



# HIGHLANDER

*The Series*

#96503  
MANHUNT

Written by  
David Tynan

# Highlander

"MANHUNT"

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Production #96503

July 18, 1996 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

**HIGHLANDER**

"Manhunt"

Production #96503

**CAST LIST**

DUNCAN MACLEOD  
JOE DAWSON

CARL ROBINSON  
MATTHEW MCCORMICK

TREY FRANKS  
CORMAN  
GLENDA ALVAREZ  
SETH HOBART

FANS  
TALBOT (AGE 10)  
DETECTIVE FRAYNE  
CLAYTON HOBART

HIGHLANDER

"Manhunt"

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SET LISTINTERIORS

DOJO  
/OFFICE  
JOE'S

OLD WAREHOUSE  
MACLEOD'S CAR  
POLICE STATION  
/TREY'S CELL  
/MORGUE

EXTERIORS

DOJO

BASEBALL STADIUM  
/OUTSIDE  
/PARKING LOT  
/ALLEYWAY NEARBY  
/INSIDE  
/BATTING CAGES

OLD WAREHOUSE  
DESERTED STREET  
/MACLEOD'S CAR  
FIELDS - LOUISIANA - 1859  
DIRT ROAD - LOUISIANA - 1859  
STREET - NEAR JOE'S  
BACK ALLEYWAY  
POLICE STATION

HIGHLANDER

"Manhunt"

TEASER

FADE IN:

301 EXT. OUTSIDE BASEBALL STADIUM - SPRING TRAINING - DAY 301

To ESTABLISH, as OVER this we hear the sound of starting cars, calls of "Later".

CARL (O.S.)

Fifteen's not gonna get it done,  
Bobby.

302 EXT. PARKING LOT - OUTSIDE BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY 302

The practice is over, the last ballplayers are climbing into their cars, taking off. CARL ROBINSON, late 20's, a tall, good looking black man in practice togs, stands standing near his red Ferrari. His monogrammed flash satin jacket might as well say "star." He is on his cell phone.

CARL

I want twenty million over four years  
or when spring training ends I'll be  
playing for Steinbrenner.

(beat)

It's not my problem. Let the old  
man sell more cars.

At that moment --

FANS (O.S.)

Over there! Carl Robinson! There  
he is! HEY CARL!

Two teenage FANS have spotted Carl, break into an eager run as they head towards him.

CARL

Gotta go.

Carl turns back to the two clamoring FANS waving their precious mint-condition balls to be autographed.

CARL (CONT'D)

Okay, okay, take it easy... who's  
first here?

He takes the closest ball, starts signing -- then frowns.

(CONTINUED)

CARL (CONT'D)

Damn, this looks like the one Griffey hit off me last year. Who you guys rootin' for, anyhow... ?

And OFF the Fans' gleeful grins as he signs --

TREY FRANKS approaches, wearing a team practice jacket, a wet stub of cigar, and a heavy equipment bag. Trey is 40s, unshaven, a used-up look. He's white trash, body gone to seed along with childhood dreams of being a great ballplayer. He's an Assistant Trainer, so far down the line, he's hardly there.

TREY

Lookin' pretty good out there today, Carl.

Carl gives a scant, sardonic nod, a little patronizing -- he doesn't have time for this washed up guy.

CARL

Pretty good?

Trey lowers his bag, wanting to give advice.

TREY

Could be better. You gotta learn to pull the string, throw that change. You follow me? You can't do it all with heat. They start timing you, you're done.

CARL

(dismissive)

Is that a fact, Trey.

Carl is barely tolerant. Trey flares at the tone he wants Carl to listen, wants his respect.

TREY

Hell yes, it's a fact! Been a fact since I was in the minors. You weren't so damn arrogant, maybe you'd know it.

CLOSE - CARL

about to reply -- as he gets the BUZZ. He looks up and sees, standing by the edge of the lot --

AN IMMORTAL

young, long hair, predatory face -- CORMAN. He's waiting for Carl, and it's not to talk ball.

(CONTINUED)

302 CONTINUED: (2)

302

Distracted, Carl flips the ball to the delighted Fan. Trey intercepts it. Trey is going on doggedly, talking around his stogie, holding the ball to demonstrate.

TREY

It's the motion, see, same as your fastball.

CARL

Give the kid the ball, Trey.

TREY

(tossing it)

The hitters get so far out in front, they dunno whether they're comin' or goin'...

CARL

(cutting him off)

Later, Trey. I got things to do.

Eyes locked on the Immortal, Carl moves off to meet him, leaving Trey hanging in mid-sentence.

TREY

(tossing the ball to the Fan)

And I don't?

(an edge)

You think I was born in a swamp?! Ten years in the minors, Carl! I caught Maddux, Johnson, and Smoltz. I know things!

But Carl is gone. Trey deflates. His pride has taken a lot of kicks over the years -- it doesn't get easier.

TREY (CONT'D)

Know-it-all sumbitch. Ten years in the minors.

With a twitch of humiliation he shoulders the equipment bag, lets out a spit of tobacco juice.

303 EXT. ALLEYWAY NEAR STADIUM - DAY

303

Carl cautiously faces CORMAN, leering, dripping with self-centered arrogance, he's a Melrose Place immortal.

CORMAN

If it isn't the great Carl Robinson. Nice threads, man.

CARL

What do you want?

(CONTINUED)

303 CONTINUED:

303

Corman flaps a wrist, indulges in some sarcastic valley-speak.

CORMAN

Your autograph, star-man. I just totally couldn't live without it.

(ice-cold)

Saw you playin' on TV a while back. You got a little trouble with south paws.

CARL

So?

CORMAN

So I'm a south paw.

He smiles and pulls his sword, left-handed. Carl backs off warily.

CARL

Are you crazy, man? Not here. You got the wrong place and the wrong man. I'm not lookin' for trouble.

CORMAN

Surprise, man. You found it.

He suddenly SWINGS. Carl has his sword out, blocks two hard swings, driven back each time. Corman swells with eager confidence.

CORMAN (CONT'D)

Oh-and-Two. Excellent.

He attacks. Carl's sword goes up, blocking the blows, and as they engage --

304 EXT. PARKING LOT - OUTSIDE BASEBALL STADIUM - MOMENTS LATER 304

The two FANS are drooling over Carl's FERRARI, when there's an electric CRACK. They look up --

More CRACKS, and a FLASH OF LIGHT from the alleyway. They look at each other, then run towards it.

305 EXT. ALLEYWAY NEAR STADIUM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 305

As the fans pelt into the alley mouth -- and almost fall over as they brake to an abrupt halt. Staring.

FAN

Oh, man.

On the ground before them --

(CONTINUED)



305 CONTINUED:

305

A HEADLESS BODY

Corman. What's left of him. The Immortal south-paw. A SLIGHT PAN as their shocked eyes shift up to --

CARL ROBINSON

leaning over the corpse, exhausted from the fight and the Quickening. Blood on his slashed jacket, a sword in his hand, it's clear he killed the guy.

THE FANS

staring, speechless, horrified.

Carl sees their horrified looks. He pushes to his feet, takes a step toward them.

CARL

It's not... No. No, listen, please...

But the Fans back away. A dead body, a sword -- nothing Carl could say would help. Knowing he's in trouble, he turns and staggers away down the alley. As the FANS watch --

ANOTHER watches from the alley behind them: Trey Franks. Staring at the body, then up after Carl. His face is tight, a twitch of emotion there that we can't read.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

306 INT. DOJO - DAY

306

CLOSE - A NEWSPAPER

a front-page photo of CARL ROBINSON in ball togs, a headline screaming "STAR PITCHER HUNTED IN GRUESOME SLAYING."

MacLeod is grimly reading the paper. He is just entering the dojo, and the headline has stopped him. As he reads, he feels EYES on him. He looks up to see --

TALBOT, a young black kid, maybe ten, standing there silently, watching him. Waiting. Something odd about this.

MACLEOD

How'd you get in here?

Talbot snorts. This doesn't even merit an answer.

TALBOT

(flat)

You MacLeod?

Perfect. A ten year-old with attitude, interrogating him.

MACLEOD

(beat)

Who are you supposed to be?

TALBOT

I'm askin' the questions here.

Talbot hands him a folded piece of paper.

TALBOT (CONT'D)

You can read.

MacLeod isn't in the mood for this.

MACLEOD

(an edge)

I'm working on it. You go real slow,  
I can follow the pictures okay.

As MacLeod takes the note, Talbot bursts into movement, tennis-shoes around MacLeod and out the door.

MacLeod unfolds the note, holds it up, and we see some handwritten words:

INSERT NOTE: "Laker Warehouse. Carl"

(CONTINUED)

306 CONTINUED:

306

It's from Carl. MacLeod crumples the note, swings around to head out of the dojo -- WHAM -- he's plowed into by a woman coming in. MacLeod grabs her to keep her from falling over.

GLEENDA ALVAREZ recovers her balance. She's late-20s, in good shape, brassy -- she launches a Brooklynese preemptive strike.

GLEENDA

Hey, hey, hey, watch where you're goin'! And where you put those hands?

She pushes his hands away. MacLeod grits his teeth. Not even noon, and the day is already biting him in the ass.

MACLEOD

I'll try.  
(beat)  
Look, I'm just on my way out.

GLEENDA

(dismissive wave)  
Apology accepted. I get lots worse on the subway, believe me. I could show you marks.

She's already nosing around the dojo, poking and prodding.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)

Is it open for business?  
(cutting him off)  
Couldn't tell by the clients.

She's on auto-pilot, prodding a practice bag gingerly, as if the germs would jump on her.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)

I mean, who's gonna join a dump in this condition? What it needs? Fixing up, big-time.

MACLEOD

Look. I don't have the time...

GLEENDA

(over him)  
You think I'm kidding? You know it, I know it ... only the dork owns the joint? Not a clue.

MACLEOD

But you could straighten him out.

GLEENDA

Bet your cute buns.

(CONTINUED)

306 CONTINUED: (2)

306

Without a pause, she turns, gives the bag a rapid ONE-TWO karate punch, then a high, swinging kick.

GLENDA (CONT'D)

So. Where do I find this Neanderthal?

MACLEOD

About two feet in front of you.

(beat)

And we're closed.

She freezes in mid-swing, as MacLeod turns on his heel and leaves. Glenda's mouth falls open -- slaps shut.

GLENDA

Ouch.

307 EXT. OLD WAREHOUSE - DAY - TO ESTABLISH

307

A dingy building in grunge-town.

308 INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - DAY

308

A dark, unwelcoming space. Junk and old machinery. If you came in with a wallet, you'd leave without it. If you ever left. Stale smell of uric acid.

MACLEOD wrinkles his nose, moves warily through the space until he gets the BUZZ.

A BEAT -- Carl steps into view. He's disheveled, grim-faced, haunted looking. They look at each other a BEAT.

MACLEOD

Nice neighborhood.

CARL

Yeah. Penthouse was gettin' on my nerves. Figured I needed some new am-bi-ence.

(bitter)

Call it Chez Carl's. What do you think?

MacLeod takes in the tight face.

MACLEOD

I think you've looked better.

CARL

Sure as hell felt better.

(beat)

How bad is it out there, MacLeod?

(CONTINUED)

308 CONTINUED:

308

MacLeod takes the HEADLINE out, shakes it open. Carl takes it and reads, confirming what he already knows.

CARL (CONT'D)

Damn.

MACLEOD

TV, papers, the talk shows -- Carl Robinson, wanted for murder. You sure got the coverage down, Carl. Did everything but take out an ad.

CARL

You think I wanted this?! The punk didn't give me a choice!

MACLEOD

(beat)

It doesn't make much difference now.

Carl throws the wadded paper down, kicks a box aside in frustration.

CARL

Know where I was last week?

(beat)

Dinner. Sittin' at the same table with the Mayor and the Governor. We talked about the game, my fast ball... then they asked me if I ever thought about going into politics.

(agonized)

You know what I'm saying? Politics, MacLeod... and they wanted me there with them! Me, Carl Robinson!

MacLeod sees how he's torn, but there's no way to soften the blow.

MACLEOD

Not anymore. The only ones who want you now are the cops.

(beat)

Put it behind you, Carl.

CARL

Hey, no big thing. I only waited what -- two, three lifetimes for this? They were opening the door. I was there.

(deflating)

Now it's over. Gone.

MACLEOD

It's time to disappear, Carl.

(CONTINUED)

308 CONTINUED: (2)

308

CARL

With what? I use my name, credit card, they'll throw my ass in jail. I can't even get to my money. My face is all over the place.

MACLEOD

(beat)

Come on. Use my place. We'll put something together. It beats this hotel.

He turns to go. Carl hesitates, pride making him stiff.

CARL

MacLeod?

(off his look)

Never wanted to drag you into this.

MACLEOD

I'm already in it.

309 EXT. ALLEYWAY NEAR STADIUM - DAY

309

A yellow POLICE CORDON still rings the crime site. Two UNIFORMED COPS and two plainclothes DETECTIVES compare notes as a DARK SEDAN pulls up. Detective FRAYNE sizes up the newcomer with a sour look.

DETECTIVE FRAYNE

Fed.

A man steps from the sedan: MATTHEW MCCORMICK wears a jacket, civvies, looking not at them, but at the crime site as he flashes his FBI flap.

MATTHEW

Matthew McCormick, Special Agent in charge. I'll be taking it from here.

No ego, simply stating a fact. Mid-thirties, Matthew is calm, implacable, relentless -- not a man you'd want after you. The Detectives exchange surprised looks.

DETECTIVE FRAYNE

You're the serial killer guy?

MATTHEW

Among other things.

(polite, acknowledging)

The "serial killer guy" is good enough.

(CONTINUED)

309 CONTINUED:

309

And OFF this, he ducks under the yellow cordon, examining the CHALK MARKINGS outlining a headless body with great intensity. He doesn't look at them as he talks.

DETECTIVE FRAYNE

(frowning)

There's only been ONE murder here.

MATTHEW

A very high profile murder, gentlemen. Let's just say there's a certain pressure to wrap it up quickly... and to make sure it stays wrapped.

(beat)

Nobody wants to screw up one of these again.

And OFF this, he slips on a RUBBER GLOVE, lifts a small spot of CHARRED CLOTH and stares at it.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Let me guess. Murder weapon was a very sharp object.

(glancing up)

Don't suppose you found it?

Frayne shakes his head.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

I thought not. And nobody knows where Carl Robinson is.

Frayne nods. Matthew steps from the cordon, to the trunk of his sedan. Opens his trunk to drop in the evidence. As he does --

ANGLE - MATTHEW'S TRUNK

revealing a gleaming SWORD lying there. His sword. Matthew McCormick is an Immortal. He drops the cloth next to the sword, removes the glove, drops it in.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

I wouldn't worry.

He slams his trunk shut, turns to the Detectives, flashing a smile that is not a smile, but a promise.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

I think we'll find him.

And OFF this --

310 EXT. MACLEOD'S CAR - DRIVING - LATER 310

As the T-Bird swings down the street.

CARL (O.S.)

It ain't fair, man.

311 INT. MACLEOD'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY 311

MacLeod and Carl, heading to MacLeod's. Carl staring straight ahead, seething in frustration.

MACLEOD

No one said it was.

CARL

I was this close, MacLeod. This close. Malcolm, Martin, I watched 'em all go down. I swore I'd make a difference.

(beat)

Then some hotshot kid throws it all in the crapper. My whole life!

MACLEOD

You still have your life, Carl.

CARL

(bitter)

Right.

MACLEOD

Listen to me.

(beat)

You start over. Another country, new people... After a few years, you try again.

CARL

From the bottom.

MACLEOD

(pointed)

It's more than most people get.

There's no answer to that. They're turning into MacLeod's street. As they do, they see ahead --

MACLEOD'S POV - TWO POLICE CARS

and two or three POLICE, waiting outside the dojo.

RESUME - SCENE

as Carl reacts, quickly slides down out of sight.

(CONTINUED)



311 CONTINUED:

311

CARL

Damn! How the hell did they know?!

MACLEOD

Somebody did some homework, found we were friends. Your tax dollars at work.

(grim)

Hang on.

He swings the T-BIRD into a wide U-Turn. As he does, they feel the BUZZ.

CARL sneaks a look over at the Cops, and sees --

MATTHEW

standing with them.

RESUME CARL

as he reacts to the sight of Matthew.

CARL

C'mon, man, get me outta here! Go, go, GO!

MacLeod puts the pedal down and roars off.

ANGLE - MATTHEW

As he feels the BUZZ, turns to face the departing T-Bird. He makes no move to follow -- just smiles slightly and waggles his fingers at the departing car: 'Be seeing you.' And OFF his look --

312 EXT. DESERTED STREET - MACLEOD'S CAR - DAY

312

The car is stopped. MacLeod and Carl stand outside it.

MACLEOD

You can tell me what's going on any time now.

CARL

What the hell you think's goin' on? Cops, is what's goin' on.

MACLEOD

There was an Immortal with them. Now what's he got to do with you?

(CONTINUED)

312 CONTINUED:

312

CARL

(beat)

His name's McCormick. He's a Federal agent.

MACLEOD

(beat)

You know him?

CARL

Oh, yeah. Matthew and I, we go back a long ways.

(off MacLeod's look)

He used to own me.

We PUSH IN on Carl's EYE, until the PUPIL of the eye fills the screen, forms a huge BLACK CIRCLE, as we --

TRANSITION TO:

313 EXT. FIELDS - LOUISIANA - 1859 - DAY

313

And PULL BACK from another BLACK CIRCLE, revealing it as -- the business-end of a large PISTOL. We are staring down it. And behind the pistol, holding it --

SETH HOBART

a plantation owner. 45, weathered, Hobart is a slaver, a hard driving, cold man, an easy double for Captain Bligh. As Hobart sights down the barrel of his pistol --

INTERCUT:

314 EXT. DESERTED STREET - MACLEOD'S CAR - DAY

314

(NOTE: Please shoot all of Carl's V.O. dialogue on-camera so that intercutting can be adjusted as necessary.)

CARL

I'd been a slave since I could remember.

315 EXT. FIELD - LOUISIANA - 1859 - DAY

315

REVERSE - CARL

standing in a field. Clothes torn, shredded and wet-looking around the shoulders and neck -- he's been badly whipped. He's trapped, scared to die, angry at the injustice of it.

CARL (V.O.)

I was a hard worker -- but I was trouble.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

315 CONTINUED: 315

CARL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Been bought and sold too many times  
to count. Seth Hobart was the latest  
one.

316 EXT. DESERTED STREET - MACLEOD'S CAR - DAY 316

CARL  
Then somebody knocked up Hobart's  
youngest daughter. She had a name  
someone. She said it was me.

317 EXT. FIELD - LOUISIANA - DAY 317

CARL (V.O.)  
It never happened, but nobody listened  
to my side. Hell, nobody had to.

CARL

shaking his head, desperately pleading his innocence.

HOBART

face filled with contempt, righteous anger as he levels the  
gun. Carl sees it coming. Shaking his head, he turns, starts  
to run --

HOBART

fires. The big gun kicks out flame --

CARL

is hit in the back, slammed to the ground. Hobart steps up  
to Carl, rolls him onto his back with his boot. Carl's eyes  
open in a fading glaze. Death.

CARL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
He shot me in the back, left me for  
dead. Only thing was...  
(beat)  
I couldn't die.

Hobart turns and walks away. Slowly PAN down as we see Carl's  
eyes open.

DISSOLVE TO:

318 EXT. FIELDS - LOUISIANA - 1859 - DAYS LATER - DAY 318

CLOSE - A BILLY CAN hanging over a dying campfire.

WIDEN -- it's close by a large tree. Some bedrolls, a  
Hunter's camp, momentarily unoccupied.

(CONTINUED)

318 CONTINUED:

318

CARL (V.O.)

I ran for days. I didn't know why I was still alive...

(beat)

I just knew that for the first time I could remember, I was free... and I had to keep moving.

As we watch, a MOVEMENT in the tree, then --

CARL ROBINSON

barefoot, ragged clothes, lowers himself awkwardly from the tree was hiding in. He looks hunted, famished.

CARL (V.O.)

Dead or alive, I was still a slave.

He checks around, kneels by the fire. Raises the billy can to his lips. Eats greedily.

As he does, a loud CLICK at his ear. He freezes.

CARL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And freedom didn't last too long.

WIDEN -- to find a GUN BARREL jammed into his head. Slowly Carl lowers the tin. Very carefully, he rises, raises his arms as he turns to face --

TWO WHITE GUYS

facing him. One holds a rifle on Carl, while the other raises a heavy set of chained MANACLES, and grins.

CUT TO:

319 EXT. DIRT ROAD - LOUISIANA - 1859 - LATER

319

Carl is being led along by the two men. Stumbling as they jerk on the rope attached to his manacled wrists.

CARL (V.O.)

No way to tell 'em what happened. Hell, it didn't even make sense to me.

(beat)

They were lookin' at a reward for bringing in a runaway slave or they were gonna sell me for whatever the market would bear.

CLOSE - CARL

as he stops, reacting to the BUZZ.

(CONTINUED)

319 CONTINUED:

319

CARL (V.O.)

Then I felt it. It was the first  
time I'd ever run into one of us.

One WHITE GUY yanks impatiently on the rope, and then they  
hear a sound, swivel to see --

MATTHEW MCCORMICK

riding up on his horse, wearing the garb of a successful  
working plantation owner. He touches his hat to the white  
men, but his eyes are on Carl.

CARL (V.O.)

McCormick. He used to come by the  
plantation all the time. He was  
married to Hobart's oldest daughter.

(beat)

He bought me. Paid twice what I was  
worth.

Matthew pulls a small MONEY BAG from his coat, tosses it to  
one of the White Guys. The other White Guy tosses the rope  
to Matthew, and the two white men head off.

CARL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I didn't know what the hell to make  
of him.

Matthew dismounts, holding the rope, faces Carl. His face  
unreadable. Carl wary, belligerent. The white guys are out  
of sight. Matthew pushes his coat aside, draws out a gleaming  
SWORD.

Carl pales, moves back.

CARL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But I damn sure thought I was dead.

Matthew gets a grip on the rope, pulls it tight. Carl trying  
to stay away from that sword, not knowing what will happen.  
Then Matthew suddenly SWINGS -- and cuts through the chains.

As Carl raises his hands, stares in wonder at the broken  
metal links --

TRANSITION TO:

320 INT. JOE'S - THE PRESENT - NIGHT

320

The CAN in Carl's hand, as he grips it hard, crumples it  
into twisted scrap, then slams it hard on a table.

CARL

Now he wants to kill me.

(CONTINUED)

320 CONTINUED:

320

The bar