



HIGHLANDER

The Series

95411
TIMELESS

Written by
Karen Harris

Highlander

"TIMELESS"

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Karen Harris

Production #95411

October 12, 1995 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"Timeless"

Production #95411

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD
JOE DAWSON

METHOS/ADAM PIERSON
WALTER BELLMAN (formerly WALTER GRAHAM)

CLAUDIA JARDINE
ALEXA BOND
JEREMY BEAUFORT
GREMIO

HIGHLANDER

"Timeless"

Production #95411

SET LISTINTERIORS

MACLEOD'S LOFT
DOJO
 /ENTRANCE
 /ELEVATOR
JOE'S
RECITAL HALL
CAR
WAGON - ENGLAND - 1663

EXTERIORS

DOJO
JOE'S
STREET
WAGONS - ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - 1663
 /BEHIND THE STAGE
MOUNTAIN OVERLOOK WITH A PANORAMIC VIEW
ALEXA'S PLACE
BUDDHIST RETREAT

HIGHLANDER

"Timeless"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1101 INT. RECITAL HALL - EVENING

1101

Cavernous, empty. A heartwrenchingly beautiful piano concerto fills the hall. A single bare lamp throws shadows and light on the pianist.

CLAUDIA JARDINE

mid-twenties, is never more beautiful than when she's playing. She is graceful, delicate and sure.

ABOVE THE STAGE - AN UNSEEN ADMIRER

Listens to the building music from a grid directly over her. WALTER BELLMAN, somewhere between forty and eternity. He is moved to the point of tears, humming the concerto very softly under his breath while simultaneously manipulating bolt cutters to loosen the heavy lighting rig that hangs above Claudia and the piano.

He pauses only long enough to wipe away a tear and smile his appreciation for a particularly difficult passage.

CLAUDIA

frowns, not nearly as pleased with her work as her secret admirer. But she continues, losing herself in it again.

The CLANG of a door opening at the rear of the auditorium ruins everything. She stops, and changes before our eyes.

A prima donna at the heart of it, arrogance masks her insecurity. She looks out into the darkened theater.

HER POV

No one in sight.

BACK TO SCENE

Claudia stands.

CLAUDIA

Whatever your name is, you're fired!

MacLeod is in the shadows. He's used to her temper.

(CONTINUED)

1101 CONTINUED:

1101

MACLEOD

If I ever work for you, I'll remember that.

CLAUDIA

(with recognition)
Duncan, is that you?

MACLEOD

How quickly they forget.

MACLEOD

steps out into the light. He makes his way toward her, feels the BUZZ. Breaks into a trot.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(as an order)
Get off the stage, Claudia!

CLAUDIA

(indignant)
What?

MACLEOD

Claudia, move it now!

Outraged, she slams the piano lid and storms toward him to give him a piece of her mind.

CLAUDIA

No one talks to me like that not even you...!

HEAVY LIGHT

crashes from above, crushing the piano and the bench she just vacated.

WALTER

curses softly in the darkness overhead.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Dammit.

He slips away, disappearing into the dark.

MACLEOD

catches the shaken Claudia as she stares horrified at the stage.

(CONTINUED)

1101 CONTINUED: (2)

1101

CLAUDIA

(breathless)

My God, Duncan -- how did you know?

MACLEOD

Intuition.

On MacLeod's displeasure.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1102 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY

1102

MacLeod brings Claudia in. In spite of her attitude problem, there's a great deal of affection between them, mostly because he takes her with a grain of salt.

CLAUDIA

(annoyed)

What's the phrase? I wouldn't be paranoid if they weren't out to get me.

MACLEOD

I don't need convincing, Claudia. Someone meant to hurt you this time. That's why you're staying here.

He sets down her designer suitcase.

CLAUDIA

People have been jealous of me for years.

(glib)

Why do you take this murder attempt any more seriously than all the others?

MACLEOD

All what others?

CLAUDIA

The Van Cliburn competition? Remember, they poisoned my dinner?

MACLEOD

It was Moscow and you made yourself sick gorging on caviar. Have a seat.

She looks disdainfully at the chair he offers. Moves instead to the couch. It doesn't please her, either.

CLAUDIA

What about the Horowitz competition. I almost died and you know it.

She picks up a cushion, fluffs it. Still dissatisfied.

MACLEOD

Chicken pox. Nothing more than a very good excuse for playing badly.

(CONTINUED)

1102 CONTINUED:

1102

CLAUDIA

I hate you.

MACLEOD

Thank you.

She looks around the room. This is not to her taste.

CLAUDIA

Somehow I never pictured you living
in one room.

He goes to the refrigerator, starts putting together a
snack... maybe cheese and crackers. As he does.

MACLEOD

You are a spoiled brat.

CLAUDIA

No, Duncan. I was a spoiled brat
when you met me twelve years ago.
Now I'm a genius.

MACLEOD

Silly me. I forgot.

MacLeod sets out the snack.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Here. I promise you it's not
poisoned, although I'm tempted.

CLAUDIA

You know, just because you think you
own me, doesn't mean you get to tell
me how to live my life.

MACLEOD

I don't think I own you.

CLAUDIA

(matter of fact)

Of course you do. If you hadn't
paid for Julliard and the Paris
Conservatoire, I'd probably be in
some crummy lounge in Vegas doing my
twelve thousandth chorus of "Proud
Mary."

MACLEOD

Is this a thank you I'm hearing?

CLAUDIA

I thanked you by being brilliant.

(CONTINUED)

1102 CONTINUED: (2)

1102

MACLEOD

She said, modestly.
(alerts, listening)
What's that?

CLAUDIA

What?

He shushes her, listens intently. There!

MACLEOD

That!

The PLINK, PLINK, of a distant piano. Claudia lights up...

CLAUDIA

Well, it's about time...

1103 INT. DOJO - DAY

1103

A huge CONCERT GRAND dominates the room. TWO PIANO MOVERS are leaving with their equipment. A PIANO TUNER finishes up his work. MacLeod edges around it skeptically.

CLAUDIA

You can't expect me to go anywhere
without my instrument.

MACLEOD

I'm surprised you didn't crate up
Carnegie Hall and have it shipped
in.

CLAUDIA

I would if I could. Duncan, I have
a major international tour to prepare
for.

She sits herself down and does a little trial run. It's not perfect, but then, few things are.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

You've done better.

MACLEOD

(to the tuner)
Thank you.

The tuner gathers his kit and exits. MacLeod presses a piano key, she smacks his hand. He grins.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I'll leave you here with your one
true love. Make yourself at home.

(CONTINUED)

1103 CONTINUED:

1103

CLAUDIA
(covers panic)
Where are you going?

MACLEOD
Meeting friends for lunch.

CLAUDIA
(slightly annoyed)
You'll take me with you.

MACLEOD
I will?

CLAUDIA
You're not leaving me here with stale
crackers and a mad killer on the
loose. Of course you'll take me.
(with great difficulty)
Please.

MacLeod covers a smile, heads for the door, opens it and
waits impatiently.

1104 EXT. STREET - DAY

1104

MacLeod and Claudia stroll down a quiet back street.

CLAUDIA
Who are these so-called friends of
yours we're meeting?

MACLEOD
Relax, would you. It might actually
do you some good to get out of the
limelight for a minute.

CLAUDIA
(patronizing)
Oh, and meet some "real" people for
a change.

MACLEOD
(hides a smile)
Almost ...

INTERCUT:

1105 INT. CAR - POV THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - DAY

1105

Pudgy but well-manicured fingers tap out a rhythm to an
imagined melody, all the while watching MacLeod and Claudia
move along the sidewalk. As they turn and wait for traffic
to clear, the hand slips down and shifts the car into gear.

(CONTINUED)

1105 CONTINUED:

1105

MACLEOD

takes Claudia's arm and guides her across the street.

POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD

the car eases away from the curb.

MACLEOD

reacts to a powerful BUZZ. Looks around -- in time to see

THE CAR

bearing down on them.

MACLEOD

roughly pulls Claudia to safety.

THE CAR

roars past and out of sight.

MACLEOD'S

eyes narrow -- a close call with another Immortal. It doesn't make sense.

MACLEOD

Someone really hates your Chopin.

1106 INT. JOE'S - DAY

1106

DAWSON is behind the bar mixing drinks. METHOS sits at the bar, his eyes on ALEXA BOND -- a lovely, sweet waitress who is waiting tables.

DAWSON

It's not all that complicated. Nine innings, two halves per inning, three outs per half. To me, baseball's like meditation.

METHOS

To me, it's like sleeping.

Alexa arrives at the bar to place an order with Dawson.

ALEXA

Three drafts.

METHOS

If I sat at a table, would you wait on me?

(CONTINUED)

1106 CONTINUED:

1106

She eyes him, amused, considering the question.

ALEXA

(to Joe)

Is he a good tipper?

DAWSON

(a grin)

No.

ALEXA

(eyes Methos)

Too bad. But he makes up for it in
cute.

Methos meets her eyes, smiles. There's a definite connection,
a chemistry. He likes her banter.

METHOS

I can do cute.

(beat)

Adam Pierson.

ALEXA

Alexa Bond.

(beat)

Where you from?

(off his look)

Your accent. You're not from here.

METHOS

I've traveled a lot.

She lights up.

ALEXA

You have?

(with longing)

Paris?

METHOS

Too many Parisiennes. Even the French
don't like it.

ALEXA

Venice?

METHOS

Looks lovely, but the smell alone
will kill you.

ALEXA

You're a little young to be so
cynical.

(CONTINUED)

1106 CONTINUED: (2)

1106

METHOS

If you say so.

A shadow passes over her.

ALEXA

I just did.

She takes the drinks on her tray and moves off, leaving Methos confused.

METHOS

(to Joe)

What'd I say?

DAWSON

(avoiding the subject)

Forget it.

(beat)

Alexa's not your type.

Methos suddenly straightens, alert. A reaction to a BUZZ.

MACLEOD AND CLAUDIA

arrive. Claudia looks around with undisguised disdain. MacLeod spots Dawson with Methos and steers her in their direction. Dawson is a little surprised to see MacLeod and who he's with.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Good to see you, Mac.

(realizing he's with
Claudia)

Claudia? Claudia Jardine? Ms.
Jardine, it's a real pleasure.

MACLEOD

Joe Dawson, Adam Pierson.

Claudia shoots him a look. Dawson jumps on it.

DAWSON

I saw you with the Philharmonic last
year. You were wonderful.

(beat; almost shy)

Would you consider... I mean, I play
a little blues...

MACLEOD

Claudia can play the blues. Not
well, but passable.

(CONTINUED)

1106 CONTINUED: (3)

1106

CLAUDIA

(sniffs)

What would you know, Duncan? You're
tone deaf.

DAWSON

All I have is an old Fender Rhodes,
but it's got a lot of heart.

MacLeod gives her a "be human" look.

CLAUDIA

(reluctant)

I suppose.

Claudia gives in, moves to the stage with Dawson. MacLeod
and Methos watch them take their places.

METHOS

How long have you known her?

MACLEOD

Since she was fourteen. She was
living with a foster family and they
were poor and thoroughly intimidated
having a prodigy in their midst.

METHOS

Does she know?

MACLEOD

That she's one of us? She hasn't a
clue.

And he turns his attention back to the musicians.

DAWSON

starts to riff on his guitar. Nice and smooth. Claudia
listens for a moment, getting a sense of him. She begins to
smile, pleasantly surprised. Then she falls in with him,
picking up his rhythm. Dawson gives her an appreciative
look. It all seems as natural as breathing to them. They
play for a bit.

MacLeod and Methos enjoy it. Then MacLeod shakes his head,
perturbed.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

But someone else knows.

(off Methos' look)

One of us tried to kill her at the
recital hall. And again a few minutes
ago.

(CONTINUED)

1106 CONTINUED: (4) 1106

METHOS

Who would want her dead before her
time?

MACLEOD

I don't know.

As they exchange a look.

1107 OMITTED 1107

1107A EXT. DOJO - TO ESTABLISH - NIGHT 1107A

41107A

1108 INT. DOJO - ENTRANCE - NIGHT 1108

MacLeod and Claudia enter.

MACLEOD

Admit it. You had a great time.

CLAUDIA

It was tolerable.
(off his look, relents)
Joe's a half-way decent musician.

MACLEOD

Half-way?

CLAUDIA

He's quite good actually. Why is he
wasting his talent in that place?

MACLEOD

Maybe he doesn't think he's wasting
it.

He stops short. A BUZZ. Walter steps out from the Dojo's
shadows and smiles at MacLeod.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Walter?

WALTER

Duncan MacLeod...

A smile as he gives a grand gesture, bowing low...

TRANSITION TO:

1109 EXT. WAGONS - ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - 1663 DAY 1109

The same grand gesture from Walter on a makeshift little
stage.

(CONTINUED)

1109 CONTINUED:

1109

The TRAVELING ACTORS are in the middle of a production of TAMING OF THE SHREW. The props and sets are crude, but effective.

WALTER

(as "Petruccio")

O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry.

A beat. "KATE", her back to us, does not respond.

Boisterous villagers watch, heckle, drink, and are altogether rude and rowdy.

Walter tries again, impatient, glaring.

WALTER (CONT'D)

(as "Petruccio")

O Kate -- fair maiden -- content thee; prithee, be not angry.

"Kate" turns -- it is a chagrined MacLeod, in a dress appropriate to Shakespearean actors of the time.

MACLEOD

(as "Kate"; dour)

I will be angry. What hast thou to do? Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

The audience cheers their approval. Walter beams at MacLeod, proudly.

GREMIO

Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

MACLEOD

(as "Kate")

Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner. I see a woman may be made a fool If she had not a spirit to resist.

MacLeod scratches himself around his hips and bodice, the itchy wool of the dress irritating him no end.

WALTER

(as "Petruccio")

They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command. Obey the bride, you that attend on her. Go to the feast, revel and domineer, Carouse full measure to her maidenhead, Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves.

(CONTINUED)

1109 CONTINUED: (2)

1109

THE AUDIENCE

howls, pointing at the awkward Kate, ribbing each other and hollering insults.

WALTER

(as "Petruccio")

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me. Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret; I will be master of what is mine own.

WALTER

leaves the stage with a typical flourish, realizes his "Kate" is not with him. He reaches back, grabs her arm and yanks her off stage. "Grumio" follows.

The audience hoots their approval. Beaufort merely glowers. The remaining actors will finish the scene OFF CAMERA. (See appendix for dialogue.)

1110 EXT. BEHIND THE STAGE - 1663

1110

And fairly hidden from audience view. Walter and MacLeod arrive. "Grumio" moves off. MacLeod turns on Walter, accusing.

MACLEOD

I hate this dress.

WALTER

I think it's most becoming.

MACLEOD

And another thing. The play makes no sense.

WALTER

(laughs)

Ah, this should be good. Go on.

MACLEOD

If I were Petruccio, I wouldn't give the time of day to Kate. She's a creature, a shrew. It makes no sense for him to want her, let alone woo her.

WALTER

Be serious.

MACLEOD

I want to play her nicer.

(CONTINUED)

1110 CONTINUED:

1110

WALTER

(beat as this registers)
You want to rewrite Shakespeare?

MACLEOD

Why not?

WALTER

You want to rewrite William
Shakespeare?!
(in his face)
If Kate were nicer, there'd be no
play!

MACLEOD

Then he's a fool.

WALTER

Just say the lines. It's what you're
getting paid for.

MACLEOD

(grumbles)
Well, next time, I want to play the
men's parts. I'll do the swordfights.

WALTER

When you can beat me with a sword,
you can play the part.
(holds up a finger)
Cheer up... Listen to how they
love us -- music to my ears ...

He turns to greet the other actors as they come off the stage.
On disgruntled, itchy MacLeod and...

TRANSITION TO:

1111 INT. DOJO - NIGHT

1111

Walter is thoroughly enamored of Claudia.

WALTER

It is cruel, you know, that music
should be so beautiful. It has the
beauty of loneliness, of
disappointment and never-satisfied
love.

He kisses her hand. She's taken with him, in spite of
herself.

CLAUDIA

That's heartbreaking.

(CONTINUED)

1111 CONTINUED:

1111

MACLEOD

Who said it, Walter?
(to Claudia)

The man's never had an original
thought in his life.

WALTER

To my chagrin, Benjamin Britten said
it first.

CLAUDIA

The composer?

WALTER

Lovely man. He wrote it while
listening to Mahler. Would it
embarrass you, Ms. Jardine, if I
told you I am one of your greatest
fans.

MacLeod watches him, trying to appraise his intentions.

CLAUDIA

Not at all, and please call me
Claudia.

WALTER

(pleased)

Claudia. This is so presumptuous, I
know but I'd never forgive myself if
I didn't at least ask.

Claudia eyes him -- what the hell.

CLAUDIA

I suppose I could use the time to
practice.

MACLEOD

You hate an audience when you
practice.

WALTER

I'll be quiet as a little mouse. On
my honor.

CLAUDIA

What harm could it do? After all,
he is a friend of yours, Duncan.

She moves to the bench and begins to play. Walter and MacLeod
keep a respectful distance -- far enough so she can't hear
them. Walter is in ecstasy, dreamily watching. MacLeod
eyes him with suspicion.

(CONTINUED)

1111 CONTINUED: (2)

1111

WALTER

(catches the look,
smiles)

Astonishing, isn't she? At the peak
of her talents. Breathtaking.

MACLEOD

(wary)

You always had an eye for talent.

WALTER

And I've been watching this one for
some time now. You've guided her
well. Perhaps something you learned
from me?

MACLEOD

Alright, Walter. Why are you here?

WALTER

(still mesmerized)

To kill her.

MacLeod stares at Walter, who's lost in the music.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

1112 INT. DOJO - NIGHT

1112

MacLeod is incredulous as he pulls Walter aside.

MACLEOD

(sotto voce)

That was you in the car?!

WALTER

Of course.

An anxious look toward Claudia, caught up in her music.
MacLeod steers Walter to the elevator.

1113 INT. DOJO - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

1113

MACLEOD

What about the concert hall?

WALTER

I'm rather embarrassed about that.
It's not as simple as you'd think,
this whole murder game. When you
consider that the only way I surely
know to kill someone is by taking
their head...

(sheepish)

I'm afraid I made a mess of it...

MACLEOD

Are you out of your mind?!

Walter remains thoroughly calm.

WALTER

This makes so much sense, MacLeod.
Don't read something diabolical into
it.

1114 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT

1114

They enter from the elevator. The sound of Claudia rehearsing
wafts up to them. MacLeod reigns himself in, tries logic.

MACLEOD

Immortality is not a game of tag.
You can't decide "you're it."
(forces calm)

It's not for us to determine when
her mortal life is over.

(CONTINUED)

1114 CONTINUED:

1114

WALTER

But I must. If she doesn't die now,
at the pinnacle of her genius, it
could be lost forever.

(beat)

I've found my purpose, MacLeod...
Imagine Claudia Jardine's talent
living on through the ages under my
loving guidance.

MACLEOD

Walter -- get a life of your own!

WALTER

Don't you see, she'll thank me.
She'll always be young and beautiful
and passionate.

MACLEOD

And when her fans wonder why she's
not getting any older?

WALTER

She'll disappear for twenty or thirty
years and return for the next
generation. Some contact lenses,
different hair... It's perfect...
Shhh....

He perks up at the sound of footsteps.

CLAUDIA

arrives from the staircase adjacent to the elevator. She's
annoyed.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

There you are! People don't walk
out on me when I play. It's just
not done...

WALTER

Of course not, my beautiful girl...

Walter joyfully moves toward her to complete his mission.
MacLeod grabs him roughly and drags him away.

MACLEOD

Forget it!

CLAUDIA

Forget what?

(CONTINUED)

1114 CONTINUED: (2)

1114

WALTER
(genuinely perplexed)
Clearly you're not listening to me.

MACLEOD
I heard every word.
(beat; moving him
into the elevator)
Don't come back. Don't try it.
Don't even think it!

CLAUDIA
Duncan?

MACLEOD
It's alright. Walter has to be going.
Say good night, everyone.

The elevator door clanks shut.

CLAUDIA
I think your friend's a little weird.

MACLEOD
You have no idea.

TRANSITION TO:

1115 INT. WAGON - 1663 - DAY

1115

MacLeod, still dressed as "Kate," enters and shuts the door. The room is a clutter of props and costumes, hats and feathers, books and papers. Somewhere in the rubble is Walter, nose in a book. He barely gives MacLeod a glance.

WALTER
Listen to this --
(reads)
"To me, fair friend, you never can
be old, For as you were when first
your eye I eyed, Such seems your
beauty still."

He looks at MacLeod, almost daring his response.

MACLEOD
Is this a test?

WALTER
Your opinion, MacLeod.

MACLEOD
The language is passing fair...
Shakespeare?

(CONTINUED)

1115 CONTINUED:

1115

Walter erupts, tears the pages to shreds.

WALTER

Passing fair! The man is a genius.

(beat)

Better than Chaucer, better than
Mallory. I've been writing for five
hundred years and what do I have to
show for it?

He stares at MacLeod, who knows an answer isn't expected.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what -- drivel! Cases
and cases of drivel. Mountains of
it. Not a single verse to equal
that of some mortal who lived a mere
few score years.

MACLEOD

I've enjoyed some of what you've
written.

Walter can only shake his head at this apparent naivete. He
eyes MacLeod, something needs improvement. The hair. He
starts sifting through a crate of wigs.

WALTER

There's no justice, my friend. Who
do you think supported him when he
was writing? Who lifted his spirits
when his muse had all but abandoned
him?

MACLEOD

I'm guessing it was you.

WALTER

I am doomed, you know. Doomed to
spend a thousand lifetimes recognizing
genius and never having a speck of
it to call my own.

MACLEOD

I think you're very good at what you
do.

WALTER

(groans in despair)
Damned by faint praise.

MACLEOD

There are other things in life.

(CONTINUED)

1115 CONTINUED: (2)

1115

Walter pulls off MacLeod's wig, holds a brown one up against his cheek. Not right.

WALTER

Not for me. All I ever want is to touch brilliance... to smell it. At the very least to help it live. Without that, eternal life is nothing more than eternal hell...

A fist POUNDS on the side of the wagon and a voice:

BEAUFORT (O.S.)

Duncan MacLeod. Stop hiding behind those skirts and show yourself!

1116 EXT. WAGONS - ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - 1663 - DAY

1116

MacLeod appears from inside to face the brandished sword of Jeremy Beaufort, who's had one ale too many. They've set up camp on some farmer's property. An open wagon piled with crates of live chickens. A couple of goats and a donkey are about. Walter watches from the door.

BEAUFORT

Take off that dress.

MACLEOD

I beg your pardon?

BEAUFORT

You're wearing my dress. You're speaking my lines. You're depriving me of my livelihood, my sustenance -- and you're a terrible Kate!

MACLEOD

Who the hell are you?
(suspicious, to Walter)
Is there something you should have told me?

WALTER

(cheerful)
You make a much better woman than Beaufort.

MACLEOD

(sour)
You're too kind.

BEAUFORT

He gave you my job because you're younger and prettier.

(CONTINUED)

1116 CONTINUED:

1116

Beaufort makes a charge at MacLeod, who sidesteps.

MACLEOD

(a threat)

We're not on stage here.

BEAUFORT

(takes his stance)

"Let Hercules himself do what he
may, The cat will mew and dog will
have his day."

WALTER

(smiles)

Hamlet. Nicely done.

Beaufort lunges, ready to do battle.

MACLEOD

sidesteps as Beaufort's sword catches a bit of Kate's costume.
It tears. MacLeod reacts, aggravated.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

My dress!

And he spins and turns before Beaufort can hit his mark.

MACLEOD

defends himself, not wanting to do real harm. Beaufort is
angry, aggressive. MacLeod finesses his way away. The dress
makes it awkward, but he takes control of the duel.

BEAUFORT

parries and finds himself dangerously close to the donkey.

MACLEOD

Watch your ass there.

THE OTHER ACTORS

have gathered to watch the fight.

MACLEOD

stumbles on the hem of his dress, lands on his butt and
quickly rolls away, avoiding Beaufort's blade as it lands in
the dirt where his head had just been.

WALTER

applauds from the sidelines.

(CONTINUED)

1116 CONTINUED: (2)

1116

MACLEOD

Are you just going to stand there
and watch?

WALTER

As long as I'm entertained. All the
world's a stage, MacLeod. Carry on,
carry on.

MacLeod runs out of patience. He lashes out swiftly, sending
Beaufort's weapon flying and the actor on his ass. He stands
over him triumphant.

MACLEOD

Next time, take care how you address
a lady.

And he gathers up his skirts and stomps away.

TRANSITION TO:

1117 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - THE NEXT DAY

1117

Claudia flips idly through a magazine, sitting on the couch,
quite bored. MacLeod listens to Methos quietly in the
kitchen.

METHOS

(trying it out)
Alexa... even her name is beautiful.

MACLEOD

(smiles)
If you say so.

METHOS

I'm telling you, I haven't felt this
way since... well, you don't want to
know.

MACLEOD

She seems very... nice.

METHOS

She's more than nice. There's
something. A spark. I know she
felt it, too. And I don't want to
make a fool of myself.

(beat, smiles)

Or maybe I do.

(beat)

Have you ever felt like that?

TRANSITION TO:

1117A EXT. BANKS OF THE SEINE - DAY (SCENE 1719 FROM 92117 "FOR EVIL'S SAKE") (E) 1117A

MacLeod looks around for a moment. A vedette is passing by in the water in front of him. He makes a decision and leaps from the bank onto.

TESSA (O.S.)

Hey, what are you doing?

1117B EXT. VEDETTE - DAY (SCENE 1720 FROM 92117 "FOR EVIL'S SAKE") (E) 1117B

Where an assortment of tourists react. MacLeod is cool as ever, reacts as though nothing out of the ordinary has happened.

MACLEOD

I'm sorry. I didn't want to miss the boat.

We cut to see the police on the bridge. MacLeod walks to an empty seat.

TESSA

What do you think you're doing?

MACLEOD

Ah, I didn't want to miss the tour.

TESSA

Is this the way you always make an entrance?

MACLEOD

I was trying to make an impression.

TESSA

You did. Bravo.

(beat)

You could have been hurt and there's another boat in fifteen minutes.

MacLeod looks her directly in the eyes.

MACLEOD

I wanted this one.

Tessa is caught off guard.

TESSA

I... You...

Tessa eyes him with a mixture of humor and attraction, then turns back to her tour.

(CONTINUED)

1117B CONTINUED:

1117B

TESSA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for this interruption,
ladies and gentlemen.

(with a smile)

I told you Paris was full of
surprises.

(beat)

Behind you we have the Cathedral of
Notre Dame. Construction began in
1163 and was completed in 1342.

MacLeod smiles sheepishly and raises his hand.

TESSA (CONT'D)

Yes ... what do you want?

MACLEOD

It was completed in 1345.

TESSA

(incredulous)

What?

MACLEOD

Notre Dame was completed in 1345.

TESSA

How do you know?

(beat)

I suppose you were there?

As MacLeod smiles.

MACLEOD

Well, no actually it was a little
bit before my time.

TESSA

Anyway, as I said, construction was
completed in 1343.

MACLEOD

Five.

TESSA

Three. The Seine divides Paris in
two parts. This is the left bank.

We cut to shots of Paris.

TRANSITION TO:

1117C INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - RESUME SCENE

1117C

MACLEOD

A couple of times.

(beat)

I don't see what's the problem.

METHOS

Pure panic.

(beat)

I can't seem to stop thinking about her.

(heartfelt)

What if she doesn't like me?

MACLEOD

(a knowing smile)

What if she does?

Methos grins -- a look between the friends is interrupted by a deep sigh from Claudia in the other room.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(resigned)

Must be time for her noon feeding.

(beat)

What am I going to tell her?

METHOS

What about the truth? At least then she'd know what she's facing.

(beat)

You can't hide her here forever.

Claudia slaps down the magazine, calls in to them.

CLAUDIA

Hello! Would somebody like to pay a little attention to me?!

MACLEOD

(dry)

It's what I live for.

They move to join her.

CLAUDIA

Duncan, I'm bored and I'm tired of being locked up in this dump. No offense.

MACLEOD

None taken.

(CONTINUED)

1117C CONTINUED:

1117C

CLAUDIA

I have to get out, even if it's just
for a drink.

MACLEOD

That we can do.

A self-satisfied smile. She tidies herself to leave as ...

CLAUDIA

That's more like it.

(beat)

We'll go to Botticelli's. Call them
and tell them to hold my table.

(an afterthought)

Of course, your friend is welcome to
join us.

METHOS

Thank you, no. I have other plans.

Claudia eyes him, surprised he doesn't jump at the chance.
MacLeod goes nowhere near the phone.

CLAUDIA

Seriously?

METHOS

Totally.

CLAUDIA

(shrugs, his loss)

Now, we're likely to run into
paparazi. Whatever they ask, tell
them we're just friends.

MACLEOD

We are just friends.

CLAUDIA

Yes, but they don't have to know
that.

She breezes past MacLeod and...

1118 INT. JOE'S - DAY

1118

Alexa rushes in to work, throws her purse behind the bar.

ALEXA

Sorry, Joe.

DAWSON

No problem. How'd it go?

(CONTINUED)

1118 CONTINUED:

1118

ALEXA

It's not getting any easier, if that's what you mean.

DAWSON

I wish there were something I could...
(stops; a shared look)
I think you have a customer.

She looks over to

METHOS

waiting patiently at a table. He smiles shyly.

ALEXA

reacts, then recovers. Returns the smile and moves to him, order pad in hand.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

Let me guess. Either you like to drink or you're wild for the Blues.

METHOS

I was waiting for you.

She's a little thrown. Methos smiles, pleased.

METHOS (CONT'D)

I leave you speechless. This is an excellent start.

ALEXA

Start to what?

METHOS

Dinner, a film, a concert, a walk, a smile, a sunset. All of the above or whatever makes you happy.

She's taken by him, but hesitant.

ALEXA

Do women actually fall for that line?

METHOS

I wouldn't know. I've never used it before.

ALEXA

Never? That's a long time.

METHOS

Well, to the best of my recollection.

(CONTINUED)

1118 CONTINUED: (2)

1118

ALEXA

(amused, she eyes him)
I'm waiting.

METHOS

For what?
(sees her order pad
at the ready)
Oh. A draft beer.

ALEXA

One draft beer.

She turns to leave, turns back. She suddenly seems a little shy.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

Why would you want to go out with me?

METHOS

Because the alternative is unthinkable.

ALEXA

(beat)
Tomorrow. If Joe lets me off.

METHOS

(beams)
He will. I have pull.

She moves off to place the order and continue working. Dawson has been watching, moves to join the ebullient Methos.

METHOS (CONT'D)

Ha! You were wrong.

DAWSON

How's that?

METHOS

Turns out she is my type.

DAWSON

(an effort to smile)
Looked like a whole lot of arm-twisting to me.

METHOS

A girl like that -- you're lucky to find one every few lifetimes.

Dawson is quiet, his eyes veiled. Uncomfortable. Methos is in too good a mood.

(CONTINUED)

1118 CONTINUED: (3)

1118

METHOS (CONT'D)

What? You're jealous. Is there
some house rule about dating the
help? What?

DAWSON

(finally)
Alexa's dying.

Off Methos' reaction...

1119 EXT. DOJO - DAY

1119

MacLeod's car pulls up at the curb. Claudia seems quite
content.

CLAUDIA

The truth. When was the last time
you were treated like that? Like
royalty.

MACLEOD

Yesterday, at Joe's. He gave us his
best table, you know.

CLAUDIA

You're impossible.

MACLEOD

Get out here so I can park, your
highness.

She steps out of the car and waits. MacLeod pulls into a
spot maybe thirty yards further up. As he gets out he feels
the BUZZ. Realization and he turns toward Claudia.

CLAUDIA

smiles as Walter steps out, his arms filled with a bouquet
of white roses, adoration on his face.

MACLEOD

Claudia... NO!

CLAUDIA

It's your friend.

WALTER

For you, my dear.

Everything seems to move in SLOW MOTION -- Walter moving to
Claudia. MacLeod breaks into a run. Claudia reaches for
the flowers, takes them.

(CONTINUED)

1119 CONTINUED:

1119

MACLEOD

is too far away to stop the inevitable.

CLAUDIA

buries her face in the flowers.

WALTER

pulls a pistol from his jacket and with a resounding CRACK!
Shoots her through the heart.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

1120 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - LATER - DAY

1120

Claudia and MacLeod are in the middle of a conversation. In the B.G. Walter is pouring himself a cup of tea.

CLAUDIA

You've known all this time and didn't tell me?

MACLEOD

It would've ruined your life.

CLAUDIA

Is that why you took an interest in me? Why you sponsored me to the conservatory?

MACLEOD

I sponsored you because you had talent and I didn't want it to go to waste.

CLAUDIA

What about me, Duncan? Did you like me? Even a little?

WALTER

(not about to be left out)

He loved you. Everybody loves you. And now it's my turn. It's time for Claudia to be nurtured by one who truly understands the depth of that ability.

(to Claudia)

The world, my dear, is your oyster.

She looks from MacLeod to Walter, then back. She starts to giggle, giddy with wonder and power.

CLAUDIA

This is really for real?

(off their nod)

This is incredible. Unbelievable. Wonderful!

Her laugh is contagious. Walter joins her, delighted.

WALTER

Do you have life insurance? Cash it in.

(CONTINUED)

1120 CONTINUED:

1120

They burst into peals of laughter. MacLeod's not amused.

MACLEOD

This isn't funny. He murdered you.

WALTER

Hardly.

CLAUDIA

I can play forever.

MACLEOD

As long as you keep your head.

(to Walter, pissed)

And I'd take yours right now if I
thought it was worth a damn.

Claudia begins to recognize the possibilities. She's wired
with excitement and wonder.

CLAUDIA

I'm never getting old.

WALTER

Not an hour. Your genius will never
fade. My timing was impeccable. I
waited for the perfect moment in
your development.

She's up and pacing. Glowing.

CLAUDIA

My competition will grow old and
feeble.

WALTER

They will simply fade away.

CLAUDIA

No arthritis in my fingers.

WALTER

You, my beautiful, will have no such
worries.

She grabs Walter, kisses him on each cheek.

CLAUDIA

This is... perfect.

MACLEOD

You're not serious.

(CONTINUED)

1120 CONTINUED: (2)

1120

CLAUDIA

Granted, dying wasn't very pleasant.
But my God, Duncan. What's to be
angry about? Why would you try to
keep me from having this?

WALTER

(to MacLeod)

I told you she was ready!

MACLEOD

(frustrated)

It wasn't your right.

Walter's eyes sparkle. This isn't braggadocio. It's real
passion, from deep in his soul.

WALTER

For centuries I've stood beside the
most brilliant artists. Chopin,
dead at thirty-nine. Mozart even
younger. Jim Morrison and Janis
Joplin self-destructing before they
even tasted their potential.

(beat)

But Claudia Jardine will be eternal.

CLAUDIA

I have all the time in the world.

MACLEOD

(adamant)

Unless someone takes your head. Are
you listening?

CLAUDIA

(oblivious)

I need to play.

MACLEOD

You need to learn to use a sword.

CLAUDIA

A sword..? Me?

MACLEOD

As soon as possible.

CLAUDIA

I don't think so, Duncan.

MACLEOD

Then you're as good as dead.

(CONTINUED)

1120 CONTINUED: (3)

1120

WALTER

I'll protect her. I'll see that her genius shines for centuries. "The instant made eternity - And heaven just prove that I and she ride, ride together, forever ride."

MACLEOD

I know... Robert Browning.

Walter's eyes are bright with his obsession.

1121 EXT. MOUNTAIN OVERLOOK WITH A PANORAMIC VIEW - DAY

1121

Methodos is sitting writing in a journal. His VW minivan is nearby. Alexa appears beside him.

ALEXA

Joe said you'd be up here.

Methodos is surprised, then smiles. He won't mention what Dawson told him, but the knowledge has erased any doubt.

METHOS

Lucky guess. Or I've become horribly predictable. Pull up a rock.

She hesitates, then sits beside him, something on her mind.

METHOS (CONT'D)

This is nice.
(a sidelong glance)
Isn't it?

ALEXA

(after a long beat)
I'm a little worried about something.

METHOS

I sensed that.

ALEXA

This date we're supposed to go on.
I don't think it's such a good idea.

METHOS

(feigns hurt)
I thought you liked me a little.

ALEXA

It's not that ...

METHOS

It's my nose.

(CONTINUED)

1121 CONTINUED:

1121

ALEXA

You have a very nice nose.

METHOS

The accent. You think I'm English.
I don't have to be. I can be Russian
if you prefer... poezd nah khahr'kahf
ahtkhoddeet s ehtigh plahtformi. It
means "Is this the right platform
for the train to Kharkov?"

She can't help herself. She starts to laugh.

ALEXA

You're outrageous.

METHOS

Russian doesn't turn you on? I can
try it in Swahili. Of course, if
I'm speaking Swahili, why the hell
would I be going to Kharkov? How
about Lithuanian? Farsi?

ALEXA

(wiping tears)

Don't make me laugh, please.

METHOS

(gets serious)

And why not?

ALEXA

Because.

(quietly)

It's not fair.

Methos gazes at her, he can't resist reaching out and touching
her face. A little breathless.

METHOS

It rarely is.

And he leans in to kiss her. She feels it too, the force
between them. As much as she wants this, she forces herself
to pull away. Methos studies her for a beat, open and
understanding. He knows the answer, but he needs her to say
it.

ALEXA

I'm sorry.

METHOS

For what? You can tell me, Alexa.

(CONTINUED)

1121 CONTINUED: (2)

1121

ALEXA
(with difficulty)
I'm dying.

Silence. She waits for him to recoil in shock, or horror, or whatever it is when someone stands too close to death. He merely nods, understanding.

ALEXA
So you see, don't you? Why we can't
go out tomorrow?

METHOS
Absolutely.
(beat)
We'd better make it tonight.

She stares at him, stunned. He takes her hand, smiles into her eyes. She's falling harder for him.

1122 INT. JOE'S - EVENING

1122

Claudia at the Fender Rhodes. The same grace, but something's not quite right. She's bothered. MacLeod, Walter and Dawson watch her. She plays a sequence and then plays it again. Then bangs out a few discordant notes on the piano in frustration.

MACLEOD
What's wrong?

CLAUDIA
Can't you hear? There's no feeling...
It's dead. I can't play Bach. I
can't play blues.
(frustrated)
Nothing's working.

MACLEOD
You've had a helluva shock, Claudia.
Give yourself a break...

Walter has annoyingly appeared at MacLeod's elbow.

WALTER
No, she's right. I can hear the
difference.

MACLEOD
(a dark look)
You're a big help.

WALTER
You have to try harder, that's all.

(CONTINUED)

1122 CONTINUED:

1122

CLAUDIA

That's not "all."

She gets up and leaves the piano. MacLeod turns to Walter.

MACLEOD

Maybe there's a reason why
Shakespeare, Mozart, DaVinci were
all mortal. Maybe...

WALTER

No... I won't accept that.

Walter moves by MacLeod. Dawson, having overheard, approaches MacLeod.

DAWSON

Maybe when the candle burns for a
shorter time, it burns brighter.

CLAUDIA AND WALTER

She unhappily resists his efforts.

WALTER

(panicking)

Get back to that piano and play.
It'll all come back to you.

CLAUDIA

Would you leave me alone.

MacLeod moves to them, pulls Walter aside, but still within earshot.

MACLEOD

Listen to her, Walter.

WALTER

All she needs is her confidence back.

Claudia picks up a glass, sends it crashing into a wall.
She's on the verge of full-blown prima donna tantrum.

CLAUDIA

What I need is room to breathe!

WALTER

Of course. Where would you like me
to take you?

MACLEOD

I think she'd like you to leave.

(CONTINUED)

1122 CONTINUED: (2)

1122

WALTER

Oh, you'd love that, wouldn't you.
So you can snatch her up for
yourself...

Claudia takes matters into her own hands. They look up in time to see her leaving the bar.

CLAUDIA

opens the door and stops suddenly at an overwhelming feeling -- her first BUZZ. Methos is entering the bar. Their eyes meet, the recognition. From behind her...

WALTER (CONT'D)

Claudia... wait.

Claudia takes a deep breath and exits. Methos watches as Walter follows. MacLeod brings up the rear, annoyed. His look says this couldn't be going any worse.

METHOS

(re: Claudia)

Oops.

MACLEOD

Don't start with me.

He follows them both out. Methos looks around for Alexa she's nowhere to be seen. He moves to Dawson who's preoccupied.

METHOS

Where is she?
(off Dawson's look)
Alexa? We have a date.

DAWSON

She called in sick.

Methos pales, instantly alarmed.

METHOS

Where does she live?

DAWSON

Adam, she doesn't want to see you.
Leave her alone.

METHOS

I didn't ask for your opinion.
(beat)
Joe, I know she's dying. You're all
dying. So what? Twenty years six
months -- what's the difference?

(CONTINUED)

1122 CONTINUED: (3)

1122

DAWSON

She's protecting herself. She's protecting you. Don't you get it?

METHOS

I get it. Now tell me where she lives.

1123 INT. RECITAL HALL - NIGHT

1123

MacLeod watches sadly as Claudia, tears of frustration on her cheeks, desperately tries to recapture the feeling.

Her panic builds until finally she smashes the keys and slams down the piano lid.

CLAUDIA

It's hopeless.

Walter appears from the wings.

WALTER

No! Concentrate. Focus. Play harder!

CLAUDIA

I can't. It's no good! Don't you get it? It's gone.

Walter grabs the piano lid and flips it open. He grabs her hands and tries to put them on the keyboard.

WALTER

Play! You can do it -- just play!

MACLEOD

Leave her alone.

Claudia tears herself away from Walter, then turns on him bitterly.

CLAUDIA

This is your fault.

WALTER

It'll come, you'll see.

CLAUDIA

You did this to me!

WALTER

(distraught)
Only to preserve your genius.

(CONTINUED)

1123 CONTINUED:

1123

CLAUDIA

You've destroyed it. I'd be better
off dead!

Claudia clings to MacLeod, searching for some kind of comfort.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

Make him go away.

WALTER

Me!? I made you Immortal! He... he
would have let you become a shriveled
up old woman.

Claudia runs from the hall. MacLeod blocks Walter.

MACLEOD

Leave her alone.

WALTER

You can't have her, MacLeod. She's
mine.

MACLEOD

She doesn't want you.

WALTER

We'll see about that.

MACLEOD

Goodbye, Walter.

WALTER

It can be deadly to stand between a
man and his dreams, MacLeod.

(beat)

I will kill you.

MACLEOD

You can always try.

Walter turns and storms off. On MacLeod's worry.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

1124 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT

1124

Claudia packs haphazardly, throwing her things into a case. She gets the BUZZ and turns as MacLeod enters the loft. He carries a case with him.

CLAUDIA
You can keep the piano.

MACLEOD
Where are you going?

CLAUDIA
I don't know. I don't care.

He places the case before her.

MACLEOD
Open it.

She does. Inside is a sabre.

MACLEOD
We have to start your training.

She slams it shut.

CLAUDIA
Why?

MACLEOD
So you can keep on living.

CLAUDIA
Don't you understand, I'm already
dead.

MACLEOD
That's crap! Your talent was
something you had -- it isn't who
you are.

She turns away. MacLeod turns her back.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
Claudia, listen to me. I'm not going
to tell you that you'll get back...
whatever it is you've lost. Nothing
is ever the same. That's how it is
for us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1124 CONTINUED:

1124

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

But there are also possibilities.
Endless and wonderful. Future upon
future, but only if you know how to
protect yourself.

CLAUDIA

But who's going to care about me if
I can't play?

MACLEOD

I will.

She looks at him for a moment. Their eyes meet. His hand
reaches out and gently touches her face.

As he comforts her...

1125 EXT. ALEXA'S PLACE - NIGHT

1125

Alexa opens the door to Methos. He sheepishly hands her a
single rose.

METHOS

Am I late?

She looks at the rose, then at him. Closing the door behind
her, she joins him on the stoop.

ALEXA

Only about a year.
(beat)
You shouldn't have come.

Methos tries what's worked before... turn on the charm.

METHOS

Are you hiding your husband in there?
Is that what's going on? Your
boyfriend, your lover, the Seven
Dwarfs? What?

ALEXA

(manages a smile)
That's exactly what's going on. My
husband, my boyfriend, my lover and
the Seven Dwarfs.

METHOS

I can take 'em all on. I'm not
afraid.

He meets her eyes on this.

(CONTINUED)

1125 CONTINUED:

1125

ALEXA

I shouldn't have agreed to see you.
It's stupid really.

METHOS

Why?

ALEXA

Because you don't need to be a witness
to what I'm going through. It's
going to get ugly.

METHOS

You look beautiful to me.

(beat)

Look, whatever you're going through,
I can handle it. If you'll let me.

ALEXA

Why would you want to?

METHOS

(means it this time)

Because the alternative is
unthinkable.

(beat, gently; off
her look)

How long?

ALEXA

Less than a year. They don't know
for sure.

(looks at him, longing)

Did you ever wish you could just
make time stand still.

Methos looks into her eyes, moved by the irony. He reaches
into a pocket, hands her an envelope. She takes it, opens
it. Stares.

ALEXA (CONT'D)

Plane tickets?

(beat)

To where?

METHOS

Anywhere you want. Everywhere if we
have the time.

ALEXA

It's not that easy...

METHOS

Yes, it is.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1125 CONTINUED: (2)

1125

METHOS (CONT'D)

You spend whatever time you have
left dying. Or you spend it living.
With me.

Alexa, overwhelmed, considers this.

1126 EXT. BUDDHIST RETREAT ENTRANCE - THE NEXT DAY

1126

MacLeod and Claudia drive up and get out of the car. They
move to the door.

CLAUDIA

I don't know what good a Buddhist
Retreat will do me.

MACLEOD

It'll give you some time to think
for starters. A chance to figure
out who you are.

CLAUDIA

(dry laugh)
Time.
(beat)
How many years is it now for you?

MACLEOD

You're better off counting in
centuries.

CLAUDIA

(a manic edge)
I can't handle this, Duncan. I can't
even conceive of it.

MACLEOD

You will. And at least here you'll
be safe while you make the adjustment.

CLAUDIA

(eyes him)
Run that by me again.

MACLEOD

Through those doors is Holy Ground.
No one can kill you there. There's
nothing to be afraid of.

MacLeod gets the BUZZ. As he turns

A CAR

approaches. A hand containing a gun reaches out of a window
and fires.

(CONTINUED)

1126 CONTINUED: (2)

1126

MACLEOD

Get inside the monastery and stay there. Wait for me.

WALTER

I'll be in in a moment. MacLeod knows which of us is the better swordsman.

WALTER

lashes out at MacLeod.

MACLEOD

I've had some practice since we last met.

CLAUDIA

Duncan, please ...

MACLEOD

Claudia, move your ass!

CLAUDIA

takes off as Walter comes after MacLeod. As they thrust...

WALTER

You never had all that much talent, MacLeod.

MACLEOD

I never pretended to. You, on the other hand, couldn't write a sonnet to save your life.

WALTER

Lay on, Macduff, and damned be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!"

MACLEOD

Oh, shut up already!

MACLEOD

lunges. Walter sidesteps, and parries back. The fight is now in earnest.

THE BLADES

clank.

(CONTINUED)

1126 CONTINUED: (3)

1126

WALTER

moves with panache -- big and theatrical. He probably trained Errol Flynn.

MACLEOD

is backed up against the ditched T-bird. He ducks around the still-open door.

WALTER

thrusts his blade, connecting with the T-Bird's paint job. This really pisses MacLeod off.

MACLEOD

swings his sword wide, sending it clanking broadside across Walter's hand.

WALTER'S

sword flies as he lands on his back.

MACLEOD

stands over him, a foot on his chest. Walter's look is defiant.

MACLEOD

Swear it, Walter. You'll have nothing to do with Claudia and I'll spare you. Go on, promise.

WALTER

(defiant)

... "Out, out, brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player That struts and frets his hour upon the stage, And then is heard no more."

MACLEOD

(testy)

I should take your head just to shut you up.

WALTER

What value will my life have without her genius to color it.

MACLEOD

Then have it your way...

He raises his sword on high --

(CONTINUED)

1126 CONTINUED: (4)

1126

WALTER

Wait!

(breaks)

I promise.

MACLEOD

Promise what?

WALTER

(beat)

I promise to leave her alone.

MACLEOD

Good.

Much relieved, he reaches out a hand, helps Walter to his feet. Walter straightens himself up and tries to reclaim his dignity.

WALTER

I've watched the stars burn bright
and sure, then with a flash,
disappear. And still, I'm the one
who endures.

MACLEOD

And who said that?

WALTER

I did.

MACLEOD

You're getting better.

WALTER

You really think so?

And we...

1127 OMITTED

1127

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

1127A EXT. DOJO - TO ESTABLISH - DAY

1127A

The air fills with intricate and beautiful JAZZ.

1128 INT. DOJO - DAY

1128

MacLeod listens as Claudia finishes. Claudia stands, satisfied.

CLAUDIA

Did you hear?

MACLEOD

You sounded great.

CLAUDIA

I'm not there yet, but it's coming back.

(beat)

When Walter was about to kill me, I was afraid. I didn't want to die, Duncan.

MACLEOD

So you'll let me teach you to fight?

CLAUDIA

No... I think I can play because I am afraid.

(beat)

Don't you see? I have to fear death... to feel mortal.

MACLEOD

But you're not mortal. You're in the Game now. While you're running around chasing your genius, there'll be someone chasing you. Don't do this.

She looks deeply into MacLeod's eyes.

CLAUDIA

I have to.

As MacLeod takes a beat, nods.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

Thank you.

She kisses him, then turns and leaves.

1129 EXT. JOE'S - DAY

1129

Methos throws a duffel bag into the back of the fully loaded VW minibus. He turns as Alexa says her goodbyes to MacLeod and Dawson.

ALEXA

We're going coast to coast in the bus.

(giggles)

Adam likes to call it our tour of the New World.

METHOS

Well, it's all new to you.

DAWSON

Then what?

METHOS

Egypt.

ALEXA

Isn't that romantic?

DAWSON

He's the right man to take you.

ALEXA

We'll write.

They hug. She quickly moves to the car before she can fall apart.

METHOS

tenderly helps her into the passenger seat. She smiles at him, so sweetly. He gazes at her, then closes the door. For a moment we see the pain that he usually hides so well.

MACLEOD

meets his eyes. A moment between them. Methos shrugs, helpless.

METHOS

It's not long enough.

MACLEOD

It never is.

Then Methos pulls it together, gets into the driver's seat. With a wave to MacLeod and Dawson, the car pulls away. Dawson and MacLeod watch.

(CONTINUED)

1129 CONTINUED:

1129

DAWSON

They don't even know if she'll make
it to Egypt.

MACLEOD

Doesn't matter.

(beat)

If she lived to a hundred, he'd still
have the pain of losing her.

Dawson looks at MacLeod for a moment, realizing this is the
dilemma all Immortals face.

DAWSON

Where's Claudia?

MACLEOD

Gone.

DAWSON

On her own. Unprotected?

(off MacLeod's nod)

One trying to live, one trying to
die. It's crazy.

MACLEOD

Not to her.

(beat)

Joe, you think... when you get a
Watcher on Claudia... ?

DAWSON

(nods)

We'll keep an eye on her.

As they turn to move into Joe's

FADE OUT.

THE END

APPENDIX

The following scene will finish in the B.G. of 1110.

BAPTISTA

Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

GREMIO

Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

TRANIO

Of all mad matches never was the

LUCENTIO

Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

BIANCA

That being mad herself, she's madly mated.

GREMIO

I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

BAPTISTA

Neighbors and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants, For to supply the places at the table, you know there wants no junkets at the feast.
(to Tranio)

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place, And let Bianca take her sister's room.

TRANIO

Shall sweet Bianca practice how to bride it?

BAPTISTA

She shall, Lucentio. Core, gentlemen, let's go.

They exit the stage to much applause. The above will play as background (and simultaneous) to: