off.

They turn to head out, each taking a gun. Louis shoves Steven's wallet back in his pocket. Paolo, coming in the door at that moment, sees the weapons and realizes what's going down. He grabs Mario's arm.

PAOLO

You can't do this.

MARIO

(striving to be tough)  
We gotta get her before she gets  
us.

PAOLO

She'll kill you.

He hauls on his brother's arm, trying to hold him back. Mario cuffs him, hard, pulling his arm free.

MARIO

Go home.

PAOLO

(near tears)  
Please, Mario, don't.

They ignore him and move out.

1745 EXT. QUAY - NIGHT

1745

Wrapped in a hospital blanket, Richie skulks along the darkening quay. Looking miserable and exhausted, he moves in and out of the shadows as he makes his way to us and the barge.

1746 INT. BARGE - NIGHT

1746

Maurice stares into the fire.

MAURICE

It's always sad to lose one so  
young. So much he had yet to do.

MacLeod hates to see Maurice suffer, but he can't tell him the truth. He says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

1746 CONTINUED:

1746

MAURICE

My first wife was a religious woman.  
To her, those who had died were  
never far away.

(beat)

I hope it's true.

MacLeod gets the BUZZ.

I MACLEOD

More than you know.

MACLEOD'S POV

Richie quietly enters through the back door of the barge.  
Maurice's back is to him. He doesn't notice Richie's  
arrival.

MACLEOD

Turns to Maurice.

MACLEOD

Maurice, I'm sorry, I -- I think I  
need to be alone right now.

MAURICE

Of course. I understand.

As Maurice moves safely out of the barge, Richie quietly  
steps into the living quarters. MacLeod doesn't turn to  
him.

MACLEOD

I see you got out of the morgue.

Richie notes the less-than-warm tone of MacLeod's voice.

RICHIE

(subdued)

It wasn't easy getting across town  
without clothes.

(off MacLeod's silence)

Guess that's supposed to be a  
lesson.

MACLEOD

One of them.

Richie nods. He knows what the other one is.

RICHIE

(beat)

Basil's dead, isn't he?

(CONTINUED)



1746 CONTINUED: (2)

1746

MACLEOD

He died on the way to the hospital.

RICHIE

You don't have to say it. I keep running the race in my head.

(as if he could touch him)

I see him right there. I was so pissed, I wanted to ride right over him.

(with difficulty)

I think maybe that's what I did.

(beat)

I didn't consciously try to kill him, Mac.

(beat)

I just...

Richie's voice trails.

MACLEOD

I don't think it matters to him.

MacLeod nods, knowing what Richie is going through.

RICHIE

(soberly)

So, what's it mean?

MACLEOD

It means you're dead in France, maybe in all of Europe for a generation. It means you have to disappear.

(beat)

It means that you'll live with it for the rest of your life.

Richie stares at MacLeod, looking pretty beat-up inside. He shivers and pulls the blanket tighter.

RICHIE

You ever screw up this big when you were starting out?

MACLEOD

(taking pity on him)

Sometimes.

MacLeod reacts to POUNDING on the door. He points to a door.

MACLEOD

We'll figure this out later.

(CONTINUED)

1746 CONTINUED: (3) 1746

Richie takes the hint as MacLeod opens the door. Paolo enters panting, his eyes wild.

MACLEOD  
What happened?

And before Paolo answers, we go --

1747 OMITTED 1747

1748 INT. CEIRDWYN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 1748

Ceirdwyn sits in front of the dressing mirror again. Thoughtful and calm, her vendetta over, she is wiping the wood patterns from her arms. Before she can finish, the lights in the house suddenly go out. Ceirdwyn grabs her sword as --

1749 INT. CEIRDWYN'S HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - KITCHEN - NIGHT 1749

-- with a CRACKING of GLASS, a hand reaches in through the back door window. It turns the door lock and Mario, Louis and Raoul enter. They are armed with guns and flashlights.

LOUIS  
Split up.

He points to a central hallway which has a staircase off of it. They move towards it.

1750 EXT. CEIRDWYN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1750

MacLeod drives up. He gets out of his car with Paolo. He puts a hand on the kid's shoulder.

MACLEOD  
Stay here. The police are on their way.

MacLeod goes into the darkened house.

1751 INT. CEIRDWYN'S HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT 1751

MacLeod enters quietly and sees a FLASHLIGHT beam combing the rooms of the ground floor. He moves towards it.

1752 INT. CEIRDWYN'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT 1752

Ceirdwyn emerges from her room and moves carefully along the darkened upstairs hallway.

(CONTINUED)

1752 CONTINUED: 1752

She hears someone coming up the front stairs and moves toward it.

1753 INT. CEIRDWYN'S HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT 1753

Raoul is checking out the ground floor with his flashlight.

RAOUL'S POV

The FLASHLIGHT BEAM bounces nervously around the living room, from armoire to china hutch. Suddenly it falls upon -- MacLeod. He instantly leaps forward and grabs

RAOUL

By the neck. He slams him against the wall, pinning the hand holding the gun. He takes out Raoul with a single punch.

1754 INT. CEIRDWYN'S HOUSE - STAIRS - NIGHT 1754

Mario moves creep fearfully up the stairs. He doesn't see

CEIRDWYN

Poised in the shadows on the landing above him. Just waiting.

1755 INT. CEIRDWYN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 1755

MacLeod moves into the room, guard up. He stands motionless in the doorway, listening to the sound of rapid panicky breathing.

LOUIS

Is plastered against the wall by the back door, his gun drawn. He is scared and breathing hard.

MACLEOD

Backs out of the room, as though satisfied there's no one there.

LOUIS

Slumps in relief. He runs a hand through his hair nervously, heart still pounding. Suddenly

MACLEOD

Crashes through the back door. Louis doesn't have time to raise his gun before a kick takes him out.

1756 INT. CEIRDWYN'S HOUSE - STAIRS - NIGHT

1756

Mario hears the commotion and looks up, startled. His flashlight beam catches

CEIRDWYN

Standing poised at the top of the stairs, sword out, ready for him.

MARIO

Panics and runs. He tumbles down the stairs headfirst, crashing to the floor in the entryway at the bottom.

CEIRDWYN

Is on him in a moment, standing over him with her sword raised.

MARIO

Fumbles desperately for his gun, brings it to bear on her.

CEIRDWYN

Go ahead. Try it.

MARIO

Scared to death.

PAOLO (O.S.)

No!

WIDEN

To reveal Paolo, standing in the front door.

PAOLO

(softer, pleading)

No, please...

The SOUND of approaching POLICE SIRENS split the night.

MACLEOD

Moves into the entryway cautiously, his eyes holding Ceirdwyn's.

MACLEOD

Leave them for the police.

Ceirdwyn looks down at Mario, cowering beneath her. He's still holding the gun in trembling hands, but it's clear he can't bring himself to shoot.

(CONTINUED)

1756 CONTINUED:

1756

MACLEOD

(beat)  
Don't do this.

CEIRDWYN

Holds her executioner's pose for a long beat and then finally she nods. Her fierce expression melts in recognition of the futility. She slowly lowers her sword and walks away. As Paolo rushes to Mario, MacLeod goes after her.

1757 EXT. CEIRDWYN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

1757

As POLICE CARS screech up the curb and Police swarm into the house, MacLeod catches up to Ceirdwyn.

MACLEOD

Are you all right?

CEIRDWYN

No.  
(beat)  
Not for a long time.

MacLeod puts a hand on her arm, forcing her to stop walking and turn to him. With a tender hand, he wipes the last spiral of blue off her cheek. It's over. She moves into his arms, holding on fiercely.

CEIRDWYN

(adamant)  
I won't forget him.

Ceirdwyn considers a moment, then:

CEIRDWYN

It was worth it. For the fifteen years we had together, I'd trade fifteen years of grief. A hundred.

MacLeod nods. He knows.

MACLEOD

(not about Steven)  
But what about the price they pay?  
No family... Always living in secrecy... waiting for the night you go out and don't come back.  
(beat)  
Maybe we're not meant to be with them.

(CONTINUED)

1757 CONTINUED:

1757

CEIRDWYN

They're not children. They make  
their own decisions.

(beat)

Steven knew what I was. He chose  
to be with me.

MacLeod starts to look away -- but she takes his face and  
holds it with her hands. Knowing what makes him ask.

CEIRDWYN

Are you sure Anne wouldn't do the  
same thing?

(beat)

If you love her, Duncan, don't  
make the choice for her.

And off MacLeod's thoughtful look, we --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

1758 INT. JOE'S - DAY - PRE-SHOOT

1758

Nobody there but DAWSON, mopping up the bar. ANNE enters.

ANNE

Hey, Joe.

DAWSON

Anne. Thanks for coming down.

ANNE

Is everything okay? You sounded a little... I don't know, nervous?

DAWSON

Yeah, maybe.

(a long beat)

So... How you been holding up?

ANNE

Working, you know, keeping busy.  
(controlling the  
emotion)

Trying not to think about it too much.

DAWSON

Sure. Sit down, sit down.

(as she does)

How about I get you a drink?

ANNE

No thanks.

DAWSON

Trust me, you want a drink.

ANNE

Joe...

DAWSON

I'll feel better.

ANNE

Now you're making me nervous.

DAWSON

I always thought you were a real special lady.

(CONTINUED)

1758 CONTINUED:

1758

ANNE

Please, enough preamble. You told me it was important, so I'm here.

DAWSON

(bites the bullet)  
Look, you know how there were always things about MacLeod that he couldn't tell you? Things he never got to explain before he died.

ANNE

(tentative)  
Yes... So...?

DAWSON

Well, it's time for the explanation.  
(beat)  
He wanted me to give you this.

He hands her an envelope.

ANNE

What is it?

DAWSON

A plane ticket to Paris.

ANNE

I'm going to Paris?

DAWSON

I guess that depends.

ANNE

On what?

Right on time, the PHONE RINGS. Dawson picks up the receiver and without checking, hands it to her.

DAWSON

It's for you.

Anne, still confused, operating on autopilot, takes it from him. Puts it to her ear. And --

ANNE

(stunned)  
Duncan -- ?

And as her face crumbles with astonishment and joy, we

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW