



HIGHLANDER

The Series

#96502
THE END OF INNOCENCE

Written by
Morrie Ruvinsky

Highlander

"THE END OF INNOCENCE"

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Production #96502

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Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"The End of Innocence"

Production #96502

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD
RICHIE RYAN
JOE DAWSON

HARESH CLAY

GRAHAM ASHE
CARTER WELLAN
DELILA
RAYMOND FAIRCHILD
GUEST

HIGHLANDER

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

MACLEOD'S LOFT
DOJO
JOE'S

DELILA'S BEER
RICHIE'S ROOM
MUSEUM
CLAY'S HOTEL
/ELEVATOR
/HALLWAY

EXTERIORS

DOJO
JOE'S

EUROPEAN GARDENS - 1657
FIELDS/RUINED CHURCH GROUNDS - 1657
ABANDONED GAS STATION
DELILA'S BEER
ROOMING HOUSE
MUSEUM - CITY STREET
ALLEY
POLICE STATION
BEACH
BIKE EMPORIUM/SERVICE STATION
CLAY'S HOTEL
CEMETERY
FIGHT SITE

HIGHLANDER

"The End of Innocence"

TEASER

FADE IN:

201 EXT. EUROPEAN GARDENS - 1657 - DAY

201

A swell of manicured lawn borders an ornamental garden. Bulrushes grow along the edges of a man-made lily pond. On the shore, two men, swords clanging, flashing, clashing.

MacLeod is battling GRAHAM ASHE, a dashing swashbuckler, an Immortal Errol Flynn. The best swordsman MacLeod's ever seen. MacLeod is struggling, sweating. He's frustrated and tiring but he's not going to give up. Never give up.

MacLeod feints, and follows up with a QUICK STRIKE... that Ashe easily slips -- with a smile to make matters worse.

ASHE

A very nice effort, young Duncan
MacLeod of the Clan MacLeod.

MacLeod turns and comes back at him. Ashe deflects him, causing MacLeod to lose his balance and go tumbling.

ASHE

Personally? I'd never use the
Thracian Attack on terrain like this.
It was meant only for an uphill
strike.

MacLeod engages in the conversation only because he needs a moment to recover and regain his fighting composure.

MACLEOD

It is meant for whenever it works.

ASHE

Well, it doesn't on level ground,
now does it?

MACLEOD

I slipped.

ASHE

Precisely my point.

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED:

201

MACLEOD

How do you know what it was meant
for?

(getting it)

Ah. You're the one who meant it.
You invented it.

Ashe takes a gracious, elaborate bow.

MacLeod takes advantage of the lapse to attack and moves
in quickly.

Ashe counters with a single swipe that sends MacLeod's
sword flying. Disarmed, there is nothing MacLeod can do
as

ASHE

Brings his great sword SLASHING through to MacLeod's neck --

AND STOPS

A hair's breadth short of skin.

There is a moment of genuine suspense and then Ashe bursts
out LAUGHING and MacLeod joins in. We see now that these
two are friends and MacLeod is here learning, not fighting
for his head.

ASHE

It was really Juan Ramirez who
perfected it.

MACLEOD

(impressed)

You knew Ramirez? Juan Sanchez Villa
Lobos Ramirez, Connor's teacher?

(off Ashe's nod)

I hear there was nothing he couldn't
do with a sword.

ASHE

Or with the ladies.

(a smile)

He was one of my better students.

MACLEOD

You were his teacher?

(blown away)

No wonder I'm losing here.

Ashe flips MacLeod's sword back to him, then kneels to his
sack and hauls out a wine flask, bread and other goodies
as they sit on the grass to relax a little.

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED: (2)

201

ASHE

I'm good, my friend, but trust me,
there are better than me out there.

(beat)

As the Kurgan was better than Ramirez.

MACLEOD

Great. Just my luck, I'll run into
them.

ASHE

Cheer up, the sword is not what you
live for, it's just what keeps you
alive for the good stuff.

He tosses MacLeod some bread. As they sit to eat --

MACLEOD

Which is?

ASHE

There are worlds out there for you
to discover, Duncan. Music. Art.
Philosophy.

MACLEOD

What good is philosophy in a fight?

ASHE

We fight to stay alive -- don't forget
to live. Imagine what you can see
in a thousand years. Imagine what
you can learn. The ideas, the
questions, the meaning. It's all
there for us, Duncan, because we are
blessed. Blessed beyond reason with
the gift of eternal life. It is
something to be cherished not for
what it is, but for what it can be.

He hands MacLeod the wine.

ASHE (cont'd)

And every year brings something new --
a new vintage, a new fighting move...
or a new pattern of flowers on an
Italian hillside. Open your eyes,
see it. Cherish it.

MacLeod is thoughtful as he swigs the wine, Ashe's message
sinking in as he savors the flavor, the spring wind across
his sweated shoulders, the smell of the day.

Suddenly, they pick up a BUZZ.

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED: (3)

201

ASHE

moves up into a crouch to scan the area and spots --

TWO HORSEMEN

Approaching. The first is HARESH CLAY, a turbaned Moor, riding tall and strong on charger, an exotic cloak doing little to conceal the regal and imposing figure underneath. Beside him rides CARTER WELLAN, his squire, a younger Immortal, a pale Briton with straw-colored hair. He carries Clay's standard.

CLAY

When the Duke challenges you to a game of darts, your job is to lose.

WELLAN

But he was half blind.

CLAY

(laughing)
But he is still the Duke.

They laugh.

WELIAN

(looking around)
My lord.

CLAY

I know.

WELLAN

We found him.

CLAY

Perhaps, my impatient friend.

ASHE

Freezes and all the humor is suddenly gone from his face.

ASHE

Dear God. Hareh Clay.

He signals MacLeod to be silent. MacLeod is confused. This hardly seems like a courageous command.

MACLEOD

Who?

ASHE

(urgent)
Shhh! We have to get out of here.
Find some holy ground.

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED: (4) 201

He slinks off.

MacLeod, confused, hesitates.

Ashe grabs his arm and pulls him along.

ASHE

Now!

MacLeod is astonished to see Ashe fearful, but if Ashe is scared, that's clue enough for him.

202 EXT. FIELDS/RUINED CHURCH GROUNDS - 1657 - DAY 202

MACLEOD AND ASHE

Hurrying. They look back over their shoulders for some sign of pursuit but there is none.

ASHE

Damn.

MACLEOD

I don't see him.

ASHE

That's what bothers me.

MACLEOD AND ASHE

Come over the small rise just a short distance from church grounds and safety.

ASHE

We're safe. It's going to be all right.

But it's not. There in front of them, are Clay and Wellan. Ashe stops suddenly.

CLAY

Graham Ashe?

ASHE

Who?

MacLeod is stunned by this response. Ashe sees it.

ASHE

(wearily)
I am Graham Ashe.

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED:

202

CLAY

(to Ashe)

I've been looking for you. There
can be only one.

(beat)

We were destined to meet one day.

ASHE

The best day is always the one you're
in.

Clay couldn't agree more. He dismounts, a picture of grace,
his movements bespeaking a quiet grace and power. He holds
out a hand toward Wellan. Wellan pulls Clay's sword and
hands it to him. Clay holds it at the ready.

ASHE

(pushing MacLeod)

Go!

(urgent)

Get to the church yard and stay there.
And don't come out.

He shoves MacLeod to get him moving, then draws his sword
and turns to face Clay. MacLeod hesitates.

ASHE

GO!

MACLEOD

Obviously upset and confused, stumbles reluctantly to Holy
Ground --

THE CHURCH GROUNDS

Are hardly more than a gesture. All that remains is a
couple of walls and the cemetery. Just enough to take
refuge.

ASHE AND CLAY

Engage and it is immediately apparent that this is truly a
contest of masters.

They exchange blows, testing each other. It's Ashe who
finds himself moving backwards, pressed by the attack.

ASHE

Is cut, a deep gash on his balance arm.

MACLEOD

Is beside himself at the church. To see someone better
than Ashe with a sword is astonishing.

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED: (2)

202

ASHE

Tries a desperate thrust and Clay disarms him. He falls to his knees, defeated.

MACLEOD

Is paralyzed at the church.

CLAY

Raises his sword to take Ashe's head.

ASHE

Cries out.

ASHE

Spare me!

Clay is startled. He stays his sword a moment. He puts his sword to Ashe's neck, lifts him, forces him to speak louder.

ASHE

Yes... please spare me.

CLAY

(astonished)
You'd beg for your life?

MACLEOD

Can't believe what he is witness to. It is utterly shattering to him.

Ashe swallows any pride, any honor he has left. He wants to live.

ASHE

(from the heart)
I don't want to die.
(desperate)
Anything I have to give, I swear it.
Just let me walk away. I beg you to
let me live.

MACLEOD

Reels in dismay. His hero, begging. It looks for a moment like Clay might spare him. Then --

CLAY

No.

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED: (3)

202

CLAY

swings, silencing Ashe's pleas.

MACLEOD

Presses against the church wall as Ashe's Quickening lights the sky behind him.

CLAY

Suddenly comes around the wall, Ashe's sword in his hand. Wellan is a few paces behind, holding Clay's horse.

CLAY

Scared?

(beat)

Don't worry boy. I came for Ashe.

MacLeod stares at him, still stunned by what he's seen, unable to react -- and, in truth, scared to death.

CLAY (cont'd)

But I have something for you.

With utter contempt, Clay takes a huge swing with the sword he's holding.

With no sword drawn to defend himself, MacLeod calls out:

MACLEOD

Holy Ground!

THE SWORD

Comes smashing down into the huge wooden beam Clay is aiming for.

CLAY

Ashe's sword.

(a beat)

A remembrance.

A frozen MacLeod can only stand and stare at the blade above him.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

203 INT. DOJO - DAY

203

MacLeod comes straight at the camera, his kendo stick slashing fast and furious.

He's working out, and working up a serious sweat. He turns to start back the other way when he hears a door.

JOE DAWSON

An uncertain smile on his face.

MacLeod stiffens. He's not happy to see him. This is an awkward and troubled reunion for both of them.

DAWSON

(awkward)

I just got back in town.

MACLEOD

I know.

DAWSON

Paris turned out okay. We're making some changes, Mac. I think the Watchers are finally moving into the twenty-first century.

MACLEOD

You shouldn't be here.

DAWSON

There's something else we have to talk about.

MACLEOD

No. No, we don't.

DAWSON

I think we do.

MACLEOD

Joe. Just turn around and go. Please.

(beat)

I'm Immortal and you're a Watcher. The line can't get crossed anymore. How many times do we have to be taught?

Dawson is not backing down.

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED:

203

DAWSON

What the hell do you want me to do?
I hear stuff and I can't ignore it.

(beat)

It's Richie. A few days after...
after you left for Paris, he took
off too. Disappeared.

MacLeod wavers.

INT. JOE'S - DAY (CLIP FROM "SOMETHING WICKED" SC#41317)

Dawson is working the bar, facing MacLeod. Richie is there
too. MacLeod is silent a BEAT. He looks at Dawson.

MACLEOD

What do you know about Dark
Quickenings?

Dawson gives him a look.

DAWSON

Come on, MacLeod. You're reaching.

RICHIE

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

There's an uncomfortable beat.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT (CLIP - SC#41329)

MacLeod and Coltec face off. Instead of their dialogue,
we continue to hear V.O. the dialogue from Joe's.

MACLEOD (V.O.)

When we take heads, we take the
Immortal's power. You take in too
much evil, you overload.

(beat)

You become evil yourself.

Coltec circles, looking for an opening. MacLeod slips
past Coltec's guard -- and takes his head.

REFRAME

As the Dark Quickening hits MacLeod.

INT. DOJO - CONTINUOUS (CLIP - SC#41335)

MacLeod's eyes gleam with a dangerous light -- he's smiling.
He pulls his sword. Richie backs off.

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED: (2)

203

RICHIE

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

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

CLOSE - RICHIE'S CHEST

there's a line of BLOOD across a slash in his shirt. Richie pulls his bloodied hand away in disbelief.

MACLEOD

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

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

RICHIE

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

(beat)

I'm your friend, dammit!

MACLEOD

Sorry, wrong number.

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

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

RICHIE

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

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

MACLEOD

That's as good a reason as any.

He raises his sword to take Richie's head.

Richie winces, waits for the killing blow.

MacLeod in the backswing, putting all his force into the blow -- there's a GUNSHOT -- and MacLeod staggers back, mortally wounded. He looks up --

DAWSON

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED: (3) 203

Stands there, the smoking gun in his hand.

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

204 INT. JOE'S - NIGHT - LAST YEAR 204

The place is empty except for Richie and Joe.

RICHIE

(still shaken)

He was gonna do it, Joe. He was gonna take my head.

DAWSON

He couldn't help it.

Richie still can't believe it.

RICHIE

If you weren't there, I'd be dead.

DAWSON

Richie, that wasn't Duncan MacLeod.

RICHIE

Then who the hell was it?

(beat)

Where is he now?

DAWSON

Tramp steamer. Halfway to Europe.

(beat)

You oughta think about spending some time on holy ground. Sort this all out.

RICHIE

Sort it out.

(beat)

The man I trusted more than anyone else almost killed me.

DAWSON

Richie ...

RICHIE

(jumping in)

The reason doesn't matter. It was him... Him!

(beat)

You know what's funny? All this time I thought the whole "there can be only one" thing was just talk.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED:

204

 RICHIE (CONT.)

I thought there's no way MacLeod
would ever come for me.

 (beat)

I didn't believe it, Joe. I couldn't
believe it.

 (beat)

Now I do.

205 INT. DOJO - THE PRESENT - DAY - RESUME SCENE

205

 DAWSON

After you left, he wasn't the same.

 MACLEOD

 (a long beat)

Nobody was.

 DAWSON

He's been walking the edge.
Traveling, picking fights. Making a
name.

 (beat)

One of my guys spotted him yesterday.
On the road. Headed back into town.

 MACLEOD

 (disinterested)

That's nice.

 DAWSON

He's gonna get himself killed,
MacLeod. You have to talk to him.

MacLeod is moved, trying not to react.

 MACLEOD

It's not your business, Dawson.

 DAWSON

No, it's yours.

 (off MacLeod's look)

Fine. You don't owe anybody anything.
Not me, not Richie. We can all just
go to hell.

 (a beat)

He's in a rooming house on South
Street and Pine. You do whatever
you want about it.

Dawson turns, furious, and leaves.

MACLEOD

Frustrated, knowing Dawson is right, watches him go.

206 INT. DELILA'S BEER - DAY

206

A local watering hole. It's run by DELILA herself, a body builder. Sex appeal with muscles, with a cigarette and a grin.

WYATT EARP'S WILD WEST ELECTRONIC SHOOTING GALLERY

Is blinking and popping as a guy gets beat to the draw by an electronic bad guy.

RICHIE

Radiating morose, at the end of the bar, nursing a beer.

OVER THE BAR

A stained old sign announces: "BEAT DELILA, WIN A BEER"

Below it, an off-duty UPS Driver, a middleweight, has an elbow on the bar, arm locked with Delila's, struggling to push it to the bar.

Delila's arm is straining, too, but she's acting casual.

DELILA

C'mon, Benny, why do you even bother?

Richie, with a dismissive glance at the contest, mutters:

RICHIE

Can't be for the beer. They should be giving it away.

DELILA

Annoyed, takes it out on the Driver, slamming his arm to the bar with unnecessary vigor.

She turns on Richie, irritated.

DELILA

Maybe the critic wants to try me?

RICHIE

(re the beer)
For this? No thanks.

Delila reacts, then controls it. She's a pro at taking shit from surly drunks.

DELILA

You don't like it, go someplace else.

Richie puts his arm up on the bar, shooting a look at the Driver as he addresses Delila.

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED:

206

RICHIE
Let's go, beautiful.

They lock arms. Richie's strong, he's been working out, this isn't an easy one -- but Delila's a pro at this, her arm is locked, unyielding. Richie strains, seems to be gaining the advantage, then --

THE BUZZ

Hits him.

DELILA

Takes advantage of his distraction to make the extra push and bend his arm back. Victory.

Richie's pissed.

CARTER WELLAN

Waltzes in like he owns the place.

WELLAN
Barkeep! Scotch rocks, a double.

DELILA
That's Delila to you, Bud.

WELLAN
Delila?
(he likes that)
In that case I'll have a beer and a haircut.

He follows the BUZZ straight to Richie.

WELLAN
I'm buying.

RICHIE
(on edge)
I don't need a haircut.

WELLAN
How about a sense of humor?

Richie stands and faces him. Hard and suspicious and now, in a bad mood.

RICHIE
How about you shut your mouth before
I do it for you?

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED: (2)

206

WELLAN

I'm scared.
(turns his back on
Richie; to Delila)
Aren't you scared?

DELILA

Petrified.

Richie grabs Wellan's arm, turning him back.

WELLAN

Do I know you? Or you just go around
looking for trouble?

RICHIE

Richie Ryan, and I'm looking for
you.

WELLAN

The only head I came in here for was
on a beer, but if you want to take
it outside...

Richie pushes in closer.

RICHIE

(cold)
I want to take it outside.

He gestures to the door. Wellan turns and walks out.
Richie follows.

207 EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - DAY

207

Somewhere down the road. The station's been forsaken ever
since the freeway got built several miles to the south.

RED JEEP WRANGLER

in mint condition pulls in. Wellan guns the engine and
steps out, waiting.

Seconds later, Richie arrives on his bike. He too guns
his engine before shutting down.

RICHIE

(gesturing)
After you.

Richie is simmering and Wellan wary. They make their way
around to the field behind the station.

Wellan is still reluctant as Richie draws his sword.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED: 207

WELLAN

Is it worth losing your head over a
Bad joke? We don't have to do this.

RICHIE

Yes, we do.

He attacks and they close with a great clash of swords.

208 EXT./INT. DELILA'S BEER DAY 208

Immortal HARESH CLAY pulls up to Delila's and heads inside.
This is an updated Clay, sporting a close-cropped fade,
gold-hoop in one ear. Still with the manner and bearing
of a king.

CLAY

I'm looking for a friend.

DELILA

You found one.

CLAY

(not amused)

His name's Carter Wellan. Young
kid, long blond hair, lots of
attitude.

DELILA

Big mouth?

CLAY

(offended; correcting)
"Attitude."

DELILA

Yeah, he was here. Until some guy
picked a fight with him.

CLAY

(real concern)

What guy?

DELILA

Someone with more attitude.

And OFF Clay's look of concern --

INTERCUT:

209 EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - DAY 209

Richie and Carter Wellan are going at it with a vengeance.
It's a nasty, no holds barred fight to the death.

(CONTINUED)

209 CONTINUED:

209

They're locked in a death struggle, face to face, hands locked on one another's swordarms, muscles straining to gain the advantage.

WELLAN

Wrenches a knee into Richie's groin and Richie splits away, gasping for breath.

WELLAN

Lunges but Richie sidesteps him and hammers the passing Wellan hard in the kidneys as he goes by.

The blow straightens Wellan up and leaves him completely exposed as Richie turns back and rams the sword home.

WELLAN

Slumps to his knees.

RICHIE

Raises his sword for the final blow.

DOWN THE HIGHWAY

Haresh Clay is running this way when he sees --

THE SKY ERUPT with a QUICKENING.

CLAY

Carter!

Unsure, agonizing over the outcome, he draws his sword as RICHIE thunders by on his screaming bike.

Furious and horrified by his friend's death, Clay watches Richie disappear down the road, and SCREAMS his rage to the wind.

CLAY

You're a dead man. You hear me?
DEAD!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

210 INT. DOJO (MODIFIED) - NIGHT 210

This is dojo limbo. Dark. Unfurnished. Spooky.

RICHIE

Is working out in the dim light.

THE DOOR

Flies open and MacLeod storms in, pissed to find Richie there.

MACLEOD

What the hell you think you're doing here?

RICHIE

What?

MACLEOD

What the hell you think you're doing here?

RICHIE

I just needed a place to --

MACLEOD

What the hell you think you're doing here?

RICHIE

I needed a place to --

MACLEOD

You needed a place!

RICHIE

To work out. What's the matter with you?

MACLEOD

You want a work-out... work this out.

MacLeod draws his sword.

RICHIE

Mac, what are you doing!?

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED: 210

MACLEOD

swings.

RICHIE

Jumps out of the way, saved by his reflexes. MacLeod offers no quarter.

RICHIE

Scrambles for his sword. He slips and falls.

MACLEOD

Comes after him, kicks his legs out from under him.

RICHIE

On his hands and knees crawls, skittering across the floor.

MACLEOD

comes after him.

RICHIE

Reaches for his sword. It's just out of reach but

MACLEOD

Is there first. He raises the blade in a mighty swing.

RICHIE

Screams.

211 INT. RICHIE'S ROOM - DAY 211

ON THE SCREAM

Richie bolts awake from the dream, in his room. His head's intact but he's pretty freaked out. Sweating, breathing hard, and a little disoriented. He begins to calm down and barely gets a chance to catch his breath when he gets a BUZZ.

He grabs his sword and heads outside to discover:

212 EXT. ROOMING HOUSE - DAY 212

Richie makes his way carefully to the almost empty parking lot behind the building.

(CONTINUED)

212 CONTINUED:

212

The BUZZ gets stronger. He's ready for anything, except what he finds there --

MACLEOD

Waiting for him. Richie is freaked. He wasn't expecting this.

MACLEOD

Richie...

RICHIE

You looking for me?

(beat)

Okay, here I am.

Richie draws his sword. He ready, on edge.

MACLEOD

It's me! MacLeod.

RICHIE

I remember.

(beat)

I remember you pulling a sword and trying to take my head.

MACLEOD

I couldn't stop. I tried. Inside, I was someone else. It wasn't me, Richie.

(beat; earnest)

But I'm here now. And I am your friend.

MacLeod moves to put a hand on Richie's shoulder. Richie knocks it away.

RICHIE

I heard that one before.

MacLeod is stunned, shocked to see this hair-trigger Richie he has created.

MACLEOD

Put it away. I won't fight you.

Richie laughs. It's a bitter sound.

RICHIE

Yeah, right.

Richie circles, wary and nervous.

(CONTINUED)

212 CONTINUED: (2)

212

MACLEOD

I looked for you. I tried to call you from Paris. I couldn't find you anywhere.

RICHIE

(edgy)
I wasn't around.
(a beat)
I had some things to take care of.

MACLEOD

I've heard.

RICHIE

(beat)
You know, I used to stay up nights, thinking. Wondering if I had this special thing I was supposed to do with my life because I was Immortal.
(beat)
I had this idea that because you were my teacher, you'd show me what it was.
(beat; cold)
And you did. Thanks, teach. I got it now. There can be only one.

MACLEOD

And this is your answer?

RICHIE

It's the way it is -- get them before they get you.
(beat)
I've been practicing. Next time you pull a sword on me, it won't be so easy.

MACLEOD

I can't take back what happened, Richie. I wish I could. But what you're doing is wrong and you know it.

Richie looks at him a long moment. He's torn. Deep down he knows MacLeod is right, but he's been too badly burned.

RICHIE

(dark sarcasm)
Thanks for the tip.

Richie turns his back, heads back to the rooming house.

MacLeod stands alone for a minute, then walks.

213 INT. RICHIE'S ROOM - LATER - DAY 213

Richie is back in his room, brooding.

He gets the BUZZ just before he hears the knock on the door.

RICHIE
There's nothing to say, MacLeod.
Just leave me alone.

SUDDENLY A SWORD

Comes crashing through the door, splitting it.

RICHIE

Jumps up to defend himself.

A HEAVY FOOT

Kicks the door and the two halves burst open and fall away.

HARESH CLAY

Comes charging in, radiating fury.

RICHIE
Who the hell are you?

CLAY
For you, I'm the Angel of Death.

Richie can't get to his sword on the far side of the room. Clay comes at him swinging. With a tremendous kick, Richie sends the big armchair tumbling toward Clay.

CLAY

Keeps coming.

RICHIE

Gets his hands on his sword but even before he can lift it away from the wall

CLAY'S SWORD

Swipes down across Richie's blade -- and BREAKS IT IN HALF.

RICHIE

With nowhere to go, he turns and dives through the window.

Clay goes to the window to see --

(CONTINUED)

213 CONTINUED: 213

CLAY'S POV

Richie jumps onto his bike and takes off.

214 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY 214

From behind, MacLeod is hunched over and then he raises an arm and BAM, pounds something.

CAMERA COMES AROUND to REVEAL MacLeod brooding, lost in the repair of an old shield. Once again he raises the small mallet and BAM, brings it down precisely, working out a little more of the dent.

DAWSON (O.S.)

Mac?

MacLeod's not happy it's Dawson. He doesn't turn to look at him.

MACLEOD

Why are you here?

DAWSON

It's important. Richie's in more trouble than I thought.

MACLEOD

I've seen Richie. He can take care of himself.

DAWSON

(railing)
With what?

Dawson produces RICHIE'S BROKEN SWORD from under his coat and in a fury slams it down on the counter --

DAWSON

With this!?

MacLeod reacts. He picks up the sword, looks at the broken blade.

MACLEOD

(reluctant to even
ask)
Who.

DAWSON

Haresh Clay.

As we push in on the sword and --

TRANSITION TO:

215 EXT. FIELDS/RUINED CHURCH GROUNDS - 1657 - DAY 215

CLAY

Swings, silencing Ashe's pleas.

MACLEOD

Presses against the church wall as Ashe's Quickening lights the sky behind him.

CLAY

Suddenly comes around the wall, Ashe's sword in his hand. Wellan is a few paces behind, holding Clay's horse.

CLAY

Scared?

(beat)

Don't worry, boy. I came for Ashe.

MacLeod stares at him, still stunned by what he's seen, unable to react -- and, in truth, scared to death.

CLAY

But I have something for you.

With utter contempt, Clay takes a huge swing with the sword he's holding.

With no sword drawn to defend himself, MacLeod calls out:

MACLEOD

Holy Ground!

THE SWORD

Comes smashing down into the huge wooden beam Clay is aiming for.

CLAY

Ashe's sword.

(a beat)

A remembrance.

Clay turns his back in disdain and swings onto his horse brought by Wellan, leaving MacLeod frozen.

WELIAN

You were magnificent.

CLAY

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

215 CONTINUED:

215

WELLAN

What about the other one? You're just going to leave him?

CLAY

(with contempt)

A coward who runs to sanctuary? He's not worth my time.

(calls back to MacLeod)

We'll be at the inn in Fallbrook tonight, If your knees ever stop shaking.

As he laughs, the two ride off, leaving MacLeod with his shame.

TRANSITION TO:

216 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - THE PRESENT - DAY - RESUME

216

On Richie's broken sword.

PULL BACK to see MacLeod examining it.

DAWSON

You still want me to stay out of it?
(beat)

I'm trying to help a friend, MacLeod.

MacLeod is more pained over the loss of Dawson than he lets on.

MACLEOD

You're not his friend, Dawson.

MacLeod grabs Dawson's left wrist and exposes the Watcher tattoo.

MACLEOD

This is who you are.

Dawson pulls his arm away.

DAWSON

I know who I am. I've been a Watcher over twenty-five years. It's as much a part of me as your clan MacLeod is to you.

MACLEOD

Then for once, keep your vow. Don't interfere.

Dawson swallows this.

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED:

216

DAWSON

(beat)

What about Richie?

MACLEOD

Whatever I do for Richie is my
business.

MacLeod turns to face him. He hates doing this but he
doesn't see another way:

MACLEOD

We're done, Joe. We've got to be.

(beat)

You want to watch, go watch.

(beat)

But watch someone else.

217 EXT. JOE'S - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

217

218 INT. JOE'S - NIGHT

218

It's three o'clock in the morning. The club is closed but
Dawson is in there cleaning up. The door opens and Richie
slips in.

DAWSON

(surprised)

Richie... Hi. How's it going?

RICHIE

You got a minute?

DAWSON

Sure. It's good to see you, Richie.

(beat)

You okay?

RICHIE

I'm fine.

(beat)

I been meaning to get in touch...
Been a little busy.

DAWSON

I heard.

RICHIE

I guess you would.

DAWSON

Something to drink. On the house.

(CONTINUED)

218 CONTINUED:

218

RICHIE
Tequila. A double.

Dawson serves it up and Richie downs it.

RICHIE
I'll have another.

Dawson refills his glass.

DAWSON
(light)
Hope you're not driving.

RICHIE
I'm not. I got rid of the bike.
(off Dawson's look)
I needed the money, Joe.
(a beat)
I lost my sword.

DAWSON
Broke it.

RICHIE
(beat)
You guys know too much.

DAWSON
So I've been told.

This is very embarrassing for Richie, but he takes a breath, overcomes his pride and says what he has to.

RICHIE
I need another couple of grand for a new one. I need some money, Joe.

DAWSON
(with difficulty)
Richie, I'm sorry, I can't do it.

RICHIE
(taken aback)
Hey, Joe, how long you known me?
I'm good for it.

DAWSON
It's not the money.

RICHIE
Then what are you saying, Joe? You don't trust me? What are you saying here?

(CONTINUED)

218 CONTINUED: (2)

218

DAWSON

(beat)

I'm saying I can't get involved.

Richie's out on a limb here and doesn't like it.

RICHIE

Joe, this is me, Richie.

DAWSON

And I'm a Watcher. I swore an oath
not to get involved.

RICHIE

You saved my life! You shot MacLeod --
that's not getting involved?

DAWSON

It was a mistake.

RICHIE

Saving my life was a mistake!?

DAWSON

I didn't mean it like that.

(beat)

I didn't think about what I was doing,
I just did it, I pulled the trigger.

Dawson needs a moment to let that memory pass.

DAWSON

Richie, as a friend, I want to help.
(displays the tattoo)
... but as a Watcher, I can't.

He looks at Richie, torn, pleading for understanding.

RICHIE

That's real convenient, Joe. Real
damn convenient.

(beat)

The hell with you.

Furious, Richie storms out. Dawson stays behind, not
feeling at all good about himself.

219 EXT. MUSEUM - CITY STREET - DAWN

219

It's very early morning. Barely dawn and the quiet
dominates everything. The street is deserted.

There is nothing going on except for the man trying to
pick the lock at one of the doors. A banner at the entrance
reads:

(CONTINUED)

220 CONTINUED:

220

CLAY

Draws his sword and comes straight for Richie.

 RICHIE

I'm not armed!

 CLAY

Well there you go, like most of life's
little lessons, the tendency is to
learn them too late.

 RICHIE

C'mon, where's the honor in this!

 CLAY

I didn't come for your honor, Boy.
I came for your head.

 RICHIE

Why me?

 CLAY

Revenge is a better reason than most.

 RICHIE

I don't even know you.

 CLAY

 (fuming)
You didn't know Carter Wellan when
you killed him.

 RICHIE

 (wiseass)
Leather boy?

 CLAY

 (as he attacks)
He was my friend.

CLAY

Attacks with a wide open roundhouse swipe. Too bold by
half.

RICHIE

Ducks the blow and rolls behind a display case.

CLAY

Raises his sword and brings it down hard on the display
case.

(CONTINUED)

220 CONTINUED: (2) 220

The sword CLANGS, the steel display case SPARKS, and the glass shatters and the knives scatter.

RICHIE

Bolts for the back door.

221 EXT. ALLEY - DAWN 221

The back door flies open and Richie comes racing out into the alley.

He turns right and runs like hell.

A COP CAR, lights flashing, turns into the alley just up ahead.

Richie stops. He looks at the cops.

He turns back to see:

RICHIE'S POV - CLAY

standing at the far end of the alley.

BACK TO SCENE

Richie makes absolutely the right choice. As the cops step from their car, he turns back to the cops and raises his arms.

RICHIE

You got me.

As the cops push Richie into the car, he turns back and blows Clay a kiss.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

222 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

222

MacLeod is on the street, leaning up against his car. He has stood bail for Richie and is waiting for him.

When Richie comes out he's a little... conflicted.

RICHIE

(grudging)
Thanks for standing my bail.

MACLEOD

You're welcome.

RICHIE

I'll pay you back.

MACLEOD

(with a forced smile)
You bet you will.

This is not easy. It's uncomfortable for both of them.

RICHIE

So... alright. Guess I'll see you.

MacLeod isn't willing to let it go at that.

MACLEOD

I was thinking we might go for a drive.

RICHIE

I don't think so.

MACLEOD

Ten minutes.

RICHIE

I... I can't. I got things to do.

MACLEOD

Richie, please.
(beat)
There are things you need to know.

RICHIE

Hey, if the bail comes with a lecture I'd just as soon wait it out in a cell.

(CONTINUED)

222 CONTINUED: 222

He starts to walk away. MacLeod stops him.

MACLEOD
The guy who's after you. Haresh
Clay. I met him once before.

That does pique Richie's interest.

RICHIE
Then how come you're both still alive?

223 EXT. BEACH - DAY 223

MacLeod and Richie are off in the distance, walking along
the beach. We hear their-conversation in V.O.

RICHIE
So, your friend was good.

MACLEOD
Graham Ashe was a master. I never
saw anyone like him before. I thought
he was the best. I thought he'd
live forever.
(a beat)
Until Clay showed up and took his
head.

ANGLE MAC AND RICHIE

as we catch up to their conversation.

RICHIE
(sober)
Must've been hard to watch.

MACLEOD
Hard?
(beat)
It was unbelievable. Impossible.

RICHIE
You never went after him?

MACLEOD
(tight)
No.

RICHIE
Why?

MACLEOD
(avoiding)
He would have killed me then, and
he'll kill you now.

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED:

223

 RICHIE

Maybe Ashe wasn't as good as you
thought he was.

 MACLEOD

He was...

 (beat)

But Clay was better. Richie, you
can't win.

 RICHIE

Everyone's entitled to his own
opinion.

 MACLEOD

This fight's mine.

 RICHIE

Forget it Mac, the days of you
protecting me are long gone.

 MACLEOD

This is not about protecting you,
Richie, it's about me.

 (beat)

I have to finish this.

 RICHIE

Then you better find him before I
do.

The conversation ends as they find themselves back at
MacLeod's car.

MACLEOD

Hesitates a moment. Then he opens the trunk and takes out
ASHE'S SWORD.

He turns to Richie.

 MACLEOD

If you get there first... you'll be
needing this.

 (beat)

It used to belong to Graham Ashe.

RICHIE

Hesitates -- this is a problem, it gets him right in the
heart. His knee-jerk reaction is to reject the sword.

 RICHIE

I can take care of myself, Mac.

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED: (2)

223

MACLEOD

I know.
(beat)
Take it. Please.

That stops Richie. This isn't a command, it's a request, man to man. Richie looks at MacLeod, looks at the sword -- it's a beauty -- and finds the strength to accept it.

RICHIE

Thanks.
(beat)
I guess I owe you one.

MACLEOD

No. I owed you one.

There's a moment between them -- they're not all the way there yet, but a big step's been taken back toward friendship, and trust.

224 EXT. THE BIKE EMPORIUM/SERVICE STATION - DAY

224

Immaculate, a variety of new and used cycles lined up for display.

The owner, RAYMOND FAIRCHILD, looks more like a surgeon than a cycle mechanic as he works on the guts of a bike laid up on a stainless steel table.

RICHIE

I want to buy my bike back.

Raymond looks at him, unimpressed. Turns back to his work with a shrug.

RAYMOND

Twenty four hundred.

Richie slaps some cash on the counter.

RICHIE

There's the eighteen you gave me.
Give me the keys.

Raymond looks at the money, looks at Richie.

RAYMOND

This isn't a pawn shop, kid. The price is twenty four.

He points to one of the beat-up bikes in the line.

(CONTINUED)

224 CONTINUED:

224

RAYMOND

Eighteen'll get you the Yamaha with
the busted transmission. Three
hundred more to get her running.

Richie looks at him for a beat. Raymond's bent over his
work, doesn't see Richie's expression. Big mistake.

RICHIE

Maybe you didn't hear me.

As he speaks, Richie moves along the line of bikes, ending
up at the gas pump.

RICHIE

I said I want to buy my bike back.
(beat)
And I'm really tired of being called
kid.

He pulls the nozzle off the pump, clicks it on, and swings
it in an arc.

Gasoline sprays over the line of motorcycles, puddles around
them. Puddles around Richie.

RAYMOND

What the hell are you doing?

Richie pulls out a Zippo.

RICHIE

Got a light?

He clicks the flint. A spark, a flame. Raymond's eyes go
wide. He backs up a step.

RAYMOND

You're not gonna throw that.

Richie holds the lighter, ready to toss it into the pool
of gas.

RICHIE

You think so?

He's got him. Raymond pulls out the keys, tosses them to
Richie.

Richie nonchalantly tosses him the still-flaming lighter
and turns to go.

Raymond scrambles for the lighter and catches it just before
it hits the ground.

225 INT. DELILA'S BEER - DAY

225

The place looks pretty much like it did before. A few customers, and Delila behind the bar wiping down the counter.

The doors open, Richie strides in and heads straight for her.

RICHIE

Remember me?

DELILA

My heart soars.

RICHIE

I'm looking for someone.

DELILA

Whoopee. Call the hotline.

RICHIE

His name's Clay... Haresh Clay.
Tall black guy, shaved head.

DELILA

Babe, you came to the wrong place.
I didn't see anybody.

She turns away. Richie grabs her arm. She flexes.

RICHIE

He'd be looking for me. I'm Richie
Ryan.

She leans in close.

DELILA

C'mere...
(unimpressed)
Richie Ryan.

She motions to a thick-looking man at the end of the bar.

DELILA

See that guy at the end of the bar?
He's a cop and a real good friend of
mine. Either I bust your arm, or
he's gonna bust your ass. What is
it?

Richie lets go.

DELILA

Thank you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

225 CONTINUED:

225

DELILA (CONT.)

Like I said, I didn't see anybody
and I don't remember anybody.

Richie glares at her. She glares back.

He turns on his heels and heads for the door. As he moves
away from the bar

RACK FOCUS

To a figure lurking in a dark corner of the bar. It's --

DAWSON

Watching. He moves toward the bar. Delila gives him a
professional smile.

DELILA

Get ya something?

Dawson puts an elbow up on the bar, right arm extended to
wrestle.

DELILA

Any time.

Delila's hand clasps his. She's confident, she's beat a
million guys.

ON THEIR ARMS

As Dawson slams hers to the bar.

DELILA

Gives him a look, reappraising. Dawson looks back, a
twinkle in his eye, charming.

DAWSON

It's a talent.

DELILA

(charmed)
You got any others?

DAWSON

You never know.

Delila reaches to draw him a beer. He puts a hand on her
arm to stop her.

DAWSON

Forget the beer. I got a question.

226 INT. JOE'S - DAY

226

Dawson is opening up. He reaches the door, just as it opens -- MacLeod stands there. Dawson is surprised to see him. Neither one of them is very comfortable about it.

DAWSON

I was just opening up.

(beat)

You look like a man who could use a drink.

MACLEOD

(beat)

We both know what I'm doing here.

DAWSON

Yeah. Richie's out hunting Clay. And there's nothing you can do to stop him.

MACLEOD

He's going to die.

DAWSON

He might win.

(off MacLeod's look)

Helluva thing, trying to weigh ethics and honor against a friend's life.

MACLEOD

(nods; bites the bullet)

Where's Clay?

There's a pause. Is Dawson going to throw his speech back in his face, tell him he can't get involved? But after a beat -- Dawson hands him a slip of paper.

DAWSON

Got it from a bartender. Sort of a professional courtesy.

MacLeod starts back out. He only gets a step or two before he stops and turns back.

MACLEOD

Joe... thanks.

That means a lot to Dawson. MacLeod starts to head out, but --

DAWSON

Mac.

(CONTINUED)

226 CONTINUED:

226

DAWSON

holds up his left arm to display his BANDAGED WRIST. In one swift pull he tears off the bandages and reveals

CLOSE ON

His freshly scarred wrist with the TATTOO REMOVED.

MACLEOD

What's this, Joe?

DAWSON

What do you think it is?

MACLEOD

(stunned)

You're out of the Watchers.

DAWSON

Maybe it's too late... or maybe it's about time. Like Mrs. Wischnoff back home used to say --

(Yiddish)

Meit ein tuchas can Meir nisht danzen a tsvai hossannas.

MACLEOD

(translating)

With one ass, a man can't dance at two weddings.

Dawson nods, acknowledging the quote.

DAWSON

You were right. I couldn't be both your Watcher and your friend.

MacLeod nods. He knows what it must have taken to do this, and he's touched.

MACLEOD

I'm sorry.

DAWSON

For what? For making me choose?

(beat)

When I joined the Watchers it was the most important thing in my life. Learning about Immortals, keeping the Chronicles -- it seemed like something that had to be done.

(beat)

Now it can be done by somebody else.

MacLeod is thoughtful -- a little troubled.

(CONTINUED)

226 CONTINUED: (2)

226

MACLEOD

I have to go.

Dawson looks at him a long moment. He watches him go.

DAWSON

I know.

(beat)

Good luck.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

227 EXT. CLAY'S HOTEL - TO ESTABLISH - DAY 227

228 INT. CLAY'S HOTEL - ELEVATOR - DAY 228

The elevator is empty when MacLeod comes across the hotel lobby and steps inside.

He hits a button on the panel, the doors close and the elevator starts moving.

Almost immediately, MacLeod gets a BUZZ. Trapped, he draws his sword.

229 INT. CLAY'S HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY 229

THE ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN_

and MacLeod explodes out swinging his sword defensively.

No sign of Clay.

Still getting the BUZZ he starts down the hall.

ANGLE - A SWORD BLADE

at the ready in an unknown hand. Moving toward MacLeod.

ANGLE MACLEOD

Also ready.

MACLEOD

Raises his weapon for a head cut and pulls back just in time when

RICHIE

Turns the corner. It's a close call, charged with recent bad memories. There is an anxious beat. Haven't we been here before?

MACLEOD/RICHIE

What are you doing here!?

Each waits for the other.

RICHIE

How'd you get here?

(CONTINUED)

229 CONTINUED:

229

MACLEOD

Does it matter?

RICHIE

It does if you're after Clay.

MACLEOD

What do you want me to do, Richie?
Stand aside and say go ahead, you
take him?

RICHIE

That's what you're asking me to do,
isn't it?

MACLEOD

You'll lose.

RICHIE

Maybe.
(beat)
Maybe not.
(off MacLeod's look)
Look, if there's one thing I've got
figured out, it's that I could die.
Any time. And I can't do anything
to change that.
(beat)
I got myself into this and I'm not
running from it. Whatever happens --
I just do what I can do. That's
all.

MACLEOD

That's all any of us do.

There's a moment of connection, there. And then

A HOTEL GUEST

Steps out of his room to discover MacLeod and Richie with
their swords drawn.

GUEST

(very casual)
More of you with swords?

MacLeod and Richie turn to him.

GUEST

(re the swords)
What are all you guys, Shriners or
something?

MACLEOD

Shriners ... yeah.

(CONTINUED)

229 CONTINUED: (2)

229

RICHIE

Me too.

GUEST

So how come you're not at the funeral
with the other guy?

MacLeod and Richie share a glance. Bingo.

MACLEOD

(studied casualness)
What cemetery was that again?

GUEST

St. John's on the Sea, I think he
said.

(checks watch)
You're gonna be late.

Richie and MacLeod exchange looks.

230 OMITTED

230

231 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

231

ANGLE FROM A DISTANCE

a very small funeral. Just Clay and a Minister. Too far
away to hear what's going on.

IN THE FOREGROUND

MacLeod's car screeches to a halt right behind Richie's
bike. MacLeod jumps out and catches up to Richie as he
starts to head across the grass.

MACLEOD

Richie, wait.

RICHIE

I thought this wasn't about you
protecting me.

MacLeod steps in front of Richie.

MACLEOD

You want to know what this is about?
(angry, emotional)

This is about seeing me for what I
am. I'm not your father, and I'm
not your Guardian Angel.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

231 CONTINUED:

231

MACLEOD (CONT.)

(in his face)

You want to know what I thought when
Ashe went down like that? How could
he do that to me? He was supposed
to be stronger than that. He was
supposed to be invulnerable.

Gone is the reasonable, placating tone; gone is trying to
convince Richie. This is MacLeod on the warpath.

MACLEOD

If he could be broken like that,
what did that mean for me? You know
what that feels like?

RICHIE

Like you can't trust anything anymore.
Like your best friend trying to kill
you.

(beat)

Get out of my way, Mac.

MACLEOD

(over him)

You think this is about protecting
you? It's not about you.

(beat)

You want to fight Clay, get in line.

MacLeod turns away from Richie and moves purposefully across
the grass to where

CLAY

Kneels beside a fresh grave. The monument above it reads
"CARTER WELLAN BELOVED FRIEND." He is a man in deep and
solemn sorrow.

He turns as he gets the BUZZ, sees MacLeod and Richie
approaching.

CLAY

Duncan MacLeod. I heard you were
around here.

(a beat)

You've come a ways since we last
met.

MACLEOD

We have unfinished business.

CLAY

My fight is with your friend here.

(to Richie)

You had no quarrel with Carter Wellan.

(CONTINUED)

231 CONTINUED: (2)

231

MACLEOD

And you had no quarrel with Graham
Ashe.

CLAY

You're condoning what he did?

MACLEOD

He hasn't done anything we haven't
all done. He fought to the death.

Clay shakes his head. Turns to the grave.

CLAY

You know what it's like to have a
friend for nine hundred years,
MacLeod?

(choking up)

I'd known Carter longer than you've
been alive. He was my squire and my
companion on a hundred campaigns on
five continents. We swore to stand
together forever.

(to Richie)

And now he's gone, because of you.

RICHIE

If you want a fight, you've got it.
Crater or no Carter.

CLAY

(inclines his head)

When you're ready.

(beat)

Either of you.

He turns and walks away from the grave, off holy ground.
Richie starts to follow.

MACLEOD

Richie.

MacLeod hesitates. This isn't easy.

MACLEOD

He shamed me. I watched Clay kill a
good friend. I watched Graham Ashe
beg for his life... and die. And
afterwards I did nothing.

(beat)

Nothing.

(man to man)

I'm not telling you to let me do
this. I'm asking you.

(CONTINUED)

231 CONTINUED: (3)

231

They look at each other a long beat. It is the moment in which they can both feel the bond return, and the trust.

RICHIE
(makes this his gift)
After you.

MacLeod is touched. Grateful.

MACLEOD
Thank you.
(beat)
You'd be safe here. On holy ground.

Richie just shakes his head. Uh-uh.

MACLEOD
(resigned)
If he takes me, he'll take you.

RICHIE
Then you better not let him.

Macleod turns and walks after Clay.

232 EXT. FIGHT SITE - DAY

232

MacLeod and Clay emerge from the cemetery and cross through a stand of trees into the privacy of a fairly secluded clearing.

They face each other and draw their swords.

CLAY
You think today is the day to do
what you couldn't do 350 years ago?

MACLEOD
(quoting Ashe)
The best day is always the day you're
in.

They close and engage.

Clay comes right at him. Powerful. Aggressive.
Determined. And it's not enough.

MacLeod parries every blow, slips every charge, and remains absolutely cool and in control.

Clay backs off, and MacLeod comes at him. Slicing.
Slashing. Dominating.

Backing away, Clay starts up the small hill at the edge of the clearing.

(CONTINUED)

232 CONTINUED:

232

MacLeod comes after him.

Suddenly, Clay realizes the superiority of his position. Fighting from the uphill position restores his confidence and he resumes his aggression.

And MacLeod welcomes him. Lures Clay into a charge and responds with Ashe's Thracian Attack.

He buries his sword deep in Clay's belly.

Clay drops his sword.

MacLeod pulls his free, and Clay stumbles down the incline and falls to his knees.

CLOSE ON MACLEOD

MacLeod hesitates. He looks at Clay on his knees. He wants to give him an out.

MACLEOD

We've both lost someone.

CLOSE ON CLAY

as he looks up.

CLAY

But there can be only one.

MacLeod finishes it. A moment later it begins, a stunning Quickening that ends in RUMBLE and LIGHTNING. The world goes dark. It's as if night has fallen. Finally, it is over, and MacLeod is left standing, exhausted. And free.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

233 INT. JOE'S - DAY

233

Richie is sitting at the bar. Richie's different, less of a chip on his shoulder, more at ease with himself.

RICHIE

Mac said you quit the Watchers. I didn't believe it.

Dawson rolls up his left sleeve and displays the healing scars. Richie reaches for the wound.

DAWSON

(immediately)
Don't touch it!

RICHIE

Hurts?

DAWSON

(beat)
The wrist isn't so bad. The rest...
I left a lot of good friends.

He shrugs.

MacLeod enters in the background, listening.

RICHIE

I can't say I'm sorry. I know the Watchers was your life, but secret rituals, guys in black coats and dark glasses? It never really seemed like your style, Joe.

Dawson rolls down the sleeve, conceding.

DAWSON

It was never meant to be like that.

MacLeod has been listening, thinking. He speaks up.

MACLEOD

Then make it right.
(beat)
Can you get back in?

DAWSON

What?

(CONTINUED)

233 CONTINUED:

233

MACLEOD

Can you get back into the Watchers?

DAWSON

Maybe. Probably. Why?

MACLEOD

For thousands of years Immortals have fought and Watchers have observed. One day, there will only be one of us left. And some day maybe none.

(beat)

Someone has to record that we've lived. Someone has to record the history we've seen. The lessons we've learned.

(off Dawson's look)

I know what I said.

(beat)

You're a man of honor, Joe. Our lives, our story needs to be recorded by people like you, by people who feel, by people who do. Not by some petty clerk.

DAWSON

What about us? Our friendship?

MACLEOD

We'll work it out.

MacLeod turns, moves out the door. Dawson watches him go.

Richie smiles.

RICHIE

So. What does a guy have to do to get a drink around here?

DAWSON

(a bright smile)

Coming right up.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW