



HIGHLANDER

The Series

95401
HOMELAND

Written by
David Tynan

Highlander

"HOMELAND"

Written by
David Tynan

Production #95401

June 30, 1995 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"Homeland"

Production #95401

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD
JOE DAWSON

KANWULF/FATHER LAIRD
RACHEL MACLEOD
DEBAR CAMPBELL

BRIAN MCSWAIN
KEVIN MCSWAIN
JAMES BAILEY
GEORGES LALONDE
IAN MACLEOD
ROBERT MACLEOD
MARY MACLEOD
ANGUS

BRUCE
CONSTABLE ONE
DONAL
BRIGAND

HIGHLANDER

"Homeland"

Production #95401

SET LIST

INTERIORS

ANTIQUÉ SHOP
INN
/MACLEOD'S ROOM
CHURCH
MACLEOD FAMILY HOME - 1624

EXTERIORS

HILLTOP NEAR GLENFINNAN
ANTIQUÉ SHOP
HIGHLANDS
CEMETERY
VILLAGE STREETS
HIGHLANDS - 1618
MACLEOD'S VILLAGE - 1618/1624
/MACLEOD FAMILY HOME - 1624
HILLSIDE
FIELDS
FIELDS - 1618
CLIFFSIDE - 1618
CHURCH
FIELD NEAR TREES
FIELD NEAR TREES - 1618
INN
MOORS - 1624

MOUNTAINTOP NEAR CASTLE (SCOTTISH SHOOT)
NEAR HIGHLANDER MONUMENT (SCOTTISH SHOOT)

HIGHLANDER

"Homeland"

TEASER

FADE IN:

101 EXT. HILLTOP - SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS NEAR GLENFINNAN - 101
NIGHT

SUPER: "Glenfinnan" After a moment, below it, "on the shores of Loch Shiel"

On a desolate stretch of land that's lit by the eerie glow of a flickering storm lantern, two ravens perch warily on top of an old stone. They cast their gaze on two men who are hacking furiously into a large, grassy earthen MOUND with a pick and shovel. It is an ancient battle site, and as the men dig, we hear KEVIN MCSWAIN in a complaining Scottish burr.

KEVIN

I don't even know why we're digging here, Brian. This one isn't even a real grave.

BRIAN

(irritated)
It's a battle site, you fool.

KEVIN

How does 'e know that?

BRIAN

That's his business.
(beat)
Now put your back into it. I can smell the silver from here.

A sound of DOGS BARKING in the distance. Kevin, thirty and nervous, freezes his shovel in mid swing.

BRIAN

What the hell's the matter?

KEVIN

Dogs. Something's spooking them...

BRIAN

You bloody old woman. The only one spooked is you.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

CLOSE - A PAIR OF BOOTS

some distance away, moving silently across the dark fields, approaching the glow of the grave-robber's lantern.

Under Brian's glare, Kevin throws a reluctant look into the dark, then joins the digging. As they work --

A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY

A dark figure approaches across the moor.

INTERCUT:

102 EXT. ANTIQUE SHOP - PARIS - NIGHT

102

TO ESTABLISH a small antique shop nestled in an artsy area, the window sign reading "ANTIQUAIRE" and underneath "GEORGES LALONDE" as OVER we hear:

BAILEY (O.S.)

I don't know, Georges. Fifteen thousand francs is rather steep...

103 INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - PARIS - SAME TIME

103

CLOSE - A JAPANESE PRINT

on a display pedestal over a glass case in this small, eclectic shop catering to serious art collectors, some of whom are perusing other art objects. Dealer JAMES BAILEY looks up from the print to proprietor GEORGES LALONDE.

BAILEY

Even if the print is really from the period.

LALONDE

I assure you it is, Monsieur Bailey. Look at the brush work.

Bailey knows its value, but feigns reluctance.

BAILEY

At least we agree it's a good copy.

MACLEOD (O.S.)

You sure about that, James?

Bailey turns to see

MACLEOD

smiling at him.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

The two have been friendly rivals at art auctions over the years. Bailey throws MacLeod a conspiratorial look.

BAILEY

MacLeod! Lalonde just convinced me to take this copy off his hands.

Lalonde nods at MacLeod, moves to take the print -- but MacLeod leans in first, peers at it closely.

MACLEOD

James, I think you got lucky... that's an original Utamaru.

Lalonde reacts with a doubletake. Bailey is cold.

BAILEY

I'm sure you're mistaken.
(quickly, to Lalonde)
Fifteen it is, Georges.

MACLEOD

Oh, no. See, that's Utamaru's mark, right there.

(playing with him)
Fifteen for an original hardly seems fair.

He smiles impishly. Bailey throws him a look that says "I'll get you for this." Lalonde steps back, pleased at the sudden turn of events.

LALONDE

Twenty thousand seems more fair... but I leave you gentlemen to work it out.

And to Bailey's chagrin, they have a bidding war.

BAILEY

Twenty.
(beat)
It's not even your style, MacLeod.

MACLEOD

Twenty-five. There's a companion piece in Kyoto.

BAILEY

(answering MacLeod)
I know... I bought it three days ago.

LALONDE

(prompting)
Thirty? An original Utamaru...

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (2)

103

BAILEY

All right, thirty!

LALONDE

(to MacLeod)

Monsieur?

Bailey stares a challenge. MacLeod shakes his head. Lalonde, smiling, taps the display pedestal with his pen, like an auctioneer accepting a bid.

LALONDE

Eh bein! Monsieur Bailey's for thirty thousand francs.

As Lalonde reaches for a container for the print, MacLeod claps the simmering Bailey on the shoulder.

MACLEOD

You're right, James. It wasn't really my style.

Lalonde slides the print aside for Bailey, we see the case underneath, and lying on it --

CLOSE - THE BRACELET

resting on a cushion. Obviously old, but silver, ornately carved, its beauty still apparent.

RESUME MACLEOD

Staring as if he's been hit. He recognizes it.

MACLEOD

Where did you get that?

Lalonde sees MacLeod gazing at the bracelet. He removes it, lays it on the case.

LALONDE

The late Celtic tradition from Scotland. A fine example of jeweled silverwork...

MacLeod doesn't take his eyes off the piece, is almost brusque as he interrupts --

MACLEOD

I'll take it.

LALONDE

Ten thousand francs.

Bailey sees MacLeod react, and his chance to get even.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (3)

103

BAILEY
Hardly seems fair.
(to Lalonde)
Twelve.

Lalonde smiles, seeing another little skirmish develop.
MacLeod suddenly snaps into focus.

MACLEOD
Fifteen.

LALONDE
Fifteen. Monsieur Bailey?

BAILEY
Twenty.
(to MacLeod)
Just returning the favor.

MACLEOD
(without hesitating)
Fifty.

MacLeod doesn't take his eyes off the bracelet, almost grim in his determination to get it. Others in the room react.

LALONDE
(surprised)
Fifty?

BAILEY
(instantly)
Fifty-five.
(to MacLeod)
How much do you really want it?

MACLEOD
(right on it)
One hundred.

Bailey throws his hands up in supplication and defeat, and as Lalonde and the other buyers stare at MacLeod in disbelief:

104 EXT. HILLTOP - SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS NEAR GLENFINNAN - NIGHT

104

KEVIN

still digging. A shadow falls over him and he whirls in shock.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

KEVIN'S POV - A DARK FIGURE

a faceless caped hulk looming over them.

Kevin lets out a cry and stumbles back, dropping his shovel. Brian reacts, hefts his pick reflexively -- then blows a curse of relief as he recognizes the intruder.

BRIAN

Mary and Joseph, it's you! The hell do you have to sneak up that?

The newcomer, who we will come to know as KANWULF, wears a heavy cloak clasped by an ancient, Norse design CLOAK-PIN. His face is half hidden in shadow.

KANWULF

What have you found?

Brian holds up an ancient dirk.

BRIAN

Not what you're looking for.

KANWULF

Perhaps I should employ others who would be more successful.

BRIAN

And maybe if we find it, we sell it to someone else.

KANWULF

(beat)

That would be a great mistake.

Brian leans insolently on his pick, oblivious to the danger in the calm voice.

BRIAN

Don't threaten us... or folks might hear who's behind the grave-robbing.

KANWULF

Not from you.

Kanwulf's arm whips from under his cloak, a SWORD flashes in the dark -- and Brian drops lifeless into the pit.

Kevin stumbles back, terrified, lifts his shovel for protection. Kanwulf knocks it casually from his hands, puts his sword to Kevin's neck.

KEVIN

Please... don't kill me!

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (2)

104

KANWULF

I have something else in mind for
you, Kevin.

Kevin reacts in terror.

ON THE STONE

The ravens take flight.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

104A EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ANTIQUE SHOP - PARIS - NIGHT 104A

TO ESTABLISH the city. As we hear --

LALONDE (O.S.)
Au revoir, Monsieur Bailey. A
pleasure as always.

105 INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - PARIS - NIGHT 105

Bailey and the remaining buyers leave with their goods.
MacLeod remains, gazing at the bracelet, waiting to be
alone with Lalonde. As Lalonde locks a display case --

LALONDE
Congratulations, Monsieur MacLeod.
It's an excellent piece.

MacLeod doesn't look up from the bracelet. Quiet.

MACLEOD
I asked you where you got it.

Lalonde looks knowing, shrugs expansively.

LALONDE
Who knows? These things have a way
of turning up. Gambling debts, a
Death in the family...

MACLEOD
(fierce)
You didn't buy this at an estate
sale, Lalonde. How'd it get here.

LALONDE
A bulk shipment, from England. We
can't check every piece...

He's cut off as MacLeod grabs his shoulder, holds the
bracelet in his face.

LALONDE
(paling)
All I know is it came from
Scotland... Some place In the
Highlands.

It's clear he's doesn't know. MacLeod releases him.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

MACLEOD
Glenfinnan. On the shores of Loch
Shiel.

LALONDE
You know it?

MacLeod's hand tightens on the bracelet, his eyes far away.

MACLEOD
I was born there.

And OFF his look, we --

DISSOLVE TO:

106 EXT. HIGHLANDS NEAR GLENFINNAN - DAY (SCOTTISH SHOOT) 106

MONTAGE - MACLEOD'S ARRIVAL

MacLeod takes in the first sight of his native soil. The music is very much like "Bonny Portmore" from Highlander 3. Almost two and a half-centuries since he last walked here, but this is home, and it's a reunion of spirit and place.

In various shots we see him:

-- walk the moors and hills of his youth.

-- gaze over valleys, walk the back roads, leap streams and fields.

Finally, he's on the road, approaching Glenfinnan itself.

107 EXT. CEMETERY - GLENFINNAN - DAY 107

MacLeod moves through the old cemetery. In the distance, out of BUZZ range in a newer section of the cemetery, we see a small FUNERAL PROCESSION forming, VILLAGERS dressed in mourning standing by a newly dug grave. MacLeod ignores them, continues until he reaches --

TWO GRAVESTONES

Mossy with age, worn by wind and rain, only the faintest imprint of the odd letter remaining. This is a poignant moment for MacLeod. He lowers his backpack and kneels between the stones, carefully brushes moss away, touching them gently.

MACLEOD
Mother. Father...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

MACLEOD (CONT.)

(beat)

It's been a long time.

He stays that way a BEAT, moved by the memories. Finally he stands, starts to shoulder his pack to leave --

RACHEL (O.S.)

The campground's further down the road.

MacLeod turns to an attractive woman in her twenties, watching him with a look that echoes the wry sarcasm in her voice. RACHEL MACLEOD has come for the funeral, and she's not pleased at this intrusion.

RACHEL

It's better sight-seeing... not to mention more lively.

MACLEOD

Actually, I hadn't planned on camping.

RACHEL

Good. Because it so happens this is a family plot.

(beat)

I'm Rachel MacLeod, and those are my ancestors you're standing on.

MACLEOD

Mine too.

(a smile)

I'm Duncan MacLeod.

He offers his hand. Rachel ignores it, crosses her arms with a bored look that says "not again."

RACHEL

Another one.

(beat)

Let me guess. You're here to find your Highland roots.

MACLEOD

I didn't know I lost them.

(beat)

You don't exactly sound like a local yourself.

RACHEL

I've ten years of American schools to thank for that... but I was born here right enough.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (2)

107

RACHEL (CONT.)

(re the graves)

Would you mind explaining what you're
doing in here?

MACLEOD

Visiting family.

Rachel chills visibly.

RACHEL

Is that so.

(beat)

We're burying one of our own today...
and we don't need any outsiders.

Before MacLeod can reply, she turns on her heel and leaves,
heading for the waiting mourners in the distance.

MacLeod turns back to the graves of his parents.

MACLEOD

Aye. Welcome home.

He shoulders his pack and leaves.

ANGLE - THE FUNERAL SERVICE

The Catholic priest, FATHER LAIRD, looks up as Rachel joins
the mourners. We will come to know he is KANWULF the
Immortal, but at the moment he flashes Rachel a smile of
gentle admonishment.

KANWULF

Rachel, we've been waiting for you.

RACHEL

Sorry Father Laird. I don't like
strangers skulking around.

KANWULF

(a smile)

The good book tells us there's good
in every heart.

RACHEL

If that was true, we wouldn't be
here today.

She means the open GRAVE, the coffin in it. Kanwulf opens
his prayer book.

KANWULF

(beat)

Let us begin.

108 EXT. VILLAGE STREETS - GLENFINNAN - DAY (SCOTTISH SHOOT) 108

MacLeod moves down the streets, occasionally nodding at passing villagers. He finally finds and enters --

109 INT. INN - GLENFINNAN - LATE AFTERNOON 109

MacLeod enters the Inn. Several of the MOURNERS are there for a drink and a sandwich after the service.

MacLeod approaches the bar to see Rachel wiping it, her coat exchanged for casual working clothes. Her smile fades as she sees MacLeod.

RACHEL

If it isn't the Clansman. What can I get you? Haggis? Maybe a kilt?

MACLEOD

An ale would be fine.
(beat)

Are the people of Glenfinnan always this friendly?

RACHEL

We're friendly enough... just careful about strangers.

MACLEOD

Really. And since when is a MacLeod a stranger in Glenfinnan?

RACHEL

(beat)
They say Loch Lomond is lovely this time of year.

MACLEOD

Then you should go there.
(beat)

I was told you might have a room available.

RACHEL

We might.

She reaches under the bar and withdraws a registration card.

RACHEL

(grudgingly)
Fill it out. Then it's second floor on the left. Number four, next to the other one.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

MACLEOD

(puzzled)
What other one?

A hearty American voice cuts across the room.

DAWSON (O.S.)

MacLeod!

Half the heads in the room turn to the voice. It is JOE DAWSON, sitting at a corner table, glass of whiskey in hand.

RACHEL

Gives MacLeod a look.

RACHEL

I'll get that ale now.

She heads for the bar as MacLeod joins Dawson at the table.

DAWSON

What took you so long?

MACLEOD

What the hell are you doing here?

DAWSON

Having a drink.
(with relish)
Local brew. They cut the peat right
down the road.

MACLEOD

Answer the question, Joe. And how'd
you know I was coming?

DAWSON

I'm your Watcher. I'm supposed to
know.
(beat)
You think I'd let you come to Scotland
without seeing what you were up to?

MACLEOD

It doesn't concern you.

DAWSON

Everything you do concerns me.
Especially when you come home after
Two hundred and fifty years.
(beat)
What gives?

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2)

109

MacLeod turns away to --

TRANSITION TO:

110 EXT. THE HIGHLANDS NEAR GLENFINNAN - 1618 - DAY

110

IAN MACLEOD walking with a young Duncan MacLeod, one who has yet to become Immortal, and DONAL, Ian's second in command. Their conversation is not a happy one.

IAN

Brian Campbell is a fool, and a stubborn one at that. I should have killed him and been done with it.

MACLEOD

And killed any chance we'd have for peace between our Clans.

(beat)

You did all you could, Father.

Ian eyes his son sadly.

IAN

I would have liked to have done more.

As they walk, their eyes find --

MACLEOD AND IAN'S POV

Debra Campbell, a raven-haired beauty of nineteen. She fills a water container at a local stream. She is unaware for the moment that she is being observed.

MACLEOD

Says nothing for a moment, he just watches her... her hair, the gentle curve of her neck... for the sweet sad pleasure of it. And

IAN

Watches Duncan watch her.

Duncan turns to his father.

IAN

You're a good lad.

Ian touches his son with surprising gentleness. He smiles sadly and he and Donal walk away.

DEBRA

Realizing that Duncan is there, reacts.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

DEBRA

Duncan!

She beams and she runs eagerly into his arms. Finally she pulls away, breathless with excitement, to search his face.

DEBRA

You spoke to my father? What did he say?

MACLEOD

(beat)

Aye. We spoke.

His face tells her he failed. Her joy and hope collapse.

DEBRA

Duncan, no... We love each other.

MACLEOD

Aye, but he will na move, Debra. You're to marry my cousin Robert, and that's the end of it.

DEBRA

You're the Chieftain's son, there has to be something you can do...

MACLEOD

Do you no think I've tried!

(softer)

This is a joining of Clans. The Campbells and the MacLeods... our Hearts play no part in it.

DEBRA

But you're a MacLeod, our Clans will be joined when I marry you.

MACLEOD

You are pledged to him.

(beat)

We cannot be.

OFF her devastated look, MacLeod takes the bracelet we've seen earlier, slips it on her wrist.

MACLEOD

When you look at this, think of me.

DEBRA

(alarmed)

What are you saying?

MACLEOD

I'm leaving.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (2)

110

DEBRA

Then take me with you! We'll go together, start over somewhere.

MacLeod shakes his head.

MACLEOD

No. I'll not dishonor our families, nor will I shame you.

She clutches him close.

DEBRA

I will marry him if I must, Duncan, but please do not leave! I have to see you. Even if only across the village.

He puts her at arms length and speaks with difficulty.

MACLEOD

You're my one love, Debra Campbell.
(halting)
But it's too hard a thing to see what I cannot have.

He raises her hand with the bracelet, tenderly kisses the palm of her hand. She closes her eyes in pain.

DISSOLVE TO:

111 EXT. MACLEOD'S VILLAGE - 1618 - DAY - LATER

111

CLOSE - A CROFTER'S HUT

Debra backs out the door, tears in her eyes. Other villagers turn to stare as ROBERT MACLEOD comes storming after her. He's MacLeod's age and size, furious as he grabs her arm and twists it to show the bracelet. Ian can be seen in the background working on his Claymore.

ROBERT

You'll give it back!

DEBRA

Please, Robert, don't ask me to.

ROBERT

I'll not have you marked with another man's gift.

DEBRA

I've tried to love you.
(beat)
I can only feel what I feel.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

ROBERT

It's me you'll marry!

DEBRA

(pleading)

Because I must. Is that what you want?

He grabs her by the shoulders.

ROBERT

(tight; angry)

You'll share my bed and bear my children... and I'm damned if I will set you free.

DEBRA

(looking him in the eye)

Then dwell on this, Robert MacLeod.

(cold)

When I lie with you, it's him I'll be thinking of.

This is too much. He lifts his hand to strike her

MACLEOD

Grabs his arm in a fierce grip.

MACLEOD

She's not yours, Robert. Not yet.

ROBERT

Damn you, you turned her heart against me!

MACLEOD

She cannot help her heart. No more can I help mine.

(beat)

You have what you want... but so help me God, you'll not lay a mark on her.

He forces Robert's hand down, then moves to turn away. Robert pushes in front of him and draws his sword.

ROBERT

You'll not make me a cuckold! Draw your blade!

MACLEOD

On a Clansman?

(dismissing)

Let me pass.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: (2)

111

Other members of the Clan begin to move toward the altercation.

ROBERT

Not before you give me satisfaction!

MACLEOD

We've been friends all our lives,
Robert. I will not fight you.

ROBERT

Coward!

He cuffs MacLeod across the cheek. MacLeod struggles to keep his temper under control.

MACLEOD

If we were not kin, you'd be dead
where you stand.

MacLeod starts to walk away. A voice cuts through the moment like thunder.

IAN (O.S.)

You'll not walk away from this. Not
while I live!

It's MacLeod's father IAN, the Clan Chieftain. Next to him is his second in command, DONAL.

IAN (cont'd)

The challenge is made. No MacLeod
can turn his back on such words.

MACLEOD

But, Father, he's my own blood...

IAN

And you are a Chieftain's son!

Several more villagers have gathered, among them MARY MACLEOD, Duncan's "mother," a handsome graying woman of fifty. She steps forward.

MARY

He is also my son. Ian, don't make
him do this!

IAN

The challenge is made, wife.

MARY

(urgent)
Think, husband. Would you have your
only son dead over it?

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: (3)

111

IAN

(to MacLeod)

Take it up... or dishonor your name
and all who wear it.

MARY

Do you not know the difference between
honor and pride?

IAN

(tight; angry)

Be silent, woman.

MacLeod looks to his father. He's as unmovable as granite.
MacLeod reluctantly draws his sword and faces Robert.

MACLEOD

Withdraw the challenge, Robert. I
do na want your blood.

ROBERT

But I want yours.

Robert attacks, driven by rage. MacLeod is hard pressed
to hold him off as they move into the center of the village,
grim-faced Clansmen surrounding them.

Then Robert draws blood. MacLeod's anger flares and he
attacks, drives Robert back, finally disarms him. MacLeod
stands over him, breathing hard.

MACLEOD

You have your satisfaction.

He drives his sword into the ground and turns away. The
defeat and humiliation are too much for Robert. He grabs
his sword from the ground and charges Duncan's back.

DEBRA

Sees the attack and SCREAMS. As Robert swings --

MACLEOD

Driven by reflex, whirls, his dirk in his hand, slips under
Robert's sword as their bodies slam together --and MacLeod's
blade pierces Robert's heart. As Robert's eyes widen in
shock.

MACLEOD

Robert, you damn fool...

Robert's eyes glaze over in death, MacLeod lowers him to
the ground. Ian turns to the others.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: (4)

111

IAN

It is finished. Honor is satisfied.

As the Villagers move silently away, Debra tries to go to Duncan -- Mary MacLeod grabs her arm.

MARY

The men will deal with this now. It is no place for you.

She pulls the reluctant Debra away with her. An anguished MacLeod holds his bloodied dirk up, then hurls it aside.

IAN

(with compassion)

Tis a hard thing to face... but I raised you to lead our Clan, to bear this sword after me.

(beat)

No matter the cost.

Ian holds out the Claymore.

As MacLeod's hand reaches for it.

TRANSITION TO:

112 INT. INN - GLENFINNAN - THE PRESENT

112

CLOSE - ON THE SWORD

MacLeod's hand reaching to touch it where it hangs on the wall. PULL BACK to find MacLeod looking at it, Dawson behind him as he moves past other items: a DIRK, BAGPIPES, a BROOCH, a SILVER CLASP.

MACLEOD

It was supposed to be mine.

(beat)

It never happened.

MacLeod turns away from the case, moving away from Dawson. He takes the bracelet out of his pocket and looks at it for a moment as he starts to head out.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Where did you get your hands on that?

Rachel is staring at the bracelet.

MACLEOD

You know something about it?

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

RACHEL

(an edge)
I know it belongs here, like all the
rest that's been stolen from this
country.

MACLEOD

I didn't steal this, I bought it in
Paris.

RACHEL

You think you can buy your roots?
(withering)
You're no better than the grave-
robbers.

She turns away. MacLeod takes her arm.

MACLEOD

Which graves were robbed? Where?
(off her silence)
Rachel, I need to know!

RACHEL

So you can get your hands on more
souvenirs?
(beat)
And you call yourself a MacLeod.

She turns her back on him. MacLeod moves to the door and
passes ANGUS, an excited local, entering in a hurry. He's
older, roughly clothed and unshaven -- a card-carrying
eccentric. MacLeod leaves before he hears what Angus has
to say.

ANGUS

(to the room)
Did you hear how Brian McSwain was
murdered?

There's an excited murmur from the patrons.

ANGUS (cont'd)

I heard the police talking!
(conspiratorial)
The closed casket. It's all supposed
to be quiet, so's not to scare the
tourists.

Rachel throws Dawson a look as she hands Angus a pint.

RACHEL

Scare the tourists all you like.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (2)

112

ANGUS

(gestures)

They found him hangin' from a tree
on the moor, split from gullet to
stern, like a butchered sheep.

(beat)

And there's no sign of Kevin.

The patrons react. From one table --

BRUCE

Jesus. It's a bloody maniac.

ANGUS

No maniac cuts like that. That's
his mark... The Blood Eagle.

(beat)

Kanwulf is back.

There's a BEAT of silence -- then HOOTS of laughter as the
tension is released. Dawson doesn't get it.

DAWSON

(to Rachel)

Am I missing something? Who's
Kanwulf?

Angus angrily raises his voice over the hubbub.

ANGUS

A Viking raider! He cut a trail of
death through this land for eight
hundred years!

RACHEL

One of our more colorful legends.

(wry)

Loch Ness gets the monster and we
get Kanwulf.

ANGUS

He's real!

BRUCE

(mocking)

Like the ghosts on the moor, Angus?

ANGUS

No! No, they're different...

BRUCE

All we need is a MacLeod to come
back from the dead and finish him
off!

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (3)

112

The table erupts in laughter. Angus slams his unfinished glass on the table, silencing the Inn.

ANGUS

Brian McSwain's not laughing!

He casts an eye around the somber room. Dawson raises an eyebrow to Rachel.

DAWSON

Quiet little village you have here.

RACHEL

(beat)

Like I said... it's a legend.

113 EXT. HILLSIDE NEAR GLENFINNAN - NIGHT

113

A roaring BONFIRE, and standing before it, outlined by the leaping flames -- what appears to be a caped NORSE WARRIOR holding a SWORD to the flying sparks, as if making an offering. Then from behind him, a terrified blubbering:

KEVIN

Please... please, I've done nothing!

It's Kevin, bare-chested and staked to a tree like a lamb for slaughter, gibbering in fear. Now the Norseman slowly turns to face him, and we see

KANWULF

Father Laird in his true guise, his face barbaric and cruel in the flickering light.

KANWULF

We've all done something, Kevin.

(beat)

Now your miserable soul will have a use. Your blood will feed him.

(beat)

It's a great honor.

Kevin whimpers in fear as Kanwulf steps closer, tests his sword with his finger.

KANWULF

You believe in God, Kevin?

For a moment Kevin thinks he might be saved.

KEVIN

Yes! Oh, yes!

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

KANWULF

So do I.

(beat)

My god. His name is Odin.

He lifts his sword, framed against the flaming sky.

KANWULF

Almighty Odin! Take his blood...

and return to me what is mine!

Then he swings, and as Kevin's SHRIEK suddenly crests --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

114 EXT. FIELDS NEAR GLENFINNAN - DAY

114

MacLeod stands at a bluff overlooking the fields. He's gazing over the land, searching for something, but not finding it. As he looks --

DAWSON (O.S.)

MacLeod!

Dawson is coming up the path.

MACLEOD

They say solitude's a precious thing,
Dawson.

DAWSON

I didn't drag my heinie up this goat
path for the view.

MACLEOD

Sheep path, Joe. And I hope those
aren't your best shoes.

Dawson follows MacLeod's glance to his feet.

DAWSON

Not any more.

(beat)

You picked a hell of a time to come
home, MacLeod. They found another
guy gutted.

MacLeod is a little distracted. His eyes scan the horizon.

MACLEOD

I'm sure the police are on top of
it.

Dawson looks around also.

DAWSON

So how long are we staying?

MACLEOD

(pointed)

I'm staying until I find what I came
for.

DAWSON

And that is... ? C'mon, Mac, help
Me here.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: 114

MacLeod looks away, the thousand-yard stare in his eyes as they sweep the fields.

MACLEOD

A grave.

CAMERA pans down to the dark tangled roots of a tree.

TRANSITION TO:

115 EXT. FIELDS NEAR GLENFINNAN - 1618 - DAY 115

The downward PAN continues from the leaves of the tree to Debra and MacLeod.

DEBRA

You don't mean this... you can't.

MACLEOD

We grew up like brothers... learned to fight together.

(beat)

There was no evil in his heart.

DEBRA

I know, but he brought this on himself. You're not to blame!

MACLEOD

Was my blade killed him.

Debra takes his arm, turns him to look at her.

DEBRA

Duncan, you had no choice! Do you not see?

MACLEOD

I see I took his life.

Debra looks at him a long BEAT.

DEBRA

Then we'll give it back.

(imploring)

We'll name our first born after him.

MacLeod sees the look in her face, what she's offering him. He can't meet her eyes.

MACLEOD

(beat)

Not with Robert's blood on my hands.

Debra realizes that he means it.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

DEBRA

I thought you loved me!

MACLEOD

You are my life!

(anguished)

But I've slain a kinsman, a friend.

To wed you now...

(pleading)

Can you not understand?

Debra backs away from him, shattered.

DEBRA

I understand that I love you... that

I can't live without you.

She rips off the bracelet, throws it at his feet and runs away.

MACLEOD

Debra!

But she's gone, racing along the trail. MacLeod scoops up the bracelet and goes after her.

116 EXT. CLIFFSIDE NEAR GLENFINNAN - 1618 - DAY

116

MacLeod rounds a rocky bend and stops. Debra stands dangerously close to the edge of a cliff, her back to him. She looks dazed, lost, past feeling any tears, her voice coming from a great distance.

DEBRA

I came here as a child. It was my secret place.

MACLEOD

I know. Debra, come back...

DEBRA

(not hearing)

I used to dream of having you, even then.

(beat)

I never dreamed this.

MacLeod realizes her intent. He edges closer.

MACLEOD

Please. You still have a life to live.

She turns, her eyes lost, a sad smile.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

DEBRA

I have nothing.

She takes a step back. Closer to the edge.

MACLEOD

NO!

She looks to him. MacLeod takes a breath. This is an enormous effort for him.

MACLEOD

You have me, Debra...

(off her look)

I swear I will marry you... and love
you till the end of my days.

Debra searches his face, hardly able to believe it.

DEBRA

You mean it? With Robert's death on
your head?

MACLEOD

I can live with his ghost.

(beat)

I cannot live without you.

He stretches out his hand, willing her to take it, to come back. She sees the truth in his eyes, and takes a step toward him. As she does --

The ground at her feet gives way. Debra teeters, her eyes on his for a terrible moment.

MACLEOD

Debra!

He makes a desperate dive for her -- too late, she plummets from sight. We see the bracelet drop. As he reaches for the bracelet --

TRANSITION TO:

117 EXT. FIELDS NEAR GLENFINNAN - THE PRESENT - DAY

117

The bracelet in MacLeod's hand. PULL BACK to find Dawson listening to the story. He is moved.

MACLEOD

I thought the pain would kill me.

(wry bitterness)

I didn't know I was Immortal yet.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

DAWSON

The bracelet?

MACLEOD

I laid it in her grave. So part of
me would be with her forever...

(beat)

Then it turned up in Paris.

DAWSON

So now you're returning it.

MACLEOD

It's not that easy. The Church ruled
it a suicide. I had to bury her in
unconsecrated ground...

(beat)

Somewhere out there.

DAWSON

You can't find it?

MACLEOD

It's been almost four hundred years,
Joe. Everything's different. The
trees are gone, the hills bare...
Nothing looks the same.

DAWSON

There must be something you'd
recognize. Something that hasn't
changed.

MACLEOD

(beat)

Just one.

And OFF his look --

118 EXT. HIGHLANDS NEAR GLENFINNAN - DAY (SCOTTISH SHOOT) 118

MacLeod mounts a horse and rides to the ancient castle.

MONTAGE

He rides from the castle, over the hills, looking for
familiar landmarks. (Ideally he should pause at ruins,
ancient rocks, the loch itself in his search).

119 EXT. CHURCH - GLENFINNAN - SAME TIME (SCOTTISH SHOOT) 119

ESTABLISHING this grey stone church with a stain-glass
window.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

ANGLE

The sign outside the church with ravens atop it. As Rachel rides her horse past, the ravens watch her.

KANWULF (O.S.)

Ah, Rachel. Thank you for coming.

120 INT. CHURCH - GLENFINNAN - DAY

120

Under a crucifix, Kanwulf smiles at Rachel, indicates a desk holding papers, a sharp-looking antique letter opener, and several large, ancient, leather-bound books.

KANWULF

The Parish burial records... could any of them be missing?

RACHEL

None I know of. Father McQuarrie was very careful to keep them up.

Kanwulf sighs.

KANWULF

It's these grave desecrations. I fear we will lose sight of who lies where.

RACHEL

Sorry. I wish I could help.

KANWULF

(beat)

Well. We'll just have to rely on faith then, won't we.

He smiles, turns away to close one of the burial books.

RACHEL

Father...

She stops herself.

KANWULF

Yes?

(she shakes her head)

I can sense that something is troubling you. What is it?

RACHEL

(pointed)

I believe that there is someone in the village who is not who he says he is.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

Kanwulf tenses and becomes very interested.

KANWULF

(with a smile)

Really.

RACHEL

And I think he is the one who's
looting the graves.

His hand moves to the deadly looking letter opener.

KANWULF

(tighter)

Why do you think that?

Kanwulf casually picks up the letter opener.

RACHEL

I've seen him out prowling the moors.

KANWULF

(moving closer)

Have you told anyone else of this?

RACHEL

Not yet.

Kanwulf tightens, ready to strike.

RACHEL

I'd like to get a look at his room
first.

KANWULF

Relaxes, his hand leaves the letter-opener.

KANWULF

His room? He is staying at the inn?

RACHEL

(nods)

Calls himself Duncan MacLeod.

KANWULF

(interested)

Duncan MacLeod?

(casual)

Perhaps he's just another dedicated
tourist...

RACHEL

Then why is he snooping around the
cemetery and other grave sites?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED: (2)

120

RACHEL (CONT.)

(beat)

Maybe I should call the police.

Kanwulf walks her to the door.

KANWULF

Why don't we wait, see what happens
before we alert the authorities.

(beat)

We don't want to be premature.

(beat)

After all, he is a MacLeod.

She nods, and Kanwulf closes the door behind her. Kanwulf's smile disappears. He turns, looks up -- sees the Christ up on the Cross, seeming to stare at him.

KANWULF

(a snarl)

What are you looking at?

121 EXT. FIELD NEAR TREES - GLENFINNAN - LATER - DAY

121

MacLeod is riding. He spots a rock outcropping that comes in range with a line of trees. He moves on a straight line between them. He dismounts ...

NEW ANGLE - MACLEOD

as he finds a weathered stone, half sunk in the earth. It's ancient, nearly covered by growth. MacLeod reacts: it's Debra's resting place. MacLeod clears debris away from the stone. In weathered hand-carved letters it reads:

DEBRA CAMPBELL

My beloved

TRANSITION TO:

122 EXT. FIELD NEAR TREES - GLENFINNAN - 1618 - DAY

122

The headstone and a freshly filled grave. MacLeod is using the tools of the time to carve the headstone, his eyes filled with emotion.

TRANSITION TO:

123 EXT. FIELD NEAR TREES - THE PRESENT - RESUME SCENE

123

MacLeod moves to the earth that is disturbed where the grave robbers had dug.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

He kneels and scoops a hole in the earth, places the bracelet in it, then covers it. He spends a tender moment with her memory -- then he moves to mount his horse.

NEW ANGLE

MacLeod riding away. He hasn't gone far when Rachel rides up on a horse of her own, gives him a cold look.

RACHEL
Mr. MacLeod. You do get around.

MACLEOD
I like to get off the beaten path.

RACHEL
So I see.
(beat)
There seems to be dirt on your hands.
Did you fall off?

MACLEOD
Guess I'm a little out of practice.

RACHEL
Maybe you should stick to the main roads.
(beat)
This far from town, I thought you might be lost.

MACLEOD
(beat)
Not any more.

He turns his mount and rides away. Rachel watches him go, her face hardening with suspicion.

124 EXT. INN - GLENFINNAN - NIGHT (SCOTTISH SHOOT)

124

To establish.

125 INT. INN - MACLEOD'S ROOM - NIGHT

125

A sparse room hung with drapes, solid wood furniture. MacLeod stands by the fireplace, idly poking the coal scuttle there as Dawson enters, stares at him a BEAT.

DAWSON
What gives? How come you're not packed?

MACLEOD
I'm staying on for a while.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

DAWSON

But you did what you came for.

MACLEOD

It's funny what you remember. The heather blooming, the smell of burning peat... The feast after a harvest when the Clan gathered and you thought that the whole world was there.

DAWSON

(beat)

I thought you were going to let the police handle it.

MACLEOD

This land was all under the MacLeods once. These were my people. My Clan.

DAWSON

MacLeod, that was four hundred years ago! These people aren't under your protection any more.

MACLEOD

(beat)

I won't let them be slaughtered.

Dawson stares at him a BEAT.

DAWSON

You know what I think? I think this place is getting to you.

He shakes his head and turns to the door --

ANGLE - THE DOOR

as it BURSTS OPEN and two uniformed CONSTABLES burst in. Rachel enters behind them.

CONSTABLE ONE

We've a warrant to search the premises! Over against the wall!

They do as asked. MacLeod eyes Rachel.

MACLEOD

Highland hospitality seems to have gone downhill.

RACHEL

Maybe it's the guests.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (2)

125

DAWSON

Look, guys, this isn't even my room...

CONSTABLE ONE

(warning)

Against the wall, Sir.

Dawson moves back, mutters to MacLeod.

DAWSON

Remind me next time. Separate vacations.

The SECOND CONSTABLE starts to search the place.

MACLEOD

Someone mind explaining what this is about?

RACHEL

It's about grave-robbing.

The Constable pulls a bundle from MacLeod's backpack and unwraps it. He turns around, grim-faced -- he's holding MacLeod's KATANA.

RACHEL

I was wrong.

(beat)

It's about murder.

And OFF Rachel's accusing look, fixed on MacLeod --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

126 EXT. FIELD NEAR TREES - GLENFINNAN - DAY

126

As two VILLAGE MEN prepare to unearth Debra's grave, a small group stands around the grave site. CONSTABLE ONE looks on with Rachel and Kanwulf, in his Minister's robes, a prayer book in hand, looking solemn and grim.

RACHEL

It was good of you to come, Father.

KANWULF

How could I not?

(beat)

When a Christian soul has been disturbed one of God's own should be on hand.

(real vehemence)

The desecration of a holy spot is a terrible thing.

One of the Villagers strikes something metallic. Kanwulf's eyes light up with interest.

KANWULF

You've found something.

One Villager lifts the object, brushes the dirt away -- it's Debra Campbell's bracelet, shining in the light. Rachel stares at it wonderingly.

RACHEL

Duncan MacLeod didn't come to rob the grave... he came to put this back.

Kanwulf takes the bracelet, examines it curiously.

KANWULF

The man has the heart of a poet.

RACHEL

And a sense of Clan loyalty.

(beat)

He went to a lot of trouble finding the grave of Debra Campbell.

Kanwulf frowns at the name.

KANWULF

That name isn't mentioned in the burial records.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

RACHEL

She wouldn't be. Four hundred years ago, Debra Campbell committed suicide for the love of a MacLeod.

(shrugs)

At least, that's the legend.

The other shoe drops for Kanwulf.

KANWULF

And you take your legends seriously here.

(beat)

How does the rest of it go?

RACHEL

That Duncan MacLeod came back from the dead to avenge his father and kill Kanwulf the Viking.

And OFF Kanwulf's face, reacting, Rachel hands the bracelet to one of the diggers.

RACHEL

I think we better put this back.

(beat)

If you'll excuse me, Father... I have some apologies to make.

She turns and starts to walk away.

KANWULF

I think I'd like to meet this Duncan MacLeod.

RACHEL

Then come along to the inn.

KANWULF

(shakes his head)

I must pray.

(beat)

Ask him to come to the church.

127 INT. INN - GLENFINNAN - DAY

127

CLOSE - A DART BOARD

As a dart strikes the double 20 ring. Dawson turns to MacLeod.

DAWSON

Beat that.

MacLeod takes the darts, makes his throws.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

DAWSON

How long before you get your sword
back?

MACLEOD

A day or two. They sent it to
Edinburgh for testing.
(beat)
You worried?

DAWSON

This Norse guy... The legend...

MACLEOD

Which legend?

DAWSON

Kanwulf... the Viking.

MACLEOD

What about him?

DAWSON

The bodies. The Blood Eagle.
Kanwulf's trademark.

MACLEOD

It can't be Kanwulf.

But he says this as if he's trying to reassure himself.

MacLeod's eyes go to a PAINTING on the wall, a hunting
scene, horses racing over the fields.

MACLEOD (V.O.)

(prelap)

It was after I died. After they
cast me out. I hadn't met Connor or
taken my first head.

TRANSITION TO:

128 EXT. MOORS NEAR GLENFINNAN - 1624 - DAY (SCOTTISH
SHOOT)

128

MacLeod is racing across the moors, returning to his
village. He has been gone a couple of years but has not
yet met and been instructed by Connor. (NOTE: dress and
manner are like Prodigal Son)

MACLEOD (V.O.)

I'd been gone two years. I thought
nothing could bring me back.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: 128

MACLEOD (V.O.) (CONT.)

(heavy beat)

Then I learned our village had been
attacked... and my father was gravely
wounded.

129 EXT. MACLEOD'S VILLAGE - 1624 - DAY 129

MacLeod pulls up on his horse near ruined crofts, smoldering
ruins. He tries to stop a frightened Donal to talk.

MACLEOD

Donal, who did this?

DONAL

(backing away)

No... It can't be you. You're dead.

MACLEOD

(emphatically)

Damn you, man, who did this?

DONAL

Dead! I saw it with my own eyes!

MACLEOD

Who did this?

DONAL

Kanwulf the Destroyer!

MacLeod stares as if the man's crazy.

MACLEOD

Kanwulf's a legend. He's not real!

DONAL

Neither are you!

Donal shakes free of MacLeod and staggers off. MacLeod
spurs his horse on to the village.

130 OMITTED 130

131 INT. MACLEOD FAMILY HOME - 1624 - DAY 131

MacLeod calls out.

MACLEOD

Mother? Father!

Inside, he finds it mostly ruined.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

He hears a MOAN -- MARY MACLEOD sits by her husband's body, stunned with grief, unaware of all else. MacLeod kneels by her.

MACLEOD
(knowing he's gone)
Father...

Mary hears her son's voice and reacts.

MARY
(a whisper)
Duncan? Is it really you.

MACLEOD
I'm here.

She reaches a hand to touch his face. Duncan's eyes remain on his father.

MARY
My beautiful son's come home.
(beat)
They tried to tell me you were evil.
I knew it wasn't true.

He puts an arm around her.

MACLEOD
Never mind that now.

MARY
How I've missed you.

She turns and looks at her dead husband for a moment.

She raises a hand, points to Ian's SWORD that stands against a wall.

MARY
(with emotion)
His sword. Claim it.

MacLeod shakes his head.

MACLEOD
I cannot. He banished me. I have
no right, I have no Clan...
(this is hard)
I'm not even your son.

She grabs his hand, squeezes it tightly.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (2)

131

MARY

(fiercely)

No! It matters not who bore you.
You are my son. And it is yours.

(beat)

Take it... Take it, I say.

MacLeod rises from her, approaches his father's sword. He lifts it, holds it -- an emotional, wrenching moment.

MARY

Let no man tell you different.

(beat)

You are Duncan MacLeod of the Clan
MacLeod.

132 EXT. MOORS NEAR GLENFINNAN - 1624 - DAY (SCOTTISH SHOOT)

132

MacLeod riding hard. He passes a body strung up in ritual death... He knows he's on the right track and moves on.

133 EXT. MOORS NEAR GLENFINNAN - 1624 - DAY

133

MacLeod nears a river. He's leading his horse now, tracking his quarry. As he reaches a stand of trees:

EIGHT MEN

In a rough camp sit about.

MACLEOD

Enters, cold as death, his eyes filled with vengeance, his work before him.

One of the men looks up, his eyes fill with recognition.

BRIGAND

It's you. The ghost!

MACLEOD

Aye, back from the dead to have my
vengeance.

One man charges. MacLeod dispatches him instantly. He turns and faces the others.

MACLEOD

Come!

The others back off in fear and disappear into the surrounding woods.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

Meanwhile, nearby, two ravens sit and almost appear to be watching.

KANWULF

on his knees, praying before a rough wooded altar. He hears the ruckus from his camp and sees one of his men dash by through the woods. He grabs his axe and sword and moves to the sound.

MACLEOD

Feels something he has never experienced before: the BUZZ of another Immortal. MacLeod looks around, unsure what it is, and sees --

KANWULF

Watching him. He carries a sword at his side, but is leaning on a great AXE, his favorite weapon. He is bearded, wild-haired, barbaric. Wearing a helmet -- he looks little like the Kanwulf in the present.

MACLEOD

Reacts to Kanwulf. A shard of fear begins to quiver at the sight of the man who is a legend of dread.

MACLEOD

(swallows hard)
You're Kanwulf.

Kanwulf reacts to the sword MacLeod holds.

KANWULF

I killed the one who held that. He fought well... for an old man.

MACLEOD

(with bravado)
I'll do better.
(beat)
I'm his son.

MacLeod closes, feels the BUZZ more strongly. He tries to shake it off. Kanwulf sees, knows what it means.

KANWULF

His son? You don't even know what you are, do you? Or what I am.

Kanwulf unhooks his cloak and drops the cloak pin on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: (2)

133

MACLEOD
(for the first time)
I am Duncan MacLeod of the Clan
MacLeod. And you are dead.
(beat)
That is all I need to know.

MacLeod swings the Claymore in a terrific blow; Kanwulf blocks the blow and slashes back with his axe, hitting Mac's blade, sending a shower of sparks. MacLeod staggers back, surprised at the force.

KANWULF
Yield, and die fast. This axe was
made by Odin himself.

MacLeod attacks with greater fury. Kanwulf is more seasoned, the dirtier fighter. He manages to smash MacLeod's sword free, drives his axe down --

MACLEOD

Lunges aside -- and the axe buries in a log. MacLeod grabs his sword, backs the disarmed Kanwulf up. Kanwulf stands, defiant, mocking -- knowing he won't die.

KANWULF
Strike! Send me to Valhalla!

MACLEOD
I'll send ye to hell.

MacLeod swings, two handed. Kanwulf falls, dying but not beheaded. He struggles to reach his fallen axe -- but MacLeod stamps his boot on Kanwulf's hand, grabs the axe away. He shoves Kanwulf with his boot.

WIDER - KANWULF

As he rolls over the bank, drops into the river. As his dead body floats away, MacLeod lifts the axe to the sky.

MACLEOD
For you, father.

The camera PANS DOWN the axe to --

TRANSITION TO:

134 INT. INN - GLENFINNAN - THE PRESENT - DAY

134

MacLeod's face in the present. Then PULL BACK and find we are in the inn.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

MACLEOD

(beat)

I left him for dead and buried his
axe.

(grim)

If there was a Valhalla, I wanted
him weaponless.

(beat)

But I didn't behead him.

DAWSON

If he was an Immortal, you'd have
known.

MACLEOD

Would I? Would I have recognized
the feeling?

(beat)

Joe, I had no idea why I was still
alive. I didn't know there were
other Immortals, or that I could
kill one by beheading him.

Dawson glances at the Claymore on the wall.

DAWSON

And you left the sword.

MACLEOD

In my mother's heart, I was a
MacLeod, but to the Clan I was
Banished.

He looks around to see

RACHEL

Approaching looking contrite.

RACHEL

Father Laird asked if you wouldn't
mind stopping by the church.

MACLEOD

(curt)

Fine.

RACHEL

(a deep breath)

I'm sorry.

MACLEOD

It's all right.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED: (2)

134

RACHEL

No, it's not.
(with some emotion)
Traveling all that way to honor one
of ours.
(beat)
I had no right to suspect you.

MACLEOD

You tried to protect your own.

RACHEL

And made a fool out of myself in
doing it.

MACLEOD

(beat)
Not to me.

MacLeod and Rachel's eyes meet, signaling the possibility
of something in the future.

135 INT. CHURCH - GLENFINNAN - DAY

135

MacLeod enters the church and feels the BUZZ. He looks
around the room

MACLEOD'S POV

His eyes whip around the church and stop on the flames of
a group of candles that obscure the figure behind them.

BACK TO SCENE

MACLEOD

(approaching)
Father Laird?

KANWULF

(as he turns)
For now.

MacLeod reacts to the sight of Kanwulf.

MACLEOD

(dark)
Kanwulf.
(beat)
The clothes are different, the hair...
but you're still in there.

KANWULF

(casual)
I see you're dressed a little better
yourself.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

135

MACLEOD

Since when does a Viking take the cloth?

KANWULF

The good Father. I met him coming into town.

(beat)

No one had seen him yet, and I hoped the burial records would give me a clue.

MACLEOD

For what?

KANWULF

You ought to know. It was you who took it from me.

MACLEOD

(realizing)

All this for an axe.

Kanwulf leans forward, his eyes shining.

KANWULF

An axe made by Odin, MacLeod. Used by Loki and Thor themselves.

MACLEOD

You can't still believe that.

KANWULF

As much as they believe in their pale Christ.

He holds up his Norse Cloak-Pin from the Teaser.

KANWULF

I thought I'd lost it forever, until this turned up in Norway. I traced it here. That axe was given to me the day I became a warrior.

(beat)

I was ready to dig up the whole country to find it.

KACLEOD

You're insane.

KANWULF

Am I?

(beat)

Why did you bury the bracelet with the girl? We all have our own rituals, MacLeod.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: (2)

135

MACLEOD

Like the blood eagle.

KANWULF

An offering to the gods of thunder
and war.

(beat)

It's no coincidence that the one
person who knows where the axe is
came to me.

(impatient)

I want it.

Two VILLAGERS are just entering. Kanwulf turns to greet
them, pausing to flash MacLeod a hard, cruel smile.

KANWULF (cont'd)

Or the offerings will continue.

MACLEOD

I'll kill you first.

KANWTJLF

We're on Holy Ground. You can't
kill me here.

(re the villagers)

And my parishioners have come to
pray.

(beat)

I'll be waiting.

And OFF MacLeod's face, knowing Kanwulf has him --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

135A EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE GLENFINNAN - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 135A

136 INT. INN - MACLEOD'S ROOM - NIGHT 136

MacLeod and Dawson are in the room.

DAWSON

It's crazy. Human sacrifices,
Norse gods, Odin's axe... ain't
No such animal, MacLeod.

MACLEOD

He believes it.
(beat)
And there is an axe.

DAWSON

(staring)
You know where it is?

MACLEOD

I've always known.
(beat)
In my father's grave, where I buried
it.

DAWSON

You think if you give it to him he
disappears?

MACLEOD

That's all he wants.

DAWSON

So, if you believe that, you don't
have to fight him.
(off MacLeod's silence)
Hey, how about this time you live,
he lives, and we just walk away.

MACLEOD

Some things you can't walk away from,
Joe.

He opens the door, prepares to step out.

DAWSON

Like what?

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED: 136

MACLEOD
He killed my father.

137 OMITTED 137

138 INT. INN - GLENFINNAN - NIGHT 138

The inn is deserted. MacLeod enters furtively through a locked door, He approaches the case with his father's sword. He works the case open, and removes the sword. He holds it reverently for a moment. Then he turns, swings it through the air. There's a rightness to the feel, it seems like an extension of his hand. As he draws it back

THE ROOM

Suddenly floods with light.

RACHEL MACLEOD

Stands by a light-switch, staring at him wide-eyed -- he's a legend come to life. She speaks as if reciting.

RACHEL
He came back from the dead to claim his father's sword. He killed the Viking and stopped the slaughter.

MACLEOD
(beat)
That's the legend, Rachel.

RACHEL
The bracelet, now this.
(beat)
If I asked you to explain... would it make any sense?

MacLeod shakes his head. Rachel nods -- she's granting him the sword with her blessing. He moves toward the door, the sword in his hand.

RACHEL
Duncan MacLeod.
(as he turns)
Maybe some legends are true.

MACLEOD
Maybe.

He steps into the darkness. Rachel turns to the empty glass case that held the Claymore. And OFF her look --

139 EXT. MOUNTAINTOP NEAR CASTLE - DAY (SCOTTISH SHOOT) 139

HIGH AERIAL SHOT -- MacLeod with his father's sword. In the shadow of the ruined castle, he performs a Kata.

CLOSE - MACLEOD

As he performs the kata. (NOTE: this should be matched and shot in Vancouver). All his youth seems to be in the blade -- a lifetime of memories, of love, of pain. As he performs his kata, we --

INTERCUT:

MACLEOD'S MEMORY - BRIEF FLASHES

Debra running to him. Robert dying in his arms. MacLeod claiming Ian's sword. Debra falling to her death. His father Ian denying him (Note: from episode "Family Tree").

RESUME - MACLEOD'S KATA - AERIAL SHOT (SCOTTISH SHOOT)

As MacLeod finally plants the sword in the earth. The practice is done, his demons exercised. He is ready.

140 EXT. FIELDS NEAR GLENFINNAN - NIGHT 140

A pair of ravens sit in a tree. PAN DOWN to find Kanwulf, wearing his great cloak, striding over a small rise where --

MACLEOD

Waits quietly for him.

KANWULF

I got your message. What's it to be, MacLeod?

MacLeod looks at him a BEAT -- then from under his coat, he takes Kanwulf's AXE. Kanwulf's eyes light up at the sight. MacLeod holds it a moment -- then he moves his arm back to throw it. Kanwulf's smile fades, becomes uncertain as MacLeod THROWS. The axe flashes through the air --

NEW ANGLE

And chunks into the ground at Kanwulf's feet. Kanwulf smiles as he grasps the axe, holds it like a long-lost friend.

KANWULF

For centuries you were lost. Now an enemy brings you to me.

(beat)

The gods are good.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

He tears his eyes from the coveted weapon.

KANWULF

You kept your word. Run off while
you can.

MacLeod makes no move to go.

MACLEOD

It's one thing to have the axe...
it's another to keep it.

MacLeod unhooks his coat and draws his father's Claymore.
Kanwulf breaks into a smile. He unclasps his cloak, drops
it and hefts the axe.

KANWULF

I'm glad. It's been too long since
we tasted blood together.

They close, battling across the fields. Kanwulf fights as
he used to, using great broad strokes -- but MacLeod is
vastly better than their first encounter. He blocks the
axe-blows, drives Kanwulf back with heavy blows from the
Claymore. Finally Kanwulf draws his SWORD, and attacks
with both. He's good at this, but MacLeod is ready.
MacLeod smashes the sword down, knocks the axe up -- and
delivers a chest-blow to Kanwulf.

Kanwulf staggers back, dropping the sword, amazed at the
sight of blood on his chest.

MACLEOD

Where are your gods now?

Kanwulf bellows in rage, leans back and THROWS the axe
with terrific force.

MacLeod is ready. He deflects it with the Claymore

ANGLE - A TREE

as the axe slams into it, bites deep into the wood.

Kanwulf knows he's lost, snarls defiantly as MacLeod stands
over him.

KANWULF

I'm ready.

MACLEOD

So am I.

He swings -- and Kanwulf dies. MacLeod plants the Claymore,
leans on it.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (2)

140

MACLEOD

It's finished, Father.

A huge Quickening hits, running up the tree to Kanwulf's
AXE which explodes, lighting up the moors.

As the two ravens take off --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

141 EXT. INN - GLENFINNAN - DAY (SCOTTISH SHOOT) 141

ESTABLISHING the inn at dawn.

142 INT. INN - GLENFINNAN - DAY 142

The inn is deserted. MacLeod stands before the empty display case, holding his father's sword. One last look before he returns it to the case. He hears a sound --

Rachel stands in the doorway. They look at each other a BEAT.

MACLEOD

It's over.

RACHEL

I knew you'd be back.
(off his look)
The legend.

MacLeod nods, turns to put the sword into the case.

RACHEL

That seems to belong in your hand.

MacLeod pauses. There's a sense of closure, of rightness about this.

MACLEOD

No.

He hangs the sword in its case.

MACLEOD

It belongs in Glenfinnan.
(beat)
This is its home.

He turns from the case to face her. In her eyes we see she feels a great deal for him. She kisses him lightly.

RACHEL

Yours too, Duncan MacLeod.

He smiles. Their eyes meet. He shoulders his pack and leaves.

143 EXT. INN - GLENFINNAN - DAY (SCOTTISH SHOOT) 143

MacLeod nearing the road. He looks back at the Inn.

144 INT. INN - GLENFINNAN - DAY (SCOTTISH SHOOT) 144

RACHEL'S POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW - MACLEOD

looking back at her. Their eyes meet for a moment then he turns and walks away.

145 EXT. NEAR HIGHLANDER MONUMENT - DAY (SCOTTISH SHOOT) 145

Dawson is looking up at the statue of "THE HIGHLANDER" as MacLeod steps up beside him. They spend a moment there.

DAWSON (V.O.)

Ever think of staying?

MACLEOD (V.O.)

Too many questions. Better just to disappear.

DAWSON (V.O.)

I guess that's what legends are supposed to do.

MacLeod turns and walks OUT OF FRAME. Dawson stays there a BEAT, then turns and follows.

146 EXT. ROAD - GLENFINNAN - DAY (SCOTTISH SHOOT) 146

AERIAL SHOT - MACLEOD

as he walks the road away from Glenfinnan, growing smaller in the distance, as we pull away and --

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW