



HIGHLANDER

The Series

95418
THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

Written by
Alan Swayze

Highlander

"THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY"

Written by

Alan Swayze

Production #95418

January 26, 1996 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"Through a Glass Darkly"

Production #95418

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD

METHOS/ADAM PIERSON
WARREN COCHRANE/WARREN GODDARD

INSPECTOR DEON
NANCY GODDARD
BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE
ANDREW DONNELLY

SOLDIER
JAMES
SARAH
INNKEEPER

HIGHLANDER

"Through a Glass Darkly"

Production #95418

SET LISTINTERIORS

MACLEOD'S BARGE

POLICE STATION

/BULLPEN

/INTERVIEW ROOM

METHOS' WINECELLAR

COCHRANE'S HOUSE

/STUDY

FRENCH INN - 1786

/FRENCH INN - THE PRESENT

DESERTED BUILDING

EXTERIORS

MACLEOD'S BARGE

CEMETARY

DESERTED BUILDING

ERISKAY ISLAND, SCOTLAND - 1745

WOODED FIELDS - SCOTLAND - 1746

BATTLEFIELD - SCOTLAND - 1746

ROAD

FRENCH WOODS - 1786

/WOODED RIDGE

FIELD

STREET

HIGHLANDER

"Through A Glass, Darkly"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1801 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

1801

MACLEOD and METHOS stand by a fresh grave. A headstone above it reads ALEXA BOND BELOVED.

METHOS

She loved Greece... especially Santorini.

MACLEOD

(small comfort)

If not for you, she never would have seen it.

METHOS

I think she would have liked to be buried there, but I didn't want her to be that far away.

MacLeod puts a comforting arm on his friend's shoulder.

METHOS (CONT'D)

C'mon. I'll drive you home.

As they walk together, Methos speaks.

METHOS (CONT'D)

I knew Alexa was dying. Every day we were together, everywhere we went, I knew.

(beat)

But when she finally closed her eyes, I was surprised.

They walk in silence, leaving the cemetery, then:

MACLEOD

The Navajo say the spirit lives as long as someone lives who remembers you.

Methos looks at him in surprise, pleased by the thought.

METHOS

Aren't you a little young to be so smart?

(CONTINUED)

1801 CONTINUED: 1801

Their shared smile is cut short as they both get a BUZZ from a spooky deserted building nearby.

1802 EXT./INT. DESERTED BUILDING - DAY 1802

It is dark in the bowels of the building, a home for spiders and rats. MacLeod and Methos move cautiously inside from the bright daylight at its entrance. We hear the rapid breathing of an unseen Immortal and see from the

UNSEEN IMMORTAL'S POV

MacLeod and Methos enter the building. The perspective changes as the Immortal moves deeper into the dark.

RESUME MACLEOD AND METHOS

Following the BUZZ, step further inside.

MACLEOD

Who's there?

METHOS

(uneasy with the place)

Why don't we wait for him outside?

MacLeod throws Methos a look and keeps moving, leaving Methos by the entrance.

THE IMMORTAL

an indiscernible shape in a great coat, moves through shards of light in the distance.

MACLEOD

spots him briefly and points.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

There.

He moves after him. They play a game of cat and mouse. The Immortal moving MacLeod deeper and deeper within. MacLeod arrives at the spot where the Immortal was an instant before and finds nothing.

THE UNSEEN IMMORTAL

is standing behind a pile of debris, his breath coming in labored gasps. He sees

HIS POV

MacLeod withdrawing his sword, as he senses the closeness of his opponent.

(CONTINUED)

1802 CONTINUED:

1802

THE UNSEEN IMMORTAL

pushes on the debris and sends it toppling down toward MacLeod.

MACLEOD

just manages to get out of the way. He turns, sword ready, and faces his opponent.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I'm Duncan MacLeod of the Clan MacLeod.

THE IMMORTAL (COCHRANE)

reacts to the glint off MacLeod's sword, the hard look in his eyes. He's struck by

A SUBLIMINAL IMAGE

blasted with light and contrast, of another sword, Cochrane's Claymore, as it swings in a wide arc. Then, from the darkness, the translucent image of an unidentified young man floats toward camera. It is the face of a man we will later learn is named ANDREW DONNELLY.

COCHRANE

stumbles back, startled and disoriented.

COCHRANE (CONT'D)

Leave me alone.
(beat)
Stay away from me.

It's MacLeod's turn to be confused. He steps toward Cochrane, lowering his sword slightly but keeping it at the ready.

MACLEOD

Cochrane?

Cochrane turns and runs past an astonished Methos.

COCHRANE

Help! Help, police!

MacLeod and Methos exchange a look. They follow after Cochrane.

1803 EXT. DESERTED BUILDING - DAY

1803

Cochrane runs out of the building yelling.

(CONTINUED)

1803 CONTINUED:

1803

COCHRANE

Help! Help! He's trying to kill
me.

He runs to a couple of POLICEMEN.

MACLEOD AND METHOS

stop at the doorway of the building and hurry in the opposite
direction.

METHOS

(on the move)

Friend of yours?

MacLeod doesn't answer.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1804 EXT. STREET - DAY

1804

MacLeod and Methos move down the street together.

MACLEOD

It was like he had no idea who I
was, or what was going on.

Methos shakes his head at the idea.

METHOS

Could we have a little more paranoia,
here, please?

MACLEOD

What do you mean?

METHOS

Not everybody steps into the light
with their sword raised and announces
their name.

(making a list)

Cochrane runs away screaming bloody
murder, and how do you react? You're
confused, off balance, distracted.
Maybe it's what he wants.

MACLEOD

You don't trust anyone, do you?

METHOS

I find it's safer not to make a habit
of it.

(beat)

Present company excluded, of course.

MACLEOD

The man was once my friend.

METHOS

Was.

MACLEOD

If he wanted to kill me, one of us
would be dead. Warren Cochrane never
walked away from a fight in his life.

TRANSITION TO:

1805 EXT. ERISKAY ISLAND, SCOTLAND - 1745 - LATE AFTERNOON

1805

In the afternoon light, we are in the midst of a skirmish between a small knot of SCOTTISH SOLDIERS and their ENGLISH COUNTERPARTS.

THE CLAREMONTS

a young Scotsman and his father, stand back to back in a wooded field and battle bravely THREE ENGLISH PIKEMEN. Both father and son fall to the English iron.

MACLEOD

finishes his enemy and engages the Pikemen. Suddenly, he is joined by

COCHRANE

who enters the battle with the piercing joyous cry of a man filled with battle rage.

MACLEOD

runs one of the Pikemen through as Cochrane finishes the other

COCHRANE

studies the field of battle. The English lay vanquished for the moment, silent in death. He looks down up on the fallen forms of the Claremonts. He smiles and clasps MacLeod on the shoulder.

COCHRANE

Did you see the Claremonts, father
and son taking on three pike-men?
Like two fiends, two lovely fiends.

REVERSE - MACLEOD AND COCHRANE

MacLeod is constrained, thoughtful, but Cochrane is elated.

MACLEOD

I saw them fight.
(beat)
And I saw them die.

This is lost on Cochrane.

COCHRANE

A glorious death, Duncan. Sometimes
I think I would gladly give up my
Immortality to have a son.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

COCHRANE (CONT'D)

(back to earth, re
the men who are still
standing)

Look at them, Duncan. These lads
are ready for anything.

MACLEOD

Aye. If bravery was all we needed,
England would be ours by now.

COCHRANE

She will be. And Bonnie Prince
Charlie at her head.

MACLEOD

(wry)

I'll be content with Scotland. If
our luck holds.

COCHRANE

Luck? Devil take your mouth, man,
what could stop us?

MACLEOD

A well-trained English army.

(sober)

I've heard the Prince wants to attack
Derby.

Cochrane rubs his hands together with gleeful relish.

COCHRANE

That's our Charlie... right down the
English throat! It's bloody
brilliant!

MACLEOD

Is it?

(beat)

Edinburgh, then Prestonpans... but
Derby will not be a stroll in the
heather. It's too much, too soon.

Cochrane pulls out a flask and pours MacLeod a capful.

COCHRANE

Trust your Prince. When we're done,
Charlie will sit on the royal throne
of Scotland. The one true King...
and us at his side.

Eyes shining with fervor, he hands MacLeod a drink.

MacLeod smiles, caught up in Cochrane's absolute certainty.

(CONTINUED)

1805 CONTINUED: (2)

1805

MACLEOD

I'll drink to that, Warren.
(beat)
To victory.

He hoists his drink. Cochrane does the same -- then turns and shouts down to the men.

COCHRANE

To Charlie!

ANGLE - THE MEN

as they look up, raising their swords, their voices shouting as one.

MEN

TO CHARLIE!

And OFF MacLeod's look, as he drains his glass. A soldier starts beating on a DRUM and the sound becomes --

TRANSITION TO:

1806 EXT. STREET - THE PRESENT - DAY - RESUME

1806

METHOS

I'm just saying don't take anything
at face value.

A POLICE CAR pulls up and INSPECTOR DEON, a young man, recently promoted, stuck with the unwanted cases, like this one, gets out. He shows MacLeod his i.d.

DEON

Inspector Deon. Are you Duncan
MacLeod?

MACLEOD

Is there a problem?

DEON

(beat)
We have a man who swears you attacked
him with a sword.

MacLeod and Methos look at each other with apparent amazement.

MACLEOD

What would I be doing with a sword?

1807 INT. POLICE STATION - BULL PEN - DAY

1807

MacLeod and Deon enter.

(CONTINUED)

1807 CONTINUED:

1807

DEON

Thanks for coming down. The guy's
got no I.D. and no idea who he is.
(pointing to his temple)
I think he's a little confused.

MACLEOD

It's okay, I'll be happy to identify
him.

DEON

Usually we get weirdos like him around
the full moon.

A uniformed OFFICER approaches him, hands him a file.

DEON (CONT'D)

(glancing at the file)
Did you send for the wife?
(to MacLeod)
A Missing Person's match came through
while I was out. His wife's on her
way down. It looks like you can go
home.

MacLeod glances over at the file, sees that it is labeled
with case number and the name "Warren Goddard."

MACLEOD

Maybe I could talk to him anyway. I
might be able to help.

DEON

Then you know Mr. Goddard?

MACLEOD

We're old friends.

DEON

But you didn't see him this morning?

MACLEOD

As you said, he must be confused.

1808 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

1808

Cochrane gets the BUZZ, reacts a bit wildly as the door is
opened and MacLeod steps in, Deon beside him.

COCHRANE

(to Deon)
That's him. That's the man.

(CONTINUED)

DEON
Monsieur Goddard. This man says
he's your friend.

COCHRANE
I don't know him. And I don't know
any Goddard.

MacLeod moves to Cochrane, holding his gaze.

MACLEOD
Warren. Warren, listen to me.

His voice is mesmerizing as he tries to get through to
Cochrane.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
Think. Helensburgh, near Dumbarton,
where you were born. That Inn by
the Clyde where the Mistress of the
House served you blueberries with
clotted cream, and that disgusting
dark rum you liked?

COCHRANE
(a moment of clarity)
And her daughter served you something
better, my Bonnie.

Deon reacts, impressed -- MacLeod got through.

DEON
Mr. Goddard? You know this man?

Cochrane looks at him, struggling with rapid flashes of
memory:

SUBLIMINAL IMAGES

blasted with light and contrast: TWO BEAMS OF LIGHT stabbing
upwards; A CLAYMORE drawn and raised; A BOLT OF LIGHTNING
that Cochrane shrinks back from as though it had clapped in
his face.

COCHRANE
No! No...
(to MacLeod, desperate)
I don't know you.

MACLEOD
We were the best of friends.

We PUSH IN on MacLeod as he remembers --

TRANSITION TO:

1809 EXT. WOODED FIELDS - SCOTLAND - 1746 - DAY

1809

On the way to Culloden. MacLeod moves through the fields with a small band of SCOTS WARRIORS. As they move, the men ahead of him stop, looking stunned.

MACLEOD

We have to meet the others by
nightfall. What is it?

SOLDIER

It's Cochrane.

BEAT. MacLeod quickly pushes past the column, to see --

MACLEOD'S POV - A BATTLE SCENE

FIVE MEN lie dead. Three Englishmen, two Scots. Among them Cochrane lies dead -- an English sword planted in his chest. The Englishman he fought lies dead before him, Cochrane's dirk in his breastbone.

RESUME - THE SOLDIERS

reacting to the sight with grim dismay.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

The English bastards know we're
coming.

MACLEOD

(grim)
Not these ones. Cochrane made sure
of that.

SOLDIER

And now he's dead... before the
battle's even joined.

He quickly makes a cross -- Cochrane's death is a bad sign. MacLeod grabs the Soldier, shoves him closer to Cochrane's body.

MACLEOD

Aye. But he died like a man, fighting
for his Prince and his country!
(hard)
We'll do no less tomorrow.

He releases the Soldier, claps the man by the shoulders.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Now go on. I'll catch up.
(beat)
I've a friend to see to.

(CONTINUED)

1809 CONTINUED:

1809

A BEAT -- the men move on.

MACLEOD

stands over Cochrane's body. When the men are out of sight, he grabs the SWORD standing up from his chest, plants a foot on Cochrane's rib-cage for leverage -- and yanks it out.

COCHRANE

gasps in agony as the sword comes out, breath floods his lungs, reviving him. He sits up, starts in confusion at the mess around him.

MACLEOD

Easy, Warren. Easy, it's me.

As Cochrane relaxes, MacLeod helps him up. Cochrane's first wobbly thought is for the foe he was fighting.

COCHRANE

Did I get them? Bastards, there were three of them...

MACLEOD

Aye. You got them.

COCHRANE

And MacGregor?

MacLeod shakes his head, nods at the other Scot's body, Cochrane sighs heavily, then retrieves his sword from the ground, feeling more steady.

COCHRANE (CONT'D)

Bloody English... they were lucky this time.

MACLEOD

Luck had nothing to do with it.

COCHRANE

(defensive)

It was English trickery lost us that battle.

MACLEOD

Trickery, hell. We were out-flanked, out-planned... We weren't ready for it!

Cochrane grabs MacLeod's arm, looks at him in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

COCHRANE

What are you saying? You blame
Charlie for losing?

MACLEOD

Open your eyes, man! I'm with Charlie
to the death, but I see what I see.
He may be the true Prince and the
man Scotland needs to believe in...
(beat)
But he's no' the man to lead us in
war.

Cochrane goes white.

COCHRANE

You disloyal bastard.

He hauls off and slugs MacLeod, sends him reeling. MacLeod
wipes a smear of blood from his lip, reins in his anger.

MACLEOD

(tight)
There's no man on earth can call me
that.

Cochrane is immediately contrite.

COCHRANE

Duncan, forgive me. You're my best
friend, it's just...
(beat)
Being stuck by that English pig
must've done it. Forget I said it.

MACLEOD

(beat)
Aye. This time.

COCHRANE

Come on then. The boys need every
arm for the fight.

Cochrane turns, starts to follow after the soldiers. MacLeod
grabs his arm, stops him.

MACLEOD

Warren, they saw you dead. A blade
through your heart.
(beat)
You know what that means. You have
to leave.

Cochrane is stunned, shaken -- he rocks as it hits him.

(CONTINUED)

COCHRANE

But I've lived for this. This is our moment, MacLeod! The Prince is ready, the men are ready... the enemy's waiting! The glory time is here.

MACLEOD

And we'll give them our best.
(beat)
But you canna be there.

Cochrane sees he's right -- there's no way around this.

COCHRANE

Then you must fight for two.

They clasp arms a BEAT. Cochrane's eyes are brimming.

COCHRANE (CONT'D)

Be strong, for me and for Charlie.

MACLEOD

Aye. For all of us.

MacLeod pulls away, moves to catch up the troops. Cochrane watching him leave.

COCHRANE

Bring us glory on Culloden Moor,
MacLeod... you will not lose. YOU
CANNOT LOSE!

And OFF his desperate look --

TRANSITION TO:

1810 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - THE PRESENT - DAY

1810

RESUME

MACLEOD

Do you remember anything? Anything at all?

COCHRANE

Nothing that makes any sense. A sword... lightning...

MacLeod reacts, looks over to Deon.

MACLEOD

(to Deon)
Could you give me a few minutes alone with him?

(CONTINUED)

1810 CONTINUED:

1810

He breaks off as the door opens and NANCY GODDARD comes in -- in her 30's, attractive but no aggressively so.

NANCY

Warren!

She rushes to his side.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Thank God they found you. What happened? Where did you go?

He just stares at her, not recognizing her.

COCHRANE

I -- I don't know. I don't know you.

(to MacLeod)

Do I know her?

MACLEOD

Your wife.

(to Nancy)

The police told you.

NANCY

Yes. They told me. I guess I just didn't realize...

(pulling it together)

Nancy Goddard.

MACLEOD

Duncan MacLeod. I'm an old friend of Warren's.

(this is awkward)

Did he ever speak of his past... about us...

NANCY

(clearly in the dark)

I don't think he ever mentioned you.

(a shrug)

Warren never talks much about himself.

MACLEOD

Could you tell me where he's been? When you last saw him?

NANCY

He left on Friday to do some research in Normandy. He was only supposed to be gone a couple of days.

(beat)

I think I'd better get him home.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1810 CONTINUED: (2)

1810

NANCY (CONT'D)
(to Cochrane)
Come on, Warren -- let's go.

MACLEOD
If I could just talk to him for a
few minutes.

NANCY
Thanks... we'll be all right.

She puts a gentle arm around Cochrane and they go out, leaving
MacLeod to watch them go.

1811 INT. METHOS' WINECELLAR - DAY

1811

Besides the wine, it is where Methos stores his documents.
Old books and parchments are spread on every available
surface, draped over lampshades to dry. Methos is unpacking
the contents of a water-damaged file box. MacLeod enters.
Methos looks up and sees him.

METHOS
Apparently Paris is prone to flooding
in the Winter.

MACLEOD
You're lucky you don't own a barge.
(examining a damp
book)
The damage isn't too bad.

METHOS
You can still read it, that's what
matters. How's your Latin?

MACLEOD
Either it's rustier than I thought,
or I'm looking at a recipe for Sea
Anemones.

METHOS
(with a smile)
Apicius. Everbody's favorite early
Roman cook. You should have seen
what he could do with lentils and
chestnuts. Looked like road tar,
but it tasted -- ! Maybe I'll make
it for you sometime.

MACLEOD
(without enthusiasm)
Great.

(CONTINUED)

1811 CONTINUED:

1811

METHOS
(to the point)
You didn't come to exchange recipes.

MACLEOD
(a nod)
I saw Cochrane. He doesn't remember anything. Me... His past... His wife... I didn't think it was possible for us to have amnesia.

METHOS
(musing)
It couldn't be physical... If it's not an act, he must've had one hell of an emotional shock.
(beat)
How did he react when you told him what he is?

MACLEOD
I didn't get the chance.

METHOS
(thoughtful)
What would it be like, I wonder?

MacLeod reacts.

MACLEOD
To forget, you mean?

METHOS
To start fresh, not knowing who you are, what you are, where you've been.
(wistful)
Perhaps it's a blessing.

MACLEOD
(down to earth)
Until someone comes and takes your head.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

1812 INT. COCHRANE'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY 1812

The wood-paneled study is decorated as a shrine to everything that Scotland was, shelves and walls filled with Scottish Gak from every era. Cochrane stands looking over the decor. His eyes fall on a BRACKET on the wall, made to hold a sword. He's struck again by quick flashes of memory

SUBLIMINAL IMAGES:

HIS SWORD in the bracket; HIS SWORD in his hand, being raised; A FLASHLIGHT pointed upwards, then kicked aside.

COCHRANE

shakes off the visions as Nancy enters with a tray with tea things, puts it on the table.

COCHRANE

(re the decor)

Are these things mine?

NANCY

(nods)

You've collected them for years.
You said you liked to imagine Scotland
as she once was.

Cochrane's eyes go to a print of a battlefield.

1813 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - SCOTLAND - 1746 - DAY 1813

MONTAGE OF IMAGES

under which we hear the sounds of battle and the screams of dying men. Sword and dirk clash... Bullets fire. Cochrane fights on foot, sword in hand, runs an English soldier through.

1814 RESUME SCENE 1814

Cochrane turns from the painting, shaken and distracted.

COCHRANE

You said I'm a writer?

NANCY

Travel books. That's where you went
last week... on a research trip...
Can you remember that?

(CONTINUED)

1814 CONTINUED: 1814

He starts to remember, just a flash

1815 EXT. ROAD - DAY 1815

Cochrane and young ANDREW DONNELLY, a man in his early twenties, getting out of a car.

1816 RESUME COCHRANE - THE PRESENT 1816

He can't face that memory -- suddenly, he FLASHES:

1817 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - SCOTLAND - 1746 - DAY 1817

MORE IMAGES

the sounds of battle under. Men are falling, dying. Cochrane is run through by an English soldier.

1818 RESUME SCENE 1818

COCHRANE

I remember marching... The Clans joining together...

(far away)

I can feel the sword in my hand. I smell the gun powder. I turn and strike --

(losing it)

I hear the screams of dying men. What's happening to me?

Off Nancy's dismayed reaction:

1819 INT. METHOS' WINECELLAR - DAY 1819

Methos and MacLeod are going at it.

METHOS

You getting involved with him is a bad idea.

MACLEOD

He was my friend and he's in trouble. I'm not walking away.

METHOS

I would.

MACLEOD

Look at it this way. As long as he doesn't know what he is, he's a danger to all of us. Our secret.

(CONTINUED)

METHOS

So lure him outside and kill him.
Problem solved.

MACLEOD

I never know when you're kidding.

METHOS

Part of my charm.
(after a beat)
I pulled his file. Thought it might
help to know what he's been up to
lately.

MACLEOD

Isn't that breaking your Watcher
oath?

METHOS

Your point?
(beat)
He's been using this Goddard identity
for fifteen years. Writes travel
books -- 'Historical England,'
'Historical Scotland,' that kind of
stuff.

MACLEOD

His wife said he was on a research
trip when he disappeared. Any idea
where he went?

METHOS

I think you overestimate the speed
of the Watcher bureaucracy.
(off MacLeod's look)
Okay... okay... I'll find out what I
can.

MACLEOD

Thanks.

As MacLeod moves away.

METHOS

(under his breath)
Boy Scout.

MACLEOD

(turning back)
Did you say something?

METHOS

Nope... not a word.

(CONTINUED)

1819 CONTINUED: (2) 1819

MacLeod leaves.

1820 EXT. COCHRANE'S HOUSE - TO ESTABLISH - DAY 1820

Upper middle class. Well appointed.

COCHRANE (O.S.)

This is insane and you're crazier
than I am.

1821 INT. COCHRANE'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY 1821

Mid-scene. MacLeod and Cochrane. Cochrane paces by the
desk, agitated.

COCHRANE

Immortals? Living forever?

MACLEOD

Tell me what you remember.

COCHRANE

(denial)

Nothing.

(a mantra)

I'm Warren Goddard. I was born in
Killecrankie in 1954. My parents
were killed in a car crash when I
was sixteen.

MacLeod grabs his arms.

MACLEOD

(intense)

You're not Warren Goddard. You're
Warren Cochrane, born in Helensburgh
in Strathclyde in 1475. Your parents
were killed by the English at Flodden
Field in 1513... and so were you.

COCHRANE

You're mad.

MacLeod grabs Cochrane, halts his pacing.

MACLEOD

No, I'm Immortal. Like you.

COCHRANE

Stop it! Leave me alone!

MACLEOD

(pushing)

Why? What are you hiding from?

(CONTINUED)

1821 CONTINUED:

1821

Cochrane is assailed by

FROZEN IMAGES:

A FLASHLIGHT standing on end, sending a cone of light spreading upwards; A SWORD passing through the cone of light.

RESUME SCENE

Cochrane blinks back the images.

COCHRANE

I don't know! I don't remember!

MACLEOD

You have to.

With surprising force, MacLeod grabs Cochrane's hand and holds it on the desk.

COCHRANE

(struggling)

Get off me. Nancy!

MacLeod pulls a letter opener from a desk set and IMPALES Cochrane's hand. Cochrane is in shock.

COCHRANE (CONT'D)

My God.

MACLEOD

Wait. Watch.

MacLeod pulls out the blade.

CLOSE - COCHRANE'S HAND

The wound heals before Cochrane's eyes.

MACLEOD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It's all true, Warren. We've known each other for three hundred years.

TRANSITION TO:

1822 EXT. CAMPFIRE - FRENCH WOODS - 1786 - AFTERNOON

1822

COCHRANE'S HAND, feeding a log to a campfire. Cochrane and his family -- his wife SARAH and her 16-year-old son, JAMES -- are gathered around the fire. Sarah is tending a small roast on a spit. Cochrane's musket leans on a pile of wood nearby.

JAMES

Warren? Will we really see Bonnie Prince Charlie?

(CONTINUED)

1822 CONTINUED:

1822

Cochrane gives him a tolerant smile.

COCHRANE

Aye, James, the Bonnie Prince himself.
Come to France all the way from Italy
just to meet us.

JAMES

What's he like?

Cochrane's eyes are far away.

COCHRANE

A great man. A great leader. Without
Charlie, there's no Scotland. But
with him, I can raise ten-thousand
men inside a week.

He reacts to the sound of an approaching HORSE. His hand
goes to his sword. Then he gets the BUZZ, and relaxes as --

ANGLE - MACLEOD

arrives on a horse.

COCHRANE

MacLeod! You're just in time for
supper.

MacLeod slides off the horse, tight faced, and steps to the
fire. He kicks a shower of dirt onto the flames -- dousing
the fire and covering the smoking joint.

MACLEOD

Are you mad? English agents could
have followed you from the Channel!

COCHRANE

Not Warren Cochrane. You've spoiled
our dinner for nothing!

As Sarah and James move to rescue the roast, MacLeod pulls
Cochrane aside.

MACLEOD

We'll be in danger every step of the
way. You should have left your family
in Scotland.

COCHRANE

(incredulous)
And have them miss the great man?
Not to be there, when he claims his
throne?

(CONTINUED)

MacLeod looks at James and Sarah -- standing, watching them, looking uncertain.

MACLEOD
(insistent)
Send them back. While you can.

COCHRANE
You've too high an opinion of the
English, MacLeod. Perhaps you lived
with them too long.

A SHOT rings out -- hits the FIRE, sending a shower of SPARKS up.

MACLEOD
Down!

MacLeod quickly pulls them behind some trees.

THEIR POV - A TREED AREA

two ENGLISH AGENTS are firing with muskets from cover.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
I make it two. If we keep low, we
can get away.

COCHRANE
And miss our one chance with Charlie?

He draws his sword, yanks a pistol from his belt.

COCHRANE (CONT'D)
A cold day in hell.

He charges off. MacLeod has no choice but to join him. He pushes Sarah towards James.

MACLEOD
James, look after your mother...
and for God's sake, stay down!

He moves after Cochrane, towards the trees, leaving James and Sarah standing there. As they huddle, James sees --

JAMES' POV - COCHRANE'S MUSKET

Leaning there in the open.

RESUME SCENE

James hesitates. The gun is within reach. He gathers his nerve, readies to go for it. Sarah sees what he's up to.

(CONTINUED)

1822 CONTINUED: (3)

1822

SARAH

James, no!

He shakes off her hand, and scuttles out, low.

NEW ANGLE - JAMES

as he grabs the musket, then starts triumphantly back -- A SHOT rings out. James stops, looks surprised -- then drops to his knees, still holding the rifle.

CLOSE - SARAH

her face registers horror. As she starts to run to James --

1823 EXT. WOODED RIDGE - FRANCE - 1786 - SAME TIME

1823

Two ENGLISH AGENTS -- mid twenties, hard men -- fire their muskets, almost in unison. As they start to reload their muskets, from behind them --

COCHRANE (O.S.)

Gentlemen.

The AGENTS whirl to see --

COCHRANE

his sword out, a few yards away. As one Agent drops his gun and whips out a knife, Cochrane charges.

As the two grapple, the SECOND AGENT frantically finishes reloading, lifts his musket to shoot Cochrane in the back --

MACLEOD

charges in, knocks the man stumbling aside. The Agent curses, swivels the gun at MacLeod, pulls the trigger, and -- CLICK -- nothing. And OFF the Agent's dismay --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(wicked)

Keep your powder dry.

He moves in. The SECOND AGENT swings his musket like a vicious club, MacLeod parrying with his sword. Finally he catches the musket barrel in his hand -- and runs the man through. And OFF the Agent's sharp cry --

1824 EXT. CAMPFIRE - FRENCH WOODS - 1786 - MOMENTS LATER

1824

MACLEOD AND COCHRANE

returning to the fire. Cochrane is flushed with the kill, carrying the KNIFE of the Agent he killed.

(CONTINUED)

1824 CONTINUED:

1824

MacLeod is grim, alertly checking the woods as they walk.

COCHRANE

Will you stop? If there were others,
they'd have come by now.

MACLEOD

You should know. Was your smoke
that brought them.

COCHRANE

All's well that ends well.
(beat)
And I've an English knife for James'
keepsake.

He tosses the knife in the air to catch it -- and freezes.

THEIR POV

Both Sarah and James lie crumpled on the ground, dead.

COCHRANE (CONT'D)

No. NO!

He drops the knife and runs to them.

TRANSITION TO:

1825 INT. COCHRANE'S HOUSE - STUDY - THE PRESENT - DAY

1825

Cochrane tries to shake off the unwanted memories.

COCHRANE

No! No more!

MACLEOD

Something is making you forget.
What is it, Warren? What happened
last weekend?

CLOSE ON COCHRANE

as he is being struck by quick new IMAGES:

ANDREW DONNELLY kicking over a flashlight, spilling its light;
a SWORD BLADE glistens.

RESUME COCHRANE

He is in anguish. The images aren't making anything any
clearer. There is something missing -- something too horrible
to face.

(CONTINUED)

1825 CONTINUED:

1825

COCHRANE

No! This can't be.

MacLeod spots a GOBLET among the items on display. He snatches it and hands it to Cochrane.

MACLEOD

Do you remember this? Picardie, in 1786.

Holding the goblet, Cochrane's face changes with enlightenment.

COCHRANE

Bonnie Prince Charlie.

Finally, something he remembers.

TRANSITION TO:

1826 INT. FRENCH INN - 1786 - EVENING

1826

Cochrane and MacLeod enter, removing their capes, and look around. Cochrane stops the passing INNKEEPER.

COCHRANE

Innkeeper! We're to meet a gentleman traveler here.

(beat)

His name is Charles.

INNKEEPER

(with sarcasm)

Some "Gentleman."

In a flash, Cochrane has his sharp DIRK at his throat.

COCHRANE

Aye, a Gentleman.

(dangerous)

Say it again.

MACLEOD

(smiling)

I'd say it, if I were you.

(beat)

But this time, mean it.

The frozen Innkeeper nods carefully.

INNKEEPER

(with great care)

Gentle - man.

Cochrane nods, releases him.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

Much better. Now, perhaps you'd be
so kind as to announce us.

The Innkeeper hurries off up the stairs. MacLeod turns to
Cochrane, who sheathes his dirk.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

A knife to the throat does wonders
for the manners.

(testy)

That was less than subtle, Warren.

COCHRANE

The fool has no idea who he has under
his roof. We're about to change the
course of history, MacLeod.

The sound of a THROAT CLEARING makes them look to --

THE STAIRCASE

Standing at the top, BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE. He holds a GOBLET
of wine as he regards them. Mid 60s, he is noble and
dignified. He glides down towards them with a stately,
powerful grace.

COCHRANE AND MACLEOD

step to the stairs to meet him.

COCHRANE

Even weary from his journey he is
still a man among men.

Cochrane glows. He instinctively starts to bow -- but MacLeod
quickly stops him, looks nervously around -- they're not
among friends here.

Charlie smiles, makes a calming motion with his hand.

CHARLIE

Stay. We are not in Court here.

COCHRANE

Your Highness. Warren Cochrane,
your loyal servant.

CHARLIE

(nods at MacLeod)

And you are... ?

MACLEOD

Duncan MacLeod, your Highness, of
the Clan MacLeod.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

(nodding)

The MacLeods. The MacLeods were
with me at Culloden. That most
terrible of days.

(a smile)

But great fighters you were.

COCHRANE

(urgently)

Majesty, we must talk. You have
only to give the word, and I can
raise an army of ten thousand men.

MacLeod reacts in surprise at this huge number. Even Charlie
raises his eyebrows.

CHARLIE

(thoughtful)

Indeed. You have the resources?

COCHRANE

More than enough.

Charlie shakes his head, moved, his eyes, far away.

CHARLIE

All these wretched years in exile,
waiting to reclaim my throne... I'd
almost lost hope.

(beat, formally)

Mr. Cochrane, my thanks to you.

Cochrane can scarcely breathe.

COCHRANE

Then the answer is yes? You'll join
us?

Before Charlie can answer, the Innkeeper approaches, carefully
eyeing Cochrane and MacLeod.

INNKEEPER

Dinner is served, sir.

He quickly moves off. Charlie fixes them with a look.

CHARLIE

Join me for dinner, Gentlemen. We
have much to talk about.

He turns and strides into the dining hall. Cochrane starts
after him, but MacLeod grabs his arm, whispers intensely.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

Ten thousand? You'll not raise ten men, with that man at your head!

Cochrane recoils as if struck.

COCHRANE

The devil you say. You heard the Prince... the time is right!

MACLEOD

If it was, he wouldn't know it.

COCHRANE

This is a sacred mission, MacLeod. It's your duty!

MACLEOD

I did my duty thirty years ago. I followed him to defeat...

(beat)

And the Clans that followed me went to the slaughter. I'll not do it again.

COCHRANE

But we need you! Charlie needs you!

MACLEOD

(pitying)

You saw him. Held lead them to destruction again... and this time we'd not recover.

(beat)

This was a fool's errand.

He starts to turn away. Cochrane goes white.

COCHRANE

You're here to sabotage the cause... sabotage me.

(realizing)

That's what happened at Culloden. You kept me from going there!

MacLeod reaches for him, trying to keep his voice down.

MACLEOD

I did no such thing.

Cochrane shakes him off, raging.

(CONTINUED)

COCHRANE

And Sarah and James... you brought
the English Agents...

(beat)

It's your fault they died.

MACLEOD

Warren, get a hold of yourself!

But Cochrane has gone deadly cold.

COCHRANE

Traitor. If you'll not join me,
you'll not stop me.

He pulls his sword and swings.

MacLeod draws his sword to protect himself. He blocks
Cochrane's blows, backing away in the tight space when --

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Gentlemen!

They stop, turn to see CHARLIE standing at the entrance to
the dining hall. He looks shocked and pained.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

If you, my most stalwart of
supporters, cannot agree on my fitness
to rule... How will the ten thousand?

(sadly)

I'm afraid this will never work.

He turns to go. Charlie grabs at his sleeve.

COCHRANE

Please, my liege, stay!

CHARLIE

(sadly)

I'm sorry, Mr. Cochrane. It seems I
was mistaken.

(beat)

I cannot lead your campaign.

He pulls away and goes through the door.

COCHRANE

stares after him, crushed. He turns to MacLeod, his voice
hoarse.

COCHRANE (CONT'D)

You've done this, MacLeod.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1826 CONTINUED: (5)

1826

COCHRANE (CONT'D)

Destroyed a holy cause. Soiled the names of Sarah and James...

(beat)

I'll never forgive you. Never.

He shakes free of MacLeod, and storms out. And OFF MacLeod's face --

TRANSITION TO:

1827 INT. COCHRANE'S HOUSE - STUDY - THE PRESENT - DAY

1827

Cochrane throws down the goblet and turns on MacLeod in a rage.

COCHRANE

It was you! Sarah and James died because of you!

He pulls down a SWORD that hangs over the fireplace.

COCHRANE (CONT'D)

Traitor!

MACLEOD

doesn't pull his sword, backing cautiously away.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Warren, that was two hundred years ago.

COCHRANE

waves the sword with a menacing flourish.

COCHRANE (CONT'D)

It was your fault! It was you who wanted to go to Charlie -- you who led my wife and her son to their deaths.

(desperate)

And then you lost your nerve. You betrayed them -- and you betrayed Scotland.

MACLEOD

That's not the way it was.

Cochrane comes at him. MacLeod dives aside, and Cochrane destroys a table lamp with the sword. MacLeod is scrambling, looking for a weapon to defend himself, when the door opens and

(CONTINUED)

1827 CONTINUED:

1827

NANCY

comes in.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Warren! Warren, please stop!

COCHRANE

turns toward her, eyes wild, the sword raised. Suddenly:

A STACCATO BURST OF FROZEN IMAGES

Motion stuttered like a flip book: A HAND raising a sword; A FLASHLIGHT exploding; COCHRANE racing down a beach; the light of a QUICKENING just starting behind him; JAMES taking a bullet and falling at his mother's feet.

RESUME SCENE

MacLeod tackles Cochrane before he can swing at Nancy. They go down in a heap, the sword skittering away.

COCHRANE

is a wreck, his face twisted with pain. He pushes MacLeod away, collapsing against the couch.

COCHRANE
Sarah!
(a sob)
Sarah...

MacLeod and Nancy exchange horrified looks and we --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

1828 INT. METHOS'S WINECELLAR - DAY

1828

The place is still draped in water-damaged texts.

MACLEOD

(re the decor)

Is this a look you're going for?

METHOS

I got distracted. Found a text on first-century Chinese apothecaries. Couldn't put it down.

MACLEOD

At this rate it'll take you ten years to get these all put away.

METHOS

You say that like it's a bad thing.
(back to business)
So, that's all Cochrane remembered? Just Picardie? Nothing about last week?

MACLEOD

Nothing about this century.

(beat)

Maybe he's worse than I thought. He remembered Picardie, but he didn't. He's the one who pressed me into going to get Charlie. And when we got there...

TRANSITION TO:

1829 INT. FRENCH INN - 1786 - EVENING

1829

MacLeod and Cochrane stand near the floor of the stairs.

COCHRANE

We're about to change the course of history, MacLeod.

The sound of a THROAT CLEARING makes them look to

THE STAIRCASE

Standing at the top, BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE. He has just knocked a CANDELABRA over. The same man as in Cochrane's FLASHBACK -- but he's unshaven, bloated, bleary-eyed.

(CONTINUED)

1829 CONTINUED:

1829

His clothes are expensive but sloppy -- he's drunk, holding a wine goblet.

He hangs onto the RAILING as he descends, attempting dignity, but a little unsteadily.

COCHRANE AND MACLEOD

COCHRANE

Even weary from his journey he is still a man among men.

MacLeod stares at Cochrane in disbelief -- the man is blinded with adulation for this man.

Charlie slips slightly, wobbles on the stairs, spilling his wine.

CHARLIE

Innkeeper! Fetch a man to see to these stairs!

(muttering)

Bloody place is a hovel.

Cochrane hurries to help him down the stairs, taking his hand with great deference as they move to the bottom.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(pompous)

I can see we're not in court here.

COCHRANE

Your Highness. Warren Cochrane, your loyal servant.

Charlie focuses blearily on Cochrane and frowns.

CHARLIE

Ah. Cochrane, of course. Came all the way from Rome to see you.

Charlie looks suspiciously around them.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Not supposed to be here. Men everywhere.

(taps his nose)

Trust no one. No one. 'Specially not the French.

MacLeod comes over. Charlie looks at him suspiciously.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

And you are?

(CONTINUED)

COCHRANE

Duncan MacLeod, your Highness, of
the Clan MacLeod.

Charlie remembers.

CHARLIE

The MacLeods... The MacLeods were
with me at Culloden.

(beat)

Bad luck we had that day... Bad luck.

MacLeod looks at Cochrane in dismay.

MACLEOD

(to Cochrane, aside)

We're wasting our time.

COCHRANE

(urgently)

Majesty, we must talk.

(beat)

You have only to give the word and I
can raise an army of ten thousand
men.

This gets Charlie's attention.

CHARLIE

Indeed. You have the resources?

COCHRANE

More than enough.

CHARLIE

(beat)

Takes money to run a court. Great
deal of money. Exile, banquets, the
ladies...

(sadly)

Never enough money. Have to keep
the court up. Most important.

MACLEOD

(urgently)

Your majesty, we've come to talk
about the army.

CHARLIE

Of course. My army.

He looks up, sees the INNKEEPER standing at the entrance to
the dining room.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Talk after dinner? I believe it was
this way...

(moving off)

Court first... then the army. Very
important.

He lurches off into the dining room. As he does, MacLeod
pulls Cochrane aside.

MACLEOD

There goes the death of a dream.
He's hopeless.

COCHRANE

What are you talking about? We just
dry him out and clean him up. He
can still lead us.

MACLEOD

The man couldn't lead a pig around a
barn.

COCHRANE

He'll be a figurehead, a symbol!
One that men will rally behind, and
lay down their lives for.

MACLEOD

If they did, they'd be throwing them
away. If Scotland's to be free, it
won't be under Charlie.

(beat)

I'm sorry, Warren, but we're twenty
years too late.

He puts a hand on Cochrane's shoulder.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

The dream is over. Let it go.

COCHRANE

Never. Never, damn you!

He hauls off and slugs MacLeod. MacLeod dodges the second
punch, and hits Cochrane. Cochrane staggers back, and the
two men lock. They struggle. They struggle. As they pull
back for a breather -- a CRASH. They turn to see

CHARLIE

in the doorway: he has fallen over a chair, is on his hands
and knees. Cochrane looks dismayed, runs to him and helps
him to a sitting position.

(CONTINUED)

COCHRANE (CONT'D)

Your majesty. You have to get up!

CHARLIE

Can't.

(beat, welling up)

Can't.

Cochrane helps him up into the chair. Charlie holds his hands out to them. They're shaking. He starts to cry, sobbing, a bundle of self-pity.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Can't. I'm sorry. Sorry...

Cochrane is shattered. He meets MacLeod's eyes. There are tears in Cochrane's own eyes, a pleading look.

MACLEOD

Warren, it hurts me as much as you to see him like this.

(beat)

But I won't ask men to die for him. Not any more.

He turns and walks out.

TRANSITION TO:

1830 INT. METHOS'S WINECELLAR - THE PRESENT - RESUME

1830

Methos looks on as MacLeod finishes his tale.

MACLEOD

The memories he's getting back are all wrong.

METHOS

It's a human trait. Remembering things the way we wish they'd happened. History written by the victors.

(shrugging)

Just ask the Russians -- or for that matter, the British or the Americans.

MACLEOD

And the Scots turned a loser into a Bonnie Prince, because they needed a hero.

METHOS

Does it matter what he was really like? Or is the legend what matters now?

(CONTINUED)

1830 CONTINUED:

1830

MACLEOD

The truth is what matters.

METHOS

Maybe Cochrane can't face the truth.

MacLeod reacts.

MACLEOD

You found out something else.

METHOS

Cochrane left Paris on Friday with a kid named Andrew Donnelly. Cochrane's Watcher didn't follow because his sister was getting married. He figured he'd pick them up when they got back Sunday.

(off MacLeod's look)

What do you think the Watchers are, the Immortal FBI? They've got lives of their own.

MACLEOD

(letting it go)

So who's this Andrew Donnelly?

METHOS

Probably Cochrane's student. No parents, living on the streets of Aberdeen when Cochrane found him a couple years ago. Cleaned him up, gave him a job.

MACLEOD

And where is he now?

METHOS

That's the sixty-four-thousand dollar question.

1831 INT. COCHRANE'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

1831

Nancy leads MacLeod in.

NANCY

Warren's not here, Mr. MacLeod.

(emotional)

He went out. I couldn't stop him.

MacLeod nods.

MACLEOD

Do you know a man named Andrew Donnelly?

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

He does some work for Warren.
Errands, driving, stuff around the
house.

MACLEOD

(noting her tone)
Not a friend of yours?

NANCY

Not particularly, no.

As she speaks, she picks up a photo of Cochrane and Andrew
from the desk.

NANCY (CONT'D)

He was an orphan, and Warren felt
sorry for him. He treated him more
like a son than an employee.
(beat)
Andrew doesn't always appreciate it.

MACLEOD

Do you know where I might be able to
find him?

They are interrupted by a knock on the door.

DEON (O.S.)

Mrs. Goddard... It's Inspector Deon.

Nancy moves from the study to the door. She opens it and
Inspector Deon enters. He's all business.

DEON (CONT'D)

(to Nancy)
Is your husband home?

NANCY

Why?

DEON

Does a young man named Andrew Donnelly
work for him?

ANGLE - MACLEOD

who is listening with great interest.

NANCY

Is there a problem?

DEON

For Donnelly there is. He was found
in an abandoned Inn in Normandy.

(CONTINUED)

1831 CONTINUED: (2)

1831

NANCY

Found?

DEON

He was dead. Someone cut off his
head.

The CAMERA moves to the study. MacLeod is gone, the window
is open.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

1832	OMITTED	1832
1833	OMITTED	1833
1834	OMITTED	1834
1835	INT. FRENCH INN - PRESENT - NIGHT	1835

Even in the darkness and deep shadows we can see that this is the same place as in 1786. There are some modern trappings visible, but the place was abandoned years ago and vandalism has left it a jumble of broken planks in the dark.

MACLEOD

moves through the dark inn with a FLASHLIGHT.

HIS ROVING FLASHLIGHT BEAM REVEALS

The spot, marked off with police tape, where Andrew's body was found. Nearby, a flashlight with its lens gone, exploded in the Quickening. The BEAM moves on, till it finds

COCHRANE

shell-shocked and dazed, on his knees near the STAIRCASE. He starts at the Buzz, looks around wildly.

COCHRANE (CONT'D)

Who is it? Who's there?

MACLEOD

moves up in the darkness.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

It's me, Warren. MacLeod.

COCHRANE

slumps back down in despair.

MACLEOD (O.S.)

(gently)

What happened here, Warren?

COCHRANE

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

1835 CONTINUED:

1835

MACLEOD

You were here with Andrew. Your
student. You were here and he died.
(pressing)
What happened?

Cochrane buries his face in his hands, trying to shut it
out.

COCHRANE

(tormented)
I don't know!

DISSOLVE TO:

1836 INT. FRENCH INN - A WEEK AGO - NIGHT

1836

A FLASHLIGHT wavers through the dark room that now looks
old, bare, dusty, abandoned. As we HEAR--

ANDREW (O.S.)

Next time you want to visit a museum,
do it during daylight hours.

Andrew and Cochrane are there together, picking their way
through the gloom with two flashlights.

COCHRANE (O.S.)

This is the place.

The flashlight finds a STAIRCASE -- the one Charlie walked
down, over two centuries before.

COCHRANE (CONT'D)

(reverent)
He stood right there. Bonnie Prince
Charlie himself. That's where it
happened.

The flashlight is placed on the ground, throwing its light
upward in a cone, revealing Cochrane and Andrew, early 20's,
modern clothes and hair -- he looks tired, unimpressed, he's
heard this all before. He puts his flashlight beside
Cochrane's, adding a second beam of light.

ANDREW

You mean, where it almost happened.

Cochrane's face shines with memory, the irony lost on him.

COCHRANE

That's right.
(bitter)
If MacLeod hadn't lost his nerve,
Charlie would have joined me.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

And the English would have squashed
your army like so many bugs.

Andrew takes a swig from a hip flask.

COCHRANE

You can't know that.

ANDREW

No?

(weary)

I read the history, Warren. And not
just the crap you've been drumming
into my skull.

(beat)

There'd have been 10,000 more dead
Scots... and nothing would have
changed.

He starts to take another swig -- Cochrane slaps the bottle
from his hand -- it smashes on the floor.

COCHRANE

Shut up!

(heated)

Do you think I took you in so you
could piss away your birthright?
You have an obligation!

ANDREW

I don't have squat.

COCHRANE

If anything happens to me, you'll be
the one...

(beat)

You'll carry on the dream.

ANDREW

And spend another three hundred years
on a lost cause? No thanks.

Andrew pulls away, yanks off a piece of staircase RAILING
and waves it in frustration.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

See this, Warren? It's dead... as
dead as all this history you live
for! As dead as that old fat fool
Charlie!

COCHRANE

Don't say that. Don't. His memory
is sacred...

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

Charlie was nothing. He had nothing.
Face it, Warren.

COCHRANE

No!

ANDREW

And your whole bloody life has been
for nothing.

COCHRANE

goes white.

COCHRANE (CONT'D)

What did you say?

ANDREW

He was a bum when he lived and now
he's a bum when he's dead.

Andrew turns, holding the piece of railing -- and swings at
the old CANDELABRA on the stair railing, sends it sailing.
He kicks over one of the flashlights.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Dead, DEAD, DEAD!

COCHRANE

reacts, pulls his sword.

COCHRANE (CONT'D)

Shut up!

As Andrew swings at him with the candelabra -- Cochrane
explodes, swings at him.

CLOSE - COCHRANE

as before he even knows what happened, it's done. Andrew is
dead.

COCHRANE

Oh no. Oh, God no... Andrew.

Overcome with horror, he backs away from the body, flings
his sword aside -- and dashes out the darkened door to avoid
the Quickening.

Cochrane runs into a dark field, like a man possessed.

1838 INT. FRENCH INN - A WEEK AGO - NIGHT 1838

The fallen flashlight explodes.

1839 EXT. NEARBY FIELD - A WEEK AGO - NIGHT 1839

The Quickening forces catch up with Cochrane. He is brought to his knees, screaming in anguish.

COCHRANE

NO!!!

The screen goes WHITE from the Quickening, then we --

DISSOLVE TO:

1840 INT. FRENCH INN - THE PRESENT - RESUME 1840

Overwhelmed with the power of his memories, Cochrane lets out a single sob:

COCHRANE

Andrew... He was like a son

MacLeod stares at him in shocked horror, realizing the truth:

MACLEOD

You killed him. You killed your own student.

Cochrane pulls away from MacLeod.

COCHRANE

(rising)

I see what you're thinking -- That only a monster could do such a thing. That Cochrane is that monster.

(pulling his sword)

If I'm a monster, then slay me.

MacLeod watches him warily.

MACLEOD

I don't want to fight you, Warren.

COCHRANE

Why not? What thing on Earth could there be more evil than me? More deserving of death?

(angry)

You should have left it alone, MacLeod. You should have let me forget.

(CONTINUED)

1840 CONTINUED:

1840

He rushes MacLeod in a fury, sword out, hoping to quench the memory of Andrew's Quickening by taking MacLeod's.

MACLEOD

quickly plants his own flashlight so that it too shoots upwards -- and then leaps to defend himself.

THE TWO MEN

whirl about -- their blades flashing and glinting in between the two inverted cones of light.

MACLEOD

drives Cochrane back in the darkness, until his foot knocks a flashlight over. It falls, its beam landing on

THE ANCIENT STAIRCASE

Cochrane battles MacLeod backwards up onto the staircase. They slash their way upwards into the darkness.

AT THE TOP

Cochrane lunges viciously at MacLeod and makes him jump to one side, where he hits

THE ROTTING RAILING

and almost falls over.

MACLEOD

springs back at Cochrane and pushes him back to the

TOP OF STAIRS

where Cochrane takes one last desperate thrust at MacLeod. MacLeod dodges the lunge and trips

COCHRANE

who tumbles head over heels all the way down to the bottom of the stairs. Cochrane lands in a heap and lunges for his sword but

MACLEOD

breathing hard, races down and steps on the blade. He raises his own sword high, ready to deliver the coup de grace.

COCHRANE

is near tears.

(CONTINUED)

1840 CONTINUED: (2)

1840

COCHRANE (CONT'D)

End it, MacLeod. End it now.

(a plea)

I can't live with this.

MACLEOD

You'll have to.

MacLeod lowers his blade. As Cochrane breaks down completely, MacLeod crouches down beside him and comforts him.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

1841 INT. METHOS' WINECELLAR - DAY

1841

MacLeod and Methos are mid-conversation.

MACLEOD

Two weeks ago he had a house, a wife,
friends... Now he's a fugitive.
He's got nothing.

METHOS

He's alive.

MACLEOD

It's funny... even now a part of me
wants to believe he couldn't do
this...

(beat)

Kill his own student.

METHOS

It's not the first time it's happened.

MACLEOD

Maybe I should have left him alone.
Maybe he was better off not knowing.
It's a terrible thing to live with.

METHOS

We all have things in our pasts we
wish we hadn't done. I know I do.

MACLEOD

So, if you had the chance to forget
it all and start life over, would
you?

METHOS

No. I wouldn't.

(beat)

Who'd remember Alexa then?

FADE OUT.

THE END