



HIGHLANDER

The Series

95409
THE WRATH OF KALI

Written by
David Tynan

Highlander

"THE WRATH OF KALI"

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Production #95409

September 21, 1995 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"The Wrath of Kali"

Production #95409

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD
RICHIE RYAN

KAMIR/CRIPPLE
SHANDRA DEVANE (formerly DEVA ENNIS)

MARTIN MILLAY
COLONEL NIGEL RAMSEY
ALICE RAMSEY
VASHTI

OFFICER

HIGHLANDER

"The Wrath of Kali"

Production #95409

SET LISTINTERIORS

MACLEOD'S LOFT
DOJO
ART DEALER'S SHOP
UNIVERSITY
 /MUSEUM DISPLAY AREA
 /SHANDRA'S OFFICE
 /CORRIDOR
 /ROOFTOP
RAJ PALACE
 /OUTSIDE VASHTI'S QUARTERS
 /VASHTI'S ROOM

EXTERIORS

DOJO
TOWER BRIDGE - LONDON (STOCK)
SEACOUVER STATE UNIVERSITY
PALACE GROUNDS - INDIA - 1764
KUSH (COUNTRYSIDE) - INDIA - 1764
HINDU TEMPLE - INDIA - 1764

HIGHLANDER

"The Wrath Of KALI"

TEASER

FADE IN:

901 EXT. TOWER BRIDGE - LONDON - DAY 901

To ESTABLISH.

MILLAY (O.S.)

You've never seen terra-cotta figures
like these. Had to bribe half the
Central Committee to pull it off ...

902 INT. ART DEALER'S SHOP - LONDON - DAY 902

A small, exquisite collection of valuable artifacts from
around the world. Some Christian pieces, but most are
Oriental or East Indian. At the back, at a hand-carved
oriental table, proprietor MARTIN MILLAY works the phone.
He's quick, a little shady, definitely not old-school-tie.

MILLAY

(into phone)

You know the rules. Payment in full
before I ship a thing.

He glances up at the tinkle of the ENTRANCE BELL -- someone
has just entered the shop. He lowers his voice a notch.

MILLAY (CONT'D)

And by the way, you handle Customs.

(beat)

Looking forward, old boy.

He hangs up and moves to the front of the shop to see -THE
NEWCOMER his back to us, wearing an impeccably tailored dark
Saville Row suit, he is gazing at an ancient, carved BUDDHA
on a stand before him. He does not touch it, does not turn
around.

Millay straightens his own tie as if it could raise him a
social rung or two. A little cocky here.

MILLAY (CONT'D)

Laotian Buddha. Only two more like
it in the world. I'm sure you can
appreciate how valuable it is.

KAMIR now turns to face Millay. He is a striking East Indian
Immortal with a calm demeanor and penetrating eyes.

(CONTINUED)

902 CONTINUED:

902

30's but ageless, he regards Millay as if deciding how much irony this comment deserves.

KAMIR

Yes.

(curious)

Can you?

A BEAT -- Millay decides to take this at face-value.

MILLAY

Ten thousand English pounds, sixteen thousand U.S. dollars, fifteen thousand Deutchmarks.

(beat)

Give or take a fancy weekend at the beach.

Kamir smiles, a twitch of distaste at this glib response. His gaze takes in the rest of the shop.

KAMIR

An impressive collection, Mr. Millay. I see you accept all the great religions without prejudice.

MILLAY

And all the major currencies. I'm a very tolerant man.

KAMIR

So I've heard. I also understand you deal in artifacts of...

(delicately)

Extreme rarity.

He means illicit objects unavailable on the open market.

Millay sizes up Kamir: the man radiates class, taste, wealth... a collector able to pay for what he wants.

MILLAY

For the extremely discreet collector.

Kamir gets to the point.

KAMIR

I'm only interested in one piece. An bronze statue from Bengal, 1600 years old...

(beat)

The goddess Kali.

(CONTINUED)

MILLAY

The Bengal Kali. Well, well.
(beat)
Drink... ?

He waves at an antique cabinet. Kamir ignores the offer, an eager light flares in his eyes.

KAMIR

Then you've seen her. She is whole?
Undamaged?

Millay opens the cabinet, busies himself with his drink.

MILLAY

Perfect... last time I saw it.

And OFF Kamir's look, Millay lifts a paper from his desk.

MILLAY (CONT'D)

'Fraid you're a little late.
University in the States just bought
it.

Kamir stares. The light fades from his eyes, replaced by another look: colder. Reptilian.

KAMIR

That is a great pity.

Kamir moves closer to a point slightly behind Millay, sliding a knotted SILK CORD from his inside pocket. It is long, weighted at one end.

KAMIR (CONT'D)

You know Kali is supremely sacred to
the Thuggee cult?

Millay corrects Kamir with a smile.

MILLAY

Was. Those murderers died out ages
ago, old boy.

Millay starts to pour himself another snog -- the SILK CORD snakes out, whips around his throat, cutting off his breath as Kamir deftly catches the free end and pulls hard.

Millay drops his glass, gagging, clutching at his collapsing windpipe.

KAMIR

Not all of us ... old boy.

(CONTINUED)

902 CONTINUED: (3)

902

And OFF Kamir's face as he tightens the cord relentlessly,
impassive, cold as death.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

903 EXT. SEACOUVER STATE UNIVERSITY - EVENING - TO ESTABLISH 903

904 INT. UNIVERSITY - MUSEUM DISPLAY AREA - NIGHT 904

It is opening night at this exhibit of artifacts from India, featuring as its centerpiece the BENGAL KALI. It's a black-tie affair: PROFESSORS, well-heeled UNIVERSITY ALUMNI, AMBASSADORS from different countries. A few students tend bar. SITAR MUSIC drones gently in the B.G. as MacLeod and Richie enter, tuxedoed, Richie feeling a little out of his element in this crowd.

RICHIE

Man. All these people just to see a statue from India?

MACLEOD

And donate money. A good permanent collection doesn't come cheap.

RICHIE

Looks like these guys can afford it.

MACLEOD

Academics, University Alumni, one or two foreign Ambassadors...

(a smile)

Come on, you'll fit right in.

He propels Richie forward, Richie pulling at his tie.

RICHIE

Right. Me and the professors.

They heads towards --

SHANDRA DEVANE

an American of East Indian descent, comfortably westernized, embraces her exotic background. Thirties, good looking and self-possessed, she is the force behind the new acquisition. She's conversing with a distinguished couple, but excuses herself to greet MacLeod warmly.

SHANDRA

Duncan. I'm glad you decided to make it.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

(teasing)

I think we both know who really decided.

(re: Richie)

Shandra Devane, Richie Ryan.

SHANDRA

Let me guess ... Academic, artist, or just another wealthy collector?

Shandra offers her hand. She exudes charm, intellect, a mature sexuality. Richie is intrigued.

RICHIE

None of the above. Interested amateur.

MACLEOD

Careful. She's the one who shanghaied me into giving those seminars.

SHANDRA

(to MacLeod)

Persuaded, please.

Richie does a doubletake.

RICHIE

You're that Professor?

(off her amused look)

I mean, I was expecting someone... you know, tweedier, smoking a pipe.

SHANDRA

I'll have to work on that. C'mon, let's have a look at her.

She takes MacLeod's arm, gives him an admonishing look as they move into the crowd.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)

Shanghaied?

REFRAME - THE BENGAL KALI

resting prominently on a stand: an ancient figurine of carved ivory, frozen in the classic four-armed Kali pose: one of the arms grips a sword; another a severed head.

Eyes bulging, tongue out, a garland of human heads at her waist -- she is death incarnate.

In spite of the age, the eyes are eerie, mesmerizing, a little frightening. Shandra's still a little awed.

(CONTINUED)

SHANDRA (CONT'D)

The Bengal Kali. Isn't she beautiful?

RICHIE

Not exactly my type. I thought this was a mother goddess.

SHANDRA

Kali takes many forms in Hindu mythology. She is the mother. She is also the destroyer, the end of time itself.

(to MacLeod)

And she's ours, thanks to you.

MACLEOD

All I gave you was a few names and contacts. Who finally came through?

SHANDRA

A dark horse. One of your contacts turned me on to him.

(beat)

Martin Millay.

She knows he won't approve. He doesn't.

MACLEOD

Millay? Shandra, the guy's one cut above a grave-robber.

SHANDRA

I wasn't exactly crazy about him either. He swears it was legal.

MACLEOD

Of course. I bet the word "technically" was used a lot.

SHANDRA

The point is she's here... and she's worth it.

MacLeod isn't listening, he and Richie are getting a BUZZ.

They look past the Kali to see --

KAMIR

gazing at the Kali too. He's dignified, elegantly dressed for the occasion. As Kamir feels the BUZZ, he looks past the Kali and locks eyes with MacLeod. Shandra follows MacLeod's gaze to Kamir.

(CONTINUED)

904 CONTINUED: (3)

904

SHANDRA

You know that man?

MACLEOD

(distracted)

You made the guest list.

SHANDRA

He wasn't on it.

Kamir acknowledges MacLeod with a faintly mocking, Gandhi-like bow. And OFF this as he bends over --

905 EXT. PALACE GROUNDS - INDIA - 1764 - DAY

905

CLOSE - A MAN BOWLING

as he straightens, brings his arm back to bowl: he's an ENGLISHMAN standing on a perfect green lawn. Nearby, East Indian ROYALS mingle with ramrod correct ENGLISH OFFICERS, watching the game play out. PEACOCKS wander, fanning brilliant tails, a NABOB strolls with a leashed LEOPARD -- it is the early, heady days of the Raj. Under a brilliant-hued PAVILION --

COLONEL NIGEL RAMSEY, youngish aide to the newly appointed Lord Clive, stands stiffly with his attractive, milky-skinned wife ALICE. Ramsey is stuffy, contained -- an unimaginative functionary. Alice has an air of pouting, restrained sexuality -- she's bored with Ramsey, with India, with political life. As two richly dressed INDIAN ROYALS pass, Ramsey acknowledges the older of the men with a bow, Alice with a curtsy and a forced smile.

RAMSEY

Your Highness.

ALICE

(aside, still smiling)

He's not a real king, Nigel. What a farce -- bowing and scraping to these savages.

(as they pass)

It feels like my face is falling off. How long must we stand here?

RAMSEY

Until my new liaison arrives. Can't do a damn thing for Lord Clive until he does.

ALICE

I hope to God he speaks English.

(CONTINUED)

RAMSEY

He is English.

(beat)

Well, British anyhow. Some kind of Scot.

ALICE

Close enough.

An Indian Servant, PARMJEET, offers a tray of steaming tea. Ramsey impatiently waves him away.

ALICE (CONT'D)

It's meant to cool you, Nigel. Stimulate the sweat glands.

RAMSEY

My glands do not require stimulation.

ALICE

(dry)

Really.

Her look suggests otherwise. Then there's a commotion at another end of the lawn

ANGLE - A NEW ARRIVAL

clad in rough, dusty Mufti, head covered, he pushes through the guests towards them followed by a scrambling Servant. Ramsey dismisses him with an irritated wave.

RAMSEY

Off-ee, off-ee!

(irritated, to Parmjeet)

Where the devil's that new man!

MACLEOD

Here-ee.

This from the man in mufti. As Ramsey stares, the man slides the cloth away from his face -- it is MacLeod.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(dry)

Colonel Ramsey, I presume? I'm Duncan MacLeod.

Ramsey goggles, then purples with mortification and anger.

RAMSEY

MacLeod, what in God's name are you doing, got up like that!

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

Everyone's got up like this. This is India, Ramsey.

(re: Ramsey's uniform)

Or did you expect me to scout the country wearing the likes of that?

Alice can't hide a smile. Ramsey puffs up with ire.

RAMSEY

Bloody hell, man! While you work for me you'll wear a proper uniform!

MACLEOD

I'll wear whatever I like.

(an edge)

And I may work with you, Colonel... but I'm not your man.

He takes food from a passing tray, pops it insolently in his mouth. Ramsey clears his throat in impotent English rage, stiffly indicates Alice.

RAMSEY

My wife, Alice.

(through his teeth)

Apparently MacLeod's to be posted at the palace with us.

Alice presents her hand, looks him over with interest. She's never seen one of "hers" act like this.

ALICE

Delighted to have some new blood. I trust you'll have some amusing stories for us?

MACLEOD

Losing an empire is hardly an amusing matter, Mrs. Ramsey.

ALICE

(confused)

I thought we were gaining one?

MACLEOD

I don't believe that's the Indian point of view.

MacLeod gets the BUZZ, looks up -- Kamir approaches them with a smile. He's polite, calm, contained.

KAMIR

(to MacLeod)

I am Kamir, advisor to his Highness.

(CONTINUED)

RAMSEY

You're the one that's going to help
us with this Thuggee nonsense.

The Immortals greet curiously, Kamir offering a slight bow,
not taking his eyes from MacLeod.

MACLEOD

Duncan MacLeod.

(beat)

And they're hardly nonsense.

Kamir looks at MacLeod with interest.

KAMIR

Indeed. You have encountered the
mysterious Thuggee, Sahib MacLeod?

MACLEOD

Only their victims. But there are
rumors of more killings in Kashmir
province.

Kamir shrugs philosophically.

KAMIR

India is a land of rumors ... not
all of them are true.

RAMSEY

(approving)

Sensible man, Kamir. Damn waste of
time, running around the bush like
that, chasing shadows.

ALICE

Really, Nigel -- where's your sense
of adventure? I quite fancy the
idea of going native. Mr. MacLeod
can show us the countryside as it
really is...

(to Ramsey, goading)

Unless of course you think it's too
dangerous?

A bland smile to Ramsey. He grinds his teeth.

RAMSEY

Nonsense. It's perfectly safe. No
one would dare attack an officer of
the Crown.

ALICE

Splendid.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

905 CONTINUED: (4)

905

ALICE (CONT'D)

(beat)

You do ride well, Mr. MacLeod?

And OFF her salacious look --

906 EXT. KUSH (COUNTRYSIDE) - INDIA - 1764 - DAY

906

An opening in a pass, the mountains rising around them. MacLeod, Ramsey and Alice rest on a swath of grass, eating a packed lunch, their horses grazing nearby. Ramsey is rattling on as he sips from a silver flask.

RAMSEY

From what I've seen -- barbarity, heathen practices -- They need us here, MacLeod.

MACLEOD

Why? To bring them all the glorious benefits of the Empire?

The irony is lost on Ramsey.

RAMSEY

Exactly. Get rid of all these Nabobs, give them solid British Government. British structure and order.

MACLEOD

Aye. Without understanding a damn thing.

RAMSEY

(stubbornly)

They'll thank us in the end. It's our responsibility as Englishmen.

MACLEOD

It's greed. You're like flies, landing on the back of an elephant.

RAMSEY

(bristling)

Lord Clive is hardly a fly. If anyone can subdue this country, he can... Thuggees or no Thuggees.

ALICE

Are they really so dangerous?

MACLEOD

Bad enough. A secret cult of assassins. They've killed mostly other Indians... so far.

(CONTINUED)

906 CONTINUED:

906

She leans closer to him, eyes shining, treating it like a ghost story.

ALICE

Tell me, do they cut their hearts out? Do they eat them raw?

RAMSEY

Don't be absurd, Alice. They're vegetarians.

MACLEOD

(dry; ignoring him)

They strangle them, actually. With a silken cord.

ALICE

Death by silk.

(a shiver)

Mr. MacLeod, you're giving me goosebumps.

RAMSEY

Rubbish. Bunch of wog fanatics. We'll stamp them out in no time.

Irritated, he stands and moves OFF to the horses.

MACLEOD

He's an arrogant man.

ALICE

You have no idea.

(beat)

There seems to be a stone in my boot. Would you mind terribly?

She presents her leg, lifts her skirt unnecessarily high. It's a come-on, but MacLeod can't politely refuse and she knows it. He slides a hand inside her boot.

ALICE (CONT'D)

You're not an empire builder. What brought you to the mysterious east?

MACLEOD

(dry)

I came for the food.

ALICE

Really. I'd like to put a little spice in my life.

(off his look)

Higher, please.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

India's hardly a boring country.

ALICE

(a look)

I wasn't referring to India.

Her meaning is clear. MacLeod doesn't answer -- just drops her boot as Ramsey returns with his horse.

MACLEOD

The stone's gone.

(to Ramsey)

Your wife was just telling me about her keen interest in spice.

And OFF Ramsey's baffled look, MacLeod moves to his horse.

RAMSEY

Really. Thought you hated curry?

Alice rolls her eyes and heads for her own horse. Ramsey mulls this one over.

907 EXT. HINDU TEMPLE - KUSH - INDIA - 1764 - DAY

907

MACLEOD, ALICE AND RAMSEY

On horseback. They slow as they near the wall of an ancient, vine-entwined stone TEMPLE. Near the wall is a MARKET: VILLAGERS of various castes and tribes; GOATS; an ELEPHANT and its MAHOUT. As they move through these --

Something catches MacLeod's eye. He pulls up his horse, signals the others to stop.

RAMSEY

What is it?

MACLEOD

A funeral.

THEIR POV - A FUNERAL PYRE

about to be set alight by a man with a flaming torch. On the pyre, a young man's BODY lies in repose. The VILLAGERS watch expectantly, as

VASHTI

a beautiful young Indian girl dressed in funeral robes, walks towards the fire, two men on either side. Her step is slow, hypnotic, her eyes downcast.

(CONTINUED)

907 CONTINUED:

907

RESUME - ALICE RAMSEY

ALICE
What's she doing?

MACLEOD
Becoming Sati.
(grim)
Proving her devotion. Her husband's
dead, and she's supposed to join him
on the fire.

Alice reacts with a mix of horror and fascination.

ALICE
Burned alive? My god, it's horrible.

RAMSEY
It's India. Life means nothing to
these people.

CLOSE - VASHTI

almost at the pyre, she hesitates. A moment of doubt as she
sees death waiting before her. Her eyes lift up -- and meet
Macleod's. They're luminous, beautiful.

MACLEOD

looking back. There's a moment of intense contact there --
of worlds connecting, passing, lost forever in a second.

RESUME VASHTI

as one of the men touches her back -- the moment passes.
She steels herself, and continues toward the pyre.

RESUME MACLEOD

RAMSEY
Nothing we can do, my dear. It's
her fate.

MACLEOD
Sometimes fate is what you make it.

MacLeod reins his horse around, hard -- and spurs it straight
at the pyre, the startled Ramsey bellowing furiously after
him.

RAMSEY
MacLeod!

(CONTINUED)

907 CONTINUED: (2)

907

RESUME - VASHTI

at the pyre now. She begins to ascend it high enough so that as

MACLEOD

rides in, he can lean over and grab her. He hoists her onto his horse -- then swings away through the Villagers, who are desperately grabbing at him, and sends them scattering as he continues on past Ramsey.

RAMSEY

Damn the man! He's mad!

Furious, he starts after MacLeod. Alice is flooded with jealousy -- a sharp bite of envy.

ALICE

He's a man.

She follows. As they ride off, out of BUZZ RANGE -ANGLE - THE TEMPLE DOORWAY as a BEAT LATER, a man steps from the shadows, watches them leave. It is Kamir. His face is unreadable.

908 INT. RAJ PALACE - INDIA - 1764 - DAY

908

Sumptuous, ornate, walls hung with silks, ceiling with glittering chandeliers. Servants carrying trays of food bow low as MacLeod ascends the stairs, Ramsey at his heels.

RAMSEY

There'll be hell to pay over this!
What the devil were you thinking of!

MACLEOD

Saving a life.

RAMSEY

An Indian life! I will not be
responsible for your actions.

MACLEOD

Never thought you would be.

Ramsey catches him at the top of the stairs, grabs his arm.

RAMSEY

What am I supposed to tell the Prince?

MacLeod stares at the hand, until Ramsey removes it.

MACLEOD

Whatever you like.

(CONTINUED)

908 CONTINUED:

908

There's a sound from the end of the hall -VASHTI is being led from a door by the servant Parmjeet. She's wearing a bright new sari, and looks even more beautiful. MacLeod can't take his eyes off her.

RAMSEY

She's your problem now.

He turns and marches out, ignoring Vashti completely.

Parmjeet bows and leaves. They're alone. Vashti gazes at the floor. She's stunningly attractive, and MacLeod is smitten.

MACLEOD

You're all right? They've treated you well?

She doesn't answer for a long BEAT, doesn't look up.

VASHTI

Why did you do this to me?

MacLeod looks at her in consternation.

MACLEOD

To save your life. Vashti, they were going to burn you alive...

VASHTI

It was my choice! I was to die on his funeral bed...

(with anger)

And you shamed me! Before my people, my gods, my dead husband! How can I live after this?

MacLeod is taken aback by her intensity. Quiet.

MACLEOD

I'm sorry.

(beat)

You must have loved him very much.

She hesitates, looks away.

VASHTI

Whether I loved him or not is not important.

MACLEOD

If you think that, you've never been in love.

(CONTINUED)

VASHTI

(beat)

He was my husband. It was my duty.

(firm)

It is our way.

MACLEOD

Vashti, just because a thing is always done doesn't make it right.

VASHTI

What do you know of right? I should have died... I wanted to die.

MACLEOD

No. I saw it in your eyes... you wanted to live.

It's true. She looks away, avoiding his gaze.

VASHTI

It doesn't matter what I wanted. I cannot return to my home, my family...

(welling up)

My life is over.

He takes her chin, tilts her face so he can see her eyes.

He wipes the tears gently away.

MACLEOD

Perhaps it's just beginning.

She looks at this strange European -- not convinced, but wondering. In spite of her confusion, she's drawn to him.

TRANSITION TO:

909 INT. UNIVERSITY - MUSEUM DISPLAY AREA - THE PRESENT - NIGHT 909

MacLeod and Kamir greet with "cautious optimism" -- not quite friendly, a wry banter tinged with mutual respect.

MACLEOD

Well, well. You throw a party, and look who shows up.

KAMIR

(a smile)

MacLeod. Hob-nobbing with the upper crust... or just can't get India out of your blood?

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

A little of both.

(intros)

Kamir... Richie Ryan, Shandra Devane.
Shandra's the one who brought in the
Kali.

Kamir looks at her with great interest, sizing her up.

SHANDRA

With a little luck and a lot of help.

MACLEOD

Kamir doesn't believe in luck.

KAMIR

Karma, luck... it is the same in the
end. Kali calls us to her in
different ways.

RICHIE

(skeptical)

Excuse me... you're saying the statue
brought you here?

KAMIR

Actually, I took a 747.

(a smile)

The important thing is, Kali is found.
She can take her rightful place.

Shandra doesn't miss a beat.

SHANDRA

She already has. Right here, being
seen and studied.

KAMIR

Indeed. How can one study a god?

He moves towards the statue, his voice dropping, becoming
low, hypnotic.

KAMIR (CONT'D)

This is no ordinary statue. You see
her eyes? How they look through
you, into your soul?

(beat)

Her maker was truly inspired.

ON THE KALI

the eyes seem to follow, hold them. A faint DRONE seems to
come from her face -- suggestion or real, it's eerie.

(CONTINUED)

909 CONTINUED: (2)

909

RICHIE
(shaking it off)
He's right. Very weird.

They turn to Kamir -- but he's gone. Nowhere to be seen among the guests -- it's as if he just vanished.

SHANDRA
Interesting friend you have.

MACLEOD
He always was.

And OFF MacLeod's face --

910 INT. UNIVERSITY - SHANDRA'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

910

Shandra is at her desk, concentrating on paperwork.

KAMIR (O.S.)
Devane. Not a name you hear every day in Calcutta.

She looks up to find Kamir there.

SHANDRA
Probably because my father's Irish.

What can I do for you?

KAMIR
Not for me.
(beat)
For India.

Shandra gives him a bemused look.

SHANDRA
If you think I'll repatriate the Kali, you're shaking the wrong tree. Try the official channels.

KAMIR
I have.
(incensed)
They see it as property... as if stealing a culture was nothing.

SHANDRA
It's called trade. And it's perfectly legal.

KAMIR
It is sacrilege! You must see that... you're Indian.

(CONTINUED)

SHANDRA

Sorry. You're a generation too late.

KAMIR

You don't lose a thousand years of culture like changing a shirt, Miss Devane... your soul belongs to India. And it is Kali who will judge you.

Shandra stands. Enough of this.

SHANDRA

You think I sold out my Indian heritage? I want people to understand the culture. That's why I brought the Kali here.

(harder)

And that's why she stays.

She turns back to her paperwork, away from him.

Kamir's face hardens. His hand goes to his pocket, draws out the silk cord. He moves to her side.

KAMIR

There is time to reconsider.

SHANDRA

I have. The answer is no.

Her neck bared to him. He raises the cord -- and gets the BUZZ. He slips the cord back into his pocket just as MACLEOD enters.

MACLEOD

Am I interrupting?

SHANDRA

Not at all.

(pointed)

Kamir and I were just agreeing to disagree.

KAMIR

For now.

(beat)

Namaste.

He bows, but his tone is clear: it's not over. He leaves.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

911 INT. DOJO - DAY

911

Richie is working out, exercising with a wooden staff, mostly stretching exercises. He stops as he gets the BUZZ, turns --

Kamir stands inside the doorway, watching him. He gives the impression of just having appeared. Richie is a little unnerved. Kamir gives him a bemused look.

KAMIR

(re: the staff)

You show great diligence... but there are other ways to use that.

RICHIE

Really. Care to show me?

He tosses the staff -- Kamir catches it, begins making elegant, dance-like moves to demonstrate. Richie watches in fascination.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Looks like a cross between tai-chi and kendo.

KAMIR

And perhaps much older than either of them.

RICHIE

You don't know?

KAMIR

Modern India began over three thousand years ago. We were invaded by the Persians, the French, the British... Empire after empire tried to overrun us but we are still there.

(beat)

And so are our gods.

RICHIE

Must be an amazing place.

KAMIR

To know India, you must live there. See it, feel it, taste it... there is nowhere like it in the world.

RICHIE

Maybe someday I'll have the time.

(CONTINUED)

911 CONTINUED:

911

KAMIR

India has nothing but time.

(a smile)

When you are ready, she will be waiting for you.

He's magnetic, convincing, and Richie is drawn to him. They turn as they feel a BUZZ -- MACLEOD enters.

RICHIE

Mac, you should see this guy use a quarterstaff.

MACLEOD

I bet he's pretty good.

RICHIE

Pretty good? The man's incredible. His moves have moves.

KAMIR

(false modesty)

Excessive praise. I am hardly worthy.

MACLEOD

I like the humility, Kamir. It's a nice touch.

KAMIR

Perhaps there is something you can show me?

He bows, overplaying the modest Indian. MacLeod smiles, picks up another stick.

MACLEOD

I doubt that.

RICHIE

Go on, Mac. It's all in fun.

KAMIR

As Richie says, it's all in fun.

They begin sparring with the staffs, MacLeod also in the Indian style. It's strenuous but friendly, more ritual than combative. After a few moves -- Kamir surprises MacLeod with a quick move that disarms him, dumps him on his ass.

KAMIR (CONT'D)

It was only luck that brought me victory.

(CONTINUED)

911 CONTINUED: (2)

911

MACLEOD

Funny, I thought it was a judo move
called osoto gare.

KAMIR

(pretends confusion)
Was it?

MacLeod's turn to bow. A moment of mutual respect.

912 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - LATER - DAY

912

MacLeod and Kamir sit cross-legged on the carpet. Kamir
watches MacLeod pour tea from an ornate Indian set, picks up
his cup and sips with appreciation.

KAMIR

Two hundred years of occupation...
(a sigh)
To think all we managed to teach the
British was how to drink tea.

MACLEOD

Then the Empire wasn't a total waste.
At least they took one thing back
with them.

KAMIR

Indeed.
(beat)
As I hope to.

He fixes MacLeod with a look.

MACLEOD

The Kali's just been bought, Kamir.
What makes you think they'd consider
giving it back?

KAMIR

Your help.

MACLEOD

(beat)
Shandra's a friend.

KAMIR

(insistent)
And Kali is sacred. What purpose
can she serve here?

MACLEOD

To teach. Enlighten people... help
them understand.

(CONTINUED)

912 CONTINUED:

912

KAMIR

Europeans tried to "understand" us
for centuries. They stole a piece
here, a piece there...

(beat)

We lose enough, we lose ourselves.

MACLEOD

And the Kali will make a difference?

KAMIR

(intense)

More than you think. She's alive,
MacLeod, a part of India herself.

(beat)

You saw us before British rule. If
anyone can see us with Indian eyes,
you can. Will you help me?

And OFF MacLeod's look, as it falls on the ornately worked
silver filigree of the TEA URN as we --

TRANSITION TO:

913 INT. RAJ PALACE - INDIA - 1764 - EVENING

913

An ornately carved LATTICEWORK WINDOW in the palace, moonlight
silvering the patterns. Wafting through it from the distance,
the sound of distant DRUMS and HORNS comes faintly but
clearly.

MacLeod steps from his quarters into the palace hall. As he
passes the window --

Alice Ramsey turns from it. She's been waiting for him in
the shadows, primed, dressed and loaded for bear.

ALICE

There's a full moon tonight.

(closer, suggestive)

I've heard some very... unusual
things... can occur in moonlight.

MACLEOD

True. You can read without a lamp.

He tries to pass, but she blocks him, caresses his tunic.

ALICE

They say it makes you forget yourself.

He pushes her hands away.

(CONTINUED)

913 CONTINUED:

913

MACLEOD

And your husband, apparently. Isn't Ramsey expected back?

ALICE

Not for hours.

(re: the music)

That's a fertility rite in the village.

(intense, moving in)

Drums... wild dancing... God knows what they're doing. I can feel it in my blood.

She grabs him, kisses him passionately. MacLeod pries her away with an effort.

MACLEOD

Then you should join them. I have other duties.

She recoils, furious at being spurned.

ALICE

I'm sure you do... with that little brown tart of yours! You think I don't know what's happening?

MACLEOD

Her name is Vashti.

(beat)

And nothing is happening.

She grabs his arm, voice rising, a steamroller of spite.

ALICE

I've seen the way you look at her! You think I'm a fool?

MACLEOD

You're making a good job of it. You want to wake the whole Palace?

ALICE

I don't care!

(with vehemence)

I hate all of it... the dirt, the disease, the whole filthy lot of them!

MACLEOD

Of course you do. They eat strange food.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

913 CONTINUED: (2)

913

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

They have their own Gods and they
don't have our high moral standards...
(sarcastic)
It must be nice to know you're the
superior race.

ALICE

(exploding)
At least I'm white!
(beat)
Not like that... that creature...
she's barely human!

It's out. MacLeod tightens, trying to rein in his temper.

MACLEOD

(cold)
Get out of my sight. Before I do
forget myself.

He shoves her firmly away. Trembling with rage, she races
down the hall towards her room.

MacLeod turns back the other way. As he passes an alcove --

ANGLE - THE ALCOVE

a figure rises, silently watches him leave: it is Vashti,
trying to make sense of what she's just witnessed.

914 EXT. KUSH - INDIA - 1764 - SAME TIME

914

A wilderness area, similar to the ancient temple. Ramsey
and another OFFICER are on horseback, returning to the Palace.

As they ride they pass a small CAMPFIRE, a few ragged
MUSICIANS squatting around it: drums, winds - similar to the
music heard from the palace, but edgier, more ominous.

OFFICER

What's this?

RAMSEY

(dismissive)
Rite of some kind. Beggars have
bucketloads of them.

Near the fire, THREE MEN stand near a draped object. As
Ramsey passes, the men approach, one ragged CRIPPLE hobbles
toward Ramsey on a crude wood crutch, one leg dragging, his
voice a pitiable whine.

(CONTINUED)

914 CONTINUED:

914

CRIPPLE

Pity, Sahib! Show mercy on a poor
believer...

He puts a hand on Ramsey's horse.

RAMSEY

Get away, or I'll show you the back
of my hand.

Ramsey lifts his riding crop to strike the Cripple --

THE MEN

move into action, grab Ramsey and the Officer, drag them off
their horses.

RAMSEY

pulls away, knocking one man down. He pulls his pistol and
raises it to fire, only to have

THE CRIPPLE

lash out with his crutch as Ramsey fires. The bullet goes
astray and the pistol falls from Ramsey's hand.

THE OTHER MEN

pin Ramsey's arms behind him and drag him and his officer
before the fire.

RAMSEY

Release us! I'll have the East India
company down on your necks!

CRIPPLE

I think not.

The Cripple drops the crutch, pulls away the rags on his
head. Ramsey stares, dumbfounded -- it is Kamir.

RAMSEY

Kamir! What the devil do you think
you're about?

KAMIR

Appeasing my god, Colonel ... And
giving a lesson to all those who
would destroy us.

He draws the silk COVER from the idol -- it is KALI, grinning,
terrifying -- the same Kali Shandra purchased.

(CONTINUED)

914 CONTINUED: (2)

914

The MUSIC begins to play, ominously, slowly rising in pitch and volume.

RAMSEY

Damn your insolence! No wog is going
to teach me a lesson!

Kamir smiles gently, almost pitying this arrogant bluster.

KAMIR

Of course not, Colonel.
(ominous)
You are the lesson.

The music cranks up, faster and wilder. The men's faces move closer, dangerous in the moonlight. KALI leering at him.

Ramsey's head is swimming. Sweating now, he tries to put the weight of the British Empire into his croaking voice.

RAMSEY

See here. You release us now... or
I shall see you flayed alive.

KAMIR

Indeed. You shall be released.

The MUSIC picks up in tempo: a terrified heart pounding in it's bone cage. And OFF Ramsey's uncomprehending look --

TWO SILK CORDS

snake out, whistling like whips, wrapping around the Englishmen's necks. As they gag and struggle --

KAMIR

Who knows, Colonel? Perhaps you'll
achieve more in the next life.

Kamir turns back to the Kali, and we PUSH IN on her face, as the MUSIC drowns out the sounds of death, hits a pounding crescendo --

915 EXT. PALACE GROUNDS - INDIA - 1764 - MORNING

915

The quiet of dawn. Birds and monkeys in the distance. A GROUNDSKEEPER prunes a shrub.

MACLEOD paces tensely, concerned about Ramsey's delayed arrival. Kamir accompanies him.

MACLEOD

Something's wrong. They should have
been back by now.

(CONTINUED)

915 CONTINUED:

915

KAMIR

Ease your mind, Sahib. Whatever happens, it was meant to be.

He picks up a succulent fruit.

KAMIR (CONT'D)

The road offers many pleasures. Perhaps they were merely delayed.

He offers it to MacLeod. MacLeod waves it away.

MACLEOD

Ramsey's a British Officer. His type doesn't get delayed...

(beat)

Especially not for pleasure.

Kamir gives MacLeod a penetrating look.

KAMIR

You do not like him, do you?

MACLEOD

I know him.

(beat)

His sort destroyed my land. Scattered my people.

KAMIR

(curiously)

Yet you fear for his safety?

MACLEOD

Not just his. If he's dead, the British will repay in blood. It's their way. You kill one of theirs, they kill ten of yours.

(beat)

You're certain there are no Thuggees in the area?

KAMIR

(with irony)

As your Colonel says, we are a barbarous and uncivilized land.... One can be certain of nothing.

As he says this, he is staring at --

VASHTI

approaching near the garden wall. She sees Kamir, lowers her head and bows humbly.

(CONTINUED)

Kamir looks at her, his face unreadable.

KAMIR

I will make further inquiries.

(wry)

I suspect your presence is more
welcome here than mine.

He nods slightly at Vashti and moves off. Vashti looks up
at MacLeod, uncertain.

VASHTI

You mind that I've come?

MACLEOD

I'd mind much more if you hadn't.

She smiles shyly, then hesitates, not knowing how to say
what is on her mind.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Is something wrong?

She shakes her head.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(gently)

It must be hard. Cut off from your
people...

VASHTI

No harder than it must be for you.

Are you not lonely?

MACLEOD

At times.

VASHTI

(beat)

Then why did you refuse the Memsahib?

MACLEOD

(beat)

I'm sorry You heard that.

VASHTI

But she is beautiful! She is white,
she is English... she is like you.

MACLEOD

(an edge)

She's not like me. She sees nothing
but her own vanity.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

915 CONTINUED: (3)

915

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

She cares for nothing but herself.

(beat)

She'll never find the beauty in this land.

(beat)

Not like I have.

He's looking at her directly. She looks away, attracted but fighting it, confused.

VASHTI

I shouldn't have come. I don't belong in the Palace...

(beat)

I don't know where I belong.

MACLEOD

I do.

He puts out his hand to her, open, waiting.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I'll walk you back.

She looks into his eyes -- slowly reaches for him. As their hands clasp --

TRANSITION TO:

916 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - THE PRESENT - DAY

916

CLOSE - TWO CLASPED HANDS. Widen to find they are Kamir's: he is making a point.

KAMIR

You know how it was, MacLeod. We were slaves to them, cattle... They stole from us with impunity and called it their right.

(bitter)

Their destiny.

MACLEOD

The British left India a long time ago, Kamir.

KAMIR

Their ghosts remain.

MACLEOD

Buying art is not a crime.

(CONTINUED)

916 CONTINUED:

916

KAMIR

No? Looting with guns, or looting
with money, where is the difference?
A people and its art cannot be
separated. They are one.

He's earnest, compelling. MacLeod sighs, puts down his tea,
and OFF his face --

SHANDRA (O.S.)

You're joking.

917 INT. UNIVERSITY - MUSEUM DISPLAY AREA - DAY

917

MacLeod faces an indignant Shandra.

MACLEOD

You know I'm not.

SHANDRA

You helped me get the piece in the
first place!

MACLEOD

Not from Martin Millay.

SHANDRA

That makes a difference?

MACLEOD

If he stole it. Yes.

Shandra throws up her hands, waves at the exhibits, including
the Kali.

SHANDRA

I dreamed about having this... and
you want the University to lose it
because some guy from Calcutta with
a sob story drops by?

MACLEOD

Just one piece.

SHANDRA

Why stop there?
(exasperated)
Why not empty out all the museums?
The Louvre, the Met... we'll send it
all back!

MACLEOD

Not a bad idea.
(beat)
The point is, the Kali was stolen.

(CONTINUED)

917 CONTINUED:

917

SHANDRA
Millay swore it wasn't.

MACLEOD
Then let's find out.

He picks up her phone, hands it to her.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
Call Millay. Let him tell you where
he got it. Then let me check it
out.

Shandra stares a BEAT, then takes the phone and dials.

SHANDRA
Know what time it is in London?

MACLEOD
You'll save on the rates.

SHANDRA
(into phone)
Yes, is Martin Millay there?
(beat -- reacting)
I see. I see, when?
(beat)
Thank you.

She hangs up, looking stunned.

SHANDRA (CONT'D)
He's dead.
(off his look)
They found him in his shop.
(beat)
Strangled.

OFF MacLeod's face --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

918 EXT. DOJO - DAY - ESTABLISHING 918

RICHIE (O.S.)

It must have been quite a world.

919 INT. DOJO - DAY 919

Kamir and Richie are sparring, Kamir trying to teach him the ritual moves.

KAMIR

Many worlds, Richie. From Sri Lanka to the Himalayas. Whatever you could imagine, India had it.

(beat)

India was it. And, as the great wheel turns, will be again.

Kamir stops, eyes shining, moved by the memories. Corrects Richie's stance almost absently as he continues.

KAMIR (CONT'D)

Men like us must preserve where we come from. Our land. Our people.

(beat)

It is what keeps us sane. What keeps us holy.

RICHIE

Sure, if you know where you come from.

(trying to shrug it off)

Or who.

KAMIR

Because you don't know your parents? No Immortal does.

(with passion)

We are the children and heirs of the time and place that bore us.

RICHIE

(not convinced)

So, Mac's got the Highlands... You've got India...

(beat)

I got bowling alleys and fast food joints?

Kamir smiles, claps him on the shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

KAMIR

You have much more than that, Richie.
You'll know what it is when it dies
before you.

(beat)

And you'll fight for it. Even if
you are, as I am, the last of your
kind.

Kamir makes a sudden attack with the staff to emphasize his point. Richie reacts by instinct, defends himself well for a blow or two before Kamir's superior experience starts to overwhelm him.

KAMIR (CONT'D)

Good! Well fought.

They get the BUZZ and lay off as MacLeod enters.

KAMIR (CONT'D)

You spoke with Miss Devane?

MACLEOD

(to Richie)

You mind?

RICHIE

I'm done.

Richie moves aside, putting away the equipment.

MacLeod moves in close to Kamir, his face taut.

MACLEOD

Martin Millay was killed.

Kamir absorbs this, gives a philosophical shrug.

KAMIR

So the great wheel turns. The Goddess
takes her revenge.

MACLEOD

And maybe you helped her out.

KAMIR

(curious)

And if I did?

MACLEOD

We have a problem.

Kamir fixes him with a look.

(CONTINUED)

919 CONTINUED: (2)

919

KAMIR

Because you find it unjustified?
Primitive? Barbaric, perhaps?

(beat)

The MacLeod I knew was not so quick
to judge... or was I wrong?

And following MacLeod's gaze, as in the B.G. Richie moves
out through the DOORS --

TRANSITION TO:

920 INT. OUTSIDE VASHTI'S QUARTERS - RAJ PALACE - INDIA - 1764 - 920
NIGHT

As a palace door OPENS -- and Kamir steps out. MacLeod is
coming down the hallway, slows as he sees him. Kamir nods
politely to MacLeod, and continues. MacLeod shrugs it off,
and enters.

921 INT. VASHTI'S ROOM - RAJ PALACE - INDIA - 1764 - CONTINUOUS 921

He finds Vashti waiting there, sitting on a raised seat at
the window, feet up, calm and composed in the moonlight.

MacLeod looks at her a moment, taken with the sight.

MACLEOD

You asked to see me.

Vashti turns, slightly startled to hear his voice.

VASHTI

Yes.

She pats the seat next to her.

VASHTI (CONT'D)

Sit by me.

MacLeod sits down next to her after a beat.

MACLEOD

What were you thinking about?

VASHTI

About life.

MACLEOD

Yours or mine?

VASHTI

Both.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

921 CONTINUED:

921

VASHTI (CONT'D)

(beat, searching)

Duncan? Do you believe in
immortality?

(as he hesitates)

I mean, of the soul?

MACLEOD

Perhaps ... reincarnation is a
beautiful thought.

VASHTI

Do you think you must live your life
correctly, in order to become pure...
to move toward perfection?

MACLEOD

We should try.

(beat)

But I'm not perfect, Vashti. No one
is.

VASHTI

(a smile)

Not in one lifetime.

She rises gracefully, lights a stick of incense, then draws
the mosquito netting away from her bed.

VASHTI (CONT'D)

Come.

MACLEOD

Vashti ... is this really what you
want?

VASHTI

Yes.

Smiling, she takes his hands and pulls him to the bed.
There's a purity in her actions, a kind of reverence. MacLeod
hesitates, wanting her, knowing how much this means to her.

MACLEOD

You're certain?

VASHTI

I'm certain of many things now.

(with love)

You are one of them.

She comes into his arms. MacLeod responds in kind, and as
they sink down to the bed, past the film of the netting,
they begin to make love gently, tenderly, with a sweetness
that is heartbreaking.

922 INT. VASHTI'S ROOM - RAJ PALACE - INDIA - 1764 - LATER 922

The INCENSE has burned down. MacLeod stirs in bed, turns to smile at Vashti -- she's not there. As he sits up Vashti opens the netting, dressed to leave. She is calm, serene as she sits beside him.

MACLEOD
It's not even dawn.

VASHTI
I know. I must go to the temple.

He starts to rise, to join her. She gently pushes him back.

MACLEOD
I'll go with you.

VASHTI
This is a for me alone.

She kisses him gently. There's a sense of finality about the kiss -- MacLeod takes it as her decision to stay.

MACLEOD
We have so much to talk about,
Vashti... You'll hurry back?

He looks at her with love. Vashti doesn't answer for a moment.

VASHTI
Duncan? When we met, you told me
I'd never truly been in love.

MACLEOD
And?

She touches his cheek.

VASHTI
Now I have.

She kisses him, goes to the door, gives him a last look -- and leaves him. MacLeod sinks back on the bed.

923 INT. RAJ PALACE - INDIA - 1764 - MORNING 923

MacLeod, in crisp British-India whites, walks down the palace hall. He asks one servant:

MACLEOD
Do you know where Vashti is? She
should have been back.

(CONTINUED)

923 CONTINUED:

923

The woman shakes her head and moves off.

MacLeod turns to another.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Have you seen her?

The woman keeps walking, ignoring him.

He slows at the sight of worried Servants and grim-faced British hurrying past.

Then he sees Alice Ramsey, being comforted by another of the English WIVES, both looking distraught. As MacLeod steps up -- she sees him. She whirls, raging, and SLAPS him, hard.

ALICE

Damn you! Damn you and this bloody land!

She slaps him again, bitter tears welling up, reaches to do it again. This time MacLeod catches her hand.

MACLEOD

What's happened? Where's Ramsey?

ALICE

He's dead!

MACLEOD

(startled)

How?

ALICE

Your precious Indians murdered him... buried him in the dirt...

(cracking)

They strangled him like a dog!

She collapses against him, weeping, out of control.

He moves Alice firmly into the arms of the WIFE.

MACLEOD

Take care of her.

He continues on. Alice shrieks after him.

ALICE

Where are you going! Stay here!
STAY HERE!

924 EXT. HINDU TEMPLE - KUSH INDIA - 1764 - LATER

924

As MacLeod arrives. The market is strangely silent except for the muffled sound of a DRUM -- melancholy, dirgelike music. MacLeod reins in his horse, looking for Vashti, and sees --

A FUNERAL PYRE

several people standing at its base. And lying on top, in pure white funeral robes

VASHTI

arms crossed sedately, as if she's waiting. At the base of the pyre --

A TORCH-BEARER

holds a flaming torch -- he's preparing to fire it.

RESUME MACLEOD

MACLEOD

Vashti! No!

Horrified, he gallops towards the pyre.

ANGLE - THE PYRE

as the Torch-Bearer bends to light the waiting tinder. MacLeod does a running dismount -- and slams the Torch-Bearer, sends him sprawling into the dirt. MacLeod scrambles frantically onto the pyre --

NEW ANGLE

as he hoists himself up next to Vashti -- and freezes, staring. Lying before him, utterly still. Her face is composed, serene, beautiful ... she is dead.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

No!

MacLeod is ripped. Disbelief, shock -- he gathers her into his arms, anguished, as if he could will her back to life.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

What have you done?

Then a quiet voice --

KAMIR (O.S.)

What duty required.

(CONTINUED)

Kamir stands by the pyre, calmly watching him.

KAMIR (CONT'D)

That is only her mortal body. Her
soul has already left.

MacLeod stares. Cold anger flooding in, his voice a whisper.

MACLEOD

(realizing)

You knew... you did this!

KAMIR

She came to me. It was her wish.

MacLeod's grief boils into rage -- he leaps from the pyre
and grabs Kamir, ready to kill him.

MACLEOD

It's my wish that you die.

A couple of villagers move, ready to come to Kamir's aid.
Kamir stops them with a raised hand.

KAMIR

For helping her?
(off MacLeod's look)
She could not deny what she was.
Any more than you and I.
(beat)
She obeyed what was in her heart.

MACLEOD

I was in her heart. She loved me!

Kamir looks at him with compassion.

KAMIR

It is because she loved you.
(not unkindly)
She has become Sati to balance her
actions.

MacLeod sees his eyes -- he knows it's true. He releases
Kamir, stunned with grief, uncomprehending.

KAMIR (CONT'D)

In truth, she was never yours to
have.
(gently)
She was India's.

He puts a hand on MacLeod's arm, sympathetic to his pain.

924 CONTINUED: (2)

924

KAMIR (CONT'D)

Do not hate yourself. Fulfill her wish...

(beat)

Let her return to us.

MacLeod steels himself -- finally he nods. He takes the torch from the Torch-Bearer, and touches it to the tinder. As the pyre ignites, and the flames lick up towards Vashti's body --

CLOSE - MACLEOD

devastated, the growing flames reflected in his eyes, the tears that course down his face.

TRANSITION TO:

925 INT. DOJO - THE PRESENT - DAY

925

MacLeod and Kamir still face each other. MacLeod is silent a moment.

MACLEOD

Was it Martin Millay's wish to die?

Kamir smiles faintly.

KAMIR

Millay's own life determined his death. I was merely an instrument.

MACLEOD

Don't hide in your philosophy.
(an edge)
You took a human life.

KAMIR

And you have not?

MACLEOD

Not when life was not at stake.

KAMIR

The act was just, MacLeod.

MACLEOD

(hard)
No, Kamir. It was murder.

The threat hangs in the air, implicit, a sharp promise.

(CONTINUED)

925 CONTINUED:

925

KAMIR

Millay robbed my people, ripped away
their culture. He was worse than a
murderer...

(beat)

He destroyed their souls.

Kamir rises to his feet, locks eyes with MacLeod.

KAMIR (CONT'D)

I came for your help. If you want
to challenge me, then do so... but
don't judge me.

(beat)

You are not fit to judge me.

He leaves. And OFF MacLeod's face --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

926 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT

926

MacLeod sits, piecing together the remaining shards of a broken URN, eyes set on some invisible point in the distance. Richie paces nearby, upset by what he's learned.

RICHIE

I don't get it, Mac. I mean, the guy's deep. Listening to him, I felt like I was talking to some kind of priest.

MACLEOD

You were.

RICHIE

Maybe he didn't have a choice.

MACLEOD

He had a choice. He made it.

RICHIE

You said yourself this Millay guy was a dirtbag.

MACLEOD

(a look, shortly)

You think that's reason to kill?

RICHIE

(stubbornly)

In his eyes. Guys like Millay just raped his country.

(beat)

If Kamir has different beliefs than we do, does that make him evil?

MacLeod raises a piece from the URN, looks at it.

MACLEOD

No. That doesn't.

RICHIE

So what're you going to do?

MacLeod is silent a BEAT. Looking at the piece of the urn... then he places it in place, and OFF his look --

926A INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT (ALTERNATE VERSION OF 926)

926A

MacLeod sits, piecing together the remaining shards of a broken URN, eyes set on some invisible point in the distance. Richie paces nearby, upset by what he's learned.

RICHIE

I don't get it, Mac. I mean, the guy's deep. Listening to him, I felt like I was talking to some kind of priest.

MACLEOD

He's a priest. He's just not the kind that takes confession.

RICHIE

Now you're telling me he's a murderer.

MACLEOD

That's right.

RICHIE

This guy Millay was a sleeze. Even you thought so. Maybe he deserved it.

MACLEOD

He was no threat to Kamir. The Kali was already gone. There was no reason to kill him.

RICHIE

Kamir thought there was.

MACLEOD

He believes he lives under a different set of rules. Rules that give him the right to kill.

RICHIE

Maybe it does.

MACLEOD

No, Richie, it doesn't work like that. In the twelfth century, they cut off a man's hand for stealing a loaf of bread. In the fifteenth, they burned you at the stake for saying the world was round. It was the law then, Richie, people believed in it, but it was still wrong.

(CONTINUED)

926A CONTINUED:

926A

RICHIE

But according to them, they were right.

MACLEOD

(beat)

Sometimes, you're smarter than you look.

RICHIE

And this kid never went to college.

MACLEOD

You're right. It is according to me. We all have our own judgment about what's right and wrong.

RICHIE

So Kamir made a different call than you. Does that make him evil?

MACLEOD

No, it doesn't.

RICHIE

He's trying to save his culture.

The Kali's a piece of bronze to us, but to him it's India. It's everything he loves.

MACLEOD

I know.

RICHIE

So what're you going to do?

MacLeod is silent a BEAT. Looking at the piece of the urn... then he places it in place, and OFF his look --

927 INT. UNIVERSITY - MUSEUM DISPLAY AREA - DAY

927

CLOSE - THE KALI STATUE

the wild eyes, protruding tongue.

SHANDRA (O.S.)

Look at her. Sixteen hundred years old, and you'd swear she was alive. I could look at her forever.

(beat)

You know any museum would kill to have her.

MACLEOD

I know.

(CONTINUED)

927 CONTINUED:

927

REVERSE - SHANDRA

facing the statue, as a few nearby STUDENTS take notes or sketch other artifacts. She turns back to face MacLeod.

SHANDRA

So why are you putting me through the wringer again? We'll never learn the truth from Millay.

MACLEOD

No.

(beat)

But I'm sure you can think of other reasons. She throws up her hands in a fending-off gesture.

SHANDRA

Oh, no. No no no... you think I don't know what you're trying to pull?

MACLEOD

(innocently)

What am I trying to pull?

SHANDRA

A guilt trip.

(beat)

My duty as an Indian, the sacredness of the piece... forget it. I already got an earful from Kamir.

(beat)

Sorry Duncan, but I worked too hard bring her here. Guilt won't cut it.

MACLEOD

What about prestige?

(off her look)

Think of the goodwill you'd gain. You'd be a hero.

SHANDRA

By returning the Kali? I'd be an idiot.

MACLEOD

Call a news conference, you and Kamir. Donate it to the museum in Calcutta.

(tempting)

It's great P.R. for the school, Shandra. You'd be on the cutting edge.

(CONTINUED)

SHANDRA

And you've been taking those
Scientology tapes home.

MACLEOD

(the capper)

It definitely beats the alternative.

BEAT. She gives him a wary look.

SHANDRA

What alternative?

MACLEOD

(casually)

Word gets out. A sacred object,
denied to its rightful heirs...
possibly stolen in the first place.

(beat)

There's better ways to put the
University on the map.

He gives her a bland smile. She can't believe it.

SHANDRA

Duncan MacLeod, you are blackmailing
me.

MACLEOD

Guilt wasn't working.

(beat)

And whatever it cost, it's less than
I'll donate to your museum. What do
you say?

Another bland smile. He's got her coming and going, and she
knows it. She gives him a rueful smile.

SHANDRA

Hey. I always wanted to be on the
cutting edge.

MACLEOD

You're doing the right thing.

He takes her arm. They move off.

SHANDRA

Sure. Tell me again why we're
friends.

MACLEOD

Must be because I'm Irish.

(CONTINUED)

927 CONTINUED: (3)

927

SHANDRA
You're not Irish.

MACLEOD
(with a smile)
Then it must be because you're Irish.

928 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - LATER - DAY

928

MacLeod stands in the loft, waiting as Kamir approaches from the elevator, eyes glowing in anticipation.

KAMIR
You have her?

MacLeod moves wordlessly to the table -- an object covered by a silk cloth.

MacLeod lifts off the cloth -- the Kali is revealed.

Kamir reacts, eyes burning with an intense light. He approaches the statue reverently, a true devotee.

KAMIR (CONT'D)
Shakti. Kali. Destroyer of Vishnu...
(a whisper)
So many forms, all in the one. You
come home to me.

He closes his eyes a moment in prayer -- then turns, once again serene, composed.

KAMIR (CONT'D)
I owe you much.

MACLEOD
Then show it.
(beat)
Take the Kali, be on the next plane
home. It's over.

KAMIR
(beat)
As you say. I have nothing more to
do here.

He takes the Kali carefully, bows slightly, and moves to the door. And OFF MacLeod's face, watching him --

929 INT. UNIVERSITY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

929

Shandra closes her office and moves down the deserted corridor. A BEAT later --

(CONTINUED)

929 CONTINUED:

929

KAMIR

steps from shadows and follows. Silently pacing her.

SHANDRA

walking. She turns at a sound, a premonition --

SHANDRA'S POV

there's no one there. Weird. She shrugs it off and continues.

RESUME KAMIR

he steps from the shadows, slides the knotted silk CORD from his pocket. Closing in on Shandra. Her neck bared to him, vulnerable and waiting. As he raises it to strike --

CLOSE - KAMIR

as he gets the BUZZ. He stops and turns, dropping the cord back into his pocket -- shandra moves out of reach and out of sight.

MacLeod approaches.

MACLEOD

Why couldn't you just take it and leave in peace?

KAMIR

Because she is the worst kind of traitor. To Millay, the Kali meant nothing. To her it should have been a god.

(beat)

Kali has judged her and her punishment is death.

MACLEOD

Shandra's not part of your world, Kamir. She's part of mine. Whatever Kali's laws are, she's not subject to them.

KAMIR

I am Kali's priest. It is why Vashti gave her life. She knew that.

MACLEOD

Don't cheapen her death. Vashti didn't die for you. She died for her beliefs.

(CONTINUED)

KAMIR

It was in me that she believed. I
am India, MacLeod. I am Kali.

MACLEOD

You are not a god, Kamir. You never
were.

KAMIR

(cold)
Who are you to question what I am?

MACLEOD

An Immortal, just like you.
(beat)
Take the Kali and leave.

KAMIR

Not while the traitor lives.

MACLEOD

Then there's one rule we both live
by.
(beat)
There can be only one.

MacLeod squares off, draws his sword. Kamir smiles, draws
his own weapon: a curved Indian blade, wickedly sharp.

KAMIR

Then let our blades judge who is
right.
(beat)
Kali is thirsty.

They fight through the corridor and onto the stairs. The
battle leads them to the

Where Kamir uses his sinuous Indian style of fighting, but
this time they're not using the staves -- MacLeod is his
equal.

As they close, Kamir's free hand goes to his pocket --

THE SILK CORD

whips out, wraps around MacLeod's sword-arm -- MacLeod's arm
is caught fast. Kamir has him. He raises his sword, pulls
MacLeod toward him hard --

MacLeod goes WITH the pull, flips his katana to his free
arm, and comes at Kamir with unexpected speed, comes UNDER
Kamir's swing.

(CONTINUED)

930 CONTINUED:

930

ON KAMIR

knowing he's missed. He turns fast, trying to come around in time -- he's too late. MacLeod swings -- and Kamir's blade falls to the ground.

MacLeod takes his four-armed Quickening.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

931 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY

931

The Kali rests on the table, next to a shipping box. MacLeod and Richie are looking at it.

RICHIE

All that time. The people he killed for this thing.

(beat)

I still don't feel good about him dying.

MACLEOD

You're not supposed to.

RICHIE

There was greatness in the guy. The things he said, what he wanted for his people.

MACLEOD

Kamir didn't speak for India. He spoke for himself and for a cult that's been dead for a hundred years.

RICHIE

I don't know... Some of it felt like the truth.

MACLEOD

Some of it was. When you're Immortal, when you see kings and dynasties come and go... It's sometimes hard to remember that you're not a god.

(beat)

Kamir thought he was one.

RICHIE

What are you going to do about the Kali?

MACLEOD

He came to take her home.

(beat)

That's where she's going.

(CONTINUED)

931 CONTINUED:

931

He lifts the Kali, places her in the crate. And OFF the
face of the goddess, looking out at them --

FADE OUT.

THE END