

#96501 PROPHECY

Written by David Tynan

Highlander

"PROPHECY"

Written by

David Tynan

Production #96501

June 26, 1996 Final Shooting Script

HIGHLANDER

"Prophecy"

Production #96501

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD

ROLAND KANTOS CASSANDRA

IAN MACLEOD
NEIL MACGREGGOR
OLD TOM
ROBERT MACLEOD
YOUNG DUNCAN MACLEOD
ANDREW BECKMAN
MARY MACLEOD
COP ONE

PARTNER

HIGHLANDER

"Prophecy"

Production #96501

SET LIST

INTERIORS

DOJO

MACLEOD'S LOFT

DETECTIVE AGENCY OFFICE - NEW YORK
CASSANDRA'S HUT - SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - 1606
ABANDONED GRAIN SILO

EXTERIORS

DOJO

NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE (STOCK)

CROFTER'S HUT - SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - 1606

DONAN WOODS - SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - 1606

CASSANDRA'S HUT - SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - 1606

CLIFFS BY THE OCEAN

STREET

INTERESTING HOLY GROUND

JUNGLE - VIET NAM - 1969

ALLEYWAY

ABANDONED GRAIN SILO

HIGHLANDER

"Prophecy"

TEASER

FADE IN:

101 EXT. NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE - (STOCK) - EARLY MORNING

101

TO ESTABLISH AS WE HEAR:

BECKMAN (O.S.)

Client confidentiality. That's the issue.

102 INT. DETECTIVE AGENCY OFFICE - NEW YORK

102

A nicely furnished high tech office. ANDREW BECKMAN, 35, private investigator, spends more time behind his computer than he does on a stake-out. He is well tailored, if a little nerdy. More banker than P.I. He is having a conversation with ROLAND KANTOS, Alan Rickman at 34.

BECKMAN

So, even if I knew this individual you're looking for...

ROLAND

Cassandra.

(beat)

Her name is Cassandra.

BECKMAN

Never heard of her.

He leans forward, and picks up a card on Beckman's desk.

ROLAND

And yours is Andrew Beckman. Well, Andy... That's not really good enough.

CLOSE ON ROLAND'S EYES

Cold and hypnotic, they look like they could bore through a bank vault. Roland Kantos is a supremely gifted MESMERIST, almost a sorcerer. And his greatest weapon is his VOICE, which aided by Post, will be extraordinary.

Objects on Beckman's desk begin to quiver as if they were caught in a slight wind, but there is no wind.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

(using The Voice, but only slightly)

I know you wouldn't forget her. Long hair. Green eyes. A body that'll stop your heart.

BECKMAN

Cassandra.

Beckman is losing his concentration, but he shakes it off. He speaks to Roland.

BECKMAN (CONT'D)

If I knew her, she'd be my client. If she was my client, I wouldn't talk to you about her.

ROLAND

Oh, but you would. If I wanted, you'd open your soul to me. If I wanted, you'd cut out your own heart. (beat)

You'll tell me everything.

He pushes closer, eyes blazing, using the full power of THE VOICE. The air in front of Beckman begins to shimmer.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Where she went... what she asked you to find. It's burning inside you. You can't stand it. C'mon Andy... (beat) I'm waiting.

Beckman goes slack-faced, losing all will. He nods.

BECKMAN

She had to find someone. Acted like her life depended on it.

ROLAND

It does.

(beat)

What was his name?

BECKMAN

Duncan MacLeod.

Roland reacts. This is it, the time has come.

ROLAND

Where can I find him?

102 CONTINUED: (2)

102

Beckman takes a SHEET from his drawer, slides it across to Roland. Roland picks it up, glances at it -- then turns back to Beckman.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

One last thing, Andy.

(beat)

I'd like to see your gun.

He puts out his hand. Beckman reaches in the desk, removes a gun. He hands it to Roland, who checks the chamber and racks a round.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

(re the gun)

A Sig Sauer. Bulky, but good.

(beat)

Personally, I prefer a Baretta.

It's so much more elegant.

Roland raises the gun -- and SHOOTS him. Beckman crashes back in his chair.

Roland grips the gun by the barrel, uses a KLEENEX from the desk to wipe the prints, and places it on the desk as

The DOOR bursts open. Beckman's PARTNER rushes in, gun in hand.

PARTNER

Andy, what the hell is going on?

He freezes as he takes in --

BECKMAN lying there.

Roland points to the Partner's gun.

ROLAND

There's no need for that.

The Partner hesitates.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Drop it.

The Partner drops the gun to his side. Roland picks up Beckman's gun and moves closer, freezing the man with his eyes, like a snake with a frog, as he hands him Beckman's qun.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

(beat)

There's been a suicide.

102 CONTINUED: (3)

PARTNER

(beat, dazed)

A suicide.

ROLAND

Yours.

(beat)

Right after you killed your partner.

THE PARTNER

stands staring at the gun in his hand. Roland turns and looks at him.

ROLAND

A suicide.

As Roland turns his back on the Partner, we hear a shot.

On Roland's smile as we --

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

103 EXT. DOJO - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

103

104 INT. DOJO - NIGHT

104

It's dark, silent, deserted. A figure enters quietly, stands motionless against the wall for a moment. Then a LIGHT flicks on revealing --

MACLEOD. Wearing street clothes, a long coat -- he's just back from Europe and he looks out of place here. He moves through the dojo, touching a practice bag, a kendo stick propped against a wall -- everything is just as he left it, but MacLeod feels different.

He reaches the CLIMBING BARS where Dawson tied him months ago. He almost touches the bars -- then stops himself. Nothing here that he wants to remember.

MacLeod seems to change his mind about staying. He turns to head back out the door -- then he feels it: the BUZZ.

He searches -- it's coming from ABOVE HIM, in the loft. one knows he's here. No one should. Alert now, he opens the door and quietly heads up to --

105 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT

105

The loft is dark as MacLeod warily enters. He's on edge, unsure what to expect. He calls out softly.

MACLEOD

(with an edge) Honey, I'm home.

No answer.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Richie?

No reply -- but he's still feeling the BUZZ. Not good. Now he draws his sword, turns --

MACLEOD'S POV - THE IMMORTAL

a woman, standing half-hidden in shadow -- it's as if she just materialized. MacLeod takes a ready stance.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(an edge)

I'm Duncan MacLeod of the Clan MacLeod.

(CONTINUED)

CASSANDRA

T know.

96501

MacLeod reacts. The voice is soft, throaty, oddly seductive -- there's something familiar about it, but he can't place it.

MACLEOD

What do you want? Who are you?

CASSANDRA

Don't you know me, Duncan?

A MATCH flares as a CANDLE is lit, revealing a beautiful face, a cascade of hair framing it. CASSANDRA is late twenties/early thirties, gorgeous, smoky eyes that seem to see right into you.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Because I know you.

MacLeod starts in shock as he recognizes her, not trusting his eyes.

MACLEOD

Cassandra.

He lowers his sword, stunned, as she moves into the light. No apparition -- just a very attractive woman.

CASSANDRA

Have I changed all that much?

MacLeod stares, takes in the beautiful face, the body.

MACLEOD

No.

She steps closer, gives him an appraising look.

CASSANDRA

But you have.

And OFF this, we --

TRANSITION TO:

106 EXT. CROFTER'S HUT - SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - 1606 - DAY

106

SUPER: GLENFINNAN, SCOTLAND 1606, MACLEOD CLAN VILLAGE

Past the wall of a crofter's hut, IAN MACLEOD and 3 or 4 CLANSMEN standing by a crude wooden SHEEP PEN. Warriors, mostly 30 to 40, the youngest is NEIL MACGREGGOR, 20s, a sour man. The oldest is OLD TOM, probably mid-50s, but is nearly toothless and looks 20 years older.

106

Ian is angrily discussing a wolf that's been decimating their livestock.

TAN

We've but twenty sheep left. Twenty, not including the ram! (grim)

That damn wolf has to be killed.

NETI.

How do we know it's a wolf? The Campbells have stolen from us before.

Ian throws him a look.

IAN

And when they have, have they left great bloody paw prints all over the fields?

(grim)

'Tis a wolf, and a hungry one. we're not to go hungry ourselves, we've got to kill it.

NEW ANGLE - THE WALL OF A CROFTER'S HUT

Where YOUNG DUNCAN MACLEOD and his cousin ROBERT listen intently. Young Duncan is 13, an energetic, confident boy with dark good looks. Robert is a year younger, blonde, his eyes almost popping at the news.

ROBERT

Did you hear that, Duncan? A wolf!

YOUNG DUNCAN

Quiet, Robert, I cannot hear!

RESUME - SCENE

Neil and the others aren't happy about entering the Donan Woods.

NEIL

No one's laid eyes on the beast. It comes and goes like a ghost. Back to its lair in the Donan woods.

TAN

Then we'll follow it and set a lamb for bait.

The Clansmen shift uneasily, look at each other.

106 CONTINUED: (2)

106

IAN (CONT'D)

What ails you! You're not put off by a bloody overgrown hound?

 \mathtt{NEIL}

You're chief of this clan, Ian MacLeod, and I'd go to hell itself for you, but the Donan Woods... Things happen there. There's been talk of a witch since before my grandmother's time.

Old Tom rises from the stump he is sitting on.

OLD TOM

And I have seen her.

Old Tom moves around the men, working the crowd.

OLD TOM (CONT'D)

She waits for the one who was born on the winter solstice.

(beat)

She will devour him. Old she is, with snakes for hair and eyes that glow like coal. She's what's been stealing our sheep!

Others nod their assent. Ian snorts derisively.

IAN

What's stealing our sheep is a wolf, and we're going to kill it! (challenging)

Or maybe you'd rather have Old Tom tell your wives why they're to starve this winter?

The men look embarrassed. No one's going to risk that.

IAN (CONT'D)

We'll start out tomorrow morn.

(beat)

And I'll hear no more talk of witches.

As the men start to move off --

YOUNG DUNCAN runs up, bursting with excitement, followed by Robert.

YOUNG DUNCAN

Father! I'll join the hunt! I'm not afraid of wolves or witches!

Ian ruffles the boy's hair affectionately.

106 CONTINUED: (3)

106

IAN

Good on you, Duncan. You're a stout lad...

(beat)

But this isn't boys' play. The men will go alone.

Young Duncan's face falls in dismay.

YOUNG DUNCAN

But Father...

IAN

(sharply)

You'll not come tomorrow, Duncan, and that's the end of it!

Duncan stands chastened as the men move off. NEIL turns to Young Duncan and Robert with a ghoulish leer.

NEIL

Only one thing a hungry wolf likes better than a lamb, Duncan MacLeod... (beat)

And that's a young boy.

He pulls his dirk and prods Young Duncan, theatrically demonstrating a gruesome scene.

NEIL (CONT'D)

He RAPS Duncan sharply on the head, and moves off laughing. Angry and humiliated, Duncan calls after him.

YOUNG DUNCAN

I'd not be afraid of any wolf!

ROBERT

That's a good one.

YOUNG DUNCAN

And I suppose you'd not wet your kilt if You saw one.

Robert shoves him.

ROBERT

Look who's talking! You wet yours when Debra Campbell looked your way.

106 CONTINUED: (4)

106

Young Duncan shoves him back.

YOUNG DUNCAN

I did not.

ROBERT

Did to.

YOUNG DUNCAN

It was raining!

ROBERT

I don't think so.

(beat)

I think you'd rather face the wolf than Debra Campbell.

YOUNG DUNCAN

And you'd not face either one of them, Robert.

ROBERT

I would too!

YOUNG DUNCAN

(setting him up)

Prove it. Hunt the wolf with me.

ROBERT

(scared)

You want to go to Donan Woods?

(off Young Duncan's

nod)

I've never been there.

YOUNG DUNCAN

Come on, where's your spine?

(beat)

You and me, Robert, we'll be heroes.

Robert is taken aback.

ROBERT

You heard what your father said! Held give us both a hiding!

YOUNG DUNCAN

Not if we kill the wolf first.

(beat)

What do you say?

He extends his hand, waiting. A BEAT -- Robert spits in his palm, slaps it into Duncan's, sealing the pact. And OFF the clasped hands --

107 EXT. DONAN WOODS - SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - 1606 - EVENING

A darkly treed forest. Twisted trees, OWLS hooting in the distance -- it's a spooky atmosphere. Young Duncan and Robert move uneasily into a clearing. Far from the village, Robert is losing his bravado.

The wind whistles through the trees.

ROBERT

What was that?

YOUNG DUNCAN

'Tis only the wind, Robert. Calm yourself.

ROBERT

I cannot, my head is full of witches and wolves.

Young Duncan raises a hand, stopping him. He looks at the ground, touches the earth.

YOUNG DUNCAN

He was here. And this is where he'll return.

ROBERT

(beat)

Duncan? Do you think the witch's real?

(off Young Duncan's

look)

Old Tom swears she is.

YOUNG DUNCAN

Old Tom's mad as a loon. When he isn't drunk.

ROBERT

Still. She could cast a spell.

(worried)

What if she turns me into a toad?

YOUNG DUNCAN

Who'd know the difference?

(beat)

Now quiet, and hold this.

He hands Robert a length of rope, then bends a branch down, cutting it with his knife to set a snare. Robert looks doubtful as he loops the rope and hands it back.

107 CONTINUED:

ROBERT

(doubtful)

You're sure that can hold him?

YOUNG DUNCAN

Unless he carries a knife.

(smua)

There's no way he'll get out of this.

There's a DEEP GROWL directly behind them. BEAT. They look at each other in dismay, and whirl to see --

THE WOLF

a huge black thing, larger than life, gleaming yellow eyes, almost surreal, staring straight at them.

The boys stand frozen, too terrified to move.

ROBERT

(hoarse)

Oh Jesus and Mary! What'll we do?

The wolf lets out a LOUDER GROWL.

YOUNG DUNCAN

RUN!

Young Duncan drops his knife as they turn and sprint for their lives.

NEW ANGLE - FOLLOWING

as the boys race through the trees and bushes, fear etched on their faces.

ANGLE - THE WOLF

as it races after them, a DIMLY SEEN MOVEMENT in the bushes. We HEAR it growl, see GLIMPSES of it as it gains on the boys.

WOLF'S POV - FOLLOWING (NOTE: HAND-HELD)

we see the BOYS running ahead, see them stumble, fall, scramble up again.

INTERCUT:

WOLF AND BOYS

as they run, terrified, the animal closing in. Then --

ROBERT

107 CONTINUED: (2)

stumbles and falls, crying out. Young Duncan turns back, yanks him to his feet. They turn to run, but --

THE WOLF

stands before them. Robert is terrified. Young Duncan remains calm. He slowly picks up the only weapon he can find -- a sharp stick -- and brandishes it at the wolf.

YOUNG DUNCAN

Back to the village! (as Robert hesitates) Go! I'll follow.

Robert edges slowly away -- then runs for his life. Young Duncan raises the stick. He swallows, takes a firmer grip with both hands.

YOUNG DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Come on, then. Get it over with.

With a rising snarl, the Wolf suddenly launches itself STRAIGHT AT him. And OFF Young Duncan's YELL, we --

CUT TO BLACK.

108 INT. CASSANDRA'S HUT - SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - 1606 - NIGHT

108

107

CLOSE ON

A blurred image swimming in dim light. Slowly the image comes into focus. It is the skull of a wolf, all fangs and growl as it stares down on:

YOUNG DUNCAN

who reacts with a start and backs away as he finds himself wrapped in a fur on a wooden palette, in a small hut, a hearthfire blazing against a wall. Suddenly he remembers the wolf. He quickly feels his body, his chest -- then glances under the fur to make sure everything is intact. Then slowly Young Duncan scans his new surroundings.

YOUNG DUNCAN'S POV - THE HUT - SEVERAL SHOTS

revealing an assortment of weird artifacts: on the walls, animal bones, an eagle's wing. On a low table close by him a human skull.

RESUME YOUNG DUNCAN

as he reacts to the bizarre sight. Cautiously he rises and moves to the hut's door, which has been left open.

(CONTINUED)

He steps outside.

108 CONTINUED:

109 EXT. CASSANDRA'S RUT - DONAN WOODS - SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS -109 1606 - NIGHT

Next to the hut is what remains of a charred tree that's been struck by lightening.

YOUNG DUNCAN'S POV - A SMALL POND IN THE WOODS

Rising halfway out of the pond where she has been bathing is Cassandra. Beautiful, wild-haired, the most remarkable thing Young Duncan has ever seen.

RESUME YOUNG DUNCAN

He acts stunned, overwhelmed, then embarrassed. He quickly averts his eyes, closing them, turning away. A battle rages within him, as almost against his will his face turns back to the goddess.

CASSANDRA

is slipping on a long silk robe, not self-conscious of her nakedness before Young Duncan. She smiles as she sees him. With the moonlight behind and in the loose robe she appears like an angel with wings. She pulls back her hair and moves toward Young Duncan.

YOUNG DUNCAN

swallows hard as the vision approaches. He backs into the wall of the hut and slides down on his butt. He swallows hard.

YOUNG DUNCAN

Are you an angel? Am I in Heaven?

She smiles and shakes her head as she looks down on him.

CASSANDRA

Not for a long time yet.

(beat)

My name is Cassandra.

YOUNG DUNCAN

The wolf... Why did it not kill me?

CASSANDRA

Perhaps because I didn't want it to.

He looks to see if she's kidding, but her smile is inscrutable. She moves toward him and he backs away.

109 CONTINUED:

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Don't be afraid.

YOUNG DUNCAN

I'm not afraid.

CASSANDRA

I can see that.

(beat)

I think you're a very brave boy, Duncan MacLeod.

YOUNG DUNCAN

I am not a boy. I am thirteen... (beat)

How did you know my name?

CASSANDRA

Who else was born on the winter solstice?

Duncan reacts. What does she mean by that?

YOUNG DUNCAN

(as it hits him)

Are you the witch of Donan Woods.

Cassandra looks away into the night.

CASSANDRA

Some call me that.

YOUNG DUNCAN

But they said that you're old... older than the Clan.

CASSANDRA

Do I look old?

He shakes his head, faltering.

YOUNG DUNCAN

They say you're evil. That you cast spells.

CASSANDRA

Do they now?

She leans toward him, long hair cascading down her shoulders, letting her beauty speak for itself. She knows the effect she's having on him.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

I might cast spells... But do I look evil to you, Duncan?

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2)

109

Young Duncan stares. Clearly smitten. He shakes his head, mumbles something under his breath.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

What was that?

YOUNG DUNCAN

(repeating what he

said)

You look beautiful.

And OFF her smile, we --

TRANSITION TO:

110 OMITTED 110

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

111

Cassandra is moving around the loft, examining it, curious about the type of man that lives there. MacLeod watches her with a touch of awe as she moves in and out of pools of light, looking alternately real and ethereal.

CASSANDRA

It's been a long time since that night. I wondered what kind of man you'd become.

MACLEOD

I'm surprised you didn't just check your crystal ball.

She peers at him closely. She touches his face, almost as though she can feel what he felt.

CASSANDRA

And the road's been hard.

MacLeod turns away. It's true, but he doesn't want to discuss it.

MACLEOD

A lot happens in four hundred years.

I survived.

CASSANDRA

I knew you would.

MACLEOD

(wry)

Of course.

(beat)

How did you find me? Witchcraft?

He's kidding, but only half. Cassandra smiles.

CASSANDRA

What for? It's the twentieth century. I used a detective agency. (beat; suddenly serious) I need your help.

She's deadly earnest, all humor gone.

MACLEOD

Why?

CASSANDRA

Roland Kantos.

MACLEOD

One of us?

CASSANDRA

He's more than that... He's our destiny.

