



HIGHLANDER

The Series

95422
ONE MINUTE TO MIDNIGHT

Written by
David Tynan

Highlander

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Production #95422

March 8, 1996 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"One Minute to Midnight"

Production #95422

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD
JOE DAWSON
METHOS/ADAM PIERSON

JACOB GALATI
JACK SHAPIRO
IRENA GALATI
JAMES HORTON

JEAN DUMAR
MIKEL
MAGISTRATE

WATCHER 1
EMILE
GUARD

HIGHLANDER

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SET LISTINTERIORS

METHOS' WINECELLAR
BARN - EUROPE 1847
JACOB'S TRAILER
CHURCH
FUNERAL HOME
/MAIN CHAMBER

EXTERIORS

BARGE
/QUAI DE LA TOURNELLE
STREET
/SIDE STREET
OLD FACTORY
/ADJACENT ROOFTOP
FIELD - GYPSY CAMP - EUROPE - 1847
/BARN
VILLAGE STREET - 1847
JACOB'S TRAILER
FOREST
FUNERAL HOME
/GUARD GATE
/COURTYARD
SHAKESPEARE & CO.
DARKENED TUNNEL

HIGHLANDER

"One Minute To Midnight"

TEASER

FADE IN:

RECAP - LAST WEEK ON HIGHLANDER

The appearance of the mysterious Immortal, MacLeod and Dawson's trial, Jacob killing David Shapiro, the slaughter of the Watchers, ending in Jack Shapiro giving the order to hunt down MacLeod and Dawson and execute them.

CUT TO:

2201 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

2201

MacLeod walks alone on the empty streets. He keeps to the shadows, looking wary, tense, a little hunted. As he passes a building --

A MAN

glides from the shadows and begins to follow him.

MacLeod hears the footsteps, turns to see the man behind him: young, hard looking, dark clothes -- he's watching MacLeod's back like a hawk.

MacLeod stops.

His tail stops at the same instant.

MACLEOD

(beat)

Nice evening.

The tail says nothing, just keeps staring.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Or maybe not.

He turns and starts walking. The man follows, pacing him exactly. MacLeod is certain now. This is a Watcher, hunting him. Off to the side, he sees a bridge. As he starts to angle toward it --

A SECOND MAN

steps from the shadows, blocking the way. He's young, dark clothes, the same predatory look as the first.

(CONTINUED)

2201 CONTINUED:

2201

MacLeod corrects his course, keeps walking down the street. The SECOND MAN falls in near the first. As MacLeod passes another corner --

A THIRD MAN

steps from the shadows. The three men are spread across the road behind him, pacing him steadily.

ON MACLEOD

Tensing. This is serious -- they mean to trap him and kill him. He checks over his shoulder to see --

THE FIRST WATCHER

slide a pistol from his pocket. He RACKS it with a metallic KA-CHING. The SECOND MAN also draws and racks a pistol. The three begin to walk faster now, closing the gap with their quarry.

MACLEOD

knows it's time to get the hell out. He walks faster, aiming for an INTERSECTION ahead. If he can make it in time, he'll lose them. As he nears the corner --

JEAN DUMAR

steps around it, blocking his path. Mid-twenties, with the look of a professional soldier, he's the leader of these assassins. He watches MacLeod coldly. Waiting for him.

Instead of turning or pausing, MacLeod heads directly toward Dumar. Something has to happen. Dumar knows it too. He tenses, reaching into his pocket for a weapon. As he brings it out --

MACLEOD

with a punch a spin kick, Dumar is down.

ANOTHER WATCHER

races in from a side street.

MACLEOD

side steps him and runs him into a wall. It's all happened in an instant.

MacLeod sees the other Watchers approach, pulling weapons. He ducks down a side street.

(CONTINUED)

2201 CONTINUED: (2)

2201

DUMAR

rises to his feet and waves urgently at his men. They pelt into the side street after MacLeod, Dumar following on their heels. They round the corner --

2202 EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

2202

But MacLeod has disappeared. They face a dark street lined with doorways, cars -- MacLeod could be anywhere.

Dumar curses under his breath.

DUMAR

Dammit, keep after him. He can't move faster than three of you.

(beat)

Move!

The three men fan out, moving away down the street at a trot.

Dumar turns back, steps into the shadow of a doorway. He pulls a CELL PHONE and punches a number. As he does, we can see the WATCHER TATTOO on his wrist.

DUMAR (CONT'D)

(into phone)

It's Dumar, Mr. Shapiro. He got away.

(listening)

I don't care how smart he is, sir. We'll find him.

(beat)

And we'll kill him.

As he toggles OFF --

An ARM snakes out from the dark, loops around his neck in a stranglehold. Dumar struggles to breathe, drops the PHONE -- it clatters to the street next to his feet as he tries to pry the arm loose. He hasn't got a chance.

ANGLE - DUMAR'S FEET

as they SHAKE in a death spasm, twitch briefly -- then stop moving. His body is dragged from sight, then

JACOB GALATI

steps from cover and moves casually down the street.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2202A EXT. SHAKESPEARE & CO. - ESTABLISHING 2202A

2203 INT. METHOS' WINECELLAR/BASEMENT OF SHAKESPEARE & CO. - DAY 2203

TRACKING Past racks of WINE BOTTLES: Jeroboams, all kinds, sizes, covered decades of dust, as we HEAR --

DAWSON (O.S.)

Is there anything to drink in here?

DAWSON sprawls on a makeshift bed, his chest heavily bandaged. He's looking in exasperation at

MACLEOD

leaning on the wine rack. Behind him, the wine bottles stretch endlessly. He gives Joe a "you're kidding" look.

DAWSON

I meant, besides wine. I'm brushing my teeth with the stuff.

MACLEOD

When you hide out in a wine-cellar, you take what you can get.

He draws a bottle, blows dust off the marque.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Here. Try the '27 Latour.

He hands Dawson the bottle. Dawson sighs in resignation, levers painfully to a sitting position, and starts to open the wine.

DAWSON

Another week, I'll be crawling up the walls. Some of these spiders are starting to look very familiar.

He pops the cork, just as MacLeod gets the BUZZ, and reacts. Dawson sees this, tenses as --

METHOS enters, carrying two shopping bags. He looks contained, a bit tight, something on his mind. He opens a bag and starts to pull out disinfectant, gauze, rolls of adhesive.

METHOS

How's the patient?

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

Hates the food, criticizes the wine.
(a smile)
I'd say he's himself again.

METHOS

I guess an improvement was too much
to hope for.
(beat)
Let's have a look.

He kneels at the bedside and starts to unwrap Dawson's
bandages. Dawson takes a slug of wine.

METHOS (CONT'D)

Considering how shot to hell you
were, you're lucky to be alive.

Joe winces in pain.

DAWSON

Ow.
(beat)
Considering who's treating me, it's
a miracle. Where'd you say you
studied medicine?

METHOS

Heidelberg. 1453.

DAWSON

You major in medicine or dueling?

METHOS

Both.
(beat)
It's clean, no sign of infection.
You can travel soon.

He finishes wrapping the bandages and stands.

DAWSON

Don't look so happy about it.

Methos hesitates. This is what's been eating him.

METHOS

Jean Dumar was killed last night,
Joe.

Dawson sags. This one hits him hard. He suddenly throws
the bottle, smashes it against the wall.

DAWSON

Damn.

(CONTINUED)

METHOS

Sorry. I know he was a friend of yours.

MACLEOD

(grim)
It's that Immortal again.

METHOS

Try and tell that to Shapiro. He's convinced it's you.

(beat)
Time you two started a new life somewhere. I hear Bora Bora's nice this time of year.

MACLEOD

Send me a postcard. I'm not leaving.

METHOS

Does the term self-preservation mean anything? Wake up and smell the gunpowder, MacLeod, you're under a death sentence here!

MACLEOD

And I will be as long as they think I'm the killer.

(beat)
Where's Shapiro?

Methos throws up his hands in exasperation.

METHOS

At the moment, busy trying to kill you.

MACLEOD

(pressing)
Where?

DAWSON

Why make it easy for him?

MACLEOD

Because that's where the killer will go.

(grim)
And when he hunts them, I'll hunt him.

And OFF this --

2204 EXT. OLD FACTORY - DAY

2204

An older warehouse building. Two young WATCHERS patrol the exterior, watching the street.

PULL BACK

to find we're across the street, watching them from --

2205 EXT. ROOFTOP - ADJACENT FACTORY - DAY

2205

MacLeod peers over the roof edge, scanning the street below. Nothing new. As he settles back to wait -- he gets the BUZZ. MacLeod sidles back from the edge, rises and looks around. As his eyes go to the next building --

MACLEOD'S POV - THE NEXT ROOFTOP

an IMMORTAL. Dark camo clothes, a high-powered RIFLE slung over his back -- he's hunkering low across the roof (UNSEEN BY ALL BUT MACLEOD), to get in position over the Guards.

As MacLeod watches, the Immortal gets MacLeod's BUZZ. He suddenly whirls, swings his gun toward MacLeod, revealing --

JACOB GALATI

The immortal with the motorcycle. The one who slaughtered Shapiro's Watchers. As their eyes meet --

MACLEOD

reacts in stunned surprise. He knows him.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Jacob.

Jacob lowers his gun as he recognizes MacLeod. He smiles faintly, raises his hand in an odd salute, as we --

TRANSITION TO:

2206 EXT. FIELD - GYPSY CAMP - EUROPE - 1847 - DAY

2206

Painted WAGONS drawn up in a communal setting. A POT cooks over a fire as men and women in the exotic dress of Gypsies go about their business, some leading horses. The steady CLACK of metal on metal as a Tinker works a pot with a small hammer.

ANGLE - A WAGON

rocking slightly as we hear the GROAN of a man making a mighty physical effort. Then another voice --

(CONTINUED)

JACOB (O.S.)

What's keeping you, MacLeod? My
horse pulled this thing every day.

We PAN DOWN the wagon, to kind MACLEOD his back to the wagon,
trying to lift it by the side with obvious strain, as Jacob
tries to lever the WHEEL off.

They're both in Gypsy dress, but Jacob is the real thing.

MacLeod braces his feet, talks between gritted teeth --

MACLEOD

Your horse had twice as many legs.
Or didn't you learn to count?

JACOB

(airily)
Then you'll just have to try twice
as hard.

Jacob tugs, but the wheel won't move. MacLeod lowers the
wagon with a groan.

MACLEOD

I have a better idea. Let's change
places.

They get the BUZZ, and turn as --

IRENA

steps up. A dark-maned, exotic beauty of twenty, she is
Jacob's wife and an immortal. She carries a metal water can
and cup, shakes her head at MacLeod.

IRENA (CONT'D)

MacLeod, how did he talk you into
this?

Jacob puts an arm around her, kisses her fondly.

JACOB

The same way I talked you into
marrying me. By passion and
persistence.

IRENA

After sixty-five years, I got tired
of saying no.

(to MacLeod)

So when are you getting married?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

IRENA (CONT'D)

(coy)

Half the girls in the camp have their eyes on you. Lilla's been asking about you. And Sasha... they think you're going to waste.

JACOB

Exactly why I put him to work.

(beat)

Come on, MacLeod.

MACLEOD

Even a horse stops for water.

JACOB

Irena will get you some.

(beat)

We have a wagon to fix.

Irena throws them a smile and walks off. MacLeod backs into the wagon, throws Jacob a look.

MACLEOD

We?

He grits his teeth and pushes, shaking with effort. The wagon creaks, and moves. OFF his straining face --

2207 EXT. FIELD - 1847 - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

2207

Irena approaches a stream, bends to fill a water pail. As she does --

MIKEL

Help me! Please!

Irena turns, startled, to see --

MIKEL standing near a barn. He's twenty, a big boy with cold eyes, his clothes proclaim him a local. Irena looks at him cautiously.

Mikel motions impatiently at the open barn door.

MIKEL (CONT'D)

My friend's hurt.

(off her hesitation)

Hurry, he's bleeding! I can't stop it.

IRENA

(beat)

All right. Take me to him.

(CONTINUED)

2207 CONTINUED:

2207

She pushes ahead into the barn. Mikel glances around, making sure no one has seen them, and follows her inside. The door shuts behind him.

RESUME SCENE - MACLEOD AND JACOB

Working at the wheel they've set on a makeshift support.

MACLEOD

Why the hurry to move on? We've only been here a month.

JACOB

That's a month too long.
(a smile)
The land's a sea, MacLeod. We're its sailors.

MACLEOD

I wouldn't mind setting down anchor for a few more weeks.

JACOB

That's because you're a Scot. A Gypsy's only truly home when he's traveling.

Suddenly the air is ripped by a high, blood-curdling SCREAM in the distance. They freeze.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Irena.

They drop their tools and race toward the sound.

NEW ANGLE - THE BARN

MacLeod and Jacob reach it just as the door opens and MIKEL barrels out, panicked, his shirt torn, holding a short knife. He almost runs into MacLeod, and swings at MacLeod. MacLeod dodges, twists his arm behind him.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Where's Irena?!

MIKEL

I don't know what you're talking about! Let me go!

But his panicked look betrays him. Jacob turns and races into the barn. MacLeod follows, shoving the struggling Mikel ahead of him.

2208 INT. BARN - 1847 - CONTINUOUS - DAY

2208

MacLeod enters to find Jacob standing stock-still. Before him, Irena kneels in the straw, wiping tears, pulling her torn blouse around her.

Jacob slowly kneels beside her, touches her hesitantly on the cheek.

JACOB

Irena?

She bites her lip, eyes wet with shame, and turns her head away. Jacob knows what happened. He slowly stands and turns to face Mikel, his face white with hate.

Mikel struggles and tries to pull free, but MacLeod holds him tight.

MIKEL

(panicked)

She wanted it... She called me in here!

JACOB

Hold him.

(beat)

I'm going to make sure he never hurts another woman.

He pulls his knife.

MACLEOD

Jacob, no! Not this way!

JACOB

This is the only way. An eye for an eye, blood for blood.

(beat)

Shame for shame.

He goes for Mikel, but MacLeod pushes him away.

IRENA

Jacob... don't!

MACLEOD

You do this, they'll go after the whole camp! Let the law deal with him!

(beat)

Take care of your wife, Jacob... I'll take care of him.

(CONTINUED)

2208 CONTINUED:

2208

Jacob turns to see Irena, crouched miserably in the straw. Jacob lowers his knife with an effort, gently pulls her to his feet and slowly walks her out, past Mikel and MacLeod. And OFF Jacob's tight face --

2209 EXT. VILLAGE STREET - 1847 - DAY

2209

Several VILLAGERS stand watching, Mikel among them, as MacLeod and Jacob face the town MAGISTRATE, a glowering, disdainful man of fifty.

MACLEOD

You can't set him free! He violated her.

MAGISTRATE

Come now. She lured him on with a promise of her favors and tried to pick his pocket.

JACOB

Liar!

Jacob pushes forward, close to attacking the Magistrate, but MacLeod holds him back.

MACLEOD

If you have any honor at all, look to it. You know what the truth is.

The Magistrate nods at Mikel.

MAGISTRATE

I know that when she could not rob him, she tried to stab him.

MACLEOD

How do you know?

MAGISTRATE

I know because he told me.
(beat; cold)
And because I know what Gypsies are.

He starts to turn away. Jacob grabs his garments, turns him back.

JACOB

If you won't do anything, we have our own justice.
(beat)
And our justice never fails.

MacLeod pulls him back bodily.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

Jacob, let's go.

MAGISTRATE

Take your friend's advice, Tinker.

(cold)

Pack your tents and leave. Your
kind isn't wanted here.

THE CROWD start to jeer and catcall.

VARIOUS VILLAGERS

Thieves! Filth! Move on!

MacLeod drags Jacob away and steers him through the crowd. It's like walking a gauntlet. Some throw vegetables, others rocks... a few just spit. Among them, smirking, stands Mikel. Jacob stops and stares at him. The tension is palpable.

MACLEOD

Come.

He firmly pulls Jacob past. As they move away --

MIKEL

All this over a Gypsy bitch. You'd
think she's never done it before.

Jacobs stops. His voice is a whisper.

JACOB

What was that?

MACLEOD

(to Mikel)

You'll keep your mouth shut if you
know what's good for you.

MacLeod tries to pull Jacob on, but Mikel won't stop. Emboldened by the people around him, he keeps taunting.

MIKEL

I don't know much about the breeding
value of horses... especially gypsy
mares.

(beat)

But I'd say hers just went up.

(preening; to the
crowd)

I think you should pay me a stud
fee.

The crowd laughs. Mikel joins in -- but his smirk freezes as Jacob whirls, his knife out -- and drives it into Mikel's gut.

(CONTINUED)

2209 CONTINUED: (2)

2209

Mikel sags back with a stunned look, and as he falls --

JACOB

There's your payment.

The crowd surges angrily forward, knocking Jacob to the ground, riding him down. MacLeod tries to pull them off, until a wooden STAVE comes down on his head, and we --

CUT TO BLACK:

2210 EXT. VILLAGE STREET - 1847 - LATER - NIGHT

2210

MacLeod comes awake, sprawled in the gutter, a nasty crack on his temple. Around him, the sound of laughing, jeering CHILDREN. He staggers to his feet to see --

JACOB

hanging, strung up by a rope from a rough GIBBET, dead.

Children toss garbage at his body as one or two ADULT VILLAGERS look on. A MOTHER is prying off one of Jacob's BOOTS.

MacLeod chases them off, then turns to cut Jacob down. As he hoists the body over his shoulder, the Children start bleating at him, imitating lambs.

CHILDREN

(taunting)

BAAAAH! BAAAH! BAAHHH!

MacLeod turns on them.

MACLEOD

Get away, or I'll put a Gypsy curse on you. Your tongues will turn black and drop off.

(beat, ominous)

And not just your tongues.

Some of the jeering BOYS put their hands to their crotches and back away, silenced. MacLeod trudges away with his burden.

2211 EXT. FIELD - 1847 - NIGHT

2211

In the flickering light of a campfire, Jacob lies on the ground. He coughs back to life, sits up, holding his throat, and sees MacLeod sitting next to him.

JACOB

What a way to die. You have water?

(CONTINUED)

2211 CONTINUED:

2211

MacLeod wordlessly hands him a water skin. He's not happy.
As Jacob drinks greedily --

MACLEOD

(quietly)

Do you know what you've done?

JACOB

Yes. Killed a pig, who wasn't worth
God's effort.

(beat)

A wrong has been righted.

MACLEOD

You think that's all there is to it?

(an edge)

They know you died, Jacob... the
whole camp. You can never go back!

A BEAT as Jacob takes this in. He shrugs it off.

JACOB

So be it. There's a price to pay
for justice.

MACLEOD

Justice? Or pride?

(beat)

And what about Irena? Did you ask
her if she wanted to give up her
life.

Jacob is silenced for a BEAT, then --

JACOB

She's my wife. And a Gypsy. She'll
join me when the camp moves on.

MACLEOD

Because you gave her no choice.

(beat)

Jacob, you can't always think with
your heart. A blade isn't the only
answer!

JACOB

You know a better one? It was
justice, MacLeod. Blood for blood.

(hard)

And I'd kill a thousand more to see
it done.

MacLeod looks at him, sees he's deadly serious.

(CONTINUED)

2211 CONTINUED: (2)

2211

MACLEOD

I believe you would.

(beat)

I'll tell Irena where to find you.

He starts to move away. Jacob claps a hand on his shoulder.

JACOB

(wry)

Try and see the good side. You can have our wagon when we're gone.

MACLEOD

(sober)

I'd rather have had you both with me.

(as he walks off)

Never mind looking for your boot. The villagers stole it.

JACOB

(with a wry laugh)

And the bastards call us thieves.

TRANSITION TO:

2212 EXT. ROOFTOP - ADJACENT FACTORY - THE PRESENT - DAY

2212

MacLeod moves toward Jacob. His face is set. They have business to sort out. As he passes an EXHAUST VENT --

BANG -- MacLeod is hit in the back. He spins and drops to the rooftop. He manages to roll over, look back and see, through failing eyesight --

MACLEOD'S POV - A WATCHER

the one who shot him, stepping out from behind a VENT (or other vantage point). He moves cautiously toward MacLeod, keeping his gun trained on him. NOTE: THE WATCHER HAS NOT SEEN JACOB.

MacLeod tries to rise -- but falls back. He can't move. THE WATCHER stands over MacLeod, sees he's helpless. He holsters the pistol, draws a HATCHET from his coat. It's short, with a broad, sharp chopping head.

MACLEOD is trying to stay conscious, but he's failing, growing weaker. He shakes his head weakly.

MACLEOD

I'm not the one. It's a mistake.

(CONTINUED)

WATCHER 1

(grim)
Your mistake.

He kneels and grabs MacLeod's hair, twists his head back, revealing his neck. Open. Vulnerable. He brings back the hatchet to swing--

BANG -- he's hit by a bullet, slammed back, sprawling on the rooftop.

MACLEOD'S POV

the Watcher, lying a few feet away, his dead hand near his hatchet. As he watches, a BOOT comes INTO FRAME. It KICKS the hatchet, sends it clattering along the roof.

PAN UP, to find Jacob looking down at MacLeod. As we hear the sound of O.S. SHOUTS and a WHISTLE --

JACOB
No more hunting today.

And OFF this--

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

2213 EXT. JACOB'S TRAILER - DAY 2213

An older AIRSTREAM, attached behind a well-used truck.

There are various TRAVEL FLAGS plastered on the hull: this baby has done some traveling. OVER THIS, the sound of GUITAR -- the Flamenco of Manitas de Plata, but rougher, raunchier.

2214 INT. JACOB'S TRAILER - DAY 2214

MacLeod lies on a small bed, bare-chested, coming back to Life. He coughs, wincing as he sees --

JACOB

seated on a counter in the cramped quarters, playing his battered Spanish guitar.

MACLEOD

Play it, don't beat it to death.

Jacob thrums a little, puts it aside with a smile.

JACOB

It's called passion, MacLeod. If you were a real Gypsy, you'd know that.

MacLeod pushes painfully upright.

MACLEOD

What I'd like to know is what the hell you think you're doing?

JACOB

Is that any way to thank the guy who saved your head?

(beat)

Not to mention your shirt.

He lifts MacLeod's shirt from the counter, tosses it to him. MacLeod glances at the repaired hole in the back.

MACLEOD

Don't give up your day job.

JACOB

They're well trained, I'll give them that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JACOB (CONT'D)
(re: shirt)
That one was right through the lung.

MACLEOD
Tell me about it.

He starts to pull the shirt on.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
You didn't answer me, Jacob. What
were you doing back there?

JACOB
Saving myself, MacLeod. Saving you.
(sober)
Saving all of us.

Jacob moves closer, intense, almost obsessed.

JACOB (CONT'D)
There is a secret society of mortals
who know we exist.
(beat)
And know how to kill us.

MacLeod worst fears are confirmed.

MACLEOD
And you've been killing them.

JACOB
I'm defending our lives! They're
monsters, MacLeod, they want to wipe
us off the earth.

MACLEOD
Jacob, you're wrong.

JACOB
You think I'm inventing this? I'm
crazy? I've seen them!

MACLEOD
So have I.
(beat)
People with tattoos.
(holding up his wrist)
Here.

Jacob stares, incredulous.

JACOB
You know about them!

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

They're called Watchers, Jacob. And they're not trying to destroy us all.

(grim)

Just me.

JACOB

(with emotion)

I wish to God that was true, but you're wrong, MacLeod.

He turns away. Trying to keep it under control.

JACOB (CONT'D)

They've killed before.

And OFF his lost look --

TRANSITION TO:

2215 EXT. EUROPEAN FOREST - 4 YEARS AGO - NIGHT

2215

FLAMES soar into the air as a small cottage goes up in flames in the distance, throwing wavering shadows through the trees, as we HEAR desperate breathing, the sound of two people running, then --

IRENA

Jacob!

Irena sprawls against a tree, face twisted in fear and exhaustion as she tries to hold herself up.

Jacob turns back, sees she's in trouble. He hurries back and takes her shoulders.

JACOB

Irena, you have to keep going!

She sags against him in pain, tears, trying to turn back.

IRENA

Our house. Everything we had...

JACOB

We'll build another house! Now hurry, there's no time!

He takes her shoulder, pulls her forward.

IRENA

Who are they? Why are they doing this?

(CONTINUED)

2215 CONTINUED:

2215

JACOB

I don't know.

(beat)

We have to run.

They hobble into a clearing, and come face to face with --

FOUR WATCHERS

armed with Pistols, flanking their leader, JAMES HORTON.

As Jacob and Irena stop, Horton steps forward, comments to his men in a coldly mocking voice.

HORTON

What did I tell you? Burn it...

(beat)

And they will come.

JACOB

(rising anger)

You did this?

HORTON

And I've only just begun.

His men OPEN FIRE. And OFF their blazing guns --

FADE TO:

2216 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - LATER

2216

The world waivers, dissolves into blackness, waivers again, as we hear:

EMILE

This one's back.

Then swimming into focus, the face of HORTON, very close up, observing Jacob as he revives, with a mixture of fascination and revulsion.

HORTON

Look at him. As many times as I've seen this, it never ceases to amaze me...

(beat)

And disgust me.

Jacob lunges furiously at Horton -- but he can't move. He's bound with ropes to the trunk of a tree.

HORTON (CONT'D)

Still, I think this will be interesting.

(CONTINUED)

2216 CONTINUED:

2216

As Horton steps back, we see he's holding a gleaming SWORD.
And just past him --

IRENA

kneels on the ground, a Watcher holds her neck, twists one
arm behind her back so she can't move.

JACOB

No! You can't!

Horton steps closer to her, raises the sword.

HORTON

I think you're wrong.

JACOB

Why!? What have we done to you!

Horton's mind goes to a time past for a moment. His face
betrays a deep hurt, then he hardens. Horton becomes
animated, his voice filled with venom.

HORTON

You live and that's more than reason
enough. You and your kind are a
shadow on the earth, a loathsome
abomination.

(beat)

How dare you place yourself above
us.

JACOB

No... you're wrong. We don't.

HORTON

There can be nothing greater than
man. It is we who were made in God's
image.

(beat)

You are a mistake. A freak of nature.
You have no right to exist.

Irena looks up from, where she kneels, in tears, pleading.

IRENA

We'd never hurt you! Please, we
don't even know you!

HORTON

I'm forgetting myself.
(with false politeness)
James Horton.

(CONTINUED)

2216 CONTINUED: (2)

2216

Horton suddenly brings the sword back. The Watcher tattoo is visible as he raises his arm.

HORTON (CONT'D)

(to Jacob, re the
Quickening)

I think your wife will be joining
you soon.

OVER Jacob's horrified YELL --

JACOB

No!!!

Horton swings.

CLOSE - JACOB

turning his face away in anguish at the sight.

WIDER

as the QUICKENING begins, the energy flying around the awed
Watchers, and into Jacob. Horton steps back, shielding his
eyes.

HORTON

Hold him!

Jacob's BONDS burst.

TWO WATCHERS

leap forward, grab his arms -- but

JACOB

surges with power, throws them back. He grabs the closest
Watcher, snaps his neck. Before he can turn on the others

ANOTHER WATCHER

fires.

JACOB

is hit in the shoulder.

Horton reacts with fury

HORTON

Kill him! Shoot!

(CONTINUED)

2216 CONTINUED: (3)

2216

JACOB

lurches into the woods, BULLETS ripping a tree nearby, as he slips away into the darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

2217 EXT. FOREST - TREED AREA - LATER - NIGHT

2217

FLASHLIGHTS arc through the trees as the Watchers search for Jacob. Horton waits, tight with anger, as his two remaining Watchers arrive. One shakes his head.

HORTON

He can't be too far. Emile, stay here. Keep your eyes open.

Horton and the other Watchers move off, their flashlights fading in the distance.

Emile waits, scanning the forest. He checks his gun tensely. Then a faint SOUND. He reacts, suspicion dawning as he looks up -- too late.

JACOB

drops from the tree above, slams into Emile, twists the gun away, and slams him against the trunk.

JACOB

You're going to tell me things. Who you are... WHAT you are...
(grim)
And why you killed Irena.

Emile is scared, and right now Jacob is a very scary guy. He raises his hands, and as he does --

CLOSE - EMILE'S WRIST

and the WATCHER TATTOO there; the same as on Horton. Jacob sees it, grabs the wrist, staring.

JACOB (CONT'D)

What is this?
(beat)
What the hell are you?!

Emile shakes his head he doesn't want to answer.

Jacob presses the gun to Emile's chest. Emile is sweating, he knows there's no way out. He suddenly lunges, pulls Jacob's gun into himself, and squeezes the trigger. The gun fires and Emile sags, dead, and slides down the tree.

(CONTINUED)

2217 CONTINUED:

2217

Jacob is stunned. Still gripping the dead wrist, staring at the tattoo, until --

HORTON (O.S.)

This way!

The flashlights are bobbing, coming closer. Jacob releases the hand, turns and runs into the forest.

TRANSITION TO:

2218 INT. JACOB'S TRAILER - THE PRESENT - DAY

2218

Jacob is finishing his grit story.

JACOB

It took me a year to track down that symbol... and the animals that wear it.

(beat)

It wasn't easy. Most of these scum would rather die than talk.

MACLEOD

But they talked for you.

JACOB

There's always one ready to give up a name or a place when you offer another fifteen minutes of life.

MacLeod doesn't want to believe it.

MACLEOD

You killed all those people?

JACOB

I executed them, MacLeod. For the murder they committed.

MACLEOD

(urgently)

Jacob, listen to me. The ones who killed Irena weren't normal! They were an aberration, outlaws... Most Watchers aren't killers.

JACOB

No? That one today was doing a pretty good imitation.

MACLEOD

Because he thought I was you! They think I'm the one who's been killing them!

(CONTINUED)

2218 CONTINUED:

2218

Jacob claps MacLeod on the shoulder.

JACOB

So much the better. You join me,
and we'll be rid of them twice as
fast.

MACLEOD

No... Jacob, you have to listen to
me. They don't exist to kill. They
were created to observe... To be
historians...

JACOB

Historians?

(beat; with passion)

They murdered Irena, MacLeod. She
was on her knees, begging... And
they cut her head off.

(cold)

That's the only history I care about.
How can you defend these animals?

MACLEOD

(quietly)

Because one of them is my friend.

And OFF Jacob's stare --

2219 EXT. JACOB'S TRAILER - DAY (E)

2219

MacLeod is leaving the trailer and moving away. Jacob comes
out after him.

JACOB

MacLeod.

MacLeod stops and Jacob joins him.

JACOB (CONT'D)

I have a right to justice.

MACLEOD

Maybe you can lie to yourself, Jacob,
but you can't lie to me. This isn't
about justice, it's about vengeance.

JACOB

You know what she was to me.

MACLEOD

And I know what she was. Can you
stand here and tell me that she would
have wanted any of this?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(beat)

You think you grieve for her. Imagine her grief if she could see what you've become.

JACOB

I am what they made me.

MACLEOD

Nobody made you a murderer, Jacob. You've done that all by yourself.

MacLeod looks directly into Jacob's eyes.

MACLEOD

The men you kill ... Do you think about their wives? Their children? Do you think about their grief? Irena would have.

Jacob's fierce gaze softens for a moment.

JACOB

This man... this Watcher...

MACLEOD

His name is Joe Dawson.

JACOB

You really trust him?

MACLEOD

With my life.

Jacob looks at MacLeod with a sad smile.

JACOB

Irena always said you were a good and honest man.

(beat)

I thought you were a little naive.

MACLEOD

Meet with him, Jacob.

JACOB

For Irena...

As MacLeod reacts.

MacLeod faces Dawson and Methos. Dawson has just been told Jacob is the Immortal who's been killing Watchers.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

Horton killed Irena in front of him.
Tried to kill Jacob. He thinks you're
all to blame.

DAWSON

(pissed)
That gives him a license to kill?

MACLEOD

I just want you to meet him. Talk
to him. Show him you're not like
Horton.

DAWSON

People are dead, MacLeod. My
friends.... because he thought we
were responsible?

MACLEOD

Can you blame him? Watchers killed
his wife.

DAWSON

Horton killed his wife.

MACLEOD

Horton was a Watcher.

DAWSON

Horton's dead.
(beat)
And your friend's still killing.
(beat)
When's this gonna stop? When he's
dead or when we are?

MACLEOD

We'll find another way.

He pulls away from MacLeod, pissed.

DAWSON

There is no other way.
(beat)
It's gone too far.

METHOS

Joe, we have to try to stop it or
more people are going to die.

DAWSON

"We?"

Methos raises his wrist.

(CONTINUED)

2220 CONTINUED: (2)

2220

METHOS

I wear one of these too. Or did you forget?

DAWSON

I didn't forget.

(beat)

But we both know what you really are.

Dawson turns and heads for the door, tight-faced.

MACLEOD

Joe...

Dawson keeps on walking.

METHOS

I'll talk to him.

MACLEOD

You better. If Shapiro or Jacob puts a bullet through his lungs, Joe's not the type that gets born again.

And OFF this --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

2221 EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

2221

A respectable looking building with a drive-in courtyard entrance. Near a sign reading FUNERALE DELAGES (Note: check French translation) --

A beefy plainclothes GUARD stands just inside the entrance, alert eyes scanning the street, a miniature WALKIE-TALKIE wire at his ear. His hand slides reflexively to the weapon inside his coat as --

A BLACK HEARSE

pulls into the entrance and stops. The Guard leans in the window to talk with the Driver. As he does --

NEW ANGLE - DAWSON

watching this unfold from a safe distance down the street. He's tense, paranoid now he's in the open.

He flinches as pedestrians pass by -- any of them could be Watchers, hunting for him. As he waits --

A HAND drops onto his shoulder. Dawson freezes, whirls to face --

METHOS

Dawson releases air from tense lungs.

DAWSON

Dammit, don't do that.

Methos nods at the Funeral Home.

METHOS

Look at them. Watchers, afraid of being killed by Immortals, holed up in a funeral home.

(beat)

Is it just me, or is there some Cosmic irony in this?

DAWSON

I guess it's just you, 'cause I'm not laughing.

(testy)

You trying to give me a coronary?

(CONTINUED)

METHOS

Just making a point. If Shapiro's people see you they'll kill you.

DAWSON

Maybe.

Dawson starts to walk toward the Funeral Home. Methos grabs him and shoves him into a doorway.

METHOS

Is everyone crazy around here but me? Didn't you hear me?

DAWSON

I have to convince Shapiro that Jacob is killing Watchers, not MacLeod.

METHOS

Convince him! To do that, you have to talk to him.

(beat)

You'd never even get close.

DAWSON

Not on my own, maybe...

(beat)

"Adam."

METHOS

No...

Dawson fixes Methos with a look. Methos sees he's being shanghaied, holds up his hands.

METHOS (CONT'D)

Give me one good reason.

DAWSON

Revenge.

METHOS

Gave it up.

DAWSON

Okay, to save my ass.

METHOS

We're not that close.

DAWSON

Then how about MacLeod?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAWSON (CONT'D)

(beat)

The Watchers won't stop until they kill him. And they will kill him, eventually.. Unless Shapiro learns the truth about who killed his son.

METHOS

They'll go after Jacob.

Dawson and Methos share a look.

Methos sighs, and they both turn back to look at the Funeral Home.

METHOS (CONT'D)

The Guard's armed.

(beat)

Probably half a dozen men on the roof.

DAWSON

Not to mention some new password we don't know.

METHOS

(dry)

I wouldn't worry about the password. They'll probably just shoot you on sight.

DAWSON

I think I've had about all the irony I can take for one day. What we have to do is figure out a way to get inside.

METHOS

You got any ideas?

And OFF Dawson's look --

2222 INT. CHURCH - DAY

2222

Jacob is lighting a votive candle and saying a prayer. His look is far away, lost in reverie. He feels the BUZZ, but barely glances as --

MACLEOD

slips in beside him. They stay that way a moment, side by side.

(CONTINUED)

2222 CONTINUED:

2222

JACOB

Do you believe in heaven, MacLeod.

(beat)

I do... because I've already been in hell.

Jacob collects himself and turns to MacLeod. A humorless smile.

JACOB (CONT'D)

So where's this friend of yours?
The tame Watcher who's supposed to
change my mind?

MACLEOD

(beat)

He wouldn't come.

JACOB

And this surprises you?

MACLEOD

(beat)

You slaughtered his friends... shot
him... You expect them not to fear
you?

JACOB

No. I want them to fear me.

(beat)

To know what Irena felt. I want to
see that look in their eyes. Then I
want to watch them die.

MACLEOD

Jacob, I wish it never happened...
but these people had nothing to do
with Irena's death.

JACOB

They're all guilty.

Jacob holds out his arm, wrist up, indicating where the
Watcher tattoo would be.

JACOB (CONT'D)

They all bear it, MacLeod. The mark
of the beast.

(cold)

And like the beasts they are, I hunt
them.

MACLEOD

And they hunt you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(beat)

You have to leave the country, Jacob.

Jacob stares. Betrayed.

JACOB

Your friend.

(beat)

You told me you could trust him.

MACLEOD

To end this, I need his help.

JACOB

I'll tell you when it ends. After
I've killed them all.

MACLEOD

You can't kill them all.

JACOB

I can try.

(cold)

Tell your friend when I see him,
he's dead.

MACLEOD

You're talking like Horton.

JACOB

Blood for blood, MacLeod.

Jacob starts to move past MacLeod. MacLeod puts a hand on his shoulder.

JACOB (CONT'D)

The only way you'll stop me is by
killing me.

MacLeod releases his grip. Jacob leaves. MacLeod is left looking up at the angel in the window. It looks back down at him. Impassive. And OFF this --

ANGLE - THE GUARD

On watch, scanning the street. He looks around, then snaps alert as he sees

METHOS AND DAWSON

approaching. Methos is in the lead, Dawson walks beside and slightly behind him.

(CONTINUED)

2223 CONTINUED:

2223

As they draw close, Methos raises a wrist, flashing his Watcher tattoo.

METHOS

Adam Pierson.

(beat)

I presume you know who this is.

The Guard breaks into a smile as he recognizes Dawson, draws his revolver.

GUARD

You saved us a lot of trouble,
Pierson. How'd you get him?

METHOS

(beat)

I'm afraid you've got that backwards.

And OFF the Guard's puzzled look, Methos turns to the side, revealing the PISTOL Dawson holds to his back.

DAWSON

Lose the gun. And get Shapiro out
here.

The Guard hesitates. Dawson pulls back the hammer on the gun, jams it hard in Methos' back. Methos flinches.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Now!

He's deadly serious. The Guard holsters his gun, turns away and speaks urgently into his walkie-talkie. As he does, Methos talks SOTTO VOICE to Dawson.

METHOS

Easy. That thing could go off.

DAWSON

You're in the right place for it.
(off Methos' look)
Consider the irony.

The Guard turns back to them and nods curtly. A BEAT --

2224 EXT. FUNERAL HOME - COURTYARD - DAY

2224

JACK SHAPIRO

steps from the funeral home into the courtyard. He's flanked by two watchful looking men.

Shapiro motions the two Guards to stay where they are, and steps up to Dawson, looks at him a moment.

(CONTINUED)

SHAPIRO

Drop the hostage act, Joe. You won't shoot. Pierson's your friend.

DAWSON

We were friends too, Jack.

(beat)

That didn't stop you from ordering my death.

SHAPIRO

Tell you what, Joe. Let's make a deal.

DAWSON

What kind of deal?

SHAPIRO

You turn in MacLeod and I let you live.

DAWSON

I've got a better deal.

He pushes Methos aside, levels the gun at Shapiro. Instantly the GUARDS draw guns. A Mexican standoff.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

I kill you instead of him.

SHAPIRO

Even if you kill me, you know you won't get but of here alive.

(beat)

You're in for life, Joe. One way or the other.

DAWSON

Jack, I didn't come to kill anyone. And I didn't come to die.

(beat)

I came to talk.

SHAPIRO

You think a gun's gonna change my mind?

DAWSON

Maybe.

BEAT. He flips the gun around, extends it to Shapiro, handle first.

(CONTINUED)

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Just listen to me, Jack. Give me ten minutes... That's not so much to ask an old friend.

A BEAT. Shapiro slowly takes the gun. Dawson waits, holding his eyes. Shapiro finally nods.

SHAPIRO

I'll listen.

Dawson turns to Methos.

DAWSON

It's okay.

METHOS

You sure?

Dawson and Methos share a look and Methos moves off.

Shapiro looks at Dawson. Thinking. And OFF this --

2225 INT. METHOS' WINECELLAR - DAY

2225

MacLeod is pissed and in the middle of a conversation about what to do with Jacob.

MACLEOD

How the hell could you let him do that?

METHOS

It was a very simple choice. Jacob Galati or you. And since I don't give a damn about Jacob Galati, it wasn't very hard to choose.

MACLEOD

No, I guess it wasn't.

METHOS

I'm a pragmatist.

(beat)

The Watchers wanted the real killer and I want to keep you alive. You can't have it both ways.

MACLEOD

You're right.

He takes Methos' wrist, lifts it so the Tattoo is visible.

(CONTINUED)

2225 CONTINUED:

2225

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

You're one of us, or one of them.

(beat)

You can't have it both ways.

He turns and leaves. Methos slumps on his wine rack, brooding. He looks at the tattoo.

2226 EXT. JACOB'S TRAILER - FRONT - DAY

2226

Jacob is returning to his trailer. He hesitates a moment at the door, then enters.

2227 EXT. JACOB'S TRAILER - BACK - DAY

2227

Jacob climbs soundlessly out of the trailer window.

2228 EXT. JACOB'S TRAILER - FRONT - DAY

2228

Dawson stands some distance away behind cover, watching the trailer. He doesn't even flinch when he feels Jacob's gun in his back.

DAWSON

You're good.

Jacob grabs Dawson's wrist and exposes the tattoo.

JACOB

You're dead.

DAWSON

I'm sorry about Irena, Jacob.

Jacob is thrown by the comment.

JACOB

You say her name again and I won't kill you, you'll just wish I had.

He quickly pats down Dawson.

DAWSON

I'm unarmed.

JACOB

Who the hell are you?

DAWSON

My name is Joe Dawson.

JACOB

You're the one MacLeod told me about.

(beat; with disdain)

His friend.

(CONTINUED)

2228 CONTINUED:

2228

DAWSON

That's right. Look, I'm here because
the Watchers took Mac half an hour
ago. They're going to kill him.

JACOB

Tell 'em they've got the wrong man.

DAWSON

(urgently)

They won't believe me. You're his
only chance.

JACOB

Where is he?

DAWSON

I'll take you.

Jacob hesitates a moment.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

I thought he was your friend.

Dawson heads off. Jacob follows after him. They turn a
corner.

Jacob pays no attention to the

YOUNG WOMAN

leaving a small shop. He also doesn't see the silenced hand
gun that spits three bullets into his back. As he falls to
his knees, he looks up to Dawson.

JACOB

You bastard.

DAWSON

(sadly)

You got that right.

2229 INT. FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

2229

A large room, COFFINS lining some walls. Dawson paces,
getting antsy. Shapiro is in the middle of a conversation
with Dawson.

DAWSON

I don't like this.

SHAPIRO

You don't have to.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

(beat)

Look at the bright side, Joe... You've proven your loyalty. You're back in the Watchers.

DAWSON

Jack, I brought him here so you could talk to him.

(as an order)

You'll hear his side.

Shapiro looks at him. Veiled.

SHAPIRO

We'll hear what we need to.

The PHONE rings. Shapiro picks up, listens, then hangs up.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

Guess who's here.

And OFF Dawson's look-- MACLEOD steps into the room, an armed Watcher holding a gun at his back. Other Guards follow, guns trained on him.

GUARD

(incredulous)

He just walked right up to the front door.

DAWSON

MacLeod, what the hell are you doing? They know you're not the killer!

MACLEOD

This isn't about me. It's about what you're doing.

(beat)

What you've become.

SHAPIRO

(amused)

And what exactly have I become?

MACLEOD

A killer. Like Horton.

SHAPIRO

Listen to this, a lesson in ethics from our friend Duncan MacLeod.

MACLEOD

You lost a son. He lost a wife.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

None of this will bring either of them back.

(beat)

Call this off while there's still time.

SHAPIRO

(beat)

I'm afraid time's run out.

MacLeod gets the BUZZ as Shapiro nods to a Guard standing by the door. The Guard opens the door --

JACOB

is dragged in by several watchers. He's bound, hands tied behind his back. Jacob gives MacLeod a humorless grin, indicates his bonds.

JACOB (CONT'D)

MacLeod. I'd shake hands, but these people have other ideas.

MacLeod looks accusingly at Dawson.

DAWSON

I had to do it, Mac.

Jacob looks at Dawson, then to MacLeod.

JACOB

(with sarcasm)

I've already met your good friend, Joe Dawson. The guy you trusted with my life.

MACLEOD

Now what?

Shapiro turns to the other Guards.

SHAPIRO

Keep him here.

(beat; to a Watcher)

And bring me the blade.

A Watcher moves off to get the sword.

DAWSON

Dammit, Jack, you can't do this.

SHAPIRO

Watch me.

(CONTINUED)

The WATCHER carries a SWORD to him. Dawson grabs Shapiro's arm.

DAWSON

There must be another way!

SHAPIRO

There isn't.

(beat)

You can go. Or you can stay.

He approaches Jacob. Jacob watches, showing no fear, only loathing.

JACOB

I hate to rub it in, Mac... but I was right.

MACLEOD

(with passion)

You use that sword, and you destroy your own oath.

(beat)

Nothing between Immortals and Watchers will ever be the same.

DAWSON

Listen to him, Jack. You do this, you throw away everything we stand for!

Shapiro jerks his head at Jacob. Two Guards grab Jacob, drag him into the next room. As he goes through the door, he holds MacLeod's eyes.

JACOB

Blood for blood, MacLeod. Remember... Blood for blood!

SHAPIRO

See... he understands.

And then Jacob's out. Shapiro turns to MacLeod.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

Be a good boy, MacLeod, and live.

(to a Guard)

If he moves, shoot him.

Shapiro pushes into the room where Jacob is held.

MacLeod moves toward the room. A Guard puts a gun in his chest.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

Don't do this!

MACLEOD

spin kicks the one with the gun unconscious.

ANOTHER WATCHER

is about to shoot him.

MACLEOD

reacts instantly and the Watcher goes down.

A THIRD WATCHER

reaches for a fallen weapon and is about to shoot MacLeod when

DAWSON

knocks him unconscious with a paperweight.

MACLEOD

looks to Dawson as MacLeod hears

The SWOOSH of the O.S. SWORD -- and a BLINDING LIGHT beams from the door. And OFF MacLeod's horrified face as the QUICKENING hits him --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

NO!!

-- slams him back against the wall.

A moment later

SHAPIRO

steps into the room.

MACLEOD

stands to his feet and goes for Shapiro.

ONE OF THE WATCHERS

reacts and shoots

MACLEOD.

He falls... dead.

(CONTINUED)

Shapiro raises the sword... almost considering. Dawson picks up a fallen gun and aims it at Shapiro.

DAWSON

(tight)

Put it down.

(beat)

This wasn't about MacLeod.

Shapiro hesitates.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

I will kill you.

A BEAT -- Shapiro hands the sword to another Watcher.

SHAPIRO

(to the Watcher)

Get him out of here.

As TWO WATCHERS drag MacLeod out the door.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

It's not over.

Shapiro moves away. Dawson locks eye with Shapiro.

DAWSON

(beat)

You better hope to God it is.

And off his concern.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

2230 OMITTED 2230
2231 OMITTED 2231
2232 EXT. DARKENED TUNNEL 2232

It is cavelike. Remote... dark.

Dawson and Methos watch and wait as MacLeod comes back to life. He looks first to Methos... then to Dawson. He says nothing. He is like a cold, brooding animal.

METHOS

I'm sorry.

DAWSON

Mac...

(disturbed)

I was just supposed to get him there
so we could talk to him.

MACLEOD

(flat)

Go away, Joe.

DAWSON

Jack set me up. He wasn't supposed
to kill him.

(beat)

You have to believe me.

MacLeod rises to his feet.

MACLEOD

It doesn't matter what I believe.

DAWSON

(interjecting)

To me it does.

MACLEOD

(pointed)

Either way, he's still dead.

DAWSON

I did it to save you.

MacLeod gives Dawson a hard look and starts to move off.

(CONTINUED)

2232 CONTINUED:

2232

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

(MacLeod doesn't reply)

Mac... It can be over... It's got to be over.

Dawson goes to Methos.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Stop him.

Methos wrestles his own demons.

METHOS

Why?

DAWSON

If he goes after Shapiro, the Watchers will go after him.

METHOS

What about you, Joe? Who are you going after?

(turning away)

Five thousand years old, and I don't know who the hell I am anymore.

(full of self-doubt)

I actually helped you to set up one of my own.

DAWSON

(emphatic)

I didn't know he was going to kill him.

METHOS

Keep telling yourself that. Maybe one day you'll really believe it.

As the two men share a hard look --

2233 INT. FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

2233

A self-righteous and self-satisfied Shapiro is in the middle of a conversation with Dawson.

SHAPIRO

I hoped one day you'd be on the Tribunal with me, but it can't happen, because of your recent...

(beat)

Situation... You screwed up good, Joe.

(CONTINUED)

2233 CONTINUED:

2233

DAWSON

You stupid son-of-a-bitch. You don't know what you've done.

SHAPIRO

I guess you're going to tell me.

And OFF this --

2234 EXT. FUNERAL HOME - SAME TIME - NIGHT

2234

INTRUDER'S POV - THE ENTRANCE GUARD

is keeping a wary eye on the street. As we watch, camera MOVES CLOSER, implacably, rapidly (hand-held).

Just as the intruder is almost on him --

THE GUARD

turns, tries to react -- a HAND slices out of the dark, catches him on the neck. He drops without a sound, as --

MACLEOD

turns and glides towards the Watcher hideout. His face is cold, hell-bent.

2235 INT. FUNERAL HOME - SAME TIME - NIGHT

2235

Shapiro reacts to what Dawson has told him.

SHAPIRO

Thanks for the warning. When he comes, we'll just have to deal with him.

Dawson goes ballistic.

DAWSON

Deal with him! If he wants you dead, Jack, you are.

SHAPIRO

I think you overestimate your friend Duncan MacLeod.

(beat)

He won't be that hard to kill.

DAWSON

Listen to yourself. We're Watchers.

(passionate)

We don't kill immortals!

(CONTINUED)

SHAPIRO

(an edge)

You're dancing close to the edge,
Joe. I think it's time you went
back to the States.

(calling)

Security!

The door crashes open -- MACLEOD enters.

MACLEOD

Too late for that, Jack.

Shapiro reaches for a revolver in his desk.

SHAPIRO

What do you want?

MacLeod slams the desk drawer on his hand. MacLeod grabs
the revolver and tosses it across the room. His hand goes
to Shapiro's throat.

MACLEOD

Maybe I want blood for blood.

DAWSON

MacLeod, don't.

MACLEOD

The Watchers started out witnesses
to the miracle of Immortality that
no one understood. Your mission was
sacred.

(to Shapiro)

But you wanted it this way... Judging
us, killing us...

(beat)

And for what? For who?

SHAPIRO

For my son. I'd kill you all.

MACLEOD

So ready to kill... So ready to die.
Just like Horton. Just like Jacob.

(beat; with passion)

The dead don't want revenge, Jack.
They want nothing. They feel nothing.

(beat)

So don't delude yourself. You didn't
kill Jacob for your son. You killed
him for yourself.

(beat)

Horton made Jacob a murderer.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Jacob made you one.

(beat)

So listen hard, Jack, and tell me
what it's to be. War? You want to
bury more friends for something Horton
started?

(beat)

The killing ends now or it's only
just begun.

Shapiro slumps in his chair, beaten, exhausted.

A BEAT.

He looks at Dawson, then at Shapiro, at the shaken, beaten
face.

MacLeod turns and walks out.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

2236 EXT. QUAI DE IA TOURNELLE - DAY

2236

MacLeod is walking toward the barge when he hears a familiar voice with feigned brightness.

DAWSON

Hey, Mac.

He turns and finds Dawson approaching.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Jack's out. I'm back in.

(beat)

I think we can put the watchers back together again.

MACLEOD

I'm happy for you.

DAWSON

You see Methos?

(MacLeod shakes his head)

I went back to his place... He's gone... Nobody has any idea where he is.

MACLEOD

(tight)

Are you surprised?

(beat)

Is there something you wanted?

DAWSON

(beat)

I thought maybe I could buy you a drink.

MACLEOD

No, thanks.

DAWSON

Maybe later.

MacLeod gives him a long look, then turns and walks away down the Quai, Dawson watching him. We --

FADE OUT.

THE END