



# HIGHLANDER

*The Series*

# 94318  
TESTIMONY

Written by  
David Tynan

# Highlander

**"TESTIMONY"**

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Production #94318

February 6, 1995 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

**HIGHLANDER**

"Testimony"

Production #94318

**CAST LIST**

DUNCAN MACLEOD  
RICHIE RYAN  
ANNE LINDSEY

KRISTOV  
TASHA

MAN  
CUSTOMS OFFICER  
DR. CHANDON  
ALEXEI  
INSPECTOR MORAN  
BOHDAN

HIGHLANDER

"Testimony"

Production #94318

SET LIST

INTERIORS

BARGE

AIRPORT

/ARRIVALS AREA

/CUSTOMS LINE

HOSPITAL

CORRIDOR NEAR EMERGENCY ROOM

/TASHA'S ROOM

/CORRIDOR

STORAGE ROOM

KRISTOV'S HOUSE

/BALLROOM

/HALLWAY

EXTERIORS

BARGE

/QUAY NEAR BARGE

ORLY AIRPORT (STOCK)

HOSPITAL

RUSSIAN STEPPES - 1750

/COSSACK CAMP

/FIELD/FOREST NEAR VILLAGE

KRISTOV'S HOUSE

/COURTYARD

HIGHLANDER

"Testimony"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1801 EXT. CAFÉ - DAY - ESTABLISHING

1801

RICHIE (O.S.)

Mac, you can't make Anne's plane  
land any sooner. Try and relax.

MACLEOD (O.S.)

(kidding)

I have an idea, Richie. Why don't  
you explain it to her.

1802 INT. CAFÉ - DAY

1802

MacLeod is drumming his fingers on a table impatiently.  
Anne's arriving shortly and he's a little tense. Richie,  
wearing a hat and shades, trying to be as low key as  
possible.

RICHIE

So she's gonna see the guy she  
loved come back from the dead.  
You sit her down and you tell her  
how it works.

MACLEOD

What could be simpler?

(beat)

Maybe explaining to a couple  
thousand people at the track why  
you're not dead.

Richie avoids MacLeod's comment.

RICHIE

She already knows you're alive.  
You're half-way there already.

MACLEOD

Getting a phone call is one thing,  
seeing me is something else.

RICHIE

She's a doctor... She deals in  
life and death stuff all the time.  
Maybe it won't be such a big deal.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1802 CONTINUED:

1802

RICHIE (CONT.)

(off MacLeod's look)

You'll figure it out. And whatever happens, I just want you to know...

(a smile)

You're on your own. I've already found a hotel.

MACLEOD

Thanks for the support. Where?

(beat)

Remember, you're dead here.

RICHIE

Relax, it's in the middle of nowhere. I'll be invisible.

MACLEOD

(checking his watch)

Gotta go.

He starts for the door, a man on his way to the gallows.

RICHIE

Look at the bright side, Mac.

(off his look)

She already saw you die... you Won't have to kill yourself again to prove it.

MACLEOD

I'm so glad you came.

He turns and leaves. OFF Richie's smile --

1803 EXT. ORLY AIRPORT - DAY - ESTABLISHING (STOCK)

1803

As a jet touches down.

1804 INT. AIRPORT - ARRIVALS AREA - DAY

1804

Among several other people, MacLeod waits, a single rose in his hand. He feels tense, edgy. A middle-aged MAN standing nearby notices him.

MAN

Meeting your wife?

MACLEOD

No.

As he checks his watch...

MATCH CUT TO:

1805 INT. AIRPORT - CUSTOMS LINE - SAME TIME

1805

Anne, carrying a small overnight, glances at her own watch. Any minute now she'll be face to face with MacLeod. She's excited, apprehensive, distracted and doesn't hear...

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Madame?  
(off Anne's look)  
Your passport?

A BEAT -- Anne suddenly realizes he's talking to her.

ANNE

Sorry, I'm meeting someone, and I  
was just... Passport. Right.

As she fumbles to get her passport out:

1805A INT. AIRPORT - ARRIVALS AREA - DAY

1805A

MAN

A friend?

MACLEOD

It's complicated.

1805B INT. AIRPORT - CUSTOMS LINE - SAME TIME

1805B

The Customs Officer is looking at Anne's passport.

ANGLE - TASHA

Standing nearby in line, high-cheekbones, a Russian beauty of twenty. She's tense, trying to cover it. As she waits, she feels a stab of pain in her belly. She takes a step -- agony. She doubles over, dropping her bag.

RESUME ANNE

Fumbling her passport out, she hears Tasha's CRY -- turns to see her collapse to the floor. Anne turns and pushes her way back through the line.

ANNE

Pardon... please, let me through!  
I'm a doctor.

NEW ANGLE

As she kneels by TASHA, sees she's in great pain. As Anne quickly feels her stomach, checks her out, a uniformed SECURITY GUARD kneels beside them.

(CONTINUED)

1805B CONTINUED:

1805B

ANNE

(to Tasha)

It's going to be okay. Try not to  
move.

(to Guard)

Get an ambulance.

As the Guard quickly pulls a WALKIE-TALKIE --

1806 INT. AIRPORT - ARRIVALS AREA - DAY

1806

MacLeod still waiting, getting exasperated as the nervous  
MAN wipes his face with a handkerchief, won't stop talking.

MAN

I'm meeting my fiancée.

MACLEOD

(impatient)

That's nice.

MAN

It would be nice, except she's  
been sitting next to my ex-wife  
for the last 7 hours. How'd you  
like to deal with that?

MACLEOD

(beat)

Piece of cake.

And OFF the man's look:

ANGLE - THE DOORS

as they bang open. The SECURITY GUARD exits, running  
interference for a GURNEY wheeled by two MEDICOS, Tasha is  
riding on top -- Anne running along beside her.

MacLeod stares.

ANNE'S POV - HANDHELD - MACLEOD

looking nonplused as they race towards him. She sees him,  
tosses off as they wheel right past him without slowing.

ANNE

Follow us!

MACLEOD

Where?!

ANNE

I don't know!

(CONTINUED)



1806 CONTINUED:

1806

Then they're out the doors, gone. MacLeod stands a BEAT:  
this isn't exactly how he pictured their meeting. He turns,  
sees the MAN staring at him, open-mouthed.

MACLEOD  
Like I said. Complicated.

He hands the rose to the man and he's gone.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1807 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY - ESTABLISHING 1807

ANNE (O.S.)

Tasha? Is that your name?

1808 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR NEAR EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY 1808

A bustling hospital. The Gurney rolls into view, Tasha writhing on top, trying to nod her answer, biting her lip in pain as Anne runs beside, probing Tasha's abdomen.

ANNE

Okay Tasha, stay with me on this.

Is the pain worse?

(off Tasha's nod)

Where... here?

She probes. Tasha GASPS, writhes in sudden pain. Anne frowns. Something weird about this.

ANNE

Hang in there, we're gonna get you some help real fast.

ANGLE THE EMERGENCY ROOM DOORS - ON THE RUN

As a DOCTOR and a NURSE intercept them. Doctor CHANDON is young, alert, in charge, as is his nurse -- Anne recognizes them as an E.R. team, starts talking a mile a minute.

ANNE

Pulse is barely palpable at 60 and her blood pressure's 90 over 55. She collapsed about twenty minutes ago. She's got severe cramping in her abdomen, but I don't think it's the appendix.

Chandon starts repeating Anne's probing procedure.

CHANDON

You're a doctor.

ANNE

Sorry, yes. Anne Lindsey. I'd guess it's some kind of intestinal blockage.

CHANDON

Anything else?

(CONTINUED)

1808 CONTINUED:

1808

ANNE

Yeah. If you don't open her up soon, I think you're gonna lose her.

She's right and Chandon knows it. To an associate:

CHANDON

Get her typed and cross-matched and prepped for surgery.

Chandon turns back to Anne.

CHANDON

Thank you, Doctor. I'll take it from here.

He turns and follows the Gurney into the O.R. Anne automatically takes a step after them.

ANNE

Her name is Tasha.

Chandon turns back to Anne. He recognizes her compassion.

CHANDON

We'll take good care of her.

The doors close on them. Anne takes a deep breath, heart still pounding from the adrenaline rush.

MACLEOD (O.S.)

Didn't know you practiced in France.

She turns -- it's MacLeod standing behind her.

ANNE

(still pumped)

One second she's beside me in line, next she's on the floor, swear to God, Duncan, I don't think they even stamped my passport...

MacLeod is smiling gently. A BEAT -- then it hits Anne. She's talking to MacLeod. Alive.

ANNE

(beat)

Duncan...

(beat)

Duncan!

She stares at him, taking it in, all the postponed wonder rushing back. This is DUNCAN.

(CONTINUED)

1808 CONTINUED: (2)

1808

MACLEOD

That's me.

ANNE

It is you.  
(as it hits)  
God, it really is you!

She leaps into his arms, hugs him hard. She's between laughing and tears.

ANNE

Dammit MacLeod, you better have a good explanation for this.

They stay that way, MacLeod holding her tight, until Nurses and Doctors start to stop and stare.

MACLEOD

I think we better go somewhere.  
(beat)  
This could take a while.

1809 INT. STORAGE ROOM - LATER - DAY

1809

A modest-sized room in an old building. Displayed in glass cases or on the walls, we see an eclectic assortment of hundreds of mementos from MacLeod's life: his HIGHLAND REGIMENT TUNIC, a GOLD RING, a mid-19th Century SHOTGUN, a JADE BUDDHA, lacquered JAPANESE BOX, some BOOKS, a MAILED GLOVE, a HIGHLAND KILT.

CLOSE - A HUGE CLAYMORE

ANNE (O.S.)

(dazed)  
Four centuries.

WIDEN

MacLeod holds the sword for Anne's inspection. He has been explaining the basics of Immortality to her.

MACLEOD

I know it's hard to accept.  
(beat)  
I thought coming here might help.

She hefts the heavy sword in wonder.

MACLEOD

My father's. I claimed it after he died.

(CONTINUED)

1809 CONTINUED:

1809

He takes the weapon, replaces it on the wall. Anne approaches the Highland Regiment tunic.

MACLEOD  
Battle of Waterloo.

ANNE  
I feel like I'm dreaming.  
(beat)  
But it explains a lot. I mean,  
not getting sick...

MACLEOD  
We get sick. We just heal.

ANNE  
(realizing)  
And John Kirin. When he came back  
to life...

MACLEOD  
He's one of us.

ANNE  
And the one who killed you?

MACLEOD  
His name's Kalas.  
(beat)  
He's in prison. He won't be any  
trouble.

Anne nods mutely, touches a GOLD RING on a velvet casing.

MACLEOD  
Present from Bonnie Prince Charlie.

Anne shakes her head. It's getting to be too much.

ANNE  
It's like a fairy tale. Swords,  
living forever...

MACLEOD  
Not all the time.

ANNE  
Right. The heads.  
(beat)  
You really have to do that?

MacLeod nods in response.

(CONTINUED)

1809 CONTINUED: (2)

1809

ANNE

I've seen people come back on the table... but this is impossible.

(beat)

Cell regeneration. Spontaneous. It has to be... If we could analyze your DNA structure. Figure it out...

MACLEOD

(interrupting)

Anne? Just try to accept it.

ANNE

I'm trying...

He can see she's had enough. He takes her hands in his, kisses them.

MACLEOD

Let's go.

(beat)

Medically speaking, I'd say you just had a pretty traumatic half-hour.

They turn to go, but there's something on Anne's mind.

ANNE

Mind taking a detour?

(off his look)

I know she's not my patient, but I just feel...

MACLEOD

Responsible, I know.

She kisses him, takes his arm, and as they head out

1810 INT. KRISTOV'S HOUSE - BALLROOM - DAY

1810

CLOSE - A SHEET OF CANVAS

covered with wild spatters of paint -- greens, yellows, blacks -- a marriage of Kandinsky and Pollock on acid.

OVER, the sound of minimalist MECHANO-ROCK -- edgy music for edgy minds. Suddenly a violent splatter of RED hits the canvas like an explosion of blood.

KRISTOV (O.S.)

Lose her?

(beat)

How could you lose her?

(CONTINUED)

1810 CONTINUED:

1810

REVERSE - KRISTOV

Young, lithe, sharp features and short spiky hair -- a handsome, crueler Nureyev for the nineties. T-shirt, karate pants, bare-feet, his body splattered with color, he wields an oversize brush and though his manner is calm, he throws paint to canvas as if he's attacking it.

The once-elegant room is bare -- only Kristov's huge abstract PAINTINGS propped on walls, a STEREO in a corner. A large TABLE holds painting materials and an antique silver SAMOVAR. Kristov throws more paint, CALMLY considers the effect.

KRISTOV

I asked a question. How could you lose Tasha?

He turns to face --

ALEXEI AND FYODOR

His two men. Young, with the hard faces of killers, they wait, not liking the situation, but too tough to be afraid.

ALEXEI

She fell at Customs.

KRISTOV

(beat)  
So she's dead.

ALEXEI

(hesitates)  
They took her to a hospital. She couldn't still be alive.

Kristov cuts him short with an icy smile.

KRISTOV

Couldn't she?

He steps to the table, dips his finger in the paint.

KRISTOV

My dear Alexeievich... anything is possible.

As he talks, he places the paint-covered finger to Alexei's MOUTH and paints a FROWN on it, with two thick strokes, first one side, then the other, with the care of an artist. Alexei doesn't move a muscle.

(CONTINUED)

1810 CONTINUED: (2)

1810

KRISTOV

(calm)

For instance, you don't know if she's dead. You don't know if she might talk to the police...

Kristov stands back to survey his work -- then suddenly BACK-HANDS Alexei with enough force to rattle his teeth.

KRISTOV

(exploding)

You know nothing!

Alexei straightens. Not a whimper -- he's tough as railroad nails. Kristov's icy-calm has returned.

KRISTOV

Go to the hospital.

(beat)

Make sure she can't talk.

They turn and leave, Alexei wiping paint from his mouth. Kristov moves to the table, pours a glass of tea from the samovar. By it is a framed picture of Tasha. Kristov picks up the picture.

INSERT - TASHA'S PICTURE

Smiling, vivacious, carefree -- not the woman we see now.

RESUME KRISTOV

He gazes at it a moment then suddenly flings it, sends it spinning into a wall, shattering. He puts down the glass and picks up his brush, moving to the music as he paints, brush-strokes synched to the loud, erratic RIM-SHOTS of the drum beat.

1811 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

1811

Anne is in conversation with Dr. Chandon as MacLeod waits nearby.

CHANDON

There's no sign of infection. She's young, strong... looks like she'll survive... this time.

He hesitates, something obviously on his mind.

ANNE

This time?

(CONTINUED)



1811 CONTINUED:

1811

CHANDON

The obstruction was a balloon.  
Filled with heroin.

(beat)

She is a drug courier.

Anne is taken aback. Looks at MacLeod.

ANNE

She's just a kid.

MACLEOD

A kid with big problems.

(beat)

You called the police?

CHANDON

They're on their way.

ANNE

I was wondering if I could see  
her.

CHANDON

Of course.

(beat)

You saved her life.

Chandon turns and moves off.

MACLEOD

I'll be waiting.

Anne nods and enters Tasha's room. MacLeod turns back to  
the corridor and watches vigilantly.

1812 INT. HOSPITAL - TASHA'S ROOM - DAY

1812

Tasha is in bed, propped on pillows, recovered enough to  
have regained some attitude.

ANNE

Hi. You're pretty lucky.

(pointed)

This time.

TASHA

Leave me alone.

ANNE

(beat)

Where'd you learn to speak English  
so well?

Tasha turns her head away, not answering.

(CONTINUED)

1812 CONTINUED:

1812

ANNE

You know what I don't get.  
(off Tasha's look)  
How someone so smart can do  
something so damn stupid?

Tasha starts to react -- then catches herself. She's not  
about to let Anne play big sister. She turns away.

TASHA

Go away.

ANNE

You know how much heroin was in  
that balloon? You know what happens  
when they tear or leak inside you?

Tasha is shaken, tries not to show it.

TASHA

You don't scare me.

ANNE

Someone should. I've seen it  
happen.  
(beat)  
It's a bad way to die, Tasha.

Anne sits on the bed, looks her in the eye.

ANNE

(beat)  
Whatever they paid you, it's not  
worth it.

Tasha is silent, her eyes far off. Then softly...

TASHA

You think I'd do this for money?

ANNE

Then why...  
(a beat; as it occurs)  
A guy? You did this for a guy?

And OFF Tasha's look --

1813 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

1813

MacLeod is waiting, watching the corridor as various  
HOSPITAL PERSONNEL pass by. He knows whoever owned the  
heroin could come for it -- or for Tasha. As he waits --

(CONTINUED)

1813 CONTINUED:

1813

ANGLE - A MALE NURSE

moving down the corridor, pushing a medicine cart. His hair is combed neatly, he's wearing hospital whites -- but we see it's Kristov's man, ALEXEI.

MacLeod glances at him. Nothing unusual about a male nurse in a hospital wing. Alexei is passing by, heading in the direction of Tasha's room.

ON MACLEOD

Looking the other way, scanning the corridor.

RESUME ALEXEI

Reaching the door to Tasha's room. He starts to enter, and as he moves to close the door behind him --

MACLEOD

Turns back, sees him there. Still nothing strange. Then he sees Alexei's wrist -- and a GOLD CHAIN there. Weird. He glances down --

CLOSE - ALEXEI'S COWBOY BOOTS

stylish, expensive, in ostrich or maybe alligator -- boots no nurse, and probably no Frenchman, would wear. As MacLeod registers this, Alexei closes the door.

1814 INT. HOSPITAL - TASHA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

1814

Anne is sitting on Tasha's bed. As Alexei enters, closing the door behind him, Anne barely glances up.

ANNE

Think about this, Tasha.

TASHA

I have. I told you, he loves me!

ANNE

How could he love you and use you like that?

Alexei with the tray. He lifts a cloth off it reveals a silenced GUN there. He raises it, and as he takes aim --

MACLEOD

Bursts in. As Alexei starts to swing around, MacLeod grabs his wrist, slams him against a wall. As they struggle, the gun FIRES with a silenced PLOP. A WATER GLASS explodes in fragments. Anne covers Tasha.

(CONTINUED)

1814 CONTINUED:

1814

Another PLOP as it fires again --

MacLeod flinches in pain -- then gives Alexei a sharp JAB. The gun falls to the floor. Alexei Yanks free, shoves the CART at MacLeod and dives out the door.

1815 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS - DAY

1815

MacLeod makes a flying leap and TACKLES him, brings him sliding headfirst into the wall across from Tasha's room, stunning him.

NEW ANGLE

As he drags Alexei to his feet, holds him up. But Alexei isn't as out of commission as he seems -- he suddenly HEAD BUTTS MacLeod viciously, a sneer on his face.

MACLEOD

Reels back, but doesn't let Alexei go. A BEAT -- he grabs Alexei with both hands, suddenly HEAD BUTTS him back, much harder. Alexei's eyes roll up -- as he starts to sag, two beefy SECURITY MEN arrive at a run. MacLeod sees their questioning looks.

MACLEOD

He slipped.

He shoves the dazed Alexei at them. As the SECURITY MEN muscle him away, MacLeod heads back towards Tasha's room.

1816 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

1816

Anne moves quickly to meet MacLeod. MacLeod takes her arms -- his first thought is for her.

MACLEOD

Everyone okay?

ANNE

Fine. But the nurse... how did you know?

MACLEOD

(shrugs)

Not often you see a nurse wearing three-hundred dollar boots.

MacLeod is grimacing in discomfort.

ANNE

What about you?

(CONTINUED)

1816 CONTINUED:

1816

MACLEOD

Got a headache, but nothing like  
the other guy.

Anne puts her hand to his shoulder -- it comes away smeared  
with blood.

ANNE

Duncan, you're bleeding!

MACLEOD

Oh. Look, Anne...

But her E.R. training takes over. She moves him to a nearby  
bench, pulls his coat off, tugs at his shirt.

MACLEOD

This isn't necessary.

ANNE

(not listening)

Bullet wounds out specialty. I've  
treated hundreds of these, just  
hold still while we have a look.  
You're probably in shock...

She yanks his shirt open, buttons spitting onto the floor.  
There's no longer a wound, only a little dried blood. She  
reaches up to touch it, then looks at him in wonder.

MACLEOD

Told you.

He pulls the torn shirt back over it. OFF her face, trying  
to absorb this second miracle of the day.

MACLEOD

You gonna be okay?

She nods, dazed.

ANNE

I think I ripped your shirt for  
nothing.

MACLEOD

Already had a hole in it.

(off her look)

Let's go home. I think you better  
sit down.

ANNE

I think so too.

(CONTINUED)

1816 CONTINUED: (2)

1816

And OFF her look, as he leads her out...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

1817 EXT. BARGE - MORNING - TO ESTABLISH

1817

ANNE (O.S.)

The French Revolution, the American Civil War...

(beat)

You were around for all of them.

MACLEOD (O.S.)

Uh-huh.

1818 INT. BARGE - MORNING

1818

Anne and MacLeod are lounging in bed, MacLeod in his pajama bottoms, Anne in a robe. They are noshing at a breakfast tray with coffee and bread on it.

ANNE

That's all you're going to say?

(beat)

Uh-huh?

MACLEOD

What would you like me to say?

ANNE

I want you to tell me everything.

MACLEOD

There's a lot of everything. Maybe you could narrow it down a little.

ANNE

Okay... Okay, I'll say a name and you tell me the first thing that comes into your mind.

MACLEOD

Fine.

ANNE

(beat)

Marie Antoinette.

MACLEOD

Incredibly sexy.

(off her look)

She was.

(CONTINUED)

1818 CONTINUED:

1818

ANNE

Lincoln... and don't say "tall."

MACLEOD

Human.

ANNE

Washington.

MACLEOD

I was in China at the time.

ANNE

Really?  
(beat)  
Roosevelt.

MACLEOD

(deadpan)  
Franklin or Teddy?

MacLeod moves the tray of food off the bed.

ANNE

I can't believe it. Here I'm lying  
in bed with a guy who could've  
come over on the Mayflower.

MACLEOD

Impossible.  
(beat)  
I'd never make it as a Puritan.

He kisses her and is interrupted by a voice.

RICHIE (O.S.)

(from outside)  
Mac? Mac, are you there?

MACLEOD

(calling out)  
Go away!

MACLEOD'S POV

Richie's face appears in a porthole

RICHIE

(looking frazzled)  
Look, I know this is a bad time...  
but it can't wait.

As MacLeod reacts --

DISSOLVE TO:



1819 OMITTED

1819

1820 INT. BARGE - SHORTLY AFTER - DAY

1820

Richie is at the table, looking glum as MacLeod pours fresh coffee for everyone.

MACLEOD

I was afraid of this.

RICHIE

It was thousand to one shot, Mac. A cafe, a little out of the way place, no one would know me in a million years.

MACLEOD

But someone did.

RICHIE

Turns out a couple of mechanics from the track hang out there. Saw me crash, the whole works.

MACLEOD

You talk your way out?

RICHIE

Tried to. They couldn't hear me over the shouting.

ANNE

Would someone mind filling me in?

MacLeod and Richie look at each other a BEAT.

RICHIE

I died.

A BEAT as Anne takes this in.

ANNE

Him too?

(off MacLeod's nod)

And now he's alive again. Just like you.

MACLEOD

This is different. This was in public.

(beat)

This isn't good, Richie.

RICHIE

I got out of it okay.

(CONTINUED)

1820 CONTINUED:

1820

MACLEOD

This time. What about the next?

RICHIE

(beat)

I know. I should get out of town.

MACLEOD

Out of the country.

(beat)

I know a guy who'll get you a passport that'll get you through Immigration.

This is all too much for Anne.

ANNE

He disappears like you did.

(beat)

Just like that you, leave everything behind?

MACLEOD

Just like that.

MacLeod writes quickly on a note, hands it to Richie.

MACLEOD

It'll take a day. You can stay here.

RICHIE

Thanks. I'm okay where I am for now.

He stands. Looks at them both. This is hard, but he puts a good face on it. They hug briefly.

ANNE

I don't know what to say.

RICHIE

Hey, I made the record book. -- most promising rookie rider that ever died.

(rueful)

How many guys can say that?

The PHONE rings. MacLeod picks up.

MACLEOD

(into phone)

Hello.

(listens)

Who?

(CONTINUED)

1820 CONTINUED: (2)

1820

MacLeod frowns. Everyone stares at Richie. He tenses, thinking this must be about him. A BEAT -- MacLeod turns, holds the phone to Anne.

MACLEOD

The Police.

(beat)

They want to talk to you.

And OFF Anne's face as she takes the phone from him, wondering what the hell this could be about:

1821 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

1821

MacLeod and Anne stand in the hallway, facing a seasoned plainclothes detective. He shakes Anne's hand and moves away. Anne turns to MacLeod.

ANNE

What do I do?

MACLEOD

What do you want to do?

ANNE

Getting involved with the Russian Mafia is not the reason I came to Paris.

MACLEOD

Then let's go home.

ANNE

But if I can get her to testify against the guy who put her up to this...

MACLEOD

They might be able to put him away.

ANNE

And keep a little heroin off the streets.

MACLEOD

Maybe.

(beat)

It's your call.

1822 INT. HOSPITAL - TASHA'S ROOM - DAY

1822

Anne is sitting on Tasha's bedside.

(CONTINUED)

1822 CONTINUED:

1822

ANNE

You carried the drugs, Tasha. You got busted. What can I tell you?

TASHA

What to do.

(beat)

If I talk, they'll kill me.

ANNE

If you don't, you go to prison.

(beat)

How long do you think you'd last in there?

TASHA

I don't know!

She starts to well up. She's a kid, and she's scared.

TASHA

(a whisper)

When you love somebody, it's not so easy to leave.

(beat)

I want it to be like before. Before I knew what he did.

This hits home. Anne nods, knowing exactly how it feels.

ANNE

It doesn't work that way, Tasha. No one gets to go back.

(beat)

You just keep moving forward.

TASHA

I'm scared.

Anne takes her hand.

ANNE

It's okay to be scared.

(beat)

We all get scared.

1823 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - SAME TIME DAY

1823

The Detective and two Men talk outside Tasha's door. MacLeod is some ways away, pacing in the corridor. As he does, he gets the BUZZ and follows it to --

1823A EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

1823A

MacLeod exits the hospital to see

KRISTOV

Approaching. He's carrying FLOWERS. He gets the BUZZ as he sees MacLeod. The two immortals freeze, stock still, staring at each other. PUSH IN on the flowers --

TRANSITION TO:

1824 EXT. RUSSIAN STEPPES - 1750 - DAY

1824

To the flowers of the STEPPE. PAN UP to find MacLeod, heavily dressed, on horseback. He's squeezing a goatskin WATER BAG into his mouth. As he finishes drinking, straps the goatskin back to his saddle --

MACLEOD'S POV - BOHDAN

on horseback, fifty yards away. A giant Cossack in fur vest and boots, mustache framing his broad peasant jaw like a rope -- he's so ugly he's charming.

MACLEOD

(calls out)

I'm passing through. I don't want trouble.

Bohdan breaks into a broad, gap-toothed grin. He shakes his great head, draws his saber -- and charges.

MACLEOD

Have it your way.

MacLeod draws his own saber and charges.

WIDER - THE TWO FIGHTERS

as they meet. Bohdan grins wings with powerful blows that MacLeod blocks. They circle, jockeying for position. Then MacLeod makes an unexpected move --

CLOSE - BOHDAN'S SADDLE

as MacLeod slips his saber under the saddle-strap, slices -- Bohdan's SADDLE is loose. As his horse bolts, the surprised Cossack sails off, lands heavily on the ground.

CLOSE - BOHDAN

As he pushes up on his elbows, still bewildered and finds MacLeod's SABER at his neck. He looks up to MacLeod, who stands over him.

(CONTINUED)

1824 CONTINUED:

1824

MACLEOD

You can stop, or you can die.  
Your choice.

Bohdan stares at him a BEAT, open-mouthed... then to MacLeod's surprise, he laughs -- a gut-wrenching roar.

MACLEOD

What's funny?

Bohdan roars again, clambers to his feet, gasping.

BOHDAN

By God, you unhorse a Cossack!  
You beat Bohdan! Nobody beats  
Bohdan!

Beaming, ignoring MacLeod's sword completely, he grabs MacLeod in a huge bear-hug, squeezes him painfully.

BOHDAN

Come to our camp tonight! We feast!

MACLEOD

How? Your horse ran off.

Bohdan grabs MacLeod's horse's reins.

BOHDAN

Then we go on yours.

MacLeod crooks his hands to hoist Bohdan onto his horse, gritting his teeth with the effort --

MACLEOD

If he doesn't drop dead.

MacLeod follows him up, and they totter off.

1825 EXT. COSSACK CAMP - RUSSIAN STEPPES - 1750 - EVENING

1825

Around several campfires, Bohdan's COSSACK BAND relaxes. WOMEN and CHILDREN around cooking fires and tents, men polish sabers, eat, joke and drink.

ANGLE - KRISTOV

In the firelight, lying quietly against his saddle. He's the hetman (leader) of the band, dressed accordingly, face framed by a mustache, playing a balalaika. He feels the BUZZ, looks up to see --

(CONTINUED)

1825 CONTINUED:

1825

MACLEOD AND BOHDAN

Riding into camp. There are shouts, hands go quickly to sabers.

As a LARGE COSSACK reaches for MacLeod -- Bohdan slips off the horse, lands with surprising agility on his feet and SWINGS, double fisted, knocks the man sailing.

BOHDAN

He's my friend. You fight him...  
you fight Bohdan first.

He's not expecting any takers. There aren't any. As MacLeod slips off the saddle --

KRISTOV (O.S.)

You must have fallen in love with  
his horse, Bohdan.

KRISTOV steps into the light. High boots, proud mocking smile, a swashbuckling Cossack to the bone.

KRISTOV

Yours came back an hour ago...  
alone.

General roars of laughter. Bohdan takes it goodnaturedly, slaps MacLeod on the back hard enough to wind him.

BOHDAN

(proudly)  
He knocked me off! He's brave as  
any Cossack.

Kristov steps closer. He and MacLeod size each other up.

KRISTOV

He must be.  
(beat)  
I am Kristov. This is my camp.

MACLEOD

Duncan MacLeod, the Clan MacLeod.  
I'm heading east, past the Don.

Kristov nods. He'll accept MacLeod on his own terms.

KRISTOV

Stay with us, MacLeod. Enjoy  
Cossack hospitality.  
(a smile)  
Anyone who can drop Bohdan on his  
rump deserves a celebration.

(CONTINUED)

1825 CONTINUED: (2)

1825

Bohdan roars, slaps MacLeod again with his meaty hand as they move back to the fires. They pass the man Bohdan knocked down. He is still out cold.

MACLEOD

What about him?

BOHDAN

He's fine. He's my brother.

DISSOLVE TO:

1826 EXT. COSSACK CAMP - AROUND CAMPFIRE - RUSSIAN STEPPES - 1826  
1750 - LATER - NIGHT

MacLeod, Bohdan and Kristov recline on thick furs. Bohdan tears into some venison, offers a chunk to MacLeod.

MACLEOD

No more.

Bohdan shrugs and continues to eat. Kristov smiles.

KRISTOV

He has few words, Bohdan, but a great heart. There's no better man to have beside you in battle.

MACLEOD

I thought the fighting was over?

KRISTOV

It's never over for us Cossacks. First the Poles, then the Tsars...

MACLEOD

And now?

KRISTOV

Another beast comes to attack Mother Russia.

(beat)

We could use another warrior.

MACLEOD

At the moment, I've had my fill of war.

KRISTOV

(beat)

You share our fire, our food... share our fight.

MacLeod hesitates. Bohdan clasps his arm.

(CONTINUED)



1826 CONTINUED:

1826

BOHDAN

You saved my life. You owe me a  
chance to save yours.

His big, homely face is solemn, sincere. MacLeod sighs,  
throws his hands up.

MACLEOD

When do we ride?

Bohdan roars and pounds MacLeod on the back.

BOHDAN

The Kazatska!

He waves his arm. BALALAIKAS start tumbling out wild notes --  
a Cossack leaps into the firelight, dances the Kazatska to  
wild claps and cheers. Someone tosses him a VODKA bottle.  
As he swills it to rhythmic clapping --

MacLeod watches, caught up in the wild mood. Then Bohdan's  
ARM shoves him into the firelight.

MACLEOD

Not me! I don't know how...

He's drowned out as the music starts -- no backing out  
now. He crouches and starts, awkward at first, one leg  
then the other, going faster... he's getting the hang of  
it. He grins, lifts his arms -- no hands. The Cossacks  
go wild. As he stands --

BOHDAN lobs him a VODKA BOTTLE and the CLAPPING starts.  
MacLeod shrugs -- no way to avoid this either. He upends  
the bottle -- sucks it down to rhythmic CLAPPING. He's  
still sucking as he topples over backwards, out cold, lands  
with a thud to wild cheers.

BOHDAN

He'll make a Cossack yet!

As Kristov looks on, standing apart from the others --

TRANSITION TO:

1827 EXT. HOSPITAL - THE PRESENT - DAY

1827

MacLeod faces Kristov.

MACLEOD

Kristov. So you're part of this  
Russian cartel.

(CONTINUED)

1827 CONTINUED:

1827

KRISTOV

(wiseass)

Actually, I'd rather be an artist,  
but you know how fickle the public  
is.

MACLEOD

Why don't we go some place private?

KRISTOV

Very tempting, but I'm not here  
for you.

MACLEOD

Tasha's not taking any visitors.

There's a tense BEAT, then --

ANGLE - ANNE

Stepping from the hospital. She sees MacLeod.

ANNE

Duncan.

Kristov glances at her, smiles.

KRISTOV

What an enchanting woman.  
(beat)  
She belong to you?

MACLEOD

Leave her out of this.

KRISTOV

Fine. You stay away from mine.

He drops the flowers into the trash, then meets MacLeod's  
eyes.

KRISTOV

And I'll stay away from yours.

He turns and walks out. OFF MacLeod's face, watching him:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

1828 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

1828

MacLeod and Anne are heading down the steps into the street, both preoccupied, but by different things.

ANNE

Do you think they'll give her a break if she talks?

MACLEOD

(beat, shortly)

Maybe she'll walk away if they nail her boss.

ANNE

Then she should testify against him, don't you think... Duncan?

MacLeod takes her arm, hails a nearby TAXI.

MACLEOD

This is a mistake.

ANNE

(beat)

But you said they might let her off.

MACLEOD

Not her, you.

(off Anne's look)

Coming here, being with me. It was wrong.

ANNE

What do you mean?

The TAXI pulls up. MacLeod opens the door for Anne.

MACLEOD

We'll get your stuff, and then you're going home.

A BEAT -- Anne slams the taxi door shut.

ANNE

The hell I am.

(CONTINUED)

1828 CONTINUED:

1828

MACLEOD

(beat)

The man back there was Kristov.  
He runs the Russian mob.

ANNE

(beat)

Then call the police.

MACLEOD

They have no proof. There's nothing  
they can do to him.

ANNE

So what's that got to do with me  
staying?

MACLEOD

He knows who you are.

(beat)

He's a killer. He'll kill her,  
you... anyone who gets in his way.

(beat)

He's one of us, Anne. An Immortal.

And OFF her look, taking this in, he opens the Taxi door  
as a group of children walks by. The CAMERA finds their  
legs, then --

TRANSITION TO:

1829 EXT. COSSACK CAMP - RUSSIAN STEPPES - 1750 - MORNING

1829

ON the legs of a horse. PAN UP as the raiding party is  
mounting up -- six RIDERS and MacLeod, some saying goodbye  
to their women or children. MacLeod and Kristov are to  
one side, MacLeod looking distracted as Kristov checks a  
double brace of PISTOLS jammed in his tunic. He notes  
MacLeod.

KRISTOV

You don't look happy, MacLeod.

MACLEOD

It's been a long time since war  
made me happy...

KRISTOV

That's because you weren't born a  
Cossack. To us there's nothing  
greater than crushing the life  
from an enemy.

(pointing)

Look at them. They live for battle.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1829 CONTINUED:

1829

KRISTOV (CONT.)

(beat)  
So do I.

MACLEOD

(with a sense of  
foreboding)  
And there are always enemies, aren't  
there.

Kristov smiles and gallops away, over to a pocket of men.  
Bohdan rides up to MacLeod, grinning.

BOHDAN

Come, we ride together!

1830 EXT. FIELD/FOREST NEAR VILLAGE - RUSSIAN STEPPES - 1750 -1830  
DAY

Kristov holds up a hand, signaling his riders to stop.  
WIDER -- they've drawn up by some trees, on a hill  
overlooking a grassy plain. MacLeod is in front with  
Kristov and Bohdan.

KRISTOV

There.

His face is cold. MacLeod stares down at the field --

MACLEOD'S POV - THE FIELD

a poor village, a small wooden stockade. In the open  
fields, PEASANTS -- men, women, older children -- hacking  
at the wheat with scythes, or at the sod with picks.

RESUME MACLEOD

As he turns to Kristov in dismay.

MACLEOD

They're farmers!

KRISTOV

And the Tsar pays us to get rid of  
them.

MACLEOD

But what danger can they be to  
him?

KRISTOV

They're outsiders.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1830 CONTINUED:

1830

KRISTOV (CONT.)

(with sarcasm)

The land doesn't belong to them,  
it belongs to Mother Russia. And  
the Czar tells me she wants it  
back.

MACLEOD

(beat)

There's not a weapon in the village!  
This is no battle, it's a slaughter.

KRISTOV

No matter. They're the enemy.

BOHDAN

(solemnly)

We do this for Holy Mother Russia.

MACLEOD

I'll not help you commit murder.

KRISTOV

(cold)

So be it.

He lifts his hand -- drops it. The Cossacks thunder past,  
roaring battle cries. MacLeod curses and rides after them.

NEW ANGLE - THE FIELD

as the Cossacks thunder down on the villagers, sabers  
slashing, killing everyone they can.

SEVERAL ANGLES - THE PEASANTS

as they run, panicked, for the stockade walls, desperately  
fleeing the onslaught.

ANGLE - A CRUDE WOODEN WAGON

and a peasant cowering on the other side. A Cossack horse  
LEAPS the wagon, cuts down the peasant.

ANGLE - BIG MALE PEASANT

as he turns and makes a stand, swings his SCYTHE and takes  
down one Cossack. Before he can straighten

KRISTOV

Thunders past, his sword flashing down. The Peasant falls.

(CONTINUED)

1830 CONTINUED: (2)

1830

ANGLE - MACLEOD

In the center of the melee, furious, trying to protect a small pocket of peasants. It's not possible.

MACLEOD'S POV - THE VILLAGE WALL

and a peasant family cowering there: a man, a boy, women and children. They're trapped by a Cossack -- it's Bohdan.

CLOSER - THE PEASANTS

the MAN falls to Bohdan's sword. A brave TEENAGE BOY raises a pathetic staff to ward it off. As Bohdan is about to bring his sword down --

MACLEOD

Knocks it away. As Bohdan stares in surprise, MacLeod turns to the stunned peasants behind him.

MACLEOD

To the forest! RUN!

Most of them do. MacLeod turns back to Bohdan -- the giant has a puzzled, almost hurt look.

BOHDAN

You would fight your friend?

(beat)

This is not the Cossack way.

MACLEOD

They're harmless, Bohdan. Let them go.

BOHDAN

Kristov says we can't.

MACLEOD

You don't have to listen to him.

Bohdan shakes his great head, a man of simple faith.

BOHDAN

He leads us.

(troubled)

You are my friend. It would be wrong to kill you. Let me pass.

His homely face is pleading.

MACLEOD

You're my friend too, Bohdan.

(beat)

But I can't.

(CONTINUED)

1830 CONTINUED: (3)

1830

Bohdan nods sadly. He raises his saber and charges. They meet, exchange blows.

Bohdan lunges -- then his big face fills with surprise. WIDER -- we see MacLeod's sword has struck home. Bohdan puts his hand to the wound in surprise -- then slowly topples off his horse.

ANGLE - KRISTOV

Who turns and sees

KRISTOV'S POV

Bohdan falling from his horse.

BACK TO SCENE

KRISTOV

(angry)  
MacLeod!

So intent is Kristov on MacLeod that he doesn't see the farmer with the pitch fork until it's too late. Kristov takes the pitch fork in the side and falls, mortally wounded.

MACLEOD

Looks at the carnage around him and what has happened. A SMALL BOY still cowers near the wall. MacLeod reaches down.

MACLEOD

Come, I'll take you to safety.

He swings the boy up behind him. He turns and rides away.

TRANSITION TO:

1831 INT. BARGE - THE PRESENT - EVENING

1831

Richie is there, showing MacLeod his newly forged passport. The mood is heavy... he's saying goodbye.

MACLEOD

Should get you out of here.  
(handing it back)  
Call... wherever you get to.

Richie nods. This is hard.

(CONTINUED)



1831 CONTINUED:

1831

RICHIE

I never figured it turning out like this. If there was any way to change what happened...

MACLEOD

I know. But there never is.

RICHIE

(nods)  
My plane leaves in the morning.  
(beat)  
Mac, thanks for everything... I know it doesn't mean squat, but if there's anything I can do for you.

MACLEOD

There is.

RICHIE

Name it.

MACLEOD

When you go to the airport...  
(beat)  
Take Anne with you.

ANNE

(tight)  
We're still discussing it.

MACLEOD

No, we're not... You're leaving.

ANNE

Did I miss something or are you going to make all my decisions for me from now on?

MACLEOD

This isn't about that... this is about life and death.

ANNE

Something I do every day, in case you forgot.

MACLEOD

You save lives... Kristov takes them.

ANNE

So that's it? Hi Duncan, bye Duncan... Now I hop on the bus and get out of town?

(CONTINUED)

1831 CONTINUED: (2)

1831

MACLEOD

If you want to live you do.

ANNE

You think you're scaring me?

(beat)

If things were different, if it was me facing this... would you walk away?

She locks eyes with him. MacLeod looks at her a BEAT, frustrated -- he knows she's right.

ANNE

So what makes you think I will?

MACLEOD

Because you have to.

He turns and walks out, onto the deck. Discussion over. Anne looks at Richie, throws her hands up. Richie puts down his bag.

RICHIE

(as in "Let's talk")

Anne.

1832 EXT. BARGE - LATER - NIGHT

1832

MacLeod stands on deck, gazing at the river, lost in thought. He doesn't turn as Anne comes out, carrying his coat. She looks at him a moment, then goes to him.

ANNE

Thought you might need this. I know you can't catch cold.

(beat)

But it would make me feel better.

She looks at him. BEAT -- he takes the jacket.

MACLEOD

I can catch cold.

(beat)

I just can't die from it.

He smiles. The ice is broken. Anne shivers slightly herself. MacLeod lifts one side of his coat for her.

MACLEOD

Door's open.

She slides under the coat with him. They lean on the rail. Anne hesitates, then begins.

(CONTINUED)

1832 CONTINUED:

1832

ANNE

Richie told me about Tessa. About  
how she died.

MACLEOD

(beat)  
Now you know.

ANNE

I'm telling you because...  
(beat)  
Because I know you want to protect  
me. I guess she's part of the  
reason why.

MACLEOD

Part. Not all.  
(beat)  
This whole thing is wrong.

ANNE

(beat)  
I've seen death, Duncan. I'm not  
afraid. Whatever happens, I want  
us to be together.

MACLEOD

(beat)  
Your life will never be the same.

ANNE

Hasn't been the same since we met.  
I tried it with you. Tried it  
without you.  
(a smile)  
I'll take it with you any day.

She's not going to give up. MacLeod sighs.

MACLEOD

Then stay close to me. Keep me  
between you and Kristov.

ANNE

Deal.  
(beat)  
How close?

She moves tighter against him.

ANNE

Am I getting warmer?

He shakes his head, pulls her close. OFF their faces,  
looking over the water, wondering what the future holds --

1833 EXT. HOSPITAL - ESTABLISHING - DAY

1833

TASHA (O.S.)

So what you're saying is, they'll  
give me a new life somewhere.

1834 INT. HOSPITAL - TASHA'S ROOM - DAY

1834

Tasha is sitting up in bed, looking and feeling much better.  
MacLeod and Anne talk to Tasha.

MACLEOD

If you tell what you know about  
Kristov to the police.

(beat)

You'll be free. They've agreed.

Tasha looks upset, face filled with conflict.

ANNE

You'll have a life again, Tasha.

TASHA

(wavering)

I don't know. If I don't talk,  
maybe he'll leave me alone.

MACLEOD

He's already tried to kill you.

(beat)

Stop protecting him... and start  
protecting yourself.

Tasha waivers, bites her lip -- she knows it's true.

TASHA

I can be free and then dead or in  
prison then dead.

MACLEOD

I'll take care of Kristov. Just  
tell me where to find him.

A BEAT -- finally Tasha nods. And OFF her face --

1835 EXT. STREET - DAY

1835

A TAXI waits, the DRIVER on his break, face deep into a  
newspaper sports section. Richie hefts his bags up to the  
window and raps on it.

RICHIE

Monsieur,? Airport? L'aerogare,  
s'il vous plait?

(CONTINUED)



ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

1835A EXT. BARGE - TO ESTABLISH - DAY

1835A

1836 INT. BARGE - DAY

1836

MacLeod and Anne are just arriving.

ANNE

Why can't you let the police do  
it?

MACLEOD

They'll never be able to protect  
her from him.

ANNE

There's got to be another way.

MACLEOD

Anne...  
(beat)  
There isn't.MacLeod reaches for an envelope that lies on a table and  
opens it.

ANNE

What is it?

MACLEOD

Richie's airline ticket.

The PHONE rings. MacLeod picks up.

INTERCUT:

1837 OMITTED

1837

1838 INT. KRISTOV'S HOUSE - BALLROOM - SAME TIME

1838

Kristov has the phone cupped to an ear as he stands before  
an unfinished canvas, brush in one hand, thoughtfully adding  
slashes of color as he talks.

KRISTOV

(into phone)  
Oh, MacLeod, you disappoint me. I  
thought we had a bargain.

(CONTINUED)

1838 CONTINUED:

1838

MACLEOD

That wasn't a bargain, Kristov, it was a threat. Maybe you don't know the difference.

KRISTOV

I know you helped Tasha make a deal with the police. So I have another deal to propose.

He turns and we see RICHIE, tied to a chair, his arms behind him, a gag in his mouth.

KRISTOV

Stop Tasha from testifying.

MACLEOD

How?

KRISTOV

(casually)

Kill her...

(beat)

It shouldn't be too hard. Everyone trusts Duncan MacLeod.

MACLEOD

And if I don't?

ON KRISTOV

KRISTOV

I'll take your young friend's head.

He moves over, dips a BRUSH in red paint. As he talks to MacLeod he draws a RED CIRCLE around Richie's throat in a series of dashed lines, enjoying this.

KRISTOV

(into phone)

Imagine my surprise when he turned out to be one of us. An unexpected bonus, wouldn't you say?

MACLEOD

(into phone)

Forget him, forget Tasha. Just you and me, Kristov.

KRISTOV

(into phone)

MacLeod, this isn't personal. This is business.

(beat)

Now, do we have a deal ...

(CONTINUED)

1838 CONTINUED: (2)

1838

He lifts Richie's SWORD from the table, lays the blade to Richie's neck, along the red line.

KRISTOV  
(into phone, harder)  
Or do I just cut on the dotted  
line?  
(MacLeod is silent)  
I thought so. Goodbye, MacLeod.  
Don't write.

He hangs up, considers Richie. Pushes the blade into his skin a little harder.

KRISTOV  
Losing your head to your own sword.  
(beat)  
I kind of like that.

Build the tension. Kristov suddenly flicks the sword -- and Richie's GAG drops to the floor.

RICHIE  
Go to hell.

Kristov holds the blade there a bit longer -- then smiles, tosses it on the table.

KRISTOV  
(contemptuous)  
Don't worry. MacLeod will do  
whatever he has to protect his  
little friend.

RICHIE  
Let me loose. We'll see who needs  
protecting.

KRISTOV  
Spirit. Sometimes I like that....

He suddenly HAMMERS Richie across the jaw.

KRISTOV  
Sometimes not.

Richie reels back, a trickle of blood on his lips. Kristov turns back to his painting as if nothing had happened.

KRISTOV  
It needs something, don't you think?  
(off Richie's silence)  
Ocher. I agree completely.

As he lifts his brush to paint --



1839 INT. BARGE - A FEW MINUTES LATER - DAY

1839

MacLeod is pacing, in turmoil.

ANNE

You have to tell her not to talk.  
There's no choice.

MacLeod is silent a BEAT.

MACLEOD

There's one.

(beat)

Call the Police, get Tasha's  
testimony. And stay with her at  
the hospital... you'll be safer  
there.

Anne stares at him in disbelief.

ANNE

But he'll kill Richie!

MACLEOD

Not if I get to him fast enough.

ANNE

What if you don't?

MACLEOD

(beat)

Then I don't.

He holds her eyes.

1840 EXT. KRISTOV'S HOUSE - NIGHT

1840

Two of Kristov's thugs, RAZIN and STENKA, are exchanging  
smokes in the entranceway. As Razin reaches in his pocket  
for a match --

MACLEOD (O.S.)

(in Russian)

Light?

Razin turns -- MacLeod's FIST takes him squarely on the  
chin. As he drops, Stenka pulls a squat machine-pistol  
from his jacket -- MacLeod grabs it, hammers him against  
the wall with it. Stenka goes down. MacLeod tosses the  
gun into the bushes, and goes for the door. As he enters --

1841 INT. KRISTOV'S HOUSE - BALLROOM - SAME TIME

1841

Kristov is painting, dipping his brush in a can -- suddenly he stops, "listening" for what he doesn't quite believe -- he's getting the BUZZ.

KRISTOV

Stupid... stupid, stupid, stupid!

He turns in rage, flings the can of paint at the canvas, and whirls on Richie. Richie has also felt the BUZZ.

KRISTOV

The party's over for you, boy.

He grabs Richie's sword from the table.

RICHIE

For you, too.

(as Kristov stares)

Go ahead, do it. And when the Quickening knocks you on your ass, MacLeod'll be there to help you up.

(beat)

I die, you're right behind me.

Kristov raises the sword. A BEAT -- Kristov in turmoil, Richie tensing. Suddenly Kristov drives the blade into the table inches from Richie. He turns and strides toward the door.

KRISTOV

(bellowing)

Fyodor!

Richie blows a sigh of relief, looks at his sword: it stands quivering in the table. Close enough to reach.

1842 INT. KRISTOV'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

1842

As Kristov moves down the halls of the great house, Fyodor at hurrying at his side, gun in hand.

KRISTOV

Get to the country house. We'll take care of Tasha later.

NEW ANGLE

As they turn a corner, and come face to face with MacLeod.

MACLEOD

That's an optimistic thought.

(CONTINUED)

1842 CONTINUED:

1842

A BEAT as they stand there, no one moving. Then --

KRISTOV

Shoot him.

Fyodor swings up the gun, fires.

MACLEOD

Dives into a doorway -- just as a spray of bullets tears a line through a large CANVAS behind him.

KRISTOV

Slips back, heads down another hallway. As Fyodor moves forward --

1843 INT. KRISTOV'S HOUSE - BALLROOM - SAME TIME

1843

RICHIE

In the ballroom, backed awkwardly up against his sword blade, sliding his bonds against it. The bonds fall away. Richie rises, tosses the chair aside. He's pissed.

1844 INT. KRISTOV'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

1844

Fyodor moves edgily down a hallway, ready to fire. Then ahead of him --

FYODOR'S POV - MACLEOD

doing a flying tuck In roll across the hall, right into another room. Fyodor fires a burst. Maybe he got him, maybe not. He hurries to the doorway, jumps inside --

1845 INT. KRISTOV'S HOUSE - BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

1845

Silent, only Kristov's huge CANVASES everywhere. MacLeod is there somewhere. Fyodor moves cautiously into the room.

1846 EXT. KRISTOV'S HOUSE - COURTYARD - SAME TIME - NIGHT

1846

As Kristov enters, aiming for his car (a low black MASERATI/CITROEN seems his style) and stops. Richie is there, leaning against the car, sword in hand.

KRISTOV

(contemptuous)

I'll kill you in a second, boy.  
Leave while you've still got your head.

(CONTINUED)

1846 CONTINUED:

1846

RICHIE

One thing I hate more than being  
called a boy.

(takes a stance)

It's your lousy paintings.

Kristov whips out his sword and charges. Richie blocks the blow and moves aside, circling. As Kristov moves in again:

1847 INT. KRISTOV'S HOUSE - BALLROOM

1847

Fyodor, moving past the wall of paintings. One MOVES. Fyodor opens up on it, bullets ripping jagged lines through it. The painting slowly topples to the floor -- nothing behind it. Fyodor curses, turns just as --

MACLEOD

Kicks the gun from his hand. Fyodor yanks a BOOT-KNIFE, and MacLeod grabs his arms. As they tussle --

1848 EXT. KRISTOV'S HOUSE - COURTYARD

1848

RICHIE AND KRISTOV

Going at it in the courtyard. Richie's not as polished a fighter as Kristov, but using everything he's got.

1849 INT. KRISTOV'S HOUSE - BALLROOM

1849

MacLeod knocks Fyodor back, then delivers a flying KICK -- sends Fyodor crashing through a canvas into the wall.

He slides to the floor, unconscious. As MacLeod turns to go after Kristov. As he does --

THE BALLROOM WINDOWS

Suddenly flare with the brilliant light of a QUICKENING, then EXPLODE INWARDS from the force. MacLeod staggers back against a wall, face filled with anguish.

MACLEOD

Richie!

He heads for the door, pulling his sword.

1850 EXT. KRISTOV'S HOUSE - COURTYARD - NIGHT

1850

As MacLeod enters, his sword out, ready to face Kristov... there's a FIGURE kneeling on the stone, head down, leaning on his sword, exhausted. A BEAT -- Richie slowly lifts his head, manages a weak smile.

RICHIE

I won.

MACLEOD

I could tell.

And OFF the relief on MacLeod's face, we --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

1851 EXT. AIRPORT DAY

1851

MacLeod and Richie say goodbye. Anne is giving Richie a quick hug.

ANNE

I'll miss you.

RICHIE

Same here. Take care of yourself.

ANNE

(a smile)

It's not me I'm worried about.

She kisses him quickly, then moves toward the car, leaving the two friends in private. Richie turns to MacLeod. A BEAT -- things have changed between them, and they both know it.

RICHIE

Thanks.

MACLEOD

What for?

RICHIE

Not letting Kristov use me.

MACLEOD

He thought you were a kid.

(a smile)

He was wrong.

Richie nods, takes this for what it is -- a ritual of separation, and a new relationship between them.

RICHIE

Wherever I go, I just want you to know...

(beat)

Hell, you know.

MACLEOD

I know.

The two men hug each other hard, then pull away.

RICHIE

I'd kiss you, but the neighbors would talk.

(CONTINUED)

1851 CONTINUED:

1851

He moves toward the entrance. Anne moves to MacLeod.  
They watch as Richie enters the Airport.

ANNE

Is this what it's going to be like?

MACLEOD

I don't know. I can't see the  
future, Anne.

(beat)

Can you live with it?

ANNE

I don't know.

(beat)

But I want to try.

He puts his arm around her, and as they move off --

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW