



HIGHLANDER

The Series

95413
HAYOKA

Written by
David Tynan

Highlander

"SOMETHING WICKED"
(formerly "THE HAYOKA")

Written by
David Tynan

Production #95413

October 31, 1995 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"Something Wicked"

Production #95413

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD
RICHIE RYAN
JOE DAWSON

JIM COLTEC

HARRY KANT
CLERK
CAPTAIN
NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
KORLAND

SERGEANT
TALL BEAT
DENISE

ARNAUD (to be shot in Le Havre)

HIGHLANDER

"Something Wicked"

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

MACLEOD'S LOFT

DOJO

/OFFICE

JOE'S

CHINESE RESTAURANT

BRIG - TRADING POST - 1872

SMALL BASEMENT CLUB - 1958 AND PRESENT

/STAIRWELL

EXTERIORS

JOE'S

CITY STREET

WILDERNESS

/BRIDGE

/RIVERSIDE

/CAMPFIRE

/HOLY GROUND NEAR PETROGLYPHS - 1872 AND PRESENT

CHINESE RESTAURANT

TRADING POST - 1872

ROOFTOP - 1958

STAVROS' BAR

ALLEY

PAWN SHOP

DOCKS (to be shot in Le Havre)

HIGHLANDER

"Something Wicked"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1301 EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY 1301

A PICKUP TRUCK

A solid 4-wheeler that has humped a lot of miles and seen some rough use. As it bumps down a country road --

MACLEOD (V.O.)

(crackly; over phone)

Coltec? I don't believe it. Are you in town?

1302 INT. PICKUP TRUCK - SAME TIME 1302

Driving one-handed, wheeling the truck around potholes, his free hand clutching a cell-phone: the Immortal JIM COLTEC could be thirty, with the somehow ageless skin and features of a native American Indian. Checked workshirt, boots, the dry humor of Graham Greene.

COLTEC

(into phone)

Mac, if I was in town I'd be at your place with my feet up, watching golf. I'm calling from my truck.

INTERCUT:

1303 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - SAME TIME 1303

MacLeod on his phone, reacts with amused pleasure.

MACLEOD

Jim Coltec? On a cell-phone?

COLTEC

What'd you expect? Smoke signals?

MACLEOD

Where the hell are you?

COLTEC

Some little country road...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1303 CONTINUED:

1303

COLTEC (CONT.)

(lurch; a BIG pothole)

Lousy one, too. You white guys stole our land, you could at least pay your taxes.

MACLEOD

You're lost.

COLTEC

Very funny. You know Indians can't get lost. We always know exactly where we are...

He cradles the phone on his neck, rapidly flaps open a tattered MAP with his free hand.

COLTEC

Just heading into... Steveston.

MACLEOD

You'll be here in three hours.

COLTEC

Mac, I've been on the road all day. How about meeting at Arlen Ridge? Been ages since we were out there.

MACLEOD

One condition. You bring dinner.

COLTEC

Deal, I'll pick up Chinese... but only if you leave your damn harmonica behind.

(beat)

White man make heap terrible music. Completely tone deaf.

MACLEOD

Look who's talking. If I sang as bad as you -- no, half as bad...

COLTEC

(fakes STATIC sound)

WHAT? Sorry Mac, didn't catch that. Must be losing you in the Canyon...

He toggles OFF, chuckling, drops the phone on the seat.

COLTEC

Gotcha.

He clears his throat, then --

(CONTINUED)

1303 CONTINUED: (2)

1303

COLTEC

(singing)

When Aztec eyes are smiling, you can
hear the ANGELS sing...

1304 EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

1304

Coltec's pickup wheels in, lurches to a stop. He clambers out cheerfully, still humming -- then stops.

COLTEC'S POV - A BIKE

the only other vehicle parked there -- a badass, tricked out HARLEY with medium-length ape-hangers.

RESUME COLTEC

As he feels a BUZZ. His gaze travels up from the Harley to the store: there's an Immortal inside. Coltec's cheerful manner fades.

He places a hand on the bike's HANDLEBARS, shuts his eyes a moment -- he's FEELING the rider's vibes. He removes his hand fast, as if he's felt something ugly. He knows what kind of immortal this is. He hesitates, turns back to his truck -- then stops himself. He's torn, not wanting to do this. The hell of it is he can't walk away and he knows it.

COLTEC

(softly)

Damn.

He draws a thonged MEDICINE POUCH from inside his shirt: small, rawhide, worked with beads and bones. He grips it hard a moment -- then his face smoothes over with stern purpose. He heads towards the store.

1305 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY - SAME TIME

1305

A ROBBERY is being pulled by Immortal HARRY KANT, a brutal young Immortal in a black leather jacket, combat boots. He's gripping a spectacled, terrified STORE CLERK by the collar, next to an OPEN TILL. Kant holds a GUN to the Clerk's face as he paws through the till.

KANT

Gotta be more than that, even in
this crappy joint.

He jams his GUN in the Clerk's neck.

KANT (cont'd)

So I suggest you start looking.

(CONTINUED)

1305 CONTINUED:

1305

CLERK

Please, mister, it's all there is!
Swear to God!

KANT

God, huh?
(beat)
Well then. Guess that about caps it
for you, don't it?

He racks the GUN for the kill, then stops he's getting the BUZZ. He whirls to face the door as

COLTEC

Enters. He stands there, completely calm, watching Kant. Kant takes in the man, the medicine pouch on his neck.

KANT

None of your affair, Tonto. You
just stay outta my way, and we don't
have a problem.

COLTEC

I'm afraid I can't do that.
(off Kant's look)
Your kind is my responsibility.

He has the calm spiritual strength of a Priest -- which he is. Kant gives a nasty smile, shakes his head.

KANT

What I am is a one way ticket to
nowhere.

He RACKS the gun, turns to blow away the Clerk --

COLTEC

Steps forward, lifts his hands in a strange gesture -- as if he's feeling some aura around Kant, contacting it.

COLTEC

Let him go. Your business is with
me.

KANT

That a fact?

But he hesitates -- whatever Coltec is doing, it's affecting him. He doesn't shoot, instead RIPS the phone from the wall, casually SWIPES the Clerk with it, sends him sprawling to the floor.

He slips the gun into his jacket and steps up to Coltec.

(CONTINUED)

1305 CONTINUED: (2)

1305

KANT

After you.

Coltec turns and steps out, unhurried, Kant behind him.

ANGLE - THE CLERK

Dazed, on hands and knees, searching for his bent wire-framed GLASSES as from WITHOUT, the sound of CLASHING SWORDS. As he finds the glasses, pulls himself to his feet -- WHAM! The thunder and light of the QUICKENING from outside.

A WINDOW blows out, LIGHTNING dances over the displays. The Clerk shields his eyes from the dazzling light as long as it lasts, then... silence.

The DOOR opens. Through the Clerk's eyes --

CLERK'S POV

someone BLURRY standing there.

BACK TO SCENE

The Clerk cowers, no idea what happened or who just came through the door. He fumbles his GLASSES on and sees --

CLERK'S POV -- THE BLURRY FIGURE

as it comes into focus -- it's his rescuer, Coltec. But his manner is different, eyes otherworldly -- something in Coltec is changing profoundly. He holds Kant's LEATHER JACKET in his hands.

CLERK

(oblivious)

Thanks. I thought he was going to kill me...

Coltec doesn't answer. He slips on Kant's LEATHER JACKET, takes Kant's GUN from a pocket and gazes at it curiously a moment -- then his face hardens.

CLERK

Mister? You okay?

COLTEC

Fine.

He steps to the till, scoops the money from it and stuffs it in one pocket.

CLERK

What are you doing!

(CONTINUED)

1305 CONTINUED: (3)

1305

COLTEC

Something I've never done before.

And OFF the Clerk's stare, he lifts the gun -- and blows the Clerk away. He looks at the gun curiously -- this is a new feeling for him. He takes his other hand from the jacket pocket -- a key-ring with a SILVER SKULL.

Coltec looks up, smiles -- but this is the ugly smile of Kant. He turns and heads for the door. A moment later we hear Kant's HARLEY kick over, and as it roars away into the distance.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1306 EXT. WILDERNESS - NEAR SUSPENSION BRIDGE - DAY

1306

MacLeod and Richie are heading for the rendezvous at Arlen Ridge. MacLeod is carrying a backpack.

RICHIE

So this guy's a real medicine man?

MACLEOD

Holy Man. Coltec's a Hayoka. His job was to keep his tribe safe by absorbing evil before it got to them.

RICHIE

A spiritual SCUD missile. So what happened to his tribe?

MACLEOD

He couldn't stop drought, or famine, or the white man. His people died off... everyone but him.

RICHIE

That's rough.

MACLEOD

Coltec knew he had a purpose. He turned himself outward... became Hayoka for the world.

RICHIE

Sounds pretty ambitious.

MACLEOD

He has a spiritual power that connects him to people and things. I've never seen anything like it.

RICHIE

Mac, you make it sound like the guy can do real magic.

Deadpan. Richie looks to see if he's joking. He's not.

1306A EXT. WILDERNESS - NEAR SUSPENSION BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

1306A

MacLeod and Richie continue to move along the trail.

(CONTINUED)

1306A CONTINUED:

1306A

RICHIE

I always figured you for a nuts and bolts kinda guy.

MACLEOD

And now?

RICHIE

Now... I don't know.

(beat)

As a kid I was always cynical. If I couldn't see it or feel it, it wasn't real. And if anyone had ever told me about Immortals...

MACLEOD

You would have thought they were crazy.

RICHIE

So now I'm thinking... What other kinda crazy stuff is real?

(beat)

I saw the cover of one of those Tabloids. It said that someone in England had proof of the existence of werewolves.

MACLEOD

(wry)

I bet there'll be a run on silver Bullets.

RICHIE

We exist.

(beat)

They're no weirder than we are. Who's to say they're not out there running around?

MACLEOD

They might be, but I've lived over four hundred years, Richie, and I've never known a vampire or a werewolf, or an elf.

(wry)

Though I heard a rumor there's a troll living under a bridge around here.

RICHIE

Very funny.

(beat)

But you believe in Coltec. That he can do real magic.

(CONTINUED)

1306A CONTINUED: (2)

1306A

MACLEOD

I believe that sometimes things happen
that have no logical explanation.

(beat)

I believe that there is a power in
faith and in will.

RICHIE

You're still not answering the
question. Can Coltec do real magic?

MACLEOD

Why don't you ask him?

As they continue on.

1307 EXT. WILDERNESS - BRIDGE - DAY

1307

They start across a BRIDGE stretching between two forested
cliffs, towering over a river far below. Richie stops to
look over the side.

RICHIE

(without enthusiasm)

You couldn't have met this guy in a
bar or something?

MacLeod comes up behind and prods him. Richie reacts,
startled.

MACLEOD

Didn't know you had a problem with
heights.

RICHIE

(with sarcasm)

I love heights. They had these things
all over the East Side when I was a
kid.

(starts across)

Do me a favor. Don't do that again.

Richie continues gingerly across.

MACLEOD

Still taking in the view.

MACLEOD

We should spend more time out here.

(taking a deep breath)

Don't you love it?

(CONTINUED)

1307 CONTINUED:

1307

RICHIE

I'll love it more from the other
side.

ANGLE RICHIE

halfway across, in the lead. They both get the BUZZ.

THEIR POV

Jim Coltec stands on the other side. His face neutral,
arms at his side -- he's wearing Kant's leather jacket.

MACLEOD

Jim!

He smiles and moves forward. Meanwhile --

RICHIE

Is just reaching the end of the bridge, and Coltec.

RICHIE

(extending a hand)

You must be Coltec.

(beat)

I'm a friend of Mac'S. Richie Ryan.

Coltec takes Richie's hand.

COLTEC

(cold)

That a fact?

Maintaining his grip, he yanks Richie toward him -- and
SLUGS him in the jaw. Richie goes sprawling.

MACLEOD

Reacts with alarm. He starts across the bridge, thinking
there's been a mistake.

MACLEOD

No! It's me, MacLeod!

Coltec reaches behind his back -- draws his SWORD from a
hidden back-scabbard.

COLTEC

I know.

He moves toward MacLeod.

(CONTINUED)

1307 CONTINUED: (2)

1307

MACLEOD

stunned. This can't be happening, but it is. He races to fumble off his backpack --

COLTEC

Is just about on him, sword raised. He swings as --

MACLEOD

Yanks out his katana, barely in time to block the blow. He's knocked back, grabs the bridge cable for support.

MACLEOD

What the hell is wrong with you!

COLTEC

Doesn't answer, just swings, intent on taking MacLeod's head.

MACLEOD

Fights defensively, doesn't want to kill him, but he's not about to die either.

COLTEC

Brings his sword back for a vicious cut

MACLEOD

Slips under it, lifts hard -- and flips Coltec.

WIDE - THE BRIDGE

as Coltec sails Off MacLeod's back, goes flailing over the side.

FOLLOWING COLTEC

As he falls, dropping like a stone, plummets to the river bank far below.

CLOSE - MACLEOD

Watching him fall.

1308 EXT. WILDERNESS - RIVERSIDE - LATER - DAY

1308

MacLeod and Richie are at the riverbank, searching the spot where Coltec fell -- there's no sign of him.

(CONTINUED)

1308 CONTINUED:

1308

RICHIE

I wouldn't hang around either. Not after what that bastard did.

MacLeod squats on a rock, bewildered.

MACLEOD

Not Jim. It doesn't figure. None of it.

RICHIE

Mac, the guy tried to take your scalp from just below the chin. What's to figure?

MACLEOD

He's a friend.

RICHIE

Sure, and if you hadn't given him a flying lesson, we could both be missing our heads by now.

(beat)

You're sure it was him?

MacLeod spots something among the rocks. He picks it up.

MACLEOD

It was him.

He holds out his hand: it's Coltec's MEDICINE POUCH. And OFF the pouch in MacLeod's hand --

TRANSITION TO:

1309 EXT. WILDERNESS - 1872 - DAY (FROM "LINE OF FIRE")

1309

ANOTHER POUCH as MacLeod places it around the neck of Kahani, a young Indian boy, his adopted son.

MACLEOD (V.O.)

It was Summer, 1872, and finally I was at peace. I had everything I wanted. All that was about to change...

(beat)

But I didn't know that then. All I knew was that I was happy.

MONTAGE - MACLEOD'S INDIAN VILLAGE ("LINE OF FIRE")

MacLeod with Little Deer. Kahani running up to them, laughing. Idyll wild.

(CONTINUED)

1309 CONTINUED:

1309

MACLEOD (V.O.)

The White world had sickened me.
Its wars, its empires... I'd left
It all behind. I was soon to take
A Sioux woman, Little Deer, for my
Wife and adopt her son, Kahani.
They were everything I cared about
On the earth.

(beat)

Then Kern destroyed all that.

MONTAGE - KERN - FIGHT SCENE ("LINE OF FIRE")

MACLEOD (V.O.)

A scalp hunter. He brought the
Soldiers to our camp.

MONTAGE - DESTROYED INDIAN VILLAGE ("LINE OF FIRE")

As a devastated MacLeod walks through the smoking ruins.

MACLEOD (V.O.)

Slaughtered my people... Little
Deer... even Kahani. They spared no
one.

(beat)

After that, the only thing I wanted
was revenge.

1310 EXT. WILDERNESS - CAMPFIRE - 1872 - DAY

1310

As MacLeod squats beside it, sifts animal bones from the
long-cold ashes. He's grim faced, tangle-haired, in grimy
buckskins. He sniffs the ashes, rolls them between his
fingers. He drops them back, then turns and mounts his
pony.

MACLEOD (V.O.)

I tracked Kern for weeks. Then
months. Hunting him like I would an
animal.

(beat)

But I was becoming the animal.

WILDERNESS MONTAGE -- MACLEOD ON HORSEBACK

As he rides through streams and forests.

MACLEOD (V.O.)

Winter was in the air... but all I
could smell was blood. The longer
it took, the more my hate grew.

(beat)

Hate was all I had. Hate was all I
was.

1311 EXT. TRADING POST - 1872 - DAY

1311

Outside it, MacLeod dismounts near a WATER BARREL, stops to drink and wash away some of the grime. As he does --

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

You don't need more men, Sergeant.
Just a competent scout.

MacLeod turns to watch the Fort's CAPTAIN strolling past with his burly SERGEANT.

CAPTAIN

Like the one who helped clear out
the Sioux last year. Have this
resolved before my final report.

As the Sergeant salutes and starts to move off, MacLeod moves over and grabs the Captain's sleeve.

MACLEOD

Where's Kern?

CAPTAIN

What?

MACLEOD

Kern, the Scout... the one who helped
clear out the Sioux!

The Captain isn't impressed with this grimy apparition.

CAPTAIN

If you want work, mister, report to
the Paymaster.

He twists free of MacLeod. MacLeod grabs him.

MACLEOD

I don't want work, I want Kern!

CAPTAIN

Sergeant!

The Captain tries to draw his pistol. MacLeod goes ballistic, slams him against the water barrel, starts to throttle him as --

NEW ANGLE

The Sergeant and TWO SOLDIERS jump on MacLeod and try to drag him off.

ONE SOLDIER

Goes flying with a hard right.

(CONTINUED)

1311 CONTINUED:

1311

SECOND SOLDIER

is brought down with a head butt.

MACLEOD

Staggers back. He pulls a large knife and brandishes it with rage.

MACLEOD

Come on! Come on!

He doesn't see

THE SERGEANT

Bringing his RIFLE BUTT down on the back of his head. MacLeod falls unconscious.

1312 INT. TRADING POST - THE BRIG - 1872 - DAY - CONTINUOUS 1312

MacLeod gets the BUZZ as he is dragged in by Soldiers. As one Soldier opens the LOCKUP DOOR, MacLeod plants his feet on the bars and braces himself there, resisting until --

THE SERGEANT

Slams a RIFLE-BUTT into his back. As MacLeod falls, they shove him into the brig and slam the door, locking it before MacLeod whirls and grabs the bars, as if held tear them out and go after them. As the Soldiers move out of the room --

MACLEOD

I'll find Kern! Then the rest of you! You're dead! All of you!

A BEAT -- he hears a calm voice from behind him.

COLTEC (O.S.)

Would that help?

MacLeod whirls to face the dark corner of the brig A MAN seated there in shadow.

MACLEOD

(wary)
It's not your concern.

COLTEC

No?
(in Sioux, subtitled)
Are you always this polite?

(CONTINUED)

1312 CONTINUED:

1312

MACLEOD

(in Sioux, subtitled)

Not always. Who are you?

There's a clank of LEG IRONS as Coltec steps into the light. Long braided hair, wearing buckskins. A calm sense of assurance. MacLeod relaxes a notch.

COLTEC

(in English)

My name is Coltec.

MACLEOD

Not a Sioux name.

COLTEC

My tribe was long before that. But I have been with the Sioux.

(peering)

You also have a name?

MACLEOD

MacLeod. The Clan MacLeod.

COLTEC

Uh. A European tribe.

The last thing MacLeod wants to feel like now. He nods at Coltec's leg-irons.

MACLEOD

What did you do?

COLTEC

Do?

(beat)

I was Indian, I suppose. Also, they say I killed a Soldier.

MACLEOD

Did you?

COLTEC

They were riding down a young Indian for sport. I did this ...

(raising his hands)

And the horses reared. A Soldier fell off and died.

MACLEOD

They can't blame you for that.

COLTEC

No? Still, they will hang me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1312 CONTINUED: (2)

1312

COLTEC (CONT.)

(enigmatic)

And who is to say I did not make the
horses rear?

It comes out his pent-up hatred, his anguish, a growing
flood.

MACLEOD

I hate them. I hate them all.

COLTEC

I can tell.

MACLEOD

All they know is how to take and
destroy. Land, forests ...

(anguished)

Women and children. It never stops...
never!

He pounds his hands on the bars. Coltec feels the depths
of his pain.

COLTEC

(quietly)

It can stop for you.

MACLEOD

It will. When Kern's dead.

COLTEC

Your hate is not destroying him.

(beat)

But it will destroy you.

MACLEOD

Who are you to know?

COLTEC

I am Hayoka. It is my job to take
the hatred from the world.

MacLeod looks away. Coltec moves to him.

COLTEC (cont'd)

I have been doing it for centuries.
Taking evil into myself, so others
May have peace. It is why I exist.

(beat)

You are not evil... but you are
overcome by hate. In your pain, you
are blind. I can help you...

(beat)

I can take the hate. Stop the pain.

(CONTINUED)

1312 CONTINUED: (3)

1312

He reaches into his medicine kit and removes a few round dried mushrooms. He offers them to MacLeod, who looks at what he has offered.

MACLEOD

Maybe I want to hate.

COLTEC

No. It is not your nature.

(beat)

Take them.

MacLeod swallows the mushrooms. Coltec holds out his hands. He seems so certain. MacLeod knows he can't live like this. He reaches out, takes Coltec's hands. And as he does, they are suddenly no longer in the BRIG, but in --

1313 EXT. WILDERNESS - HOLY GROUND NEAR PETROGLYPHS - DAY 1313

MacLeod looks around, startled -- they're in the wilderness, near the petroglyphs, seated on rocks.

MACLEOD

Where are we?

COLTEC

A Holy Place. A place of peace and safety. My refuge.

MACLEOD

(dazed)

It's a dream. It can't be real.

COLTEC

The place is real.

(a smile)

Perhaps we are the dream.

OFF MacLeod's wondering look, he lifts a CLAY CUP from one of the rocks, holds it up.

COLTEC

A soul can only hold so much hate.
So much anger.

He holds the cup to a running stream, fills it with water until it is brimming. He holds it out to MacLeod.

COLTEC

You are like this cup. Right now,
you are full of hate.

(beat)

One more drop...

(CONTINUED)

1313 CONTINUED:

1313

CLOSE - THE CUP

as it starts to run over, first slowly, then in a bubbling torrent.

COLTEC

The hate will own you.

(beat)

I can empty the cup before that happens. Take your hate into myself.

MACLEOD

(anguished)

I don't want to forget her.

COLTEC

What you love will remain. All you lose is some of the pain.

MACLEOD

What will happen to you?

COLTEC

I am Hayoka. My cup has no bottom.

An end to the pain.

MACLEOD

Then help me.

Coltec takes the MEDICINE POUCH from his neck, places it around MacLeod's neck. He puts his hands on MacLeod's head, fingertips resting on both temples. He closes his eyes and his features tense.

MacLeod shuts his eyes. Strange sensation, feeling of pain, of being entered.

Then sudden PAIN, as with an effort of will, Coltec draws out the hatred.

The hatred is visible -- a stream of ENERGY leaving MacLeod, running into Coltec. The act strains both men. As Coltec absorbs it, his face twists in pain --

CLOSE - COLTEC

As his face MORPHS momentarily into that of KERN -- stays that way a BEAT -- then resumes his own features.

It's over. Exhausted, Coltec releases MacLeod and slumps. As he does, they are suddenly back in --

1314 INT. TRADING POST - THE BRIG - 1872 - DAWN

1314

MacLeod slumped on a seat, Coltec against a wall, much in the same positions they held in the "holy place."

MacLeod slowly straightens, feels his face, looks at his own hands: an enormous weight has been lifted. He feels his old self returning. He looks at Coltec, wondering.

MACLEOD

How did you do that?

COLTEC

A European question. Hold still.

He peers into his eyes like a doctor examining a patient -- seems satisfied with what he sees.

COLTEC

The anger will not completely disappear... but it will no longer destroy you.

The GUARDHOUSE DOOR slams open as three Soldiers enter, approach the Brig. Two stand with their RIFLES at the ready as the third opens the locked door. The Sergeant enters and starts toward Coltec.

SERGEANT

Sun's up. You got a god, you best start praying.

MacLeod steps to block them -- Coltec stops him.

COLTEC

No. I will be fine.

(beat)

But you must heal your grief. Go where the wars cannot touch you. The Holy Place.

They clasp hands.

SERGEANT

Only place waiting for you is the happy hunting ground.

The Sergeant pulls Coltec away.

MACLEOD

How will I find it?

COLTEC

Ride west and it will find you.

(CONTINUED)

1314 CONTINUED:

1314

MACLEOD

I'll see you again.

Coltec nods. Then the Sergeant walks him out, and as MacLeod's GAZE falls on Coltec's shackled FEET as he is marched from the Guardhouse --

TRANSITION TO:

1315 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - THE PRESENT - NIGHT

1315

CLOSE - MACLEOD'S FEET. Pacing. Richie is at the couch. The TV is on in the B.G.

RICHIE

You believe it? That he really saved you like that?

MACLEOD

I know it. That's why it doesn't make sense. Jim Coltec was a Holy Man.

ANGLE RICHIE

Suddenly focused on the TV.

RICHIE

Mac?

MacLeod moves to the TV, and we see --

THEIR POV -- THE SCREEN

a NEWS BROADCAST: grainy ENG coverage of the EXTERIOR of the rural store from the teaser -- and Coltec's TRUCK parked there. MacLeod grabs the remote, toggles the volume up, and we HEAR --

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

... the senseless murder which has stunned this small community. We caution that the scenes captured by the store's video camera may shock viewers.

INSERT - TV MONITOR

where we see the robbery recorded by the ceiling-placed VIDEO CAMERA. As we see PAST the back of the CLERK, a man in the black leather jacket -- it is Coltec, his face is not clearly visible from this angle.

(CONTINUED)

1315 CONTINUED:

1315

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Much of the tape was erased by electrical damage... but the assailant's face is clearly visible.

RESUME - MONITOR

As the killer scoops CASH from the register, and as the Clerk reacts -- the killer calmly SHOTS the Clerk. As the Clerk falls, the killer pauses, looks up at the camera -- the face is unmistakably that of JIM COLTEC.

ANGLE - MACLEOD

As he reacts, stunned.

RESUME - THE MONITOR

as they FREEZE-FRAME the tape on Coltec's clearest angle.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Police are appealing to anyone with information about the killing to come forward.

MACLEOD

Reacting in disbelief.

RICHIE

There's your holy man, Mac.

RESUME - MONITOR

As the tape runs again. Coltec looks up, in the direction of the STORE CAMERA. He smiles, points the gun directly at the camera -- and fires. THE SCREEN goes black.

RESUME SCENE

As Richie toggles off the TV, turns to MacLeod.

RICHIE

He's a stone cold killer.

And OFF MacLeod's face --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

1316 EXT. JOE'S - DAY - ESTABLISHING 1316

MACLEOD (O.S.)
If I could make any sense of it
myself, I wouldn't be here.

1317 INT. JOE'S - DAY 1317

Dawson is working the bar, facing MacLeod.

DAWSON
You're sure it was Coltec?

MACLEOD
You don't mistake a man who tries to
take your head.

DAWSON
I don't get it. Coltec's about as
close as Immortals ever get to being
saints. As far as we know, he hasn't
tried to take a head in years.

Richie speaks as he approaches.

RICHIE
Try yesterday.

MACLEOD
When he called me, he sounded fine.
Like old times.

DAWSON
(doubtful)
You think Coltec set you up?

MACLEOD
I don't know.

RICHIE
I do! Mac, the guy got you out there
and tried to whack you! What the
hell is that?

MACLEOD
It's not Coltec's style. Even when
he takes heads... he just doesn't
get mad.

(CONTINUED)

1317 CONTINUED:

1317

RICHIE

No? Then he does one hell of an imitation.

MacLeod is silent a BEAT. He looks at Joe.

MACLEOD

What do you know about Dark Quickenings?

Dawson gives him a look.

DAWSON

Come on, MacLeod. You're reaching.

RICHIE

Reaching what?
(off their silence)
Somebody mind filling me in?

There's an uncomfortable BEAT.

MACLEOD

When we take heads, we take the Immortal's power.

RICHIE

Right. That's how it works. What's the problem?

MACLEOD

You take in too much evil. You overload.
(beat)
You become evil yourself.

DAWSON

There's no proof...

RICHIE

(ignoring him)
How much is too much?

MACLEOD

No one knows.

DAWSON

Because no one's seen it happen! Mac, it's just a myth...

MACLEOD

Something changed him.

(CONTINUED)

1317 CONTINUED: (2)

1317

RICHIE

Whatever it was, the guy tried to
kill us. Does it matter how he got
that way?

MACLEOD

It does to me.

And as his eyes move to a table in the bar, we hear the
wail of an unaccompanied SAXOPHONE playing a discordant
riff. PRE-LAP this music as we --

KORLAND (O.S.)

Cats, kittens, fellow hipsters, I
give you the hardest working man in
show business. I give you...

(beat)

Death.

TRANSITION TO:

1318 INT. SMALL BASEMENT CLUB - GREENWICH VILLAGE - 1958 - 1318
NIGHT

CLOSE - A DARK HOLE

and pull back to find it is the BELL of an ALTO SAX, a
nicely burnished Selmer, gleaming dully in the dark as it
wails into the smoke filled room.

Black-clad immortal BRYCE KORLAND finishes a riff on his
horn, On a small STAGE in the club. The time of the BEAT
generation. Goatee, shades, he's the ultimate hipster,
Lenny Bruce with a horn, alternating riffs as he recites
poetry in a cool, smoky, junked-out monotone --

KORLAND

Why do murders happen at 3:00 AM?
Same reason fires happen then. 'Cuz
the night time is the right time...
the time Death digs the most.

ANGLE - THE AUDIENCE

rapt BEATS sitting, nodding, smoking, grooving.

KORLAND

Oh yeah, children. Death likes the
dark. That's why he digs New York,
see. New York has a LOT of dark
alleys and subways...

(a riff)

And best of all... VIC-tims.

He blows a riff. The audience is grooving, nodding.

(CONTINUED)

1318 CONTINUED:

1318

TALL BEAT

Out there. Truth.

KORLAND

Truth? Dig this... The killer awoke
way before dawn. He puts his...
shades on. Hungry for the next life
to feed on. Baby, murder's a four
course meal. The hunt. The fear.
The kill. And for dessert...

(beat)

Flames. Oh yeah. What's hell without
fire? Death, without pyromania?
Cats, I'm telling you... it's just
not worth living.

He blows a wild honking RIFF, then breaks off, as he gets
the BUZZ and sees --

MACLEOD

Standing at the entrance. He fixes Korland with a stare.
This is the man he's come for. A tall BEAT by the door,
bald head and shades, grooving on Korland.

TALL BEAT

Dig it, man. It's Bryce Korland.

MACLEOD

My lucky night.

He moves past the BEAT into the room.

RESUME KORLAND

Knowing MacLeod has come for him. The show must go on.

KORLAND

Life is hard to give up, you dig?
You'll CLING, you'll SING, you want
to live forever. But hey, baby,
nothing's perfect...

(beat)

Except Death.

He blows a RIFF. MacLeod moves closer. Korland watching
him, picks up in intensity.

KORLAND

Death never takes a holiday, see,
'cuz Death digs his job. Death's a
stone professional. Baby, death has
tenure in this town. You don't
believe me?

(pointing)

Just ask The Man there.

(CONTINUED)

1318 CONTINUED: (2)

1318

Various BEATS follow his gaze, see MacLeod moving closer.

KORLAND

Maybe I'm paranoid, but I think the
cat's come here to kill me. But
hey, that's cool with Death, 'Cuz
baby, we all know... There can be...

(lowers the sax)

Only...

(reaches behind him)

One.

SWOOSH -- he draws his SWORD with a flourish. The audience
think it's his act.

MACLEOD

Show's over, Korland.

Muttering from the audience. Two large BEATS move to block
his way. MacLeod just shakes his head.

MACLEOD

Not cool.

TALL BEAT

(a rethink)

Later.

The BEATS fade back. Korland points his sword at MacLeod,
taunting as he backs away off the stage.

KORLAND

Then let us go, you and I, up where
the buildings stab the sky... somebody
gonna die.

(a grin)

'Cuz Death is in BIZ-ness.

He turns, disappears through a door into the dark.

MacLeod starts after him. The tall BEAT grabs his arm,
but MacLeod shoves past and follows Korland. The miffed
Beat calls after him.

TALL BEAT

Man, you are utterly, completely
square!

1319 INT. STAIRWELL - GREENWICH VILLAGE - 1958 - NIGHT

1319

MacLeod charges up a stairwell, reaches a locked rooftop
door -- Korland is on the other side. MacLeod draws his
sword, is about to break it down -- when the door suddenly
BLOWS OUTWARD from the force of a QUICKENING.

(CONTINUED)

1319 CONTINUED:

1319

MacLeod moves onto the roof --

1320 EXT. ROOFTOP - GREENWICH VILLAGE - 1958 - NIGHT

1320

MacLeod steps out to find Korland's body on the floor, and kneeling near it, another Immortal recovering from the Quickening. His head bent, face invisible.

As MacLeod approaches warily.

MACLEOD

Duncan MacLeod, the Clan MacLeod.

COLTEC

(wearily)

Yeah, I know. I could hear you coming a mile away.

The Immortal lifts his head -- it's Coltec.

MACLEOD

Coltec? What are you doing here?

COLTEC

Same as you. Following Shakespeare here.

(wan smile)

You gonna thank me all at once, or in little installments?

He puts out a hand. MacLeod helps him to his feet.

MACLEOD

I wanted him... This was personal.

COLTEC

(off MacLeod's face)

I guess it was.

(beat)

A man can't take too many monsters like this one inside him. Trust me. I do this for a living.

MacLeod shakes his head in affection, exasperation.

MACLEOD

Still the Hayoka.

COLTEC

I'm too old to change. What's a guy gonna do?

He looks suddenly drawn, distracted.

(CONTINUED)

1320 CONTINUED:

1320

MACLEOD

Sure you're okay?

COLTEC

(tossing it off)

Tip-top. I just need to be alone
for a while. A little nature, some
tom-toms ... It's an Indian thing.
You know.

MACLEOD

Yeah. I know.

They clasp arms, and as they do --

TRANSITION TO:

1321 INT. JOE'S - THE PRESENT - RESUME SCENE

1321

DAWSON

That sounds more like Coltec.

He moves along the bar. Something on his mind.

MACLEOD

Except?

DAWSON

Probably nothing.

(off Mac's look)

Look, this isn't an exact science.
Maybe someone got their wires
crossed...

MACLEOD

If it's about Coltec, I want to hear.

DAWSON

(relenting)

I got two reports. One of our people
was around when the robbery happened.
Saw Coltec and Kant going at it.

MACLEOD

We already know who won. What's the
other report?

DAWSON

(hesitates)

Someone thought they saw Kant on
the East Side after the fight.

RICHIE

But Kant was already dead.

(CONTINUED)

1321 CONTINUED:

1321

DAWSON

Turned out to be Coltec, wearing
Kant's jacket.

A BEAT as they take in the implications.

DAWSON (cont'd)

Mac, it doesn't prove a thing.

MACLEOD

I need to know more about Kant.

DAWSON

I'm already bending the rules.

MACLEOD

Bend them some more.
(off Dawson's look)
We're not in Kansas any more, Toto.

DAWSON

(beat)
No. I guess we aren't.

He moves to the bar, takes a bottle and pours a drink.

DAWSON

Harry Kant.
(beat)
Look in the dictionary under "scum,"
I bet he had a page all to himself.
(beat)
Hung out at this bar on East 5th.
Stavros'. Not exactly prime real
estate...

As Dawson speaks, we --

1322 EXT. STAVROS' BAR - NIGHT

1322

A dive. As Dawson's narration continues OVER, we see a STREETWALKER enter the bar just as COLTEC is stepping out. He's wearing Kant's leather jacket, smoking, looking surly and belligerent. As the Streetwalker moves past, he grabs her arm. She tries to twist away -- Coltec holds on, enjoying her fear -- then he releases her, and she stumbles inside.

DAWSON (O.S.)

Dope, booze... you name it, Kant did
it. If the guy wasn't Immortal he'd
have killed himself a long time ago.
(beat)
Had a serious allergy to work. When
he wanted something, he took it.

(CONTINUED)

1322 CONTINUED:

1322

A SUIT passes on the sidewalk, heading for a parked car. Coltec's eyes lock onto him. He flicks his smoke to the street, grinds it out with his heel and follows the Suit.

DAWSON (V.O.)

Real sociopath. Doesn't mind stealing, doesn't mind killing... only minds if something gets in his way.

Coltec's hand slides a SPRINGBLADE from his pocket, flicks it open with a loud SNICK. He closes in on the SUIT, and as he moves OUT OF FRAME --

1323 EXT. ALLEY NEAR STAVROS' BAR - LATER - NIGHT

1323

Coltec crouches over the body of the SUIT he has killed, rifling his WALLET. He tosses aside plastic, family photos -- then a wad of CASH brings a smile.

He rises to count the bills -- and gets a BUZZ. He looks over at --

MACLEOD

Standing in the mouth of the alley. Shadowed.

COLTEC

Get a name. Fast.

MacLeod steps into the light. He takes in the body of the Suit on the ground.

COLTEC

MacLeod. Why the hell can't you mind your own business?

MACLEOD

Because you helped me once.

Coltec squints -- old memories sifting through some filter. He shakes it off.

COLTEC

Really. What was I thinking of?

He draws his sword and squares off. MacLeod holds out his hands, palm ups, empty.

MACLEOD

You know me, Jim. You know I can't let you do this. Let me help you.

(CONTINUED)

1323 CONTINUED:

1323

COLTEC

Why? I like how I am, MacLeod. In fact, I feel real good about me. You really want to help...

(beat)

Stick your neck out a little further.

He swings. MacLeod, expecting this, whips his katana from behind his back, parries the blow, and dances safely aside. As Coltec comes into position again --

MACLEOD

You're Jim Coltec! You're my friend!

Coltec squints again, a touch of confusion as the buried memories try to surface -- he shakes it away.

COLTEC

What I am is a one way ticket to nowhere.

COLTEC

Charges, swinging viciously.

MACLEOD

Trades blows as they slide around in the alley, MacLeod fighting for his life. Then

COLTEC

Misses a thrust. MacLeod disarms him, sends the sword skittering free. In the same motion he kicks Coltec's feet from under him.

Coltec goes off balance, lands on his knees. MacLeod stands over him, sword poised. Coltec looks up at him.

COLTEC

Ain't this a pisser.

(beat)

You want to help, start by letting me go.

MACLEOD

Can't.

He SWINGS -- but REVERSES the katana at the last moment, and the hard TANG smashes Coltec in the temple. He goes down, lies motionless. And OFF MacLeod, looking down at the friend who tried to kill him --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

1324 EXT. WILDERNESS - HOLY GROUND NEAR PETROGLYPHS -
MACLEOD'S CAMP - NIGHT

1324

Changed by time, but it's the same place Coltec took MacLeod to in 1872. MacLeod has built a fire, and is feeding it. Coltec is seated on a rock on the other side, hands tied before him.

COLTEC

You didn't have to drag me out here to take my head. You could have killed me in that alley.

MACLEOD

That's not how I do things.

COLTEC

No? Just wait.

(beat)

You're wasting your time. We could be out taking heads, hitting banks... doin' what comes naturally.

MACLEOD

That's Kant talking.

COLTEC

It's me, MacLeod. It always was. Just one big ol' lake of badness.

MACLEOD

You're Hayoka. You reached your limit. You could see it coming, too. That's why you stopped taking heads years ago.

Coltec is reached by this. Reacts. Then quells any reaction.

COLTEC

White man speak with forked tongue.

MACLEOD

Then you ran into Kant. It was too much. The bowl overflowed and you became what you fought.

Coltec looks at MacLeod with sudden cold hate.

(CONTINUED)

1324 CONTINUED:

1324

COLTEC

As you'll become in time. As we all will.

MACLEOD

I don't believe that.

COLTEC

You don't want to... But there's a line out there, and hell's waiting on the other side.

(sudden insight)

You know it, MacLeod. That's why you're trying so hard. You look at me, you see your future.

MACLEOD

Not if I can help it.

COLTEC

(amused)

Really. Just how are you gonna pull that off, MacLeod? Pass a peace pipe around?

MACLEOD

The same way you did.

COLTEC

You? A Hayoka?

(with scorn)

It takes fifty years to get the hang of it. Another century to get good. What makes you think you've got the stuff?

MACLEOD

I had a good teacher.

He reaches into his pocket, takes out the MEDICINE POUCH. Coltec's smile fades. Not so cocky now.

COLTEC

Superstitious crap. Forget it, MacLeod. This is the real me.

MACLEOD

We'll see.

He loops the pouch around Coltec's neck. Coltec flinches from it like a vampire from garlic, but there's nothing he can do. MacLeod puts his hands to Coltec's temple.

COLTEC

NO!

(CONTINUED)

1324 CONTINUED: (2)

1324

Coltec tries to twist away, but MacLeod holds tight. Coltec resists with all his strength. Both of them sweating. Coltec feeling it work. He snarls, pained, his eyes rolling up in his head -- he seems to succumb.

Coltec howls once -- an animal cry -- then goes limp, slumps over, unconscious, facing the fire.

MacLeod falls back, exhausted. Coltec is lying almost in the fire. Not moving.

MACLEOD

Jim?

Silence. Concerned, hoping he succeeded, MacLeod moves to him and rolls him over. As he does --

COLTEC

Moves suddenly, tosses hot ash from the fire into MacLeod's face.

MacLeod falls back, flails helplessly, blinded by the burning ash. Coltec's roundhouse kick knocks him down. Coltec rips off his remaining bonds, stands over MacLeod.

COLTEC

You thought you could save me? That what I am could be drawn out? It's too powerful, MacLeod.

He grips MacLeod by the hair.

COLTEC

Next time we won't be on holy ground.

He shoves MacLeod away, rips off the medicine pouch and throws it at him -- then turns and slips into the dark.

1325 INT. JOE'S - DAY

1325

Richie leans on the bar, distractedly twizzling his drink as Dawson tries to cheer him up.

DAWSON

Richie, it's just a theory. Like water on Mars. It's never been proven.

RICHIE

Mac believes it.

DAWSON

Yeah, well... he's been wrong before hasn't he?

(CONTINUED)

1325 CONTINUED:

1325

RICHIE

Yeah.
(beat)
But is he this time?

Dawson can't meet his gaze.

DAWSON

Have another.
(off Richie's look)
Okay, then I'll have another.

He tops up his drink.

RICHIE

Great. I've got something to look forward to.

DAWSON

Ever see "It's a Wonderful Life"?
(off Richie's look)
Jimmy Stewart movie. He gets to see what would have happened if he hadn't lived.

RICHIE

I hope this is going somewhere.

DAWSON

I'm saying don't jump to conclusions. If these Dark Quickenings happen, they must be rare, or we'd have records.

RICHIE

So maybe not everyone gets them.

DAWSON

Exactly. Think of all the bad guys you'd have to kill. What are the odds of staying alive that long?

RICHIE

Snowball in hell.

DAWSON

(beat)
Okay, I didn't put that exactly right.

RICHIE

Joe? Forget working for a crisis hotline.

DAWSON

Look, I just meant ...

(CONTINUED)

1325 CONTINUED: (2)

1325

RICHIE

(edgy)

I know what you meant. Where the hell's MacLeod?

DAWSON

How should I know?

RICHIE

You're his Watcher, dammit. It's your job.

BEAT -- Richie gets the BUZZ and reacts. Dawson picks up on it, and they both turn to the door to see

MACLEOD

He's not smiling.

RICHIE

You found Coltec?

MACLEOD

Yes.

(beat)

And no.

He sits at the bar. Grim. Doesn't speak for a moment.

DAWSON

The Dark Quickening?

MACLEOD

Coltec's become evil. As bad as the ones he killed.

(beat)

As bad as they come.

DAWSON

Damn.

MACLEOD

I have to stop him.

DAWSON

Are you sure you want to?

(beat)

Think about it.

MACLEOD

I have.

DAWSON

He could be in another county by now.

(CONTINUED)

1325 CONTINUED: (3)

1325

MACLEOD

Then you'll find out which county.
And you'll tell me.

DAWSON

(beat)

What the hell. Like you said, we're
not in Kansas anymore.

MacLeod moves to the door. Richie looks at Dawson.

RICHIE

Hell of a theory, Joe.

He turns and leaves.

Dawson reaches for the phone. As he does, the sound of a
WAILING SAX prelaps into --

1326 EXT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

1326

BELKER'S PAWN SHOP. Rough end of town. Coltec is exiting
the shop, Kant's leather jacket replaced by a loose black
coat, bebop dark glasses -- the look of Korland. In one
hand, Coltec carries a battered black SAX CASE. In the
other, a small can of GASOLINE. As he walks, he pours a
trail from the open spout.

A few yards from the store, Coltec tosses the gas can aside,
flicks a MATCH alight, and drops it into the trail of gas.

COLTEC

Burn, baby, burn.

CLOSE -- THE TRAIL OF GAS

as the FLAMES erupt, and run back along the trail, towards
the pawnshop. And OFF the flames --

1327 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT

1327

Dawson has come to fill MacLeod in on what he has found
out.

MACLEOD

A pawn shop.

DAWSON

On the South Side. After that, we
lost him.

MACLEOD

I'll talk to the Pawnshop Owner.

(CONTINUED)

1327 CONTINUED:

1327

He picks up his coat.

DAWSON

Mac... he killed the owner.
(off MacLeod's reaction)
I'm sorry. I know Coltec was your
friend.

MacLeod is silent a moment. Keeps his face neutral, but
we see this hurts.

MACLEOD

Anything else.

DAWSON

Just that it gets worse. When he
left, he torched the joint. Burned
it to the ground.
(beat)
Guess he's branching out.

There's not much to say. Dawson turns to go --

MACLEOD

(realizing)
Bryce Korland.

DAWSON

You lost me.

MACLEOD

Not Coltec, or Kant... it's Korland.
That's his M.O. He kills, then he
burns.

DAWSON

MacLeod, Korland died 18 years ago.

MACLEOD

When Jim took his head.
(beat)
It's not just Kant's evil inside
Jim... it's every Immortal he ever
killed. Now Korland's side is coming
out.

DAWSON

So we got revolving bad guys. How
does that help?

MACLEOD

I tracked Korland back in '58. I
knew where to find him then.
(beat)
And I know where to find him now.

1328 INT. BASEMENT CLUB - NIGHT

1328

A modern-day beat joint, catering to the retro-hip crowd, it resembles the Greenwich Village club. Coffee, weird poetry, androgynous black leather bodies. Tom Waits would feel at home. On a slightly raised stage --

Coltec. Black clothes, shades, playing sax -- he's Korland reincarnated, with the same hipster's drawl.

COLTEC

Cops, undertakers, the best minds of a generation will be totally -MISS-tified... at all these young... dead... bodies.

He blows a wailing RIFF, then stops -- he's getting the BUZZ.

MACLEOD

Is standing in the entrance. They lock eyes.

COLTEC

Well, well. Ain't life hell.
(beat)

I'll be right back. After this very... short... station break.

He lays down the sax, eyes on MacLeod.

COLTEC

Right now I gotta take care of a little... BIZ-ness.

1329 EXT. ALLEYWAY NEAR CLUB - NIGHT

1329

MacLeod and Coltec face off.

MACLEOD

I wish there was another way, Coltec. I don't want this.

COLTEC

Then this is gonna be easier than I thought.

Coltec pulls his sword and starts circling, looking for an opening. MacLeod hasn't drawn his sword yet.

COLTEC

What are you hoping for, MacLeod? A guilty conscience? Remorse?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1329 CONTINUED:

1329

COLTEC (CONT.)

(cold)

Gone. No more weakness, no more Mr.
Nice Guy.

MACLEOD

You were never weak, Coltec. You
were good. That was your strength!

COLTEC

Lemme tell you about strength. Real
strength is evil. It wins.

(beat)

You can't change me, MacLeod...
because I don't want to change.

MacLeod looks at him a heavy BEAT. This is hard. Saying
goodbye.

MACLEOD

I know.

COLTEC

Then go for it, man. My public's
waiting.

He attacks. They fight down the alley. MacLeod falling
back at first -- Coltec is good, his technique bolstered
by his hate, his rage.

MacLeod is on the defensive for a couple of passes -- then
he charges in, a blistering attack, and drives Coltec back.

Coltec is unbalanced, vulnerable for a moment.

MACLEOD

Could strike now -- he can't bring himself. He hesitates,
starts to lower his sword --

It's a target too tempting for the evil in Coltec to resist.
He charges in for the kill --

MacLeod slides aside, slips past Coltec's guard and --
takes his head.

REFRAME

As the Quickening hits MacLeod. It's enormous dark images
swirl from Coltec's body, as MacLeod absorbs all the evil
that was in him. MacLeod struggles to fight it, but the
surge is overwhelming -- he goes to his knees in agony,
collapses. Eerie silence. The alleyway is still for an
ominous moment, then --

MacLeod rises slowly gets to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

1329 CONTINUED: (2)

1329

He looks up -- and he looks different. He has changed
somehow -- his eyes are hollow, unreadable. And OFF his
face

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

1330 EXT. JOE'S - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 1330

As we HEAR --

DAWSON (O.S.)

(quiet)

How long's he been sitting there?

1331 INT. JOE'S - NIGHT 1331

MacLeod is there, sitting alone, drinking steadily.

Dawson is at the bar, eyeing MacLeod as he talks to his Bartender. The Bartender shrugs, rolls his eyes. Dawson watches as

MACLEOD

Gets up from his bar seat and moves toward a table where a young, attractive woman, DENISE, is sitting nursing a drink.

MACLEOD

Mind if I join you?

DENISE

I'm waiting for someone.

MacLeod offers an expansive smile as he sits.

MACLEOD

(at his most charming)
I'm here.

DENISE

Really.
(beat)
I'm not looking for company.

MACLEOD

(insistent)
Sure you are.
(to a passing waiter)
Coupl'a tequilas here. Doubles.

Denise grabs her bag and starts to leave.

DENISE

I'd better go.

MacLeod rises and grabs her wrist.

(CONTINUED)

1331 CONTINUED:

1331

MACLEOD

Did I say you could leave?

DENISE

Let go of me.

MACLEOD

Why don't we go back to your place
and talk dirty?

With her free hand, she slaps him. MacLeod smiles, waits a beat, and slaps her back.

DAWSON

Moves swiftly between them.

DAWSON

What the hell are you doing, Mac?

MACLEOD

Slams Joe hard with a flathand -- and sends him sprawling back, crashing over a table.

Stunned silence. Waiters, patrons -- all eyes are on MacLeod, standing over Joe with his hands clenched.

The Bartender and Waiter help Dawson to his feet. Dawson quickly waves them away.

DAWSON

It's okay, I'm fine. Guy's just had a little too much.

They hesitate, eyeing MacLeod.

DAWSON

I said it's fine.

They move reluctantly to their stations. Dawson wipes a dab of blood from his lip.

DAWSON

(terse)

What the hell was that about?

MacLeod is struggling with himself, his rage, ready to take the bar apart, smash Dawson again. Dawson sees this. He really looks at him -- now he sees the change in the eyes, the face.

DAWSON

MacLeod? What the hell is happening?

(CONTINUED)

1331 CONTINUED: (2)

1331

With an effort of will, MacLeod tears himself away, crashes roughly through the patrons, and out the door.

DAWSON

MacLeod!

Dawson reacts, his face tight with concern.

1332 INT. DOJO - OFFICE - NIGHT (E)

1332

Richie at the desk, feet up, on the phone -- he's been doing the books.

RICHIE

(beat, listening)

Joe, we all take it hard. He'll get over it, but this was a friend of his ... he just needs time.

INTERCUT:

1333 INT. JOE'S (E)

1333

Dawson at the bar phone.

DAWSON

Richie, this wasn't some post-Quickening blues. He hammered a girl, then he knocked me on my ass. Something is seriously wrong.

RESUME RICHIE

RICHIE

I'll talk to him.

DAWSON

Just get the hell out of here.

RICHIE

Joe, if he needs my help, I'm not going anywhere.

ON DAWSON

Hanging up at his end. Not liking any of this.

1334 INT. DOJO - OFFICE - LATER - NIGHT

1334

Richie about to fold the books as he gets the BUZZ. He rises, heads into the dojo.

1335 INT. DOJO - CONTINUOUS

1335

MacLeod is standing in the center of the dojo, looking around, taking it in as if through different eyes. It's clear to Richie that he's in a bad way. He heads over.

RICHIE

Mac. I was getting worried about you.

MACLEOD

You were? Why?

RICHIE

Because of Coltec. You found him?

MACLEOD

Yeah, I found him.

That weird neutral voice.

RICHIE

(beat)

I know how much you liked the guy. I'm sorry.

MACLEOD

You're sorry.

RICHIE

Look, it wasn't your fault. You had to do it, no matter how much you hated it.

MacLeod stops, turns his attention on Richie. It's as if he's looking at him -- really seeing him -- for the first time.

MACLEOD

Hated it?

(beat)

You got it wrong.

His eyes glean with a dangerous light -- he's smiling. And OFF Richie's stare, MacLeod pulls his sword.

MACLEOD (cont'd)

I liked it.

Richie backs off.

RICHIE

Come on, Mac... What are you doing?

MacLeod flicks his sword casually. Richie dodges back, winces -- looks down at his chest.

(CONTINUED)

1335 CONTINUED:

1335

CLOSE - RICHIE'S CHEST

there's a line of BLOOD across a slash in his shirt.

Richie pulls his bloodied hand away in disbelief.

MACLEOD

You're a smart boy. What do you
think I'm doing?

MacLeod moves purposefully forward. Richie scrambles back,
yanking his own sword free. He tries to fend MacLeod off,
fighting with every ounce of skill he has.

RICHIE

Whatever happened, we can fix it.
Don't do this...

(beat)

I'm your friend, dammit!

MACLEOD

Sorry. Wrong number.

He lunges, wounds Richie in the shoulder. Richie drops
his sword and goes to his knees. He tries to reach his
sword with his other hand -- MacLeod kicks it away.

Richie is defenseless. He locks eyes with MacLeod. Anger,
pain, betrayal.

RICHIE

If you're gonna kill me, I want to
know why! The Teacher kills the
pupil? There can be only one? Why!

A BEAT of hesitation on MacLeod's part, an inner battle,
something in there trying to stop him -- then it passes.

MACLEOD

That's as good a reason as any.

He raises his sword to take Richie's head.

Richie winces, waits for the killing blow.

MacLeod in the backswing, putting all his force into the
blow -- there's a GUNSHOT -- and MacLeod staggers back,
mortally wounded, grabs one of the trailing CLIMBING ROPES.
He puts a hand to his chest, surprised to see the blood.
He looks up --

DAWSON

Stands there, the smoking gun in hand.

(CONTINUED)

1335 CONTINUED: (2)

1335

MacLeod snarls, tries to take a step towards Dawson, raise his sword -- but death strikes first. He crashes to the floor.

Dawson drops the gun in his coat, moves over to Richie and helps him up.

DAWSON

You okay?

RICHIE

I'll live.

(dazed)

What the hell, Joe, he tried to kill me. MacLeod...

DAWSON

Go. Just get out of here. And whatever happens, don't come near him.

Richie pulls free.

RICHIE

You saw what he did! Whatever the hell's wrong, MacLeod needs help!

DAWSON

Don't you get it? That isn't MacLeod! Not the one we knew.

(beat)

The man's not your friend!

Richie looks from Dawson to the body on the floor. Not wanting to believe what he knows in his gut.

RICHIE

Joe...

DAWSON

(overriding)

And when he comes to, he'll take your head!

Richie backs away, hurt, torn -- he knows it's true. He picks up his sword.

RICHIE

What about you?

DAWSON

There's nothing in it for him.

(beat)

I'm not Immortal. No Quickening.

(CONTINUED)

1335 CONTINUED: (3)

1335

It's not much to hope on, and Dawson himself isn't really convinced. Before Richie can object --

DAWSON

Go! Please!

Richie throws a last look at MacLeod. He's pained, torn. And off his face --

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

1336 INT. DOJO - LATER

1336

CLOSE - MACLEOD

Reviving. He opens his eyes, shakes his head clear. His first sight is --

DAWSON

Standing before him, leaning on the katana, waiting.

RESUME MACLEOD

Seeing an enemy. Still not with it, he tries to lunge for Dawson -- but he can't move. His smile wipes off-as he finds --

WIDER

He's been tied to the workout bars of the dojo. He struggles at the ropes, raging -- but it's useless.

DAWSON

Guy could get a rope burn like that.

MacLeod gives up, glares at Dawson.

MACLEOD

These won't hold forever. Better run while you can.

DAWSON

I'm not ready to give up.

MACLEOD

There's nothing to give up except your life.

DAWSON

(beat)
There's a friend.

MacLeod gives a nasty chuckle. He SNIFFS the air.

(CONTINUED)

1336 CONTINUED:

1336

MACLEOD

You smell that? I do. It's the
smell of your mortality, Dawson.
Your own death.

(cold)

Why would I be friends with a dead
man?

BEAT. This cuts as much as MacLeod intended, but Dawson
pushes on.

DAWSON

We go back a long way, MacLeod.
Maybe we didn't want to admit it...

(beat)

But we owe each other.

MACLEOD

Speak for yourself.

DAWSON

I am. For both of us.

(beat)

I know damn near everything about
you, Mac. Know who you fought, who
You killed...

(beat)

Who you loved. I know it all.

MACLEOD

Not anymore.

DAWSON

I know your strength, your will...
Your goodness.

(beat)

I know whatever monsters are in you
now, you're in there too.

MACLEOD

Ready to gamble your life on it?

(beat)

If you're not, you better use that
blade right now... cut off my head
and kill me.

(beat)

Because if you don't, I'm sure as
hell not going to let you live.

The hate seethes from MacLeod like acid from a sponge.
Dawson is shocked at the vehemence. He looks at MacLeod
for a LONG BEAT.

DAWSON

I guess you're right. We can't just
sit here.

(CONTINUED)

1336 CONTINUED: (2)

1336

He lifts MacLeod's katana. He's in turmoil, wrestling with this.

MACLEOD

(taunting)

Come on, dead man. You have the will? The guts?

Dawson raises the blade to MacLeod's neck -- holds it there. Tension. Dawson's eyes. He brings the blade back -- could be drawing it back to strike -- then he flicks it quickly and -- cuts the ropes binding MacLeod's hand. MacLeod holds up his freed hand, stares -- he expected anything but this.

Dawson quickly cuts the remaining ropes, then steps back and waits for whatever will happen.

MacLeod snatches the katana away, and lifts it.

MACLEOD

Big mistake.

DAWSON

Maybe.

He waits, holding MacLeod's eyes.

MacLeod hesitates, the inner battle echoed on his face. Dawson waiting before him. Then with an enormous effort -- MacLeod tears himself away and storms out the door.

DAWSON

MacLeod... MacLeod, wait!

But MacLeod is gone. Dawson stands in the silent dojo.

Alone. And OFF this lone man --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

1337 EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT (TO BE SHOT IN LE HAVRE)

1337

A TRAMP STEAMER

The sort that carries Liberian registry, preparing to sail. Sound of groaning WINCHES, heavy CARGO booming somewhere deep inside it's murky belly, forlorn SHIPS hooting in the foggy night like lost giants.

Jutting from it's deck, a GANGPLANK angles down past the rusting plates of the bilge-stained hull, to --

THE DOCK

At a crate serving as a makeshift desk, the ship's quartermaster, ARNAUD, stands, his open CREW REGISTER before him. He's big and rough -- but not as hard as some of the gorillas now signing on; Greeks, Asians, flotsam and jetsam from a half-dozen nations. As one man signs and moves onto the gangplank --

ARNAUD

One more able-bodied seaman. Who's next?

A large swarthy SAILOR steps up to sign. As he does, he's elbowed roughly aside. He turns, ready to scrap

MACLEOD

Stands there, unshaven, a duffel-bag over his shoulder -- nobody you want to mess with. He glowers at the Sailor.

MACLEOD

Me.

No argument there. The Sailor picks up his gear and slinks away. The Quartermaster eyes MacLeod as he steps up to the book.

ARNAUD

Work's dirty, it's a rough crew, food's lousy. You get paid out when we dock.

(beat)

You still want on?

MacLeod doesn't answer -- just finishes signing the crew register and starts for the gangplank. The Quartermaster calls after him.

(CONTINUED)

1337 CONTINUED:

1337

ARNAUD

Hey! You want to know where the
hell you're going?

ON MACLEOD

At the foot of the gangplank. He pauses without turning.

MACLEOD

No.

He pushes on up the gangplank, not looking back. As the
foggy uncertain night swallows him up, we --

FADE OUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...