



HIGHLANDER

The Series

95402
BROTHERS IN ARMS

Written by
Morrie Ruvinsky

Highlander

"BROTHERS IN ARMS"

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Production #95402

July 11, 1995 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"Brothers in Arms"

Production #95402

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD
JOE DAWSON

CHARLIE DESALVO
ANDREW CORD
YOUNG JOE DAWSON
MARA LEONIN
DR. WELDON
YOUNG IAN BANCROFT

VIETNAMESE WOMAN
SOLDIER 1

PLAYER ONE (NON-SPEAKING)
PLAYER TWO (NON-SPEAKING)

PLEASE NOTE: The character of ANDREW KOLSKI is now ANDREW CORD. Revisions have been made in the dialogue only to reflect the change.

HIGHLANDER

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SET LISTINTERIORS

MACLEOD'S LOFT

DOJO

JOE'S

DAWSON'S CAR

HUT - VIET NAM - 1969

REBEL HEADQUARTERS - BALKAN CITY

/MARA'S OFFICE

/CORRIDOR

HOTEL ROOM - BALKAN CITY

FIELD HOSPITAL - VIET NAM - 1969

INDUSTRIAL WAR-GAMING AREA

EXTERIORS

DOJO

/STREET OUTSIDE

/ALLEY NEARBY

JOE'S

PARKING LOT - AIRPORT TERMINAL

VILLAGE - VIET NAM - 1969

JUNGLE - VIET NAM - 1969

BATTLE ZONE - BALKAN CITY

HIGHLANDER

"Brothers In Arms"

TEASER

FADE IN:

201 EXT. PARKING LOT AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

201

Hidden by other parked cars and anonymous traffic, a MAN wearing a wool cap and sunglasses is barely visible crouched behind a windowless van.

CLOSE UP ON BLACK-GLOVED HANDS

opening a rifle case. After a moment, the hands lift the stock and barrel from the case.

CLOSE-UP

as he SNAPS the stock and barrel together. They lock into place. He tests it. Solid. He adds a silencer.

He reaches for the scope and fastens it to the barrel. Working confidently and methodically, he screws down the scope, adjusting it precisely.

Finally, he lifts the rifle to his shoulder to take aim, the end of the barrel just barely peeking out from behind the van.

POV RIFLE SCOPE

The first thing that appears in the scope is a familiar blur, too fuzzy to make out exactly until it keeps coming this way and begins to come into focus and resolve itself: It's Duncan MacLeod.

SNIPER (O.S.)

Damn.

POV SCOPE

as MacLeod moves out of frame and a second blur appears.

RACK FOCUS THROUGH THE RIFLE SCOPE

Until the second blur comes into sharp and deadly focus in the crosshairs. It's Dawson!

ANGLE MACLEOD AND DAWSON

emerging from the Airport Terminal building, returning from their trip to Scotland.

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED:

201

ANGLE DAWSON

relaxed and glad to be home, as they cross to the Parking Lot.

MACLEOD

suddenly hesitates as he picks up the BUZZ of another Immortal. He turns to search for the source and spots

ANDREW KOLSKI

moving off at a clip in the other direction. Kolski gets the BUZZ. He pauses and turns to face MacLeod. As their eyes meet --

DAWSON

turns back. He sees the exchange and is stunned. Before he can take a step --

ANGLE - KOLSKI

as the rifle slug hits him in the shoulder. He staggers under the impact, then turns TOWARD the shot, an incongruous smile of grim recognition on his face -- he has expected this. Then

ANGLE - KOLSKI

as a second shot strikes. This time he is spun around, slams against a car, mortally wounded.

ANGLE DAWSON

reacting in horror.

MACLEOD

turns instantly to the source of the shot and spots

THE SNIPER

taking off at a dead run.

DAWSON

instinctively moves to Kolski's aid. He's dead, the small entry wound over his heart beginning to blossom.

MACLEOD

(to Dawson)

Get him out of here.

As Dawson props up Kolski with one hand

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED: (2)

201

MACLEOD

starts off after the sniper.

THE SNIPER

is fast, slowed only by the obstacle of many parked vehicles.

MACLEOD

plays the course better, angling across the lot to cut him off.

THE SNIPER

heads for the far perimeter of the lot only to be met there by a high cyclone fence. He starts climbing.

MACLEOD

is closing fast. MacLeod gets there just before the sniper goes over, and hauls him down.

THE SNIPER

falls to the ground, but somersaults into an upright position like he's practiced it a thousand times before.

The Sniper launches a spin kick but MacLeod slips it and stuns the sniper with a blow to the solar plexus and a quick leg sweep that drops him to the ground.

MacLeod moves in swiftly and pins the shooter with a knee to his chest.

MACLEOD

rips off the hat and glasses only to make the shocking discovery that the sniper is

CHARLIE DESALVO.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Charlie?!

MacLeod can't believe it.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

202 EXT. PARKING LOT - AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

202

MacLeod and Charlie are still out at the far end of the parking lot. MacLeod is furious, and more than a little surprised.

CHARLIE

It's private Mac, it's got nothing to do with you.

MACLEOD

Let me decide that.

Charlie doesn't respond. In some ways he's still the guy who worked the dojo. In others, not. He's a man in pain and holding onto it tightly.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

When did you start shooting from cover, Charlie?

CHARLIE

It's not what you think.

MACLEOD

I'm listening.

CHARLIE

For what? To hear I'm sorry?

(beat)

It's done.

Charlie starts to move away. MacLeod turns him around.

MACLEOD

To hear why!

CHARLIE

(tight)

Because the son-of-a-bitch deserved it, that's why. It was a righteous action.

MACLEOD

It doesn't go away that easy, Charlie.

CHARLIE

I did it and I'll take the heat.

(beat)

You want to call the cops, I'm here.

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED:

202

MACLEOD

I'm not gonna turn you in. If you're
in trouble --

CHARLIE

Nothing I can't handle.

MACLEOD

Let me help.

CHARLIE

(tight)

There's nothing you can do.

There is a moment of challenging silence between them, then
Charlie steps around MacLeod and walks off.

203 INT. DAWSON'S CAR - LATER

203

Dawson is pleased with himself as he pulls to the side of
the road, looks around to make sure he wasn't followed. He
looks at Kolski, still dead in the passenger seat beside
him. Dawson turns on the radio, waits. It's classical music.

KOLSKI

is beginning to revive, shaking off his recent demise. It
is uncomfortable to be waking up in the car to the sight of
Dawson smiling at him. Kolski grimaces, not yet aware of
where he is.

KOLSKI

Turn that crap off.

DAWSON

No problem, Sarge.

Kolski remains a little uncertain and defensive as he begins
to get his bearings. Then he snaps into focus.

KOLSKI

Do I know you?

Dawson smiles. That doesn't help Kolski much.

DAWSON

(breaking into song)

I don't know but I been told,
Good Marines, they don't grow old.
If I die, don't bury me --
Stay in Bravo Com-pa-ny!

It's an echo of old times that rings right, but Kolski isn't
biting.

(CONTINUED)

KOLSKI

I don't know what the hell you're talking about.

DAWSON

Nam.

(beat)

Gonna tell me you don't remember the Thien Duc assault?

KOLSKI

(beat)

My platoon.

(looks more carefully)

Boy Scout? Is that you, Joe?

(beat)

Damn, Joe Dawson! Outstanding!

DAWSON

Gramma was slow, but she was old.

Dawson laughs. It's a terrific moment, old buddies reunited. Kolski is powerful man, but pulled in and contained. He's a no bullshit kind of guy who Dawson obviously sees as a hero.

Looking out the windshield, they see Jeep headlights coming toward them.

CLOSE - DAWSON

getting that thousand-year stare all over again, as we PUSH IN on his face, and from far off --

SEVERAL TROOPS (O.S.)

(cadence)

I don't know, but I been told,
Navy men wear panty hose.
Please don't send me to the rear,
Army guys they wear brassieres.

And PRE-LAP the cadence over into -

TRANSITION TO:

The Jeep goes on by. It's an army jeep and we're in Vietnam for the war, crossing a flat river delta.

As the vehicle continues on its way, we discover in its wake the tag end of a Marine platoon following it into a devastated Cong village for post-battle recon.

(CONTINUED)

Some of the guys are singing, triumphant and full of piss. The usual collection of grizzled guys, 20 going on 60, new recruits, blacks and whites.

SEVERAL TROOPS

(cadence)

I don't know but I been told,
Good Marines, they don't grow old.
If I die, don't bury me --
Stay in Bravo Com-pa-ny!

There are two Marines we are particularly interested in. The first is a scared young grunt - 18-year-old JOE DAWSON. The other, walking beside him, is their Sergeant, Andrew Kolski. Kolski breaks from the unit, hangs back and calls to Young Dawson.

KOLSKI

Boy Scout.

Young Dawson takes a BEAT to react.

YOUNG DAWSON

Me?

Kolski sighs, shakes his head.

KOLSKI

Yeah, you, Dawson. Gramma was slow,
but she was old.
(beat)
Move it!

Young Dawson hustles to Kolski.

As the rest of the unit moves on, Young Dawson follows Kolski. They go by two huts in flames, the former occupants hysterical as they try desperately to douse the fires.

YOUNG DAWSON

Maybe we should help?

Kolski throws him an "are you crazy?" Look and they pass TWO YOUNG OFFICERS grilling a suspected Cong GUERRILLA. He's on his knees, bleeding from his mouth and refusing to answer any questions. Young Dawson watches it all in a kind of stunned reverie. The ugliness hits him -- this isn't right. Kolski pulls his arm, impatiently, drags him along.

A WOMAN'S SCREAM

sends Kolski running, with Young Dawson close behind.

205 INT. HUT - VIET NAM - 1969 - DAY

205

A young Vietnamese WOMAN cowers in a corner screaming hysterically as her RAPIST (BUTLER) hikes his pants back up.

No one has to ask what's going on, it's all pretty obvious. Kolski is furious with the rapist and his glare makes that clear.

KOLSKI

(cold)

Butler, you wait for me at the jeep.

Butler clears out and Kolski approaches the Woman.

WOMAN

(screaming, pleading)

No! No more hurt! No more hurt!

Kolski holds up his hands in a calming gesture.

KOLSKI

No hurt, see? No hurt.

(beat)

Joe, whatcha got in your bag.

YOUNG DAWSON

Some rations. Chocolate... Maybe a couple of bucks.

KOLSKI

Give it to her.

(off Dawson's
hesitation)

Now!

Young Dawson hastily fumbles out some ration packs and a few dollar bills and offers them to the Woman, but she slaps his hand away. The money and the packs fly to the floor.

WOMAN

No!

Kolski curses under his breath. He reaches in his pocket, takes out a shiny watch, a Rolex. Dawson reacts.

YOUNG DAWSON

Where'd you get that?

KOLSKI

(impatiently)

It fell off a truck.

(to the Woman)

Here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED:

205

KOLSKI (CONT'D)

(beat)

See? Rolex... three thousand dollars.

WOMAN

(refusing)

No money! Me no wicky-wicky girl.
Me tell General. Me tell! Me tell!

The woman bursts into tears.

KOLSKI

Look, these things happen. Just
tell me what you want and I'll give
it to you, but you're not gonna report
him.

WOMAN

Yes, yes! Me tell!

Kolski sees it's no use. He puts the watch away, looks at
Young Dawson.

KOLSKI

Joe, you go on... I'll take care of
this. See if you can round me up a
radio.

Kolski picks up the scattered ration packs and the three
dollar bills and hands it all back to Young Dawson.

YOUNG DAWSON

Maybe I should get the Lieutenant.

KOLSKI

Maybe you should do what I tell you.

Young Dawson looks at the woman, then hurries for the door.
He senses something terrible is about to happen, but his
mind refuses to wrap around the thought.

206 EXT. VILLAGE - VIET NAM - 1969 - DAY

206

Young Dawson comes out of the hut, hyperventilating. The
stench in the air offers no relief.

YOUNG DAWSON'S POV

He sees Butler, the rapist, standing by the jeep. Off screen,
the woman SCREAMS.

BACK TO SCENE

Young Dawson reacts.

(CONTINUED)

THE SOUND OF A GUNSHOT

erupts from inside the hut.

After a moment, Kolski emerges. He's calm, his eyes far away.

YOUNG DAWSON

Jesus, Andy... what the hell did you do!

KOLSKI

What I had to. She'da had him Court Martialled.

YOUNG DAWSON

He should'a been Court Martialled.

Kolski pulls Dawson aside.

KOLSKI

Butler's scum, but he's one of our scum.

YOUNG DAWSON

He raped that woman, Andy. Dammit, we're supposed to help these people, not kill them.

KOLSKI

We're supposed to stay alive.
(beat)

And the only way you do that is take care of your own, no matter what.

YOUNG DAWSON

We can't do crap like this.

KOLSKI

(over him)
No matter what, Joe.

(beat)
Look around. They want us like another dose of the clap.

(beat)
All we got is each other.

Young Dawson is agitated, but has no reply. He leaves Kolski at the door of the hut and starts toward some soldiers relaxing on the grass, some eating, some smoking.

He barely gets a few yards when he hears the LOUD SOUND of A ROCKET LAUNCHED GRENADE hurtling through the air.

(CONTINUED)

KOLSKI (CONT'D)
(reacts)
INCOMING!

Dawson turns in time to see it land very close to the jeep,
and BLOW UP both the vehicle and Butler.

THE CONG COUNTER-ATTACK

has begun and all hell breaks loose. Soldiers grab their
weapons and scatter for cover against the assault.

Kolski turns and bellows, his first thought for his men.

KOLSKI
Get down!

Kolski is caught in a hail of bullets and goes down in front
of the unit.

YOUNG DAWSON

runs back to Kolski. It's too late,

KOLSKI

is dead. Two other soldiers arrive. SOLDIER #1 searches
for a pulse and there is none.

SOLDIER #1
(scared)
He's dead, man. The Sarge is dead.

Young Dawson starts shaking the body, a crazed and desperate
effort to jump start it.

YOUNG DAWSON
Andy! Andy, come on! Breathe Andy,
breathe!

SOLDIER #2 confirms that Kolski is dead, and rips the dog
tags off the body.

SOLDIER #1
Let's get the hell out of here.

Young Dawson is slow to move, staring at his dead Sergeant
in a horrified daze.

SOLDIER #1 (CONT'D)
Joe... go. Go! Go!

The two soldiers head for the brush. Young Dawson finally
wrenches himself away, starts after them. He gets four or
five steps and

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED: (3)

206

YOUNG DAWSON

steps on a MINE and FREEZES when he feels the peculiar softness of the ground under his foot and hears the loud "CLICK" that signals the imminent explosion.

CLOSE-UP ON YOUNG DAWSON

as his face registers the horrible truth: He has just bought it. Time stops. Eerie silence. Quick flashes of

BIRDS

overhead, caught in flight.

A CLOUD

crossing the sun.

AN INSECT

moves on a leaf. All in utter silence. Then --

RESUME - ECU - YOUNG DAWSON

as the universe torques back into real time. He has time to blink once, as --

THE CLICK MINE

EXPLODES and blows Young Dawson back into the bush.

The NOISE is incredible. Bullets, screams, fires, explosions and it all begins to WHITE OUT as Young Dawson passes out.

207 EXT. JUNGLE - VIET NAM - LATER

207

Still IN WHITE, with the barest hint of sky. Relatively quiet. Cong voices barely audible way off in the distance. A face moves into the frame and we begin to realize we are in

YOUNG DAWSON'S POV

as the face slowly resolves and reveals itself as Kolski.

YOUNG DAWSON

(shocked)

Sweet Jesus. You're dead!

KOLSKI

This look like heaven?

(wry)

You got low expectations, Joe.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED:

207

Kolski examines Young Dawson. His legs are mangled and he's bleeding hard. He's in terrible pain but sucks it up knowing he can't make noise and attract the Cong.

YOUNG DAWSON

Oh, Christ, I'm dying too...

He puts a hand over Young Dawson's mouth.

KOLSKI

You will if you don't shut up.

(beat)

You're gonna be okay.

Kolski shoots Young Dawson up with morphine and that calms him down pretty quickly. Kolski quickly and effectively applies tourniquets to both legs.

YOUNG DAWSON

You're dead...

KOLSKI

You took a mine. You're in shock.

YOUNG DAWSON

No way. I saw you. I checked your pulse... You're dead!

KOLSKI

And you're a pain in the ass, Boy Scout.

(beat)

Now hold on. I'm gonna get you out of here.

YOUNG DAWSON

We'll never make it.

KOLSKI

Sure we will.

(beat)

I got a reputation to think of.

With Young Dawson stabilized, Kolski hoists him onto his shoulders and starts into the deep brush.

TRANSITION TO:

207A INT. DAWSON'S CAR - RESUME

207A

KOLSKI

You look good, a helluva lot better than the last time I saw you.

(CONTINUED)

207A CONTINUED:

207A

DAWSON

(laughing)

Naw, I got old. You look good.

Concern flickers across Kolski's eyes as he worries about being exposed.

KOLSKI

Sure... Not bad for a guy who just almost got shot --

DAWSON

Almost?

And off their looks as they take in his blood-stained shirt and the bullet hole.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Right through the pump, Andy.

KOLSKI

You're crazy. Do I look like I got dusted... ?

Dawson cuts him off, reassuring.

DAWSON

It's okay, I know what you are.
(quietly)
I know about Immortals.

Kolski reacts. He is, naturally, more than a little surprised, and a bit perplexed. He waits a beat, just looking at Joe.

KOLSKI

That's a hell of an ice breaker.

DAWSON

Ain't it, though.
(beat; earnest)
But don't worry. I know how to keep a secret.

Kolski looks at his old friend for a long moment, sees it's true.

KOLSKI

Semper fi.
(beat; with fondness)
You always were a boy scout, Joe.

DAWSON

Any idea who the shooter was?

(CONTINUED)

207A CONTINUED: (2)

207A

KOLSKI

Could have been anybody.

(a beat)

I got a lot of past, Joe. Things accumulate.

(beat)

Must be pretty much the same with Your friend.

DAWSON

My friend?

Kolski watches him carefully.

KOLSKI

At the airport.

DAWSON

Duncan MacLeod.

(pointed)

A very good friend, Andy. The best.

He holds Kolski's eyes, getting his message across. Kolski finally nods.

KOLSKI

Hell of a coincidence, you knowing two of us.

208 EXT. DOJO - NIGHT - TO ESTABLISH

208

DAWSON (O.S.)

Mud, leeches everywhere... The guy carried me sixteen miles through the jungle on his back!

209 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT

209

Dawson is at MacLeod's place.

DAWSON

I owe him my life.

MACLEOD

I understand.

Dawson feels the need to convince MacLeod.

DAWSON

Held be pissed if he knew I came to see you about this.

(beat)

I just want you to know that he's not here for you. He's only passing through.

(CONTINUED)

209 CONTINUED:

209

MacLeod acknowledges the news with a nod of the head, nothing more.

MACLEOD

Fine. If he's not looking for me,
I'm not looking for him.

DAWSON

I just don't want any, you know...
accidental encounters.

MACLEOD

(emphasizes)

Joe... I won't go looking for him.

Dawson's grateful. A burden of worry has been lifted.

DAWSON

Thanks.

Dawson reaches the elevator and steps in. He turns back as the door closes.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

What happened with the sniper?

MACLEOD

(a beat)

He got away.

As the elevator descends, it sounds almost like a matter of pride when Dawson calls out offhandedly:

DAWSON

He better. The poor bastard doesn't
know who he's taking on.

MacLeod is disturbed but doesn't say a word.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

210 OMITTED

210

211 INT. DOJO - DAY

211

MacLeod is working out, performing a kata, building up a serious sweat. As he moves, he remembers Charlie, their time together, and we INTERCUT his workout with --

Choices to be determined later, but they may include:

-- first meeting with Charlie; Charlie dumps MacLeod on the mat (from Episode 93203, "Turnabout.")

-- Charlie and MacLeod throwing their arms around each other in friendly greeting (from Episode 94301, "The Samurai" ?)

-- MacLeod facing St. Cloud (from Episode 93214, "Unholy Alliance Part One"); Charlie getting shot, going down.

-- Charlie in hospital (Episode 94314, "Unholy Alliance Part One") asking how MacLeod survived; MacLeod promising to tell him one day.

-- Charlie leaves to join Mara (Episode 94303, "The Revolutionary"). MacLeod tells him to "be safe." Charlie replies, "You know it."

RESUME SCENE

as MacLeod is snapped from his thoughts by a voice behind him.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Don't let me interrupt.

MACLEOD

I'm done, Charlie... unless you're here for a workout.

CHARLIE

(wry)

Yesterday was enough for me. I'm a little rusty.

MACLEOD

Hard to argue with that.

MacLeod stops, steps off the mat, and reaches for a towel.

CHARLIE

It's not so easy coming here, Mac.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

It's your home, Charlie. Always
will be.

Charlie looks around.

CHARLIE

(beat)
Looks different. Something's changed.

MACLEOD

(beat)
Maybe it's not the place.

MacLeod kneels at the foot of the mat to roll it up. Charlie automatically joins MacLeod on the floor to help roll up the mat, like he's done so many times in the past.

CHARLIE

Something's going on. I've been to
the cops, I called the newspapers, I
even went out to the airport.
Everybody tells me the same thing.
No one died.

MACLEOD

Maybe you just winged him.

Together they make quick work of the mat and haul it off to
the wall.

CHARLIE

I saw him go down, Mac. I put one
in his heart.
(a beat)
I don't get it.

MACLEOD

(side-stepping)
I'm the one who doesn't get it,
Charlie. Why'd you do it?

CHARLIE

Mara.

MACLEOD

(a premonition)
What happened to her, Charlie?

Charlie hesitates. He's been keeping it bottled up, telling
no one. Now it all comes out.

TRANSITION TO:

212 EXT. BATTLE ZONE - POST BATTLE - BALKAN CITY - DAY 212

To Establish this small war-torn town. (Note: where possible, use News Clip Footage & scenes from previous episode "The Revolutionary").

The haunting melody of a BALKAN FOLK SONG underscores the grim despair hanging over this bleak spread of burnt-out buildings, the blackened shells of trucks and cars, bodies in the streets, where we find

A YOUNG WOMAN IN A WEDDING GOWN

Kneeling by the body of her betrothed, rocking in silent shock.

A FIGHTER

crouched alone near a still-burning car, crying.

A CHILD

wanders past this on thin legs, her eyes as blank as those on the torn teddy-bear she drags.

SEVERAL ARMED SOLDIERS

in rough civvies half drag a wounded comrade into a shell-pocked building.

213 INT. MARA'S OFFICE - REBEL HEADQUARTERS - BALKAN CITY - DAY 213

A bleak office in this frequently-shelled building. An agitated Mara is facing off with Charlie, in grimy battle

Fatigues, in no mood to hear this.

MARA

(hanging up the phone)

We had to break off the attack,
Charlie. We lost forty men.

CHARLIE

(in disbelief)

Not possible.

Charlie looks down at the topo map on the desk in front of him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(full of self-
recrimination)

We had 'em flanked. We had high
ground. The tactics were tight.

(CONTINUED)

213 CONTINUED:

213

She touches his face.

MARA

It wasn't your fault.

Charlie pulls away.

CHARLIE

I sent them, Mara. The raid was my idea. I screwed up. I should have died with them.

She takes his face in her hands.

MARA

No, my love. It wasn't you.

(beat)

It was the Kalishnikovs... the rifles.

CHARLIE

What are you talking about?

MARA

They were no good, and the ammunition was worse.

(beat; agonizing)

And now they're dead... Forty men, Charlie.

Charlie is incredulous. He paces as his mind races.

CHARLIE

The one thing the Russians know how to make is rifles. They don't screw up.

(as it occurs to him)

Cord... He sold us crap -- imitations.

MARA

Why?

CHARLIE

Because he makes more money that way.

MARA

Maybe he didn't know.

CHARLIE

He knew...

Charlie reaches for his automatic.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

213 CONTINUED: (2)

213

MARA

At his hotel waiting for the rest of his money.

Charlie lifts the gun and moves to the door.

CHARLIE

I'll see he gets paid.

MARA

I'll go with you.

CHARLIE

This I'll do by myself.

214 INT. HOTEL ROOM - BALKAN CITY - DAY

214

Small, a bed, a table, a dresser. The door explodes open. Charlie enters, his automatic in his hand. He looks around and finds nothing.

215 INT. MARA'S OFFICE - REBEL HEADQUARTERS - BALKAN CITY - DAY

215

Mara is listening to a field-radio as she looks out the window. Kolski enters the room smiling warmly, dressed in an Armani jacket, a T-shirt and jeans. He looks like a Calvin Klein ad.

KOLSKI

How you doing, bright eyes? Hell of a firefight you had out there.

(beat)

You guys lost a lotta good men.

MARA

You ought to know.

(beat)

You killed them.

Kolski turns to her accusing face. Still smiling.

KOLSKI

Say again? Hey, it's not my fault

Your boys can't shoot straight.

MARA

They can shoot. Your damn rifles wouldn't fire.

KOLSKI

(glib)

Take it up with quality control.

(CONTINUED)

215 CONTINUED:

215

Mara begins moving slowly towards him, rage overcoming any danger she's in.

MARA

How could you do this to our men?

KOLSKI

Not our men, sweetheart.

(beat)

Your men. If they were my men, they'd still be alive.

She reaches up, slaps him hard. Kolski barely blinks, still smiling -- but it's hard, locked in place.

MARA

Murderer.

As Kolski speaks, Mara moves to a drawer and opens it. She removes a small Baretta.

KOLSKI

Mara. I am flat-out perturbed to hear you say that, but being a good soul, I'll just collect my money and forget about it.

MARA

(pointing it at him)

You'll collect nothing.

Kolski looks at her. A different smile plays on his lips. Dangerous.

KOLSKI

I'm afraid you got that one wrong, darlin'.

(beat)

That Baretta you've got in your hand. Right out of the box. I bet it's never even been used.

(moving closer)

It's one of mine, isn't it? I don't think it's gonna fire.

Mara hesitates just an instant, but it's long enough for Kolski to react and grab for the automatic.

216 INT. CORRIDOR - REBEL HEADQUARTERS - BALKAN CITY - DAY

216

Charlie is moving down the corridor when he hears a SHOT.

He reacts and crashes through the door to Mara's office.

217 INT. MARA'S OFFICE - REBEL HEADQUARTERS - BALKAN CITY - DAY 217

ANGLE - THE DOOR

As it crashes open, and Charlie erupts into the room. Stops as he sees Mara lying crumpled on the floor.

CHARLIE

Mara!

His eyes go up to Kolski standing over her.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You're dead.

KOLSKI

Sorry, Charlie.

(beat)

I've got a reputation to think of.

Kolski coolly swivels the gun on Charlie.

CHARLIE

reacts, dives for the window at the side. Low and fast.

Kolski shoots, tracking him across the room, bullets tearing up the table, field-phone, finally catching Charlie in the shoulder as he reaches the window. He spins and DIVES through the glass, out into the street.

KOLSKI

steps up to the window, and looks through the broken glass. Can't see Charlie anywhere. His scowl has a tone of admiration for his adversary.

KOLSKI (CONT'D)

Damn.

OFF his face --

218 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - THE PRESENT - RESUME SCENE 218

Charlie is silent, his face etched in pain. The horror of the Balkans still very fresh in his mind.

CHARLIE

We trusted him and he killed her.

MACLEOD

Charlie, I know what you're going through, but you have to forget about Cord.

(CONTINUED)

218 CONTINUED:

218

CHARLIE

If you think I can forget this, you don't know squat.

(beat)

Just tell me this. Did you see me take Cord down or not?

MACLEOD

(beat)

You didn't kill him.

Grim-faced, Charlie starts to leave.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(calling after him)

Charlie, I'm your friend.

CHARLIE

(beat)

Sure. Later.

And he's gone.

219 INT. JOE'S - DAY

219

Dawson is standing near the bar. He looks up to see MacLeod coming in, looking very focused and determined.

DAWSON

Mac. A little early in the day for you, isn't it?

MACLEOD

I'm looking for Cord.

It sends a shiver down Dawson's spine.

DAWSON

You told me you were going to let him be. We had an understanding!

MACLEOD

We still do.

(beat)

I need to talk to him. I want you to arrange a meeting.

Dawson is reluctant.

DAWSON

I'm not sure I can do that.

MACLEOD

You're the only one who can.

(CONTINUED)

219 CONTINUED:

219

DAWSON

Don't put me in this position, Mac.

MACLEOD

It's just to talk.

(off Dawson's silence)

Look, I know he saved your life.

DAWSON

He did more than that.

And OFF Dawson's face, as his eyes fall on a bottle on the bar --

220 INT. FIELD HOSPITAL - VIET NAM - 1969 - DAY

220

CLOSE - An I.V. bag. Then PULL BACK to find we're in a field hospital. There are several beds here in this well-staffed ward of obviously serious cases.

Young Dawson is asleep in the last bed. A NURSE, sits quietly beside his bed, reading a magazine and waiting for him to come to.

YOUNG DAWSON

stirs and the Nurse reacts immediately. She puts her magazine down and rushes away.

ANGLE - WARD DOORS

as Nurse returns, hurrying, with DR. WELDON. They get to Young Dawson's bed as he opens his eyes and looks around, disoriented.

YOUNG DAWSON

My feet are killing me.

(a beat)

Where am I?

DR. WELDON

Phu Sai. Field hospital. You were brought in four days ago, son.

YOUNG DAWSON

Right. I remember. Andy brought me. Sgt. Cord.

(beat; focusing)

Who are you?

DR. WELDON

Hank Weldon. I'm the resident shrink... and, yes, somebody staggered in and dropped you off here but it wasn't anyone named Cord.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG DAWSON

(beat)

What are you talking about? Cord.
Sgt. Andrew Cord.

Weldon exchanges a glance with the Nurse.

DR. WELDON

Your Sgt. Cord is dead. A couple of
guys brought in his tags.

YOUNG DAWSON

(agitated)

You don't spend sixteen miles on a
guy's back and not know who he is!

DR. WELDON

You took a heavy hit, son. It's
normal to be a little confused.

YOUNG DAWSON

(tries to move)

I don't know what the hell you people
are up to, but --

(a stab of pain)

Aaaaah! Can't you give me something
for my feet!?

WELDON

manages not to wince but takes a moment to gather himself
and leads with a deep breath.

DR. WELDON

It's called Phantom Limb Syndrome.
(a beat)

Sometimes the pain continues even
after a limb's been amputated.

Young Dawson suddenly gets it. He props himself up on his
elbows to look, and sees for the first time that his lower
legs are gone.

YOUNG DAWSON

No!

(it's too much)

Jesus, no.

221 INT. FIELD HOSPITAL - VIET NAM - 1969 - SEVERAL DAYS LATER - 221
DAY

Young Dawson is lying on his side, facing toward the wall.
A growth of scraggly beard -- any look of the military boy

(CONTINUED)

221 CONTINUED:

221

Scout blown away with his flesh. Ho's beyond depressed, eyes blank, one hand under his pillow as --

ANGLE - A NURSE

moves past his bed, out of the area.

RESUME YOUNG DAWSON

A BEAT -- he slowly slides his hand from the pillow -- he's holding his .45. He cradles it -- he's been thinking about this, building up to it for a long time. He's not afraid. His eyes fall on the CLOCK close by on the night stand. That fucking ticking, his life wasting away. Last time he'll have to hear it. With slow deliberation, he racks a round into the chamber, takes a long breath.

Then OFF there's a sound. He freezes as --

ANGLE TOWARD THE DOORS

Young IAN BANCROFT, English in his bearing, 30, dressed in the khakis and flack jacket of a war reporter, enters and makes his way to Young Dawson's bed.

YOUNG BANCROFT

Joe?

Young Dawson slides the gun back under the pillow. He continues to stare at the wall and doesn't bother to turn to see Young Bancroft.

YOUNG DAWSON

Go to hell.

YOUNG BANCROFT

Joe, if you've got a minute, I'd like to talk to you.

Young Dawson completely ignores Young Bancroft.

YOUNG BANCROFT (CONT'D)

I came to talk to you about Sgt. Cord.

YOUNG DAWSON

(an edge)

I wasn't out of my head and I don't need another damn shrink.

(beat)

Andy brought me here.

YOUNG BANCROFT

(quietly)

I have no doubt about that.

(CONTINUED)

221 CONTINUED: (2)

221

CLOSE YOUNG DAWSON

Finally somebody believes him. He turns to stare at this person for the first time.

YOUNG BANCROFT (CONT'D)
Ian Bancroft, and I'm no shrink.
(beat)
Mind if I sit down?

YOUNG DAWSON
Why not -- there's plenty of room.

Young Dawson doesn't and Young Bancroft sits on the far side of the bed near the wall. It's a little more private.

YOUNG DAWSON (CONT'D)
They keep telling me he was killed.

Young Bancroft takes a breath.

YOUNG BANCROFT
You were right, Joe. It was Cord who brought you in.

YOUNG DAWSON
(taking this in)
You believe me?

YOUNG BANCROFT
...and he was killed back at that village.

YOUNG DAWSON
(feeling tricked)
Take it somewhere else. I don't need this crap.

Young Bancroft pulls up his sleeve to reveal the WATCHERS TATTOO on his wrist. Young Dawson stares at it, baffled.

YOUNG DAWSON (CONT'D)
What the hell is that?

YOUNG BANCROFT
It's a symbol. It means I belong to an organization called The Watchers.

YOUNG DAWSON
Watching who?

YOUNG BANCROFT
The ones who can't die, like Sergeant Cord.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

221 CONTINUED: (3)

221

YOUNG BANCROFT (CONT'D)

(beat)
The Immortals.

And OFF Young Dawson's wondering look, as he stares from Young Bancroft to the tattoo.

YOUNG DAWSON

The hell you say. Andy Cord...

YOUNG BANCROFT

Died.
(firmly)
You saw him, Joe, you know it's true.
He's an Immortal.

A BEAT as Young Dawson tries to grapple with this.

YOUNG DAWSON

This can't be real.

YOUNG BANCROFT

It's real.
(beat)
Who are they? Why are they here?
Biggest questions on earth, Joe.
(beat)
That's why we watch, why we record
their lives, without interfering.
(beat)
You could be part of it.

He holds Young Dawson's eyes. Young Dawson flops back on the pillow, blown away by this.

YOUNG BANCROFT (CONT'D)

Or you could say no. Then I fade
away and you wonder if all this really
happened.
(beat)
I don't think you will.

Bancroft raises his wrist with the tattoo. CLOSE ON the tattoo, PULL BACK to reveal --

222 INT. JOE'S - THE PRESENT - RESUME SCENE

222

The tattoo we are now looking at is on Dawson's wrist. Dawson is deeply focused on the tattoo, drawn into it.

DAWSON

(re the tattoo)
If it wasn't for Andy Cord, I wouldn't
have this. I wouldn't know you. I
might not even be alive.

(CONTINUED)

222 CONTINUED:

222

MACLEOD

No one knows more about me than you.
But about Joe Dawson...

(beat)

I don't really know a thing.

DAWSON

You never asked...

(a beat)

...and I'm not sure I was ever ready
to talk about it. When you've got a
secret to keep, you get out of the
habit of opening up.

MACLEOD

(with a smile)

I know.

DAWSON

(with a smile)

We gotta talk more often.

It strikes a sympathetic chord in MacLeod and he opens up.

MACLEOD

Joe, about Cord.

(beat)

The sniper at the airport was Charlie
Desalvo.

DAWSON

(beat)

Charlie's in the Balkans.

MACLEOD

He's back.

DAWSON

Why'd he want to shoot Cord?

MACLEOD

That's why I want to talk to Cord.

(a beat)

For Charlie's sake, that's all.
Just to talk. You have my word.

And OFF Dawson's look --

223 INT. INDUSTRIAL WAR-GAMING AREA - CITY - DAY

223

CLOSE - A GUN BARREL

and directly behind it, sighting down it -- a YOUNG MAN in
safety-goggles, war paint and battle fatigues.

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED:

223

It looks like a deadly ambush -- except that he's using a PAINT BALL GUN. This is a course for jocks, cops, serious gamers who feel the need to play at war. It's industrial, full of old machinery, pipes, boilers and crates, camouflage nets. As the young man edges around a pole -

KOLSKI

leaps in from nowhere, and BANG. BANG. BANG -- snaps off three rapid shots.

THE YOUNG MAN

is struck directly in the chest by three PAINT BALLS. He winces as much in surprise as at the impact -- the damn things hurt.

ANGLE - KOLSKI

not stopping to check his kill -- he's too confident for that -- he moves on, lithely rounds another wall. He's grinning savagely -- he's in his element here. He whirls at a barely perceptible sound, as TWO MORE players leap from hiding -- but they're no match for Kolski's speed as he fires --

THE PLAYERS

are hit, two direct scores.

RESUME KOLSKI

as he lopes along, some sixth sense telling him to dodge as he does, ducking another shot. He shoots back on the run, does a tuck In' roll -- and grabs the prize objective -- a FLAG hanging from a wall. Victory. As he raises his goggles, putting away his gun as he folds the flag --

DAWSON

I can't believe you still think this is fun.

Dawson stands at the end of "the course," from where he's been watching the game. Kolski shrugs offhandedly.

KOLSKI

Busman's holiday, Joe.

(wry)

Gotta keep in shape somehow.

DAWSON

Knocking off a bunch of yuppie rabbits? That really fair?

Kolski pretends to think about this a BEAT.

(CONTINUED)

KOLSKI

Nah.

(grins)

But the rabbits don't know it.

As Kolski begins to reload his paint gun, Dawson returns to their conversation, grows serious.

DAWSON

Andy. I still need an answer.

KOLSKI

(beat)

This MacLeod... how well do you really know him?

DAWSON

Well enough. Like I said, he's a friend.

KOLSKI

(beat)

And the shooter?

(off Dawson's shrug)

You got a lot of friends, Joe.

Regular Sesame Street over here.

DAWSON

Believe me, Andy, all he wants is to work something out.

Kolski sees his earnest urgency. He finally nods.

KOLSKI

Okay, Joe. A friend of yours is a friend of mine.

(beat)

We'll meet. We'll work something out.

He slaps Dawson on the back. Dawson nods, turns to leave. As he does, Kolski's accommodating look fades. He racks his paint-gun hard, as if it's a real weapon.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

224 INT. JOE'S - DAY

224

Dawson is playing around on his guitar.

MACLEOD

(at a break)

How long you been playing, Joe?

DAWSON

Since Nam. Had a lot of time on my hands.

Time. MacLeod checks his watch. Dawson notices.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

He'll be here. He keeps his word.

MACLEOD

Relax, Joe. It'll be fine. We're just gonna talk.

DAWSON

I don't know... I keep thinking I should've set this meeting up in a church or something, somewhere on holy ground. At least keep you guys from killing each other.

They are interrupted by the front door opening.

ANGLE DOOR

as Charlie walks in.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

CHARLIE

Thought I was welcome.

MACLEOD

Charlie, this is not a good time. Can't explain right now, but you've got to leave.

CHARLIE

(challenging)

Seems to be a lot you can't explain, Mac? You got a program, maybe I'm part of it.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

Not now, Charlie. You don't know what's going on.

CHARLIE

Damn right. If I got some straight answers about what went down at the airport, I wouldn't be here now.

(a beat)

I've got some questions for Joe.

DAWSON

Tonight, Charlie. You come back tonight and I'll answer anything I can.

MacLeod gets the BUZZ.

MACLEOD

It's a little late for that.

This time the door opens and

KOLSKI

steps into the club. He spots Charlie at the same time Charlie spots him.

KOLSKI (CONT'D)

Outstanding.

CHARLIE

Son of a bitch...

MACLEOD

(warning)

Charlie...

CHARLIE

attacks. Charging Kolski he flies right over the table at him and

KOLSKI

flips him, sending Charlie crashing to his back. Hurting, but on fire for the battle, he gets to his feet quickly.

CHARLIE

pulls a knife from under his coat, and prepares to resume the attack. He charges straight for Kolski but

(CONTINUED)

224 CONTINUED: (2)

224

MACLEOD

Moves in and grabs Charlie while Dawson reaches for Kolski.
Kolski allows himself to be held back.

DAWSON

(to MacLeod)

Get him the hell out of here before
he gets himself killed!

CHARLIE

fighters to get free of MacLeod's iron grip but it's futile.

CHARLIE

Get off me, Mac.

MACLEOD

drags Charlie out kicking and fighting the whole way.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

225 EXT. JOE'S - DAY

225

Charlie is furious and flailing as MacLeod drags him out of
the club and slams him up against the wall.

CHARLIE

What the hell's going on? What's he
doing here?!

MacLeod lets him go and backs off.

MACLEOD

They're old friends. They have a
history from way back.

CHARLIE

And you? How the hell can you be
hanging with Cord?

MACLEOD

That's not what's going on...

CHARLIE

He killed Mara!

MACLEOD

And if you go after him, he'll kill
you too.

CHARLIE

You don't know that.

(CONTINUED)

225 CONTINUED:

225

MACLEOD

I do, Charlie. There are things
about him you don't know! You have
to stay away from him.

But Charlie can't do that. He brushes MacLeod away.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I'm trying to keep you alive!
(beat)
Charlie. You're my friend...

Charlie lets that sink in and instead of comfort, it deflates
him, sucks the wind right out of his sails.

CHARLIE

(with emotion)
What do you expect me to do, Mac?
Walk away? Forget her? Pretend it
never happened?

MACLEOD

Just give me a chance to try to
straighten this out with Cord.
(beat)
A couple of days.

Charlie hears the concern and responds with sadness, not
anger.

CHARLIE

Straighten what, Mac?
(beat)
There's only one way to settle this.

It's plain to MacLeod that he's not going to change Charlie's
mind.

MACLEOD

Not today, Charlie... Please, for
me.

MacLeod offers his hand. It's a gesture of peace and Charlie
accepts.

CHARLIE

Okay... not today.

226 INT. INDUSTRIAL WAR-GAMING AREA - DAY

226

TWO PLAYERS defending the flag move out of hiding, paint
guns raised and ready.

(CONTINUED)

226 CONTINUED:

226

KOLSKI

comes at them. This time Kolski's agitated. Shoots rapidly, hitting PLAYER ONE, then swings his gun on PLAYER

TWO. Player Two sees he hasn't a chance. He raises his arms in rueful surrender, but --

KOLSKI

doesn't lower his gun. Kolski shoots, hitting him in the head.

Player Two falls in pain as Player One goes to help him and throws a look to Kolski.

KOLSKI

Sorry.
(with sarcasm)
Must've been the wind.

He looks up at Dawson, who's watching him from the "Safe" zone. Dawson sees the edge, the current under Kolski's calm exterior.

DAWSON

Lighten up, Andy, it's a game.

Kolski's still intense.

KOLSKI

Listen, I want you to set up another meeting with MacLeod. But not at your place.

DAWSON

Why?

There is a look in Kolski's eye that is hard to mistake.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

(accusing)
Dammit, you gave your word. This is about Charlie, not MacLeod!

Kolski doesn't flinch.

KOLSKI

Not anymore. Come on, Joe, you know about us, we're all after each other.

DAWSON

It doesn't have to be like that.

(CONTINUED)

KOLSKI

Grow up. That's the way it is.

DAWSON

He's my friend.

KOLSKI

And what am I?

(beat)

I saved your life. I carried you sixteen friggin miles on my back. I own your ass.

(beat; off Joe's

silence)

And you're gonna help me find him.

Dawson is shaken but he looks Kolski directly in the eye.

DAWSON

I owe you my life, not his.

And they share a look --

227 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY

227

A tense Dawson has come to see MacLeod. He's agitated, pacing as MacLeod watches him.

MACLEOD

You going to lay it out? Or just wear a hole in my floor?

DAWSON

It's all wrong. Everything's wrong.

MACLEOD

(beat)

So, he does want me.

DAWSON

Not at first. It was Charlie, but now...

He trails off in helpless frustration.

MACLEOD

It's not the first time someone's come hunting.

(beat)

If he wants me, I'm here.

DAWSON

Mac, I've never asked you for anything, but I'm asking this...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAWSON (CONT'D)

(a beat)
...go away for a few days, gimme
some time to talk to him.

MACLEOD

I'm not going to hide, Joe. It
doesn't work that way for me.

DAWSON

This isn't about hiding. You're my
Friends... both of you. Let me work
it out!

MACLEOD

We work it out ourselves. You know
that.

DAWSON

(pleading)
Dammit, Mac, don't do this to me.

MacLeod looks at Dawson pointedly. Dawson did this to
himself.

MACLEOD

I didn't do this to you.

MacLeod suddenly picks up the BUZZ.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Joe, it's time to leave.

DAWSON

MacLeod, please...

MACLEOD

Now.

MacLeod is quietly emphatic. Dawson sees further argument
is pointless. He turns for the back door. MacLeod picks up
his sword.

INT. DOJO - DAY

MacLeod arrives downstairs.

KOLSKI

is waiting there.

KOLSKI

So. He came to warn you?

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

He came to save your life. He seems
to think he owes you.

KOLSKI

Good ol' Boy Scout.

(beat)

He does.

They circle for position.

MACLEOD

Then walk away. We don't have to do
this.

Kolski draws his sword, shakes his head.

KOLSKI

'Fraid we've got a situation here.

(beat)

I went to a lot of trouble flushing
old Charlie out.

MACLEOD

You wanted him to come for you.

KOLSKI

He finds me. I find him.

MACLEOD

He doesn't know what you are. You
could let him go.

KOLSKI

Problem is, I know his type. He's a
lot like us, MacLeod.

(beat)

We don't walk away.

Kolski opens with a powerful swing of his sword.

MacLeod parries the blow, but the force of it sends him
reeling back.

Another serious blow from Kolski and another successful block
by MacLeod.

Kolski thrusts. MacLeod slips the attack and holds his
ground.

KOLSKI

launches an all-out charge.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

counter-attacks and drives him back. The battle is non-stop as they slash back and forth.

KOLSKI

charges and MacLeod slips the blow. Slicing down as he spins around

MACLEOD

sends Kolski's sword flying. It lodges with a TWANG into the floor.

KOLSKI

knows it's over. Defeated, at MacLeod's mercy, waiting for the final blow.

MACLEOD

raises his sword and brings it slashing down to Kolski's neck... but stops short.

MACLEOD

Joe Dawson just saved your life.
You're even.

(beat)

As long as you stay away from Charlie.

Kolski hesitates a LONG BEAT.

KOLSKI

For the boy scout.

MacLeod removes his sword from Kolski's neck.

MACLEOD

Get the hell out of here.

KOLSKI

pulls his sword free from the floor and starts out of the dojo. He looks back only once, and it's not gratitude that we see in his eyes. He turns and leaves.

MacLeod stands a moment, considering what he's done. It doesn't feel right. And OFF his look --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

228 INT. JOE'S - NIGHT

228

Charlie Desalvo enters, wary, on the alert. The place is empty except for Dawson. Charlie starts to poke around edgily. He looks behind the bar.

DAWSON

It's just you and me, Charlie.

CHARLIE

(beat)

Okay.

It's said carefully, no warmth. He's poised for a fight.

DAWSON

Thanks for coming down.

(beat)

Get you a drink?

Charlie shrugs. Moves to a barstool and sits. Dawson puts a beer in front of him.

CHARLIE

I always figured you for a stand-up guy, Joe. Now Mac tells me you got a history with Cord. What the hell is that about?

DAWSON

(simply)

He's my friend.

CHARLIE

Then we got nothing to talk about.

He starts to stand. Dawson puts up a staying hand.

DAWSON

We got a lot to talk about.

(beat)

You make a lot of friends over there, Charlie? Guy's you'd trust your life to?

CHARLIE

A couple.

(CONTINUED)

228 CONTINUED:

228

DAWSON

What if you're dug in a hooch up to
your ass in swamp water, and all
you're doing is praying you can hang
on till the choppers come, or they're
gonna be mailing you home in a bag?

Charlie meets his gaze, acknowledging the scenario they've
both been there.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Somebody covers your ass, he's your
brother. No matter who he is, that's
forever.

CHARLIE

Cord?

DAWSON

I'm asking you, Charlie -- leave
this alone.

Charlie's moved. There's a long beat, then --

CHARLIE

I can't.

He starts to move away. Dawson calls after:

DAWSON

He'll kill you.

Charlie doesn't turn back.

CHARLIE

(shakes his head; to
himself)

Everybody keeps saying that.

229 EXT. JOE'S - NIGHT

229

As Charlie exits, we PAN to find Kolski watching from cover.

KOLSKI

(satisfied)

What do you know. Everybody comes
to Joe's.

He moves off after Charlie.

230 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE DOJO - NIGHT

230

Charlie crosses the street, heading for the dojo, when he
hears his name called.

(CONTINUED)

230 CONTINUED:

230

KOLSKI (O.S.)

Charlie!

Charlie turns and spots Kolski at once, standing at the mouth of an alley, across from the dojo, not too close.

As soon as they make eye contact, Kolski walks off to the alley and disappears around the corner.

It's a clear invitation. Charlie's face changes. This is what he came for. Face set, he follows after Kolski.

231 EXT. ALLEY NEAR DOJO - NIGHT

231

On Charlie, as he arrives in the alley.

Kolski is there waiting for him.

Charlie draws his knife.

KOLSKI

Know what the sad thing is, Charlie?
You're a good soldier. I hate to
kill a good soldier.
(with sarcasm)
And a brother.

Kolski draws his knife.

CHARLIE

Kiss my black ass.

They close and the combat begins.

Charlie is good, but Kolski is faster and stronger.

With a sudden push, Kolski sends Charlie reeling backwards into the wall.

Charlie is beginning to realize that he is over-matched and in real deep trouble.

Charlie backs off. Kolski comes at him.

Somehow, with startling speed and determination, Charlie manages to slip the blow and strike back, cutting Kolski.

It's a small wound, but it draws blood. Kolski tastes it and smiles, masking the real fury he feels inside.

Kolski's finished playing. This time his attack is way beyond anything Charlie can hope to handle.

Charlie tries to defend against the attack, but he can't and Kolski slices him open.

(CONTINUED)

231 CONTINUED: 231

Charlie falls back against the wall, dying, and slides to the ground.

KOLSKI

Say goodbye to MacLeod for me.

(alternate line)

Say hello to Mara for me.

KOLSKI

backs away from Charlie, then turns his back on him, dismissing him. This isn't about Charlie at all anymore.

Kolski moves across the street, toward the dojo, moving slowly until he's in range and gets the BUZZ.

232 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT 232

MacLeod gets the BUZZ, goes to the window and sees

KOLSKI

looking up at him.

MACLEOD

grabs his sword and runs for the, door.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

we see Kolski turn and move away.

233 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE DOJO - MOMENTS LATER 233

MacLeod emerges from the dojo. Kolski is gone., MacLeod looks around the dark street, frustrated.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

(weakly)

Mac.

MacLeod turns and sees

CHARLIE

He's going fast. He struggles to get to his feet and can't. He collapses back down as

MACLEOD

goes to him. He kneels and cradles him in his arms.

MACLEOD

Charlie... hang on!

(CONTINUED)

233 CONTINUED:

233

Charlie shakes his head. He knows he's finished.

CHARLIE

Too late, Mac.

(beat)

I don't get it. He should be dead.
How..?

MACLEOD

You can't kill him, Charlie. You
never could.

(a long beat)

Cord is Immortal.

CHARLIE

(chuckles painfully)

Hell, aren't we all.

MACLEOD

It's true, Charlie.

(beat)

So am I.

Charlie's eyes fill with wonder.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

We'll talk about it later.

It all clicks. Charlie knows it's true.

CHARLIE

Sure.

(almost laughs)

Always knew there was something weird
about you, MacLeod. Now it all fits.

(beat)

Don't suppose you can spare some of
that?

MacLeod shakes his head slowly.

MACLEOD

I wish I could have told you.

CHARLIE

(weakening fast)

So there was no way I could've killed
that sonuvabitch.

MACLEOD

(beat)

No. But I can.

It is a promise that clearly means the world to Charlie.
Charlie's going fast.

(CONTINUED)

233 CONTINUED: (2) 233

CHARLIE

MacLeod...

Charlie echoes MacLeod's last words to him the last time they parted.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(fading quickly)

Be safe.

MACLEOD

You know it.

MacLeod's eyes fill with emotion as

CHARLIE

dies in MacLeod's arms. OVER MacLeod's pained face --

234 INT. JOE'S - NIGHT 234

Dawson is at the bar and Kolski is practically jabbing a finger in his face.

KOLSKI

He's going to come here looking for me. You just send him where I told you.

DAWSON

What the hell do you mean he'll come looking?

KOLSKI

Just tell him where I am. I want him on my turf.

DAWSON

(pissed)

Forget it. It's not gonna happen.

KOLSKI

(smiles)

I think he'll insist.

Kolski leaves.

235 EXT. JOE'S - NIGHT - LATER 235

MacLeod approaches Joe's in a hurry.

236 INT. JOE'S - NIGHT 236

MacLeod moves through the place and make a beeline to Joe.

(CONTINUED)

236 CONTINUED:

236

MACLEOD

Where is he, Joe?

Dawson doesn't answer. MacLeod loses it. He grabs Dawson.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Charlie's dead. I let him go and he
killed Charlie.

(beat)

Now where is he?

And OFF Dawson's look, knowing he can't keep these two apart
anymore.

237 EXT./INT. INDUSTRIAL WAR GAMING AREA - NIGHT

237

Sword raised, MacLeod enters the War Game area. He begins
to pick his way carefully through it as the BUZZ leads him
to a stairwell. He starts down into the bowels of this
industrial tomb into a dismal darkness.

KOLSKI

(disembodied, from
the dark)

Watch your step.

The warning is less than timely. The next step cracks,
sending MacLeod crashing through to the floor.

KOLSKI (CONT'D)

That first stair's a doozie.
(beat; harder)

You're in my camp now.

MacLeod scrambles to recover his feet.

KOLSKI (CONT'D)

You should have killed me.

MACLEOD

It's not too late.

The voice sounded very close and MacLeod strikes at it. All
he gets is SPARKS and a CLANK as his sword hits a steel
girder.

KOLSKI

Recon. That's the key. I scouted
this place specially for us.

It's still impossible to see anything but the vague movement
of shadows in the dark. In frustration,

(CONTINUED)

237 CONTINUED:

237

MACLEOD

strikes out and SHATTERS two vertical pipes. STEAM hisses out in clouds.

MacLeod still can't see anything and is reduced to desperate guesses about where Kolski is.

Kolski's sword comes slashing out of the dark at MacLeod. He strikes a serious blow that leaves

MACLEOD

with a wound and intense pain that sends him to his knees.

KOLSKI (CONT'D)
Search and destroy, old snake.

MacLeod struggles back up to his feet.

MACLEOD'S POV

as his eyes begin to adjust to the dark and he can now make out Kolski standing off just ahead, outlined against the cloud of steam.

MACLEOD
I can see you now.

KOLSKI
It doesn't matter anymore.

Kolski advances.

MacLeod prepares to engage. He's wounded, he's got only one chance.

Kolski chooses to go strength against strength, and it's a fatal mistake. His blow is turned away by MacLeod.

MacLeod buries his sword deep into Kolski's gut.

Kolski collapses over an old storage container, tumbles to the ground. He struggles up, grins he can't believe he lost.

KOLSKI (CONT'D)
Damn. MacLeod.
(beat)
Outstanding.

MacLeod strikes the blow and takes Kolski's head as the thud of the blow ends with a terrible metal clank against the container.

(CONTINUED)

237 CONTINUED: (2)

237

THE QUICKENING

electrifies and lights every girder, pipe, and wire in the building. It damn near brings the whole place down on MacLeod.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

238 INT. DOJO - DAY

238

The only light is coming through the windows and there isn't much of it. With the BALKAN FOLK SONG REPRISED in the background, the place feels somber and sad.

ANGLE MACLEOD

dressed in a dark suit, in the office looking at a picture he's taken with Charlie in happier days.

MacLeod hears the front door open and turns to see

DAWSON

making his way into the dojo. He's also wearing a dark suit and tie, a funeral wardrobe.

MacLeod leaves the office and comes out to meet him. They greet each other in silence.

DAWSON

I don't... I don't know what to say.
 (off MacLeod's look)
 This should never have been. Never.
 (beat)
 And I'm responsible.

MACLEOD

(contradicting)
 Charlie's dead because I let Cord live.

DAWSON

Mac --

MacLeod's look silences him. MacLeod speaks calmly, without rancor, but with an anguish born of deep wounds.

MACLEOD

I let you get between us, Joe. I shouldn't have.

(beat)

You and I...

(beat)

We got too close.

DAWSON

(protesting)
 We're friends, Mac.

(CONTINUED)

238 CONTINUED:

238

MacLeod shakes his head.

MACLEOD

We're different. There's a reason
we stay apart.

(beat)

We crossed the line, Joe.

DAWSON

So that's it? We walk away?

MacLeod looks at him a BEAT, then away.

MACLEOD

I am Immortal.

Dawson starts to protest, wishes he could, but it's clear
they've come to a place he can't cross.

It's a sad moment, and there really is nothing to soften
Dawson turns and heads for the door.

ANGLE DAWSON

as he stops in the doorway. He wants to turn back, but
restrains himself and leaves, closing the door behind him.

MacLeod watches the closed door for a moment. Resigned, he
makes his way to the elevator.

FADE OUT.

THE END