



HIGHLANDER

The Series

95407
THE COLONEL

Written by
Durnford King

Highlander

"THE COLONEL"

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Production #95407

August 28, 1995 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

95407

"The Colonel"

Final Shooting Script 8/28/95

HIGHLANDER

"The Colonel"

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CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD
JOE DAWSON

AMANDA
SIMON KILLIAN
MELISSA (FORMERLY KIM, FORMERLY DANIELLE)

DRIVER
CISCO
GENERAL
ARTHUR HENSON

SGT. MERTON

HIGHLANDER

"The Colonel"

Production #95407

SET LISTINTERIORS

MACLEOD'S LOFT

DOJO

/ENTRYWAY

/ELEVATOR

JOE'S

VAN

/BACK OF VAN

MILITARY TRIBUNAL - LONDON - 1918

BEAUTY SALON

KILLIAN'S ARACHNITORIUM

UNDERGROUND FALLOUT SHELTER

/UNDERGROUND TUNNELS

OLD GAS STATION SERVICE BAY

EXTERIORS

DOJO

JOE'S

STREET

GAS STATION PARKING LOT

BURDETTE'S JEWELRY STORE

BATTLEFIELD - FRANCE - 1918

LONDON - 1918 (STOCK)

STREET OUTSIDE BEAUTY SALON

ABANDONED AIR FORCE BASE

KILLIAN'S ARACHNITORIUM

HIGHLANDER

"The Colonel"

TEASER

FADE IN:

701 EXT. JOE'S - NIGHT ESTABLISHING

701

Over this we hear:

DAWSON (O.S.)

(emphatic)

Amanda, for thousands of years,
Watchers have lived by a single set
of rules.

702 INT. JOE'S - NIGHT

702

OPEN CLOSE on a sharp knife rapidly slicing a lemon into
drink-sized pieces.

DAWSON (O.S.)

We're supposed to observe. Record.

WIDER

DAWSON is cutting up lemons while AMANDA watches, nursing a
gin and tonic in the crowded bar. In the background, we see
MELISSA. NOTE: Amanda has a trendy shoulder bag over her
arm.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

And stay the hell out of it.

AMANDA

Gimme a break. That's such a guy
thing. You have your rules, Duncan
has his.

DAWSON

(with emotion)

Mac and I had a good friend named
Charlie DeSalvo. He's dead because
I broke those rules.

He jabs angrily at the lemon as he says it, and the knife
slips.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Damn!

He wags his bloody finger at Amanda.

(CONTINUED)

702 CONTINUED:

702

DAWSON (CONT'D)

See, I bleed. I could get an infection and die.

AMANDA

You'll want to run some cold water on that.

Dawson sticks his finger under the cold tap and continues.

DAWSON

We may look alike on the outside -- but we're two different species.

(trying to sound certain)

Mac was right to back off. It's better this way.

Their eyes meet, he looks away. He knows she sees right through him.

703 EXT. DOJO - NIGHT

703

MacLeod hurries out, checking his watch as he moves. He's running late. As he gets into his car:

NEW ANGLE

A blacked-out van lurks nearby. The DRIVER puts down a copy of "In The Ring" magazine and sits up, eyes tracking MacLeod. He speaks into a handheld radio.

DRIVER

He's on the move.

ON MACLEOD'S CAR

as it pulls out. Headlights go on down the street and pull out after him.

704 INT. JOE'S - NIGHT

704

Amanda's still working on Dawson.

AMANDA

We're all different, Joe. Black.

White. Men. Women. We all live in our own worlds.

DAWSON

With Mac and me, it's different universes.

(CONTINUED)

704 CONTINUED:

704

AMANDA

(soft)

Then how come you're both so hurt?

DAWSON

(defensive)

What do you mean?

AMANDA

I mention your name, he changes the subject. I bring him up and you do ten minutes on all the things you don't have in common.

DAWSON

(unyielding)

Which is just about everything.

705 EXT. JOE'S NIGHT

705

MacLeod parks. An N.D. sedan pulls into the next space, and two guys get out. CISCO, mid-thirties, is an ex-fighter turned leg breaker who fought almost a hundred times professionally and looks it. His partner, BERT, is young and overpumped, wearing a muscle shirt that shows off his sculpted arms.

CISCO

Got a cigarette?

MacLeod turns, ready to be friendly.

MACLEOD

Don't smoke.

A moving shadow alerts him, and he pivots sideways in time to avoid the

LEAD PIPE

that Bert is swinging at his head. MacLeod blocks a second blow and the pipe goes flying.

CISCO

grabs MacLeod from behind, pinning his arms to his side. Bert lands a solid punch.

Using Cisco for leverage, MacLeod lifts both feet and kicks Bert hard in the chest. He goes flying and CISCO slams back into the car.

MacLeod breaks free, belts CISCO, who takes a hell of a punch. CISCO tastes blood in his mouth and likes it.

(CONTINUED)

705 CONTINUED: 705

CISCO

Not bad.

MACLEOD

It gets better.

CISCO stands in a classic boxer crouch. MacLeod throws a cross that misses. CISCO throws a quick jab that catches MacLeod.

CISCO

You're right. It does.

MACLEOD

tastes the blood in his own mouth and smiles and throws two quick rights that knock

CISCO

down.

BERT

whacks MacLeod hard from behind, staggering him. As Bert moves in for the kill --

The Van is approaching from the end of the street.

MACLEOD

slips the punch and staggers Bert with one of his own.

706 OMITTED 706

707 OMITTED 707

708 OMITTED 708

709 EXT. STREET - THE VAN - WINDOW DOWN 709

The Driver drives up slowly, stops and gets out of the van.

CISCO

body-checks MacLeod into the street.

THE DRIVER

moves behind MacLeod and clubs him over the head with a baseball bat.

MACLEOD

falls to his knees.

(CONTINUED)

709 CONTINUED: 709

CISCO

finishes him with a haymaker.

MACLEOD

is out.

CISCO
(rubbing his jaw)
Son-of-a-bitch could punch.

Cisco slides open the side door of the van. Bert hauls MacLeod's limp body over, tosses him onto the corrugated metal floor of the van. Cisco turns to Bert.

CISCO (CONT'D)
Catch you later.

710 INT. BACK OF VAN - CONTINUOUS 710

Cisco bundles him quickly into a straitjacket, cinches it tight.

CISCO
Sleep tight.

He slams the door and the van ROARS off.

711 INT. JOE'S - NIGHT 711

Dawson's trying to stick to his guns but it's hard with Amanda working on him.

DAWSON
I took an oath. I have to live by it.

AMANDA
Yeah?
(beat, wry)
Picture two gravestones. One says "He followed the rules" and the other says "He was a good friend." Which one would you want?

Dawson shakes his head. You can't win with this woman.

DAWSON
I bet you tried to get the Beatles back together, didn't you?

(CONTINUED)

711 CONTINUED:

711

AMANDA

No, but I did keep the Stones from
breaking up one time.

(almost pleading)

Joe, just talk to him, will you?
Please?

A beat, then, reluctantly...

DAWSON

All right, I'll think about it.

AMANDA

Good, 'cause he's on his way over.

DAWSON

(doubtful)

MacLeod's coming here?

(beat)

To see me?

AMANDA

Actually, I told him you were off
tonight.

Dawson begins wiping the bar -- hard.

DAWSON

So, you want me to make the first
move?

AMANDA

(coy)

Please, Joe... For me.

712 INT. BACK OF VAN - NIGHT

712

MacLeod, bound and unconscious, lies in a heap in the corner
of the speeding van.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

713 INT. JOE'S - NIGHT

713

Amanda and Dawson are in mid-conversation.

DAWSON

You ever think about doing something else for a living?

AMANDA

Nope.

DAWSON

It never bothered you... the stealing?

She brushes it off.

AMANDA

You see a field of flowers, you pick a few.

(smiles)

I only steal from people who can afford it.

DAWSON

A regular Robin Hood.

AMANDA

(shakes her head)

Uh, uh. I take from the rich... but I keep it all for myself.

She checks her watch. Where's MacLeod? Dawson gives her an "I told you so" look, then moves off to take care of another customer.

Amanda's eyes go across the room

AMANDA'S POV - BY THE STAGE

MELISSA is an eye-catching sight in 90's chic -- barely 21, barely legal. She wears a formfitting dress in retro-70's colors, a cropped leather jacket, and oversized plastic earrings setting off straight blonde hair that falls practically to her waist. Every lounge lizard's dream. She's sitting at one of the little twofer tables with a guy in his 40s who looks at her like he just won the lottery. His hands are all over her.

As the guy leans forward, Melissa "accidentally" knocks her drink into his lap.

(CONTINUED)

713 CONTINUED:

713

He jumps up and she grabs a napkin and begins wiping him off.

As she does, she extracts something from his pocket and slips it into her jacket. Then she turns her back on him without a second glance and moves toward the door, passing Amanda. Amanda's hand brushes lightly against Melissa's back as she passes by her. Melissa hardly feels it.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(over her shoulder)

Not bad...

(turning)

For an amateur.

MELISSA

(with attitude)

What are you on about?

Amanda pivots on her bar stool to face the girl.

AMANDA

The drink in the lap was overkill.
Way over the top.

MELISSA

(looking her over,
doubtful)

Cop?

AMANDA

Not in this life.
(holds out her hand)
Amanda. Buy you a drink? My date's
late.

MELISSA

(wary)

Melissa.

(starting to go)

Moving on.

AMANDA

Without these?

She dangles a set of keys in front of Melissa. The ones Melissa plucked off the lounge lizard.

Off Melissa's look of astonishment:

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Centuries of practice. How come you
didn't go for his wallet?

(CONTINUED)

713 CONTINUED: (2)

713

MELISSA
It's not about cash.

AMANDA
Is that so?

MELISSA
(offended)
I'm not a thief.

AMANDA
(intrigued)
Really. Have a drink. Tell me about
it.

714 EXT. PARKING LOT NEAR OLD GAS STATION - NIGHT

714

The van stops and Cisco and the Driver get out.

DRIVER
I thought you were a big shot fighter.

CISCO
(offended)
I was a contender. Seventy-six and
seventeen with forty-seven knockouts.

DRIVER
If I didn't break my Louisville
Slugger, he would've kicked your
ass.

715 INT. VAN/EXT. VAN - NIGHT

715

MacLeod is becoming conscious. He finds himself in a
straitjacket. He reacts as the doors of the van open. He
closes his eyes, feigning sleep. They reach in and drag him
out roughly. As they do, he lashes out with a kick that
drives Cisco back.

The Driver turns on MacLeod. MacLeod gets both legs around
his neck.

Cisco comes off the floor with a blackjack and knocks MacLeod
cold. As they carry him into the

716 INT. OLD GAS STATION SERVICE BAY - NIGHT

716

CISCO
Who the hell is this guy?

717 INT. JOE'S - NIGHT

717

Amanda and Melissa are side-by-side at the bar. Amanda has her gin-and-tonic; Melissa has a drink with an umbrella in it, like the one she dumped in her mark's lap.

MELISSA

I go to work, do a perm, go to a club, go to sleep.

(beat)

It's the same every day. The only thing that changes are the blue-haired old ladies in my chair.

AMANDA

You steal because you're bored?

MELISSA

I told you, I don't steal.

(beat)

I do it for the rush. I'm just going for a little joy ride.

A slow smile creeps across Amanda's face.

AMANDA

You want some company?

MELISSA

(brightening)

You want to come with me?

(off Amanda's nod)

Bitchin'. What about your date?

Amanda checks her watch.

DAWSON

Looks like you've been stood up.

AMANDA

He's teaching his course at the University.

(making light)

Probably some coed's arguing about a grade.

DAWSON

(disappointed)

Right.

AMANDA

Sorry, Joe.

DAWSON

No problem.

(CONTINUED)

717 CONTINUED: 717

AMANDA
(to Melissa)
Ready?

MELISSA
We're outta here.

They head out together. Dawson watches them leave. Then, pissed, throws a glass against the wall.

718 INT. OLD GAS STATION SERVICE BAY - NIGHT 718

MacLeod's lying on his side, trussed in the straitjacket. He looks outside and sees

MACLEOD'S POV

Cisco and the Driver smoking and waiting impatiently.

BACK TO SCENE

MacLeod shifts around carefully, silently, testing the straitjacket. It's tight.

719 OMITTED 719

720 EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT - SAME TIME 720

Cisco and the Driver scope out the empty lot.

CISCO (CONT'D)
He's late.

DRIVER
The Colonel's never late.
(checks his watch)
We're thirteen minutes early.

He reaches into the cab of the van and snares the magazine he was reading earlier, leans on a fender to read, unworried.

CISCO
(off the magazine)
Who do you like on Friday?

DRIVER
I've got Fenton in three.

CISCO
Fenton's a bum.

721 INT. OLD GAS STATION SERVICE BAY - NIGHT - INTERCUT 721

MacLeod has managed to wriggle into a sitting position against the wall. He considers his predicament.

(CONTINUED)

721 CONTINUED:

721

There's only one way to get out of this thing and it's gonna hurt. The conversation outside continues:

DRIVER (O.S.)
He took you out.

CISCO (O.S.)
He got lucky.

DRIVER (O.S.)
Yeah, he got lucky he didn't kill you.

MACLEOD

puts one shoulder up against the center metal pole of the hydraulic lift, then brings it back and slams it into it.

It doesn't work. He tries again. He has to bite his lip to keep from screaming as his shoulder dislocates with a ragged pop. He stops, panting, listening to make sure his captors didn't hear.

722 EXT. OLD GAS STATION PARKING LOT - NIGHT

722

They're still arguing.

CISCO
You got tickets?

DRIVER
Almost ringside. You guys?

CISCO
(bitter)
Yeah. Ringside at Gleason's bar.
(beat)
You think the bum woulda comped me a couple tickets.

723 INT. OLD GAS STATION SERVICE BAY - NIGHT

723

Working through the excruciating pain, MacLeod pulls the arm out of position, working his way out of the straitjacket.

724 EXT. LAVELLE'S JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

724

A high-end place with a luxurious display of silver and gold items in the window behind steel shutters. A BMW convertible is in the background. A bare mannequin sits in the window. The jewelry's been taken in for the night. The reflections of Amanda and Melissa appear in the window, coming in from opposite sides of the screen, one dark, in dark clothing, the other platinum blonde, in bright yellow and orange. A study in contrasts.

(CONTINUED)

724 CONTINUED:

724

Amanda's look is one of rapt appreciation of beauty; Melissa is more nervous.

MELISSA

You're mental, girl. This is Lavelle's.

AMANDA

tears her attention away from the display.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Your heart pounding yet?

MELISSA

You kidding? It's in my throat.

(re the steel shutters)

Why don't we break into Penney's or something?.

Amanda moves Melissa away from the display window, around the side of the store. As they move:

AMANDA

They don't have lasers at the Penney's, or shatterproof glass, or computerized locks.

(beat)

Where's the fun in that?

MELISSA

You've done this before?

AMANDA

In my youth.

They stop in front of a very solid looking door with an elaborate alarm panel. She pulls a small electronic gizmo from her purse and expertly clips it to the alarm wires. Numbers begin to flash on the readout.

MELISSA

What's that?

AMANDA

A digital analyzer.

MELISSA

You carry it in your purse?

AMANDA

(watching the numbers)

Doesn't everyone?

(beat)

Damn, I'm good at this.

(CONTINUED)

724 CONTINUED: (2)

724

The numbers stop.

MELISSA

(realizing)

I think we just moved from bitchin'
to grand theft.

Melissa starts pacing back and forth nervously.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

I can't believe I'm here.

Amanda stops, looks at her.

AMANDA

You want to stop?

There's a micro-beat while Melissa decides, she shakes her head.

They high-five.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

You ready?

Melissa nods. Amanda opens the door.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Just step right there. It's a
pressure plate.

Melissa steps inside the store and all hell breaks loose as alarms start to wail.

MELISSA

What did you make me do?

AMANDA

(exhilarated)

What a rush.

(calmly checking her
watch)

I'd say we have 45 seconds until the
police arrive.

Both women start to laugh and race toward the BMW.

MELISSA

You are weird.

AMANDA

You have no idea.

725 INT. OLD GAS STATION SERVICE BAY - NIGHT 725

MacLeod's forehead glistens with sweat and his teeth are clenched in pain as he finally gets one arm free. He's close, but he's had about as much pain as he can bear. He slumps against the wall a little too hard, making a thump.

726 EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT - NIGHT 726

Cisco reacts to the noise from inside the service bay.

CISCO
Didja hear that?

DRIVER
What?

CISCO
I'd better check on our boy.

He turns to the service bay. The jig would be up, but he's interrupted by APPROACHING HEADLIGHTS. Their appointment has arrived.

727 INT. OLD GAS STATION SERVICE BAY - SAME TIME 727

MacLeod is reaching back over his mangled shoulder with the other arm, trying to free the buckles. The headlights sweep across the wall and he looks up, realizing this means a rendezvous. Then, THE BUZZ. There's no more time. With a mighty effort, he manages to yank free of the straitjacket, grinding bone on bone. He gasps harshly with the effort, but he's free.

728 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 728

The Beamer pulls to the curb somewhere miles away from Lavelle's. Music blares from the car's CD. Both women are having a helluva good time. Melissa's adrenalin is pumping. She's going a mile a minute.

MELISSA
Unbelievable. One minute I'm sitting in a bar, next I'm breaking into Lavelle's. This is outrageous. I mean, I do some crazy things, but this is ...

AMANDA
Fun.

MELISSA
Yeah.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

728 CONTINUED:

728

MELISSA (CONT'D)

(beat)

I bet you do this kind of stuff all the time.

AMANDA

(with a touch of melancholy)

Used to.

MELISSA

Not anymore?

AMANDA

I gave it up.

MELISSA

Why?

(beat)

No, wait, don't tell me. It's for a guy, right?

(beat)

The one who stood you up tonight?

(beat)

Man's a fool, if you ask me.

AMANDA

He's got a good reason.

MELISSA

Says him.

729 EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT - NIGHT

729

A long, tinted-window limousine pulls up behind the van. Incongruously, it's towing a U-Haul container.

DRIVER

Right on time.

730 INT. OLD GAS STATION SERVICE BAY - NIGHT

730

Free of the straitjacket, his arm recovering but still tender, MacLeod cautiously checks the lot and sees:

SIMON KILLIAN - EARLY 30s

A lean, intense Immortal. Short-cropped hair, hard-looking, steps out of the limo.

731 EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT - NIGHT

731

Killian moves to his men.

(CONTINUED)

731 CONTINUED:

731

KILLIAN

Any problems?

CISCO

(lying; looking to
the Driver)

I dropped him in two.

Killian nods.

KILLIAN

Place him in the car.

Cisco moves toward the service bay and looks inside.

HIS POV

An empty straitjacket.

BACK TO SCENE

CISCO

He's not here --

Before he can finish

MACLEOD

leaps out. Somewhat weakened from his ordeal, favoring his
sore shoulder, he kicks Cisco in the groin.

THE DRIVER

takes a wild swing. MacLeod sends him crashing headfirst
into the van, knocking him cold.For a split second MacLeod and Killian lock eyes -- but
there's no time for words.

CISCO

tries a karate kick to MacLeod's head. MacLeod grabs his
foot, twists it, and he crashes to the floor.

KILLIAN'S DRIVER

comes out of the limo with an Uzi in his hand.

MACLEOD

rolls under the van as he OPENS FIRE. The bullets crashing
around, gas begins to leak from holes in the tank. MacLeod
sees the gas, realizes what is about to happen, and scrambles
from under the van as the gas ignites in a terrific explosion.

(CONTINUED)

731 CONTINUED: (2)

731

In the confusion, MacLeod runs off and throws himself into the dark and nearby water. As he does he passes

ARTHUR HENSON

balding with a nondescript look, is rapidly shooting pictures. On his wrist, we see the WATCHER SYMBOL. He has observed everything and has gone unseen and unheard.

As he backs off into the shadows.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

732 OMITTED

732

733 INT. DOJO - NIGHT

733

Amanda has invited Melissa in. They move through the dojo toward the elevator. It's clear Melissa greatly admires Amanda.

MELISSA

I was watching you when we were breaking into Lavelle's. Your hands didn't shake. You didn't sweat. You had this look on your face that said no matter how hard they tried to keep you out, you know they couldn't.

(beat)

Am I right?

AMANDA

Close.

MELISSA

It's not my business, but what'd you do before you were ...

AMANDA

Before I was a thief?

(off her nod)

Mostly I was hungry.

Amanda gets the BUZZ.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Duncan's home.

MELISSA

How can you tell?

The sound of the dojo door opening is heard.

AMANDA

The door.

Amanda moves toward it as

MACLEOD

enters, clothes torn, totally worn out. He sees Melissa.

(CONTINUED)

733 CONTINUED:

733

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Hello.

AMANDA

Duncan, this is Melissa. A new friend. Melissa, Duncan MacLeod.

An old friend. His friends call him Mac.

MELISSA

Hi, Mac.
(to Amanda,
appreciative)
Awesome.

AMANDA

(to MacLeod)
You look terrible.

MACLEOD

She said I looked awesome.

She moves to him solicitously. Melissa can take a hint.

MELISSA

I think it's time to move on.

AMANDA

See you tomorrow.

MELISSA

(on the move)
Nice meetin' you, Mac.

Melissa moves toward the exit.

MacLeod and Amanda enter

733A INT. DOJO - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

733A

He reaches up to pull the door down, moving with care, thoroughly exhausted.

Amanda tries to put a comforting arm around him and is surprised when he winces at her touch on his shoulder.

AMANDA

You can tell me all about it while you soak in a hot bath...

Maybe I'll even join you.

MACLEOD

Sorry about Joe's --

(CONTINUED)

733A CONTINUED:

733A

AMANDA

Don't worry about it. We'll do it another time.

(beat; trying to make a joke)

Don't tell me the other guy had a bigger sword.

MACLEOD

It's nothing. Just an old war wound acting up.

AMANDA

Duncan, we don't have old war wounds.

MACLEOD

It's an old war.

AMANDA

(beat)

What's his name?

MACLEOD

Killian.

AMANDA

Think he'll keep coming?

MACLEOD

He'll keep coming.

(beat)

He's got good reason.

They've reached the loft. MacLeod starts to reach painfully for the door but Amanda forestalls him, grabs it and pulls it swiftly up, revealing:

734 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - FRANCE - 1918 - DAY

734

The charred remnants of German and British equipment and the bodies of dead soldiers litter the landscape. The air is full of smoke and the whine of artillery shells. A ruined tank lie half in a shell crater.

A battered British military ambulance braves enemy fire as it heads towards a fortified position.

ANGLE ON AMBULANCE

Dressed in the soiled uniform of a Red Cross volunteer, MacLeod is at the wheel.

A shell bursts nearby and shrapnel pings off the door. He zigzags and keeps going, finally pulling into a sheltered area.

(CONTINUED)

734 CONTINUED:

734

As MacLeod Climbs from the ambulance, he gets the BUZZ.
Looks around to see --

ANGLE ON COMMAND BUNKER

emerging from the reinforced doorway of the command bunker
is Killian. Ramrod straight and pure military in his
surprisingly clean Colonel's uniform.

His eyes lock on MacLeod's and the two of them move towards
each other in the trench.

ANGLE IN TRENCH

The two Immortals cautiously size each other up.

KILLIAN
Colonel Simon Killian. Commanding.

MacLeod nods, with respect but not awe.

MACLEOD
Duncan MacLeod. I'm here to transport
the wounded.

KILLIAN
Ambulance driver?

MACLEOD
That's right.

KILLIAN
I would think a man of your...
experience could do better.

A German shell explodes nearby. Neither of them flinches.

MACLEOD
I chose this duty.

KILLIAN
(animated)
Why? When you could lead men into
battle instead? Share their glory.
Hear their shouts of victory?

MACLEOD
And the screams of the maimed and
the dying.
(beat)
I've fought here against Louis the
Fourteenth and against Napoleon.
I've seen men die for this same ground
too many times to want to do it again.

(CONTINUED)

734 CONTINUED: (2)

734

They're joined by Killian's SERGEANT, MERTON. He salutes crisply, then:

MERTON

The artillery's in place, Colonel.

KILLIAN

Excellent work, Sergeant, thank you.

(to MacLeod,
impassioned)

The Hun think they own this ground.
But we own it. We've paid for it
with the blood of a thousand men.

(beat)

Now that I have the reinforcements,
I'm going to drive them back to
Berlin.

A MESSENGER rushes in with a dispatch and salutes. He hands it to Merton.

MERTON

Urgent, sir, from headquarters.

KILLIAN

Thank you. That will be all.

The messenger leaves and Killian scans the message. For an instant, his face registers shock and fury; then he schools his expression. He crumples the paper and tosses it into a smoldering fire.

KILLIAN (CONT'D)

On your whistle, Sergeant. Tell the
men.

MERTON

Yes, Sir.

MacLeod, suspicious, has rescued the crumpled dispatch from the fire. He glances it over, eyes widening, then:

MACLEOD

Sergeant, wait!

The Sergeant hesitates. MacLeod turns to Killian.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

You can't do this.

KILLIAN

(emphatic)

We've left too many dead here to
leave with nothing.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

But the war is over! No one else
has to die!

The Sergeant reacts, stunned, as --

KILLIAN

They die if I tell them to die.
(to the Sergeant)
Put him in irons.

The Sergeant starts toward MacLeod. MacLeod holds out the
dispatch to him.

MACLEOD

It's true. See for yourself!

MERTON

(reading the dispatch)
My, God, it is over. We won.

Killian snatches the paper away.

KILLIAN

I never received this, do you
understand? This never arrived.

MACLEOD

You can't do this, Killian! The war
is over.

KILLIAN

The war is over when we take that
hill. Sound the attack, Sergeant,
that's an order.

Merton puts a hand over the whistle that hangs around his
neck.

MERTON

I'm sorry, Sir, but there'll be no
attack.

(beat)

I'll tell the men the news.

He turns to go. Killian pulls his sidearm and coldly shoots
him in the back.

MacLeod lunges -- but Killian bashes him on the head with
his revolver and MacLeod goes down, unconscious.

(CONTINUED)

734 CONTINUED: (4)

734

KILLIAN

takes the whistle from Merton's dead hand and pulls himself up to stand on the edge of the trench, in view of his troops and the enemy alike.

KILLIAN (CONT'D)

Ready, men! On my whistle. Death
to the Hun!

He puts the whistle to his lips and blows. On its shrill voice, the scores of men hurtle their bodies into the fray of war. At the same moment

MACLEOD

regains consciousness. He shakes the cobwebs from his head as he sees

MACLEOD'S POV

Killian and his men charging out of the trench.

BACK TO SCENE

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

No!

He drags himself to his feet, claws his way onto the

BATTLEFIELD

He stands among the dead and dying under the merciless fire of German guns. He is shouting to ears that will not hear.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

No... Don't! The war is over!

He grabs one young soldier and spins him around.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Go back!

The soldier catches a bullet and falls, mortally wounded.

MACLEOD

looks up and sees

MACLEOD'S POV

Killian, under fire, standing almost oblivious to the death around him. His pistol in hand, he is moving forward, firing at his hated enemy.

(CONTINUED)

734 CONTINUED: (5)

734

BACK TO SCENE

MacLeod, sick of the carnage, screams to Killian.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
Killian! Killian!

KILLIAN

turns. As he does, he raises his pistol and fires, hitting

MACLEOD

in the heart. As MacLeod falls, he looks up at the world around him.

MACLEOD'S POV

Men dying... other men stepping over him, continuing in their dance of senseless slaughter, and then the darkness of unconsciousness and temporary death.

735 OMITTED

735

736 EXT. LONDON - 1918 - DAY - ESTABLISHING

736

GENERAL (O.S.)
Colonel Killian, after careful consideration of the evidence, this court finds you guilty on all charges.

737 INT. MILITARY TRIBUNAL - LONDON - 1918 - DAY

737

Killian, in khaki dress uniform, stands at attention facing three MILITARY JUDGES at a long table. Behind them is the Union Jack.

MacLeod is among the few witnesses.

GENERAL
Your heinous act resulted in the unnecessary deaths of three hundred British and German soldiers.
(beat)
You are hereby stripped of all rank and privilege and sentenced to death by firing squad. And God alone will have mercy on your soul.

Killian stands stiff as a board.

KILLIAN
(to the judge)
You think you judge me? You think you can dispose of me so easily?

(CONTINUED)

737 CONTINUED:

737

The Tribunal shifts nervously.

KILLIAN (CONT'D)

Men and their governments come and go, playing at peace, while soldiers like me fight on.

(rising in pitch and moving closer)

Read your history books. Peace is nothing but the pause between wars.

Do you not think we'll fight Germany again?

GENERAL

Guards, restrain him.

TWO GUARDS grab Killian and force him into a chair. But he keeps speaking.

KILLIAN

(cool fury)

Shoot me if you like. I am Colonel Simon Killian. I was Colonel Simon Killian before you were born, I will be Colonel Simon Killian after you and all of yours have died, and I will dance on your graves.

MACLEOD

reacts. Knows it's true. He rises to his feet.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

General, if I may I be heard?

GENERAL

Your testimony is on record. What more can you add?

MACLEOD

I ask the court's indulgence, please.

The General nods slightly.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(beat)

I was there when he ordered those men into battle, and I can attest that he was not in right mind. He is as he was, a victim of his own delusions.

(beat, an unreadable look at Killian)

I ask you to show mercy. Spare his life.

(CONTINUED)

737 CONTINUED: (2)

737

Killian jumps to his feet and SCREAMS at MacLeod.

KILLIAN

You bastard, I know what you're doing!

(to the court)

I demand to be shot! Do you hear

me? It's my right! I demand it!

Do you hear me?

737A INT. CORRIDOR - PRISON FOR CRIMINALLY INSANE - 1918 - DAY

737A

A manacled Killian, dressed in drab prison garb, is led by two burly guards carrying batons down a long corridor of doors. Through the open grates or bars of the door, we catch glimpses of the dangerously mad refuse of humanity.

KILLIAN'S

vener of military righteousness seems uncrackable, even as the rasped and haunted voices call to him. He continues on silently against a cacophony of cries and mad laughter. They stop and enter

737B INT. KILLIAN'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

737B

Killian stands motionless in the cell, his face cold and unreadable. The cell is unclean and furnished with a bucket and a small basin. One of the guards stands ready with the baton as the other unhooks his manacles. As they do, Killian looks up.

KILLIAN'S POV

A spider in the midst of her web.

BACK TO SCENE

Killian looks back down as they close the door on his life.

TRANSITION TO:

738 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - THE PRESENT NIGHT

738

MacLeod and Amanda are lolling in bed.

MACLEOD

They sentenced him to life in a prison for the criminally insane.

AMANDA

Why didn't you let them shoot him?

MACLEOD

He had to pay for the men he killed.

(CONTINUED)

738 CONTINUED:

738

AMANDA

So you dig him up and challenge him.

MACLEOD

And if I'd lost? His crime was committed in the mortal world, it was right that he was sentenced by mortal justice.

Amanda considers this for a moment.

AMANDA

Sometimes I worry about your over-indulged sense of morality.

MACLEOD

(amused)

Do you now?

She snuggles up playfully.

AMANDA

But don't worry, I'll protect you from it.

739 EXT. STREET - NEXT DAY

739

MacLeod and Amanda move down the street. She's wearing a beautifully tailored jacket with a distinctive pattern.

AMANDA

It's only lunch. Besides, I think you'll like her when you get to know her.

MACLEOD

Amanda, you just met her last night.

AMANDA

(a shrug)

What can I say, something about a girl with her hand on a man's wallet just turns me on.

(beat)

Besides, what's the worst that could happen?

MACLEOD

She could get arrested... put in prison.

AMANDA

I'm a pro.

(CONTINUED)

739 CONTINUED:

739

MACLEOD

She's not.

AMANDA

We'll be good. I promise.

They've reached the beauty salon where Melissa works.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

This is the place.

740 INT. BEAUTY SALON - DAY

740

Several women sit under dryers while others are having their hair cut or shampooed. MacLeod and Amanda enter and she looks around. No Melissa in sight.

AMANDA

That's weird. She said she'd be here.

She steps toward the receptionist.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Excuse me, is Melissa working today?

A young woman with short black hair is just getting her haircut finished in a chair nearby. Hearing Amanda, she swivels the chair 180 degrees to reveal

MELISSA

Her hair's been cut and dyed to look exactly like Amanda's. They could be sisters.

Melissa is wearing a simple black outfit, similar to what Amanda was wearing the night before.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Is this completely perfect, or what?

AMANDA

(to Melissa, genuinely
flattered)

It suits you.

MELISSA

You think?

(squinting at her
reflection)

Maybe colored contacts...

(CONTINUED)

740 CONTINUED:

740

MACLEOD
(trying to head her
off)
You look fine.

Melissa notices Amanda's jacket.

MELISSA
Fine lines, girlfriend.

Flattered, Amanda takes it off.

AMANDA
Here, try it on.

MELISSA
For me?

Amanda holds the jacket out for Melissa to slip into.

AMANDA
Why not?

MELISSA
I couldn't.

AMANDA
(taking it back)
Okay.

Melissa takes it from her.

MELISSA
On second thought.

Melissa puts it on.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
You are the best.

Amanda fluffs Melissa's short bob, tucks it behind her ears like Amanda's own hair. They stand side by side in front of the mirror.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
Like sisters.

AMANDA
(to MacLeod)
What do you think?

Their uncanny resemblance makes him uneasy.

MACLEOD
I think one of you is enough.

(CONTINUED)

740 CONTINUED: (2) 740

And off the beautiful but vaguely disturbing mirror image of MacLeod with Amanda and her clone on either side of him --

741 INT. KILLIAN'S ARACHNITORIUM - DAY 741

Once, it was somebody's greenhouse. Now all that's left are broken and dead plants beneath clouded and cracked glass.

On the dusty potting tables, sand trays and wooden lattices create a home for hundreds of spiders. Live webs and cobwebs stretch everywhere. A few converted aquariums create segregated environments for the dangerous species.

Into this unwelcoming setting comes Cisco, nervous. He's carrying a manila envelope.

CISCO

Colonel?

He finds Killian at one of the sand tables, staring intently at a tarantula walking along his bare arm, as though trying to stare it down.

KILLIAN

(intent on his arm)

Consider the lone arachnid, Sergeant.

CISCO

(um, what?)

Sir?

KILLIAN

I spent years with them as my only companions.

(beat)

Bees have a complex social structure. Ants are arranged by class into an efficient army of workers. But I prefer spiders -each unique, solitary, spinning their frail webs alone.

(the one on his arm:)

This one is a tarantula, a harmless pet. That one --

(in a glass case)

-- *loxosceles reclusa*. As deadly as a bullet under the right circumstances.

(beat)

Like people, some are poisonous, some are harmless. The secret is knowing which is which.

Killian's hand closes over the spider and deposits it back onto the sand table. He looks up at Cisco, eyes suddenly sharp and clear.

(CONTINUED)

741 CONTINUED:

741

KILLIAN

What do you have?

Cisco ands him the envelope and Killian pulls out a couple of long-lens photos.

INSERT - THE PHOTOS

They show MacLeod coming out of the dojo with Amanda. The shots are too distant to be clear but Amanda's jacket and short black hair are identifiable.

BACK TO SCENE

Killian nods with satisfaction. He turns to the web, his face close to it. The CAMERA PUSHES IN as he speaks.

KILLIAN

Perfect.

(re the spider on his web)

Does he know it for a work of art, I wonder?

Or does he know only the satisfaction of seeing his prey entangled in the merciless strands?

Cisco looks up.

CISCO (CONT'D)

Here she comes.

Bert and a blindfolded Melissa approach. She is obviously terrified. As Killian removes her blindfold, she blinks

And stares out with terror and we --

742 OMITTED

742

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

742A INT. KILLIAN'S ARACHNITORIUM - NIGHT

742A

Melissa sits terrified in a chair as Killian walks around her. Her hands are tied behind her back. He holds a tarantula in his hand that he pets lovingly as he walks.

KILLIAN

You're pretty? Is that why he likes you, or is it your youth?

MELISSA

Mister, I don't know what you're talking about. Who likes me?

KILLIAN

He'll surely miss you.

MELISSA

Nobody's gonna miss me.

KILLIAN

Really?

MELISSA

What do you want from me?

KILLIAN

I don't want anything from you, my dear, I want MacLeod.
(off her look)
He'll be coming to save you.

MELISSA

Why would he save me?

KILLIAN

Because he loves you.

MELISSA

Loves me? I just met him yesterday.

KILLIAN

You lie well for someone so ordinary.

MELISSA

I swear... it's the truth.

Killian reaches into his pocket and takes out the photograph.

KILLIAN

Tell me this isn't you.

(CONTINUED)

742A CONTINUED:

742A

MELISSA

(terrified)

It's not. I was a blond until yesterday. That's Amanda, his girlfriend.

KILLIAN

(tight)

You're lying.

MELISSA

I swear. I'm a hairdresser.

Killian places the spider on the side of her shoulder. It begins to crawl on her neck.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

(screams)

Get it off! Get it off!

KILLIAN

The truth.

MELISSA

(frantic)

I told you the truth. I'm a nobody.

Killian takes the spider off her.

KILLIAN

You know, I think you are.

743 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT

743

Amanda's in a robe, her hair wet from the shower. She checks the time, turns to MacLeod.

AMANDA

Melissa will be here any minute. Keep her entertained while I get ready, will you?

MACLEOD

What are you going to teach your young protege tonight, how to knock off an armored truck?

AMANDA

No, we're going down to Kentucky to try Fort Knox.

(with a grin)

C,'mon. We're going to a club ...

She knows the band.

(CONTINUED)

743 CONTINUED:

743

MACLEOD

I'm sure she does. You're actually enjoying this?

AMANDA

A girl's gotta have friends of her own.

(off MacLeod's look)

What?

MACLEOD

Same clothes, same hair. Don't you find it a little weird being cloned?

AMANDA

Can I help it if she has good taste?

(puts her arms around him)

Just as long as she doesn't have my man.

He pulls her close.

MACLEOD

One of you is all I could handle.

He kisses her neck Amanda starts to respond, then gently pushes him away.

AMANDA

I gotta move. You can handle me later.

She slips from his arms.

MACLEOD

(wry)

I'm looking forward to it.

They both get the BUZZ. MacLeod reacts.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

He's downstairs.

(to Amanda)

Stay here.

He grabs his sword and is off. Amanda is already throwing on some clothes.

AMANDA

Right.

743A INT. DOJO - NIGHT

743A

MacLeod, sword in hand, races into the dojo to find

(CONTINUED)

743A CONTINUED:

743A

MELISSA

slumped against the door, a few spiders crawling over her.
She is barely conscious.

MacLeod moves toward her, brushes the spiders off and stomps
them as

AMANDA

arrives, sword in hand, and reacts.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
(in horror)
Melissa!

Amanda races to her.

MACLEOD
Stay with her.

MacLeod races out of the dojo.

743B EXT. DOJO NIGHT

743B

MacLeod moves outside, looks around.

MACLEOD'S POV

Killian in the distance, turning a corner.

BACK TO SCENE

MacLeod moves after him.

743C INT. DOJO - NIGHT

743C

Amanda cradles the dying Melissa.

AMANDA
Hold on, Melissa, the ambulance is
coming.

Melissa looks even younger in Amanda's arms. She appears as
a child.

MELISSA
I'm cold.

Amanda holds her closer, rubs her arms. Amanda's eyes fill
with tears.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
He thought I was you.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

743C CONTINUED:

743C

MELISSA (CONT'D)
(beat; with a weak
smile)
I must look pretty good.

AMANDA
You look beautiful.

MELISSA
I don't want to die.

AMANDA
You're not gonna die, Melissa.

Melissa looks up with her, offers a half smile.

MELISSA
I just wanted to have some fun.

She shudders and closes her eyes, like a child going to sleep.
Amanda cries as she holds Melissa and rocks her.

744 OMITTED

744

745 OMITTED

745

746 EXT. KILLIAN'S ARACHNITORIUM - NIGHT

746

Killian gets out of his car, moves toward the building and enters. A few moments later, MacLeod appears and does the same.

747 INT. KILLIAN'S ARACHNITORIUM - NIGHT

747

MacLeod comes through the doorway. Sword out The place is dark, spooky. Killian is waiting. At his side, Bert and Cisco.

KILLIAN
Welcome to my parlor.

MACLEOD
Very homey. Why the girl?

KILLIAN
Think of her as an invitation.

MacLeod eyes Cisco and Bert as he moves forward, testing the boundaries, getting close.

MACLEOD
This is between us, Killian. You
and me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

747 CONTINUED:

747

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
(trying to anger him)
Isn't that what you've been dreaming
about all these years?

KILLIAN
(cold)
My dreams would terrify you.

Killian nods to Bert...

KILLIAN (CONT'D)
Kill him.

In one seamless move, before Bert can fire, MacLeod throws his Katana at Bert. It sinks deep into his chest. As Bert goes down, Cisco springs back, scrambling for a weapon.

CISCO
Jesus!

CISCO

brings his weapon to bear.

KILLIAN
(screams)
Do it!

Cisco fires and MacLeod goes down dead.

748 OMITTED

748

749 OMITTED

749

749A EXT. ABANDONED AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT - TO ESTABLISH

749A

750 INT. UNDERGROUND FALLOUT SHELTER - NIGHT

750

Beneath the Air Force Base, a maze of tunnels conceals this long-unused Fallout Shelter, the yellow-and-black radiation logo prominently displayed.

To secure the entrance, a barred jail-cell door has been mounted, with a foot-thick steel vault door outside it. The barred door is closed; the vault door stands open. Once this mother's closed no one's gonna get in or out.

MACLEOD

coughs to life and pulls himself to his feet. He checks out his surroundings. One side of the large room is crammed with boxes of supplies and water barrels. There's a crudely installed toilet and water faucet. One naked bulb, unlit, in the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

750 CONTINUED:

750

The only light comes in through the barred door.

MacLeod checks the door. Locked and solid.

He opens the nearest box. It's chock full of tinned Army rations. All the same flavor. A can opener glints up at him mockingly. He picks up a can.

MACLEOD

(with a scowl)

Liver.

He gets the BUZZ and turns to face the door, at the ready.

Killian approaches down the tunnel, MacLeod's sword in his hand. He stops outside the barred door, just out of reach.

KILLIAN

(of the sword)

Lovely piece of work.

(beat)

How do you feel, MacLeod. Naked?
Helpless? That's how I felt when
they took my rank and my sword.

He turns with sudden fury and drives the sword point into the concrete wall opposite the cell door, so hard it sticks. MacLeod winces at the impact.

MACLEOD

You deserved it.

KILLIAN

Did I?

(beat)

You know you were right. I have
dreamed of this day. Seventy years
I was locked away, so long no one
remembered where I came from or who
I was ...

(beat)

All I thought about was you and
returning the favor.

MACLEOD

I'm flattered.

Killian strokes the side of the steel door lovingly -- it's his art, his web.

KILLIAN

And the only man who knows you're
down here thinks you're dead.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

What's my sentence, Colonel?

KILLIAN

Fair is fair. I did seventy years, you'll do seventy years. Unless, of course, someone takes my head. Then you'll be here forever.

MACLEOD

Guess I should take up a hobby.

KILLIAN

(re the supplies)

You've got food and water for years. Long enough for everything you love to die.

He starts to swing the big vault door closed, then pauses, flips a switch on the outside of the room. The bare bulb in the ceiling comes on. It is surrounded by a security grid.

KILLIAN (CONT'D)

And so you don't think too badly of me...

He points to the bulb above.

KILLIAN (CONT'D)

It's an extended life. Should burn for at least two years.

(beat)

I've heard madness comes more slowly in the light -- and I want you to experience every precious moment as you wait for the darkness to come.

MACLEOD

I guess that means you haven't left me anything to read.

KILLIAN

Just the walls and ceiling, MacLeod. In a few years you'll know every spot and blemish.

He swings the steel door closed, spins the combination lock -- and walks away. And off the securely locked door, faceless and impregnable....

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

751 INT. JOE'S - MORNING

751

The bar's empty except for Amanda and Dawson. She's been up all night and she's looking drawn.

DAWSON

Amanda...

(with sympathy)

Two Immortals go off together, one of them doesn't come back, we know what happened.

He's trying to be matter-of-fact about it but the pain is there, right below the surface.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

He starts to reach for her, to give her a comforting hug, but she pulls away, refusing to admit there's cause to grieve.

AMANDA

(in denial)

I'd know if he was dead. I'd feel it.

DAWSON

Amanda, he's --

AMANDA

(cutting him off)

He's alive.

(beat; cold)

And if he's not, I want to know where to find Killian.

She crosses her arms across her chest, staring at him defiantly, daring him to contradict her. Dawson gazes at her for a long moment, feeling for her, feeling for himself. Finally:

DAWSON

All right, I'll see what I can find out.

752 INT. UNDERGROUND FALLOUT SHELTER - DAY

752

MacLeod has a couple of the supply boxes stacked into a crude staircase so he can reach the ceiling. He's examining the air vent and singing to himself.

(CONTINUED)

752 CONTINUED:

752

MACLEOD

A million bottles of beer on the
wall, a million bottles of beer.
If one of those bottles...

It's covered with a steel grid -- and even if he could work
it loose, the opening's too small to crawl through.

He jumps down. Considers a beat, then grabs the can opener
out of a food box and goes to work on the concrete wall by
the door with it. He can barely make a scratch, but maybe
in ten years or so... He keeps at it.

753 INT. JOE'S - DAY

753

Dawson's behind the bar with a cup of coffee. ARTHUR HENSON,
a wiry man with a receding hairline who could be 25 or 45,
enters hesitantly.

HENSON

Joe Dawson?
(off Dawson's nod)
Arthur Henson.
(sotto)
I watch Simon Killian.

DAWSON

Thanks for coming down. Get you
some coffee?

HENSON

Sure.
(as Dawson pours)
Is there a problem?

DAWSON

No, no problem. I'm sure you're
doing fine, Arthur.

HENSON

I'm still filing with London, we
figure Killian'll go back there.

DAWSON

You're probably right.
(beat, conversational)
So, you think Killian came to town
just for MacLeod?

HENSON

Stands to reason, they've got a
history.

DAWSON

You know they met last night?

(CONTINUED)

753 CONTINUED:

753

Henson nods. Dawson hesitates -- this is the hardest thing he's ever had to ask, and he has to work to keep his voice casual:

DAWSON (CONT'D)

I'm writing my close-out on MacLeod.
You want to tell me about the fight?
(almost chokes on it)
Where did he die?

HENSON

(oblivious to the
import)
He's not dead.
(beat)
They shot him, but Killian didn't
take his head. He's locked him in
one of those old fallout shelters
under the Air Force Base.

He notices the change in Dawson's expression, realizes there's more than a casual inquiry here.

HENSON (CONT'D)

You didn't know?

DAWSON

(with an effort)
No. I didn't know.

He's having trouble keeping a lid on his emotions. Henson can tell.

HENSON

Listen, this is your territory, and
I'm the new kid on the block, but I
know people in the Paris office...
a guy hears stuff. Rumors.

DAWSON

What kind of rumors?

HENSON

You and MacLeod. That you're more
than just his Watcher.
(beat)
You're not going to get involved...
Are you, Joe?

754 INT. UNDERGROUND FALLOUT SHELTER - DAY

754

MacLeod's still working on the concrete by the hinge with the can opener. It's been a few hours and he hasn't made much progress.

(CONTINUED)

754 CONTINUED:

754

He changes tacks. Taking a food tin from the nearest bin, he hits the edge of it against the portion of wall he's been working on. A chip of cement flies off. MacLeod smiles grimly. Progress. He strikes the spot again, another chip of concrete flies free.

And a third time -- and then he stops.

HIS POV - THE WALL

The concrete was only a veneer. Beneath it, solid steel. He's screwed.

MACLEOD

Flings the food tin against the far wall. Sends another two or three flying after it. The noise and energy are a welcome change from the silent solitude of the room. But he stops himself, forces himself still, getting calm, knowing rage won't serve him. He presses his palms against the wall, shutting his eyes, clearing his brain... And then, THE BUZZ. MacLeod straightens, eyes hardening.

There's a clicking sound from the door -- the sound of the lock turning. MacLeod hefts one of the cans. Maybe he can brain Killian when the door opens.

There's a beat while MacLeod stands there, poised, before the door finally swings open to reveal ...

AMANDA

a stethoscope in her ears. She smiles, relieved and pleased with herself.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

My first safe in years.

She pulls out a set of lock picks and goes to work on the gate.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Dja miss me?

MACLEOD

You'll never know how much.

(beat)

How's Melissa?

AMANDA

She's dead.

MACLEOD

(beat)

How'd you find me?

(CONTINUED)

754 CONTINUED: (2)

754

AMANDA

I had a little help from a friend.

CLICK. The gate swings open.

DAWSON

is waiting behind the open steel door, smiling tentatively at them.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Hello, Mac.

MACLEOD

I thought we agreed we'd stay out of each other's way.

But it's said with gratitude -- their eyes meet, acknowledging the debt.

DAWSON

Yeah, and we can always throw you back, if you want.

MacLeod steps across to where his sword is impaled in the wall. Pulls it out, gazes into the blade, then --

MACLEOD

That's exactly what I want. But not quite yet.

(beat)

First, I'm having a drink at Gleason's Bar.

Amanda and Dawson exchange puzzled looks.

755 OMITTED

755

756 OMITTED

756

757 OMITTED

757

758 INT. KILLIAN'S ARACHNITORIUM - NIGHT

758

Killian's got one of the glass aquariums open, paying more attention to the deadly spider inside than to the agitated Cisco.

KILLIAN

You're drunk.

CISCO

I had a couple of beers, that's all. I tell ya, it was him.

(CONTINUED)

758 CONTINUED:

758

Gleason's Bar! He was no more than thirty feet away.

KILLIAN

Impossible.

CISCO

What's impossible is that he's alive.
I put five slugs in the guy.

KILLIAN

Check out the shelter.

CISCO (CONT'D)

(freaked)

Are you kidding? I'm not going near
that place.

Killian looks up sharply.

KILLIAN

Cowardice in the face of duty is a
terrible thing.

With surprising speed Killian grabs Cisco by the back of his
neck and slowly forces his face into the aquarium.

CISCO

No, don't... Please.

Cisco screams as a dozen spiders bite and release their venom.
Killian lets him go. Cisco's hands go to his face as he
falls to his knees.

He looks down at the gasping Cisco coolly.

KILLIAN

(beat)

The secret is not to be scared into
moving. If you hold still, they
don't bite.

759 INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - NIGHT

759

The maze of tunnels was once the maintenance grid for the
Air Force Base. The walls and ceiling are snaked with exposed
wiring and pipe.

With only the light from a flashlight, Killian moves
cautiously down the tunnel.

He comes to the place where it opens into the area of the
bomb shelter. He snaps on the overhead lights.

No one there. And the door to the shelter is closed.

(CONTINUED)

759 CONTINUED:

759

Relieved, he approaches the shelter. He gets the BUZZ and smiles. MacLeod's still inside.

As he turns to leave, his eyes fall on --

KILLIAN'S POV - THE WALL OPPOSITE THE DOOR

MacLeod's sword is gone.

KILLIAN

barely has time to go pale with realization before

THE STEEL DOOR

slams open.

MACLEOD

steps out, sword in hand.

KILLIAN

jumps back -- pulls out his sword.

KILLIAN (CONT'D)

How... ?

MacLeod tosses the can opener on the floor in front of him, smiles sarcastically.

MACLEOD

I used to be a boy scout.

He raises the sword in challenge.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I've got a merit badge just for this.

Killian moves with surprising speed and cuts MacLeod on the upper. He attacks with a series of strong strokes and

MACLEOD

blocks each one, then beats Killian back.

KILLIAN

snarls with rage and lunges.

MACLEOD

twists aside, sending Killian crashing into the wall.

(CONTINUED)

KILLIAN

jumps to his feet and strikes.

MACLEOD

ducks and Killian's sword hits the steel door. TWANG!

MacLeod strikes and cuts Killian's chest.

KILLIAN

flinches back with a roar of pain. He desperately kicks MacLeod, knocking him back.

MACLEOD

stumbles, goes down.

KILLIAN

moves in for the kill but MacLeod rolls and thrusts, skewering him. Killian staggers a few feet, grabs hold of the barred door, hangs onto it for support.

MACLEOD

stands, raises his sword and...

THWACK!

The gate swings and Killian's body falls into the shelter.

THE QUICKENING

explodes through the basement. Electricity ripples along the bars of the gate and along the exposed pipe.

The boxes of supplies explode. The water drums burst and water pours out.

Finally it's over. MacLeod rises from his knees. Gazes for a moment into the fallout shelter that almost became his living coffin, that will now be Killian's final resting place.

MacLeod swings the steel door closed and spins the lock wheel.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

760 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY

760

Amanda is packing her things in her trunk. She is frustrated with grief and guilt.

AMANDA

Damn stuff all fit before.

MacLeod takes a few items, reorganizes it, then closes the trunk easily.

MACLEOD

It wasn't your fault.

AMANDA

Then whose fault was it? She died because she wanted to be like me and I let her. I'm just a vain, selfish...

MacLeod takes her in his arms.

MACLEOD

Killian killed her, Amanda, not you.

AMANDA

It doesn't feel that way.

(beat)

I just have to go away for a little while, get it together.

MACLEOD

The door is always open.

AMANDA

I know.

(beat)

Sometimes I forget just how fragile they are.

(beat)

I'll tell you where to send my stuff when I get there.

She kisses him lightly and moves toward the door. MacLeod calls after her.

MACLEOD

Whatever you need, whatever I can do...

Amanda looks at him for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

760 CONTINUED: 760

AMANDA
You want to do something for me?
(beat; off MacLeod's
look)
Go see Joe.
(beat)
Life's too short for him.

761 OMITTED 761

762 INT. JOE'S - DAY 762

Dawson's there with the relief bartender, going over inventory, when MacLeod enters.

DAWSON
Take five, Lou.

The other bartender moves off. MacLeod sits at the bar. There's a silent beat, then:

MACLEOD
You broke the rules.

DAWSON
It's not the first time.
(beat)
I figured it was for a good cause.
Besides, it's hard to say no to
Amanda.

MACLEOD
I know.
(beat)
She's gone.

DAWSON
You'll see her again.

MACLEOD
Always do.

DAWSON
(nods)
Want to talk about it?

MACLEOD
Nah.

The two men sit silence, sharing the moment at the beginning of a new friendship

FADE OUT.

THE END