She holds his eyes, grave. And OFF her look --

FADE OUT.

111

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

112 EXT. CLIFFS BY THE OCEAN - MORNING

112

Tall cliffs, craggy and dramatic, tower above MacLeod and Cassandra as they sit on MacLeod's car, looking over the water.

MACLEOD

It's not the Highlands, but it has its charm.

CASSANDRA

It's beautiful. I can see why you'd want to stay.

She turns -- MacLeod is gazing at her, remembering the attraction from his childhood. She sees his look.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Why are you looking at me like that?

MACLEOD

The last time I saw you I was thirteen years old... and you were a witch in the forest.

(beat)

I must have gone back into that forest a hundred times... but I never found you.

(beat)

I convinced myself you were a dream.

CASSANDRA

How could you know I was Immortal? Or see what you would become?

MACLEOD

But you knew.

CASSANDRA

The moment I laid eyes on you, I knew you would fulfill the prophecy.

MacLeod stops, gives her a look.

MACLEOD

Like you said, it's the twentieth century. I left prophecies behind with the witches and fairies.

112 CONTINUED:

CASSANDRA

Duncan, listen to me.

(urgent)

The prophecy tells of a Highland foundling born on the winter solstice who would go through darkness into light and survive to challenge the voice of death.

MACLEOD

Really?

(beat; flip)

Is that before or after I slay the dragon?

CASSANDRA

Duncan, this is real! I've waited centuries for the time to be right.

She's desperate, almost pleading.

MACLEOD

And Roland is part of this prophecy?

CASSANDRA

(grim)

Yes.

MACLEOD

And he's right behind you.

CASSANDRA

He always is.

At that moment they get the BUZZ. They turn --

ROLAND

stands above them on a bluff. When he sees who Cassandra is with, he smiles.

RESUME SCENE

Cassandra backs away.

CASSANDRA

It's him.

ROLAND

(in a voice like

thunder)

MACLEOD!

The voice echoes. MacLeod's hand goes to his ear.

112 CONTINUED: (2)

112

MACLEOD

I get the feeling he doesn't like me.

MacLeod starts toward the stairs. Cassandra grabs his arm in alarm.

CASSANDRA

We have to leave, now! What are you doing?

MACLEOD

(glib)

I guess asking him to dance is out of the question.

MacLeod starts up the stairs.

CASSANDRA

You don't understand. You can't win!

MACLEOD

Your confidence is overwhelming.

NEW ANGLE - THE CLIFFSIDE

As MacLeod faces Roland.

ROLAND

Duncan MacLeod.

MACLEOD

Very good.

Roland smiles.

ROLAND

Roland Kantos. And I've been looking for you for a very long time.

And OFF his look --

TRANSITION TO:

113

113 EXT. CROFTER'S HUT - SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - 1606 - MORNING

Near the hut, Ian MacLeod paces, frustrated, as his wife Mary and Old Tom look on. They're worried about the missing boys.

IAN

They've checked the fens, the fields, as far out as the tide flats. Nothing!

113

MARY

But to run off without a word...

IAN

(calming)

Likely they're off to the next village, stealing sheep from Hamish Campbell.

(wry)

Or mooning over that red-haired daughter of his.

MARY

The whole night?

(off his silence)

Something terrible has happened. I feel it.

OLD TOM

It's the witch. She's taken them.

IAN

Shut up, you old fool.

There's a shout and a commotion in the distance, as

ROBERT

stumbles in, half-carried by two CLANSMEN. He's breathless, clothes torn and muddied as he's brought before Ian.

IAN

Robert MacLeod, you'd better have a good story to tell, make no mistake.

He looks around for Duncan, ready to berate him.

IAN (CONT'D)

Where's my son? Where's Duncan?

Robert is panting, can barely get the words out.

ROBERT

Still there. The wolf.... The wolf...

Ian grabs him by the shoulders.

IAN

Wolf?! Out with it, boy, what in hell have you been up to?!

ROBERT

We tried to catch the wolf. But it caught us! Duncan told me to run...

113 CONTINUED: (2)

113

Ian and Mary look at each other in dismay.

MARY

And Duncan?

Robert shakes his head helplessly, near tears. Ian turns, tight with alarm, and yells at the Clansmen.

IAN

Ready the men! NOW!

As Clansmen move away, Ian turns to Mary, takes her shoulders gently.

IAN (CONT'D)

Trust in God. We'll find him.

She nods, not trusting herself to speak, as ROLAND arrives on horseback, dressed in dark clothes. He looks foreign, menacing.

Ian waits as he rides up, noting his foreigner's dress, his sword.

ROLAND

I am Roland. I wish to speak to the village Chieftain.

(taking in his dress)

I think you have that honor.

IAN

I have. Ian MacLeod. But we've urgent business. We've no time.

ROLAND

(lying)

Not even for a lost son?

(beat)

Years ago robbers killed my wife and stole him. He was only a baby. I fear he may have been sold. Or left as a foundling.

Ian and Mary exchange a glance, afraid hills talking about Duncan.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

He'd be thirteen now.

(beat)

Like that one.

He suddenly POINTS directly at Robert. Robert quails under the penetrating gaze, moves towards the hut.

113 CONTINUED: (3)

ROLAND (CONT'D)

But that's not him.

(beat)

I'll know him when I see him.

BEAT. Ian catches Mary's eye, then answers in a firm voice.

IAN

I cannot help you. There are no foundlings here.

Roland looks at him a LONG BEAT, but Ian doesn't flinch. Neil and the other Clansmen approach.

ROLAND

Then I'll keep looking. I swore to it on my wife's grave.

He starts to turn away. The guilt gnaws at Mary.

MARY

But surely, after thirteen years, you'd not even know him.

Roland's eyes gleam, ominous.

ROLAND

I'll know him and I'll find him. (beat)

However long it takes.

He turns his horse and rides off. Mary turns to Ian.

IAN

(shortly)

Leave it alone, wife.

MARY

(aside, urgently)

I love Duncan as you do, as my own flesh and blood...

(beat)

But you know he's a foundling! What if it's Duncan he seeks?

TAN

Duncan is our son. He always will

(beat)

If he still lives.

He moves to where the other Clansmen wait, and they start for the forest.

113 CONTINUED: (4)

113

ON MARY

She sighs, fretful, moves to busy herself with chores. She picks up a water-bucket. She turns to move back to the hut -and lets out a gasp.

ROLAND

stands before her. He hadn't made a sound.

ROLAND

About the foundling.

MARY

I know nothing.

She avoids his eyes, starts to move past.

ROLAND

Tell me.

He's using a touch of THE VOICE. Mary is feeling moved by her guilt, by the voice -- she fights it.

MARY

You've had your answer... there is nothing more to tell!

She tries to step around him, but Roland increases the power of the voice. His words are compelling, overwhelming, weakening her resolve. Her hand loosens, the bucket falls from it.

ROLAND

A boy... found on the winter solstice... a foundling child.

MARY

No... no, there WAS none!

She tries to move to the hut, fighting to resist, but THE VOICE is taking over her senses.

ROLAND

I don't believe you.

(spreading his arms)

Open, your heart to me, woman..! Tell me what I, want to know...

MARY can't resist any more. She is about to speak, when her eyes fall upon --

113 CONTINUED: (5)

MARY'S POV - THE HUT

the CRUCIFIX over the door a touchstone of hope And strength. Mary gathers her strength, and with an effort of will, places her hand oh the Crucifix.

MARY

(under her breath, a

prayer)

Help me... Give me strength.

ROLAND

Tell me... You know, you must! Where is he!

Mary gathers herself, turns and faces him.

MARY

The one you seek... is not... here.

It's a supreme effort of will. Roland bridles, but sees this is a wall he can't yet penetrate -- the strength of this woman's faith. He turns and leaves. And OFF Mary, closing her eyes in silent thanks --

114 INT. CASSANDRA'S HUT - SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - 1606 - MORNING 114

Young Duncan sleeps on furs, smile on his face.

He murmurs in his sleep. Cassandra watches over him, staring into the fire. He awakens to find her staring at him. is wearing a cotton dress with a loosely laced bodice.

CASSANDRA

You were dreaming.

Young Duncan can't take his dyes from her.

YOUNG DUNCAN

(shyly)

Yes.

CASSANDRA

What of?

Young Duncan shakes his head.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

I see.

(beat)

Did you dream you were grown?

114

YOUNG DUNCAN

(beat)

I was a man, the leader of my Clan,

He stops himself.

CASSANDRA

And? Were you alone?

Young Duncan shakes his head.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

(understands)

You were with me.

(beat)

What were we doing?

She moves her face closer to his. She looks into his eyes. He turns away nervously. She takes his face in her hands and kisses him.

Duncan's eyes remain wide open for a moment and then close in reverie.

She pulls away slowly.

Young Duncan's lips remain pulsed and his eyes closed long after she moves away. Then, from without, a cock crows, pulling him from his reverie.

YOUNG DUNCAN

(shocked)

Morning?

(realizing)

I must go!

Cassandra takes his arm.

CASSANDRA

Not yet. There's someone in your village who wants to harm you.

YOUNG DUNCAN

That would be my father. He'll skin me alive!

CASSANDRA

Duncan, listen to me.

(intense)

This one is an enemy... and he means to kill you.

(MORE)

114 CONTINUED: (2)

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

(beat)

You can't face him now, but you will one day. And then you must kill him.

Duncan looks at her, a little spooked.

YOUNG DUNCAN

Then you really are a witch.

CASSANDRA

Don't they tell a tale in your village of a man in your grandfather's time who died and came back to life?

YOUNG DUNCAN

Of course, Connor MacLeod, but that's just Clan legend. It's just a story.

CASSANDRA

Some stories are true.

And OFF his puzzled look, she gazes into the fire, stares at the flames, as if reading something there. Her voice and eyes become becomes distant.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

One will come, who will know the darkness and the light. He will challenge a great evil, that only he can defeat.

YOUNG DUNCAN

I don't understand.

CASSANDRA

Not now. But you will.

Then she closes her eyes, as if listening to something only she can hear.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

It's time. Your people are coming for you.

(off his look)

Go now. Straight out from the hut, and they will find you.

Young Duncan is bewildered -- but he accepts what she says. He moves to the door.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Duncan --

115

114 CONTINUED: (3)

He turns to look at her.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

When the wolf came for you, you really weren't afraid?

YOUNG DUNCAN

No.

CASSANDRA

Why not?

YOUNG DUNCAN

Because good must always triumph over evil. Did you not know that?

CASSANDRA

Perhaps I just needed to hear it from you.

He nods, accepting that answer. Cassandra moves to him, takes something from her dress, hands it to him. It is his knife.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

You won't need to worry about the wolf again.

He takes the knife, hesitates, looks up at her.

YOUNG DUNCAN

Will I ever see you again?

CASSANDRA

Yes.

He turns and steps out.

115 EXT. CASSANDRA'S HUT - SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - 1606 - DAY

Young Duncan moves to Ian and the others.

YOUNG DUNCAN

Father! I'm here!

Ian grabs him by the shoulders, anxiously examining the scratches, the torn clothes.

IAN

You're all right? The wolf didn't harm you?

YOUNG DUNCAN

I'm fine.

Ian hugs him thankfully, then resumes his gruff manner.

IAN

Of all the wild notions you've had... Are you daft, boy? The wolf might've torn you apart!

YOUNG DUNCAN

(chastened)

Yes, Father.

IAN

Out here in the forest all night, Your mother worried half to death!

Young Duncan glances back to the hut he just left.

ANGLE THE HUT

The burnt tree is there, but the hut is gone.

Young Duncan looks back to his father.

TAN

Anything might've happened, anything!

It's clear no one but Duncan saw the hut.

YOUNG DUNCAN

But nothing did happen, Father. (beat, innocent) Nothing.

Ian glances at him with a hint of suspicion, but Duncan's look gives away nothing. This will stay his secret.

IAN

We'd best be getting back. The wolf can wait for another day.

I don't want you out of my sight for a while.

As they move away, Young Duncan looks back, over his shoulder, to where the hut stood. And OFF this, as they move from sight --

116 EXT. CLIFFS BY THE OCEAN - DAY - RESUME PRESENT

116

Roland eyes MacLeod with intense interest.

ROLAND

So you lasted. Just as the prophecy foretold. You lived.

116

MACLEOD

And you can live too... if you leave now.

ROLAND

I'm afraid I can't, MacLeod. The signs for the prophecy are all in place. You're all that stands in my way.

(curious)

Or don't you believe in signs?

MACLEOD

Some.

(beat)

Don't litter, no spitting, keep off the grass.

ROLAND

I prefer rest in peace.

He pulls his sword.

MacLeod draws his, and they go at it. Roland fights well, but MacLeod takes him on confidently, matches him blow for blow. Then Roland steps back, moves away.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Is that all you have, MacLeod?

MACLEOD

There's more.

ROLAND

I don't think so. I think you're already finished.

And he uses the VOICE.

An evil breeze blows through the area. The light shimmers.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

I think you're tired, MacLeod.

Exhausted.

(beat)

Can't you feel it? You're fighting through quicksand.

(intense)

Your legs can barely move... Your

arms feel like lead...

(beat)

Feel that? Gravity sucking you down, making you small... I'm almost a

giant!

116 CONTINUED: (2)

116

ON MACLEOD

as he feels the effect. He tries to shake it off, resume his stance.

MACLEOD'S POV

Roland the Giant. He dwarfs MacLeod.

ROLAND

Every muscle, every inch of your body wants to quit ... to surrender.

MacLeod swings his katana. His sword now larger, heavier in his hand. He is slow, clumsy, sweating with effort.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Right now, you're probably thinking, How does he do it?

ECU ROLAND'S LIPS

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Your sword is heavy... so heavy... you can barely lift it ... you CAN'T lift it.

MacLeod tries to lift the katana.

But Roland steps in and with an easy flick, lances his side. MacLeod staggers back, wounded.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Well, I'm bored.

(beat)

What do you say we call it a day?

Roland moves in for the kill.

ANGLE - CASSANDRA

at the bottom of the cliff, she sees it.

RESUME SCENE

As Roland moves closer.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

You don't want to fight anymore, MacLeod. You can rest. Just close your eyes... it's so easy.

The KATANA drops from MacLeod's hand, falls down the cliff. MacLeod watches it go, but it doesn't seem to matter. He stands there, helpless. His eyes close.

"Prophecy" 32.

CONTINUED: (3)

116

As Roland brings his sword back for the kill --

CASSANDRA

She closes her eyes and screams out, trying to reach him.

CASSANDRA

NO!

The sound is deafening. Roland looks at MacLeod.

ROLAND'S POV

The world shimmers violently before him, in and out of focus.

RESUME SCENE

as Roland swings --

MACLEOD'S

eyes open as he reacts to the echo of Cassandra's scream. He uses his last bit of will to push off the cliff -- Roland's sword slices the air, missing him.

RESUME ROLAND

as he curses and moves to the stairs, but --

RESUME -- CLIFF BOTTOM

as Cassandra shoves the dying MacLeod into his car, throws in his sword. She hops behind the wheel and screeches away.

ROLAND

sinks to his knees, exhausted, depleted by the use of his power.

ROLAND

Now or later. It doesn't matter.

And OFF his grim look --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

117 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY

117

MacLeod is on the couch, groggy, Cassandra hovering over She hands him a glass of amber liquid.

CASSANDRA

Take this. I told you he was dangerous!

(off his hesitation)

Don't worry. It's whisky. Single malt.

MacLeod takes a slug, grimaces, and hands it back. Reaches for his sword.

MACLEOD

He'll be coming.

He starts to rise, but she puts a hand on his chest.

CASSANDRA

Using the power tires Roland. He needs to regain his strength. (beat)

We have some time.

MACLEOD

What happened back there? What the hell did he use on me? (beat)

And don't tell me magic.

CASSANDRA

Call it what you want. The power of suggestion. A trick learned over a thousand years.

MacLeod thinks there's something she's holding back. He takes her arm, looks into her eyes.

MACLEOD

A trick you taught him?

CASSANDRA

(beat)

Roland was my student. Ages ago. When I realized what he was, it was too late to stop him. He was too strong. It's the prophecy, Duncan. (MORE)

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

(as MacLeod starts to

object)

You're the only one who can beat him.

MACLEOD

You still believe that?

CASSANDRA

So far, I'm batting a thousand.

MacLeod hesitates. There's something he wants to ask.

MACLEOD

If you saw the future, did you see the life I'd have?

(beat)

My own father disowning me... Tessa dying... Did you see all that, and not warn me?

CASSANDRA

It's not like that. I wish it was. I only see glimpses, fragments... never the whole.

MACLEOD

Do you see my death?

CASSANDRA

I see death, Duncan.

MACLEOD

Whose?

CASSANDRA

I don't know.

And OFF this --

118 INT. DOJO

118

Roland enters. He checks the place warily. He gets the BUZZ and smiles.

ROLAND

Hello, witch.

He starts to move to the elevator.

119 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - SAME TIME

119

MacLeod and Cassandra get the BUZZ.

(CONTINUED)

CASSANDRA

It's Roland...

MACLEOD

I thought you said he needed time.

CASSANDRA

(panicking)

He should. He's become stronger than I thought -- we have to hurry!

INTERCUT:

ROLAND

in the elevator. The button-box is locked, but Roland passes a hand over it -- it STARTS. The elevator begins to rise. Roland inside, focussing his power, readying for the kill.

RESUME LOFT

MacLeod, katana in hand, moves to the elevator to meet Roland.

CASSANDRA

Duncan!

ROLAND

rising, feeling his power -- he seems to swell up.

RESUME LOFT

Cassandra pulls at MacLeod.

MACLEOD

I won't run.

CASSANDRA

You're not running...

Then her VOICE changes. She uses the same power as Roland, but it's different: her voice is soft, seductive, siren-like.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

You're using your strength. Saving me from him.

(beat)

I need you, Duncan. You're my only chance. And our only chance is to leave.

The VOICE affects him. MacLeod's resolve is weakening.

MACLEOD

I can't.

(CONTINUED)

121

119 CONTINUED: (2)

Cassandra continue in the same voice but with more intensity.

CASSANDRA

You must. Now, Duncan, or I will die.

MacLeod hesitates. He's drawn to her voice. And OFF his hesitation --

ANGLE - THE ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

It arrives. Roland steps from it into the loft, pumped and confident in his power.

ROLAND

MACLEOD!

But all he feels is the fading BUZZ.

Roland moves about the place, sword out. He knows they were there, that he missed them. No matter. He moves around the loft until he sees --

CLOSE - A PHOTO

96501

sitting on the desk, small, in an antique frame a photo of MacLeod.

Roland lifts it, tears out the picture and tosses the frame aside.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Three can play.

And OFF his grim smile --

120 OMITTED 120

121 EXT. STREET - DAY

THREE COPS sit outside a fast food joint eating. Roland approaches. One of the cops looks up as Roland stands near him.

COP ONE

Something I can do for you?

ROLAND

I'm looking for someone.

COP ONE

(brushing him off)

Missing Persons is downtown.

The Cop turns away from Roland and back to the other cop.

(CONTINUED)

"Prophecy"

121 CONTINUED: 121

COP ONE (CONT'D)

So I said to her, you were doing sixty in a forty-five.

(beat)

And she's driving in this bikini top that's like two strings and a bandaid.

Roland places the picture of MacLeod in front of him.

COP ONE (CONT'D)

Would you go away?

Roland uses The Voice.

ROLAND

His name is Duncan MacLeod. He is armed and dangerous.

The Cop stares at the picture.

COP ONE

Armed and dangerous.

ROLAND

He'll be hiding in a church or cemetery. Somewhere close. You must find him and bring him to me.

The Cop nods. The Voice does its work.

122 INT. OR EXT. INTERESTING HOLY GROUND - DAY

Cassandra sits, exhausted by the effort of using her power. MacLeod paces before her, pissed at having been manipulated.

MACLEOD

I don't like being controlled. Not by Roland, by you... by anyone.

CASSANDRA

What choice did I have? He would have killed you.

MACLEOD

Maybe.

CASSANDRA

Duncan, you felt his power.

(beat)

The prophecy is at hand.

MACLEOD

This is holy ground. Power or no power, he can't hurt us here.

(CONTINUED)

122

122 CONTINUED:

CASSANDRA

And none of us can avoid our fate. (beat)

"An evil one will come to vanquish all before him. Only a Highland child, born on the winter solstice, who has seen both darkness and light, can stop him. A child and a man."

As Cassandra speaks we will hear and see echoes of Old Tom, Cassandra, and Roland offering their pieces of the legend.

MACLEOD

We make our own destinies. Nothing is written.

CASSANDRA

No? Did you pass through darkness into light?

MACLEOD

Everyone does.

CASSANDRA

Not like you. You were truly evil, Duncan. You know the darkest place in men's souls. You've been there and survived.

(beat)

You're the one from the prophecy. I knew it in that forest... I know it now.

(beat)

Do you believe me?

MACLEOD

I believe Roland wants my head. (with urgency)

Teach me. Like you taught him.

CASSANDRA

I can't. Roland's gift was always there.

MACLEOD

Then what?! What can I use?

CASSANDRA

Use the prophecy. If you're the man, who's the child?

He turns back to her, but instead of finding Cassandra, he finds himself in --

123 INT. CASSANDRA'S HUT - SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - 1606

123

The PRESENT-DAY MACLEOD stands watching Young Duncan alone in the hut. He is fingering the wolf's skull.

Young Duncan feels a presence. He turns and sees MACLEOD. He stands, approaches him with a wondering look.

YOUNG DUNCAN

Who are you?

MACLEOD

You.

Young Duncan reaches out, touches the hard muscled arm of MacLeod. MacLeod leans down, until he's face-to-face with his young self.

YOUNG DUNCAN

It's true. Why are you here?

MACLEOD

I don't know.

(realizing)

You're the child.

YOUNG DUNCAN

I'm no child. I'm a Chieftain's son. I'm going to lead our clan to glory. I will be a great warrior.

MacLeod reacts to the boy's innocence.

MACLEOD

(sadly)

Aye, you will be a great warrior.

Cassandra enters, carrying a basket of herbs.

CASSANDRA

Who are you talking to?

YOUNG DUNCAN

The man I'll become.

Cassandra looks -- but from her POV, sees nothing.

CASSANDRA

Do you like what you see?

Young Duncan turns to MacLeod, flashes him a shy smile.

YOUNG DUNCAN

Yes.

And OFF their looks, MacLeod hears a sound behind him. He turns, and he's back in --

124 INT. OR EXT. INTERESTING HOLY GROUND - THE PRESENT - DAY -124 RESUME SCENE

He's where he was before, Cassandra watching him.

MACLEOD

Did you do that?

CASSANDRA

I helped.

(impatient)

What happened? What did you see?

MACLEOD

Me as a child.

CASSANDRA

The child and the man.

(beat)

The prophecy.

Before he can answer --

COP ONE

You! Don't move!

TWO COPS race toward MacLeod, their guns out.

COP ONE (CONT'D)

Freeze right there!

MacLeod raises his hands.

COP ONE (CONT'D)

Turn around.

MacLeod does as asked.

MACLEOD

What's this about?

CASSANDRA

It's Roland. He knows we're here.

He's using them!

As Cop one tries to cuff MacLeod, he moves quickly, flips the man, slams him on his back.

A spinkick takes out Cop Two.

Cassandra pulls him away.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Go! Hurry!

MacLeod turns and heads down the pathway, toward a door. Cop One staggers up, grabs his gun and lurches after him.

125 EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

125

MacLeod pelts into the alley, aiming for the open end. He almost reaches it --

A COP CRUISER squeals in, coming straight at him.

THE DRIVER

96501

throws it into a sideways skid, and SLAMS into MacLeod, sends him flying. As he tumbles to a stop --

The DRIVER COP gets out as Cop One and Two arrive. They toss MacLeod in the back seat, jump in the cruiser, and squeal out. As they fade in the distance --

ANGLE - CASSANDRA

stands in the alley, watching it go. And OFF her stricken look --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

126 EXT. ABANDONED GRAIN SILO - DAY

126

A huge concrete structure in a seldom frequented place.

127 INT. ABANDONED GRAIN SILO - DAY

127

A huge, hollow space, containing one or two wooden crates and a filthy mat. LIGHT stabs into the room as the DOOR groans open --

ROLAND enters, holds the door as the Cops enter behind him, dragging MacLeod. He's in rough shape, just starting to revive.

As they drag him to the center, he starts to struggle -- COP ONE clubs him, sends him sprawling to the floor.

Roland steps before the Cops, using the VOICE.

ROLAND

You've done well, officers... but it's finished now. Time to forget.

Cop one looks confused, holds up MacLeod's picture.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

You chased a robbery suspect. You turned up nothing. Saw no one.

Roland takes back MacLeod's picture.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

There's no one here. You hear nothing... see no one.

(beat)

You <u>never saw</u> this place. You <u>never</u> saw me.

REVERSE - ANGLE

as the Cops talk. Where Roland and MacLeod should be, there's only blackness -- they're invisible to the cops. They go back to the conversation they were having before they met Roland.

COP ONE

I swear, two strings and a band-aid. And she says can't we work something out.

They move out.

127 CONTINUED:

MACLEOD

(coming to his knees)

Wait!

ROLAND

They can't hear you, MacLeod. As far as they know, you don't exist. (beat)

Soon they'll be right.

The cops leave. Roland turns back to MacLeod.

MACLEOD

You waited four hundred years for this, Roland?

ROLAND

If it weren't for that witch, I would've got you when you were thirteen.

(beat)

There's something about children. Their innocence, their honesty...

(beat)

It gives me the creeps.

MACLEOD

Then go for it.

Roland knows what MacLeod is trying to do: goad him into fighting when he has depleted his power.

ROLAND

Not quite yet.

He suddenly KICKS MacLeod, sends him rolling.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

I'll be back. When I'm ready.

He leaves, sliding the great door behind him. It grinds shut with a hollow CLANG as final as a closing coffin.

MacLeod rummages in the dark. Near the mat, he finds a CANDLE among the rubbish, matches. He lights it, and rises to examine his prison: high walls, the mat, a wooden crate. Nothing else, no way out, nothing he can use.

MACLEOD

Should call Architectural Digest.

He tries the door, but it won't budge: locked from the outside. No way out.

127 CONTINUED: (2)

127

MacLeod sets the candle on the crate, and slides to the floor. Nothing to do but wait for Roland. Wait to die. He shakes off the despair, trying to convince himself.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Nothing is written. Nothing.

He assumes a meditation position, closing his eyes, trying to focus. Then he hears a voice --

YOUNG DUNCAN (O.S.)

(wondering)

Are you a dream?

MacLeod opens his eyes: standing on the opposite side of the candle flame, like a wraith in the light -- YOUNG DUNCAN watches his grown self.

MACLEOD

No.

(beat)

Maybe we both are.

Young Duncan reaches a hand towards MacLeod, almost to the candle but he won't cross it. It's like some boundary.

YOUNG DUNCAN

Cassandra promised I'd live a long time.

MACLEOD

Maybe not much longer.

YOUNG DUNCAN

(confused)

But you've grown. <u>I've</u> grown...

into a great warrior.

(wondering)

Who could ever defeat you?

MACLEOD

It's not important. There's so much we need to talk about. So much you have to learn.

YOUNG DUNCAN

About my future?

MACLEOD

That's right.

YOUNG DUNCAN

Do I win many battles?

127 CONTINUED: (3)

MACLEOD

Yes.

YOUNG DUNCAN

Then I'm a great chieftain.

MACLEOD

It's different.

YOUNG DUNCAN

I bet I marry Debra Campbell.

MACLEOD

I wish you had.

YOUNG DUNCAN

(disappointed, then

recovers)

Then I found someone more beautiful

and we have many strong sons.

(off MacLeod's look)

Daughters?

MACLEOD

(with regret)

You'll see.

Young Duncan doesn't push it. They eye each other for a moment.

YOUNG DUNCAN

Tell me about this other warrior.

Are you afraid of him?

MACLEOD

Yes. He has powers I don't have.

(beat)

I don't know how to defeat him.

YOUNG DUNCAN

I faced a wolf, and I'm thirteen.

MACLEOD

(a smile, remembering)

I remember.

Young Duncan smiles with childish certainty.

YOUNG DUNCAN

You'll win, because you're good... and good wins over evil. Did you

not know that?

MacLeod smiles gently at his innocent self.

129

127 CONTINUED: (4)

MACLEOD

It's more complicated than that.

YOUNG DUNCAN

It's never more complicated than that.

MACLEOD

(beat)

This one has a kind of ... magic. It's in his voice. If I even hear him speak, I'm dead.

Young Duncan looks pensive a moment. He's thinking. Then he looks up --

YOUNG DUNCAN

Then don't listen.

And as MacLeod takes this in, Young Duncan starts to fade away, dematerialize.

MACLEOD

Don't go. Please! We're not finished. Wait... wait!

But Young Duncan is gone. The silo is empty and silent.

Only the candle remains. As MacLeod's eyes go to the candle --

128 OMITTED 128

129 INT. ABANDONED GRAIN SILO - CONTINUOUS

> The DOOR grinds open, throwing light into the space. Roland enters, finds MacLeod seated before the crate, looking calm and composed.

> > MACLEOD

Finished your beauty sleep?

Roland draws his sword.

ROLAND

We're making history, MacLeod... no point in rushing it.

He kicks the crate aside, smashing it.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

It's time.

Still calm, MacLeod rises to face him.

Roland lunges at him, and they fight across the silo floor. They're closely matched in skill and strength, neither gaining an edge. Then --

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Did you feel that, Highlander?

Roland uses THE VOICE.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

That's your arm, growing weaker.

(growing intensity) The muscles, giving up.

MacLeod sags a little, backing away.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

You're tired... so weary... You're

finding it hard to focus.

MacLeod brings the katana up. He looks tired, but each time Roland attacks, MacLeod's blade seems to be there in the last instant. Roland seems to get a little frustrated.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

(louder)

Your legs are getting numb...

frozen... Your arms are like lead.

Moving is pain. Moving is agony.

But MacLeod fights better, his moves faster, stronger.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

(with increasing

desperation)

And the sword is so heavy, MacLeod...

too heavy to lift.

MacLeod's blade is faster than ever. Roland is cut on his arm.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

This can't be.

Roland backs away.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

The prophecy must be fulfilled.

He attacks.

MacLeod smiles and slashes Roland across the qut. Roland falls to his knees.

129 CONTINUED: (2)

ROLAND (CONT'D)

This is impossible.

MACLEOD

swings -- and Roland dies.

The Quickening hits. It's a storm in that space, light cascading out from MacLeod's feet, running up the walls of the silo, to shower down on him.

After, MacLeod lifts his head, starts to rise. He looks up and Cassandra hurries toward him.

CASSANDRA

Duncan... Duncan...

He smiles.

MACLEOD

Sorry... I can't hear you.

He reaches into his ears and removes two balls of wax. He looks at the fallen Roland.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I didn't listen.

FADE OUT.

129

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

130 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT

130

MacLeod is in his loft. A lit candle glows on the table. He's gazing at it, pensive, remembering what happened, his encounter with Young Duncan. We HEAR the sound of childish LAUGHTER far off, the sound in Duncan's mind: then we see BRIEF FLASHES of Young Duncan --

YOUNG DUNCAN

I faced a wolf, and I'm thirteen...

Another BRIEF FLASH, Young Duncan's smiling face.

YOUNG DUNCAN (CONT'D)

I'm a Chieftain's son. I'm going to lead my clan to glory.

The smiling face fades. Then another voice brings him back to the present.

CASSANDRA

What would you have told him?

Cassandra stands there, watching him. If MacLeod felt her approach, he gave no sign.

MACLEOD

I don't know.

(beat)

I could've warned him. Saved him some of the grief he'd know in his life.

CASSANDRA

What would you have said?

(beat)

Don't feel? Don't grow? Don't live with hope?

MACLEOD

I suppose not.

(beat)

So. The prophecy is fulfilled. Now you leave.

She looks at him a moment.

CASSANDRA

There's one more thing to do.

She holds out her hand. He takes it. She leads him to his bed. She starts to unbutton his shirt.

MACLEOD

Is this part of the prophecy, too?

CASSANDRA

No... This is for me.

She kisses him. MacLeod is almost timid in responding. notices.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Is something wrong?

He runs his large, strong hands down her sides. Touching her... feeling her. Runs a hand through her hair and down the side of her face as if in wonder.

MACLEOD

Just making sure you're real.

His hand goes to the clasp of her gossamer shift and undoes it. It falls to her feet. She stands there, naked and real.

As his arms fold around her --

FADE OUT.

THE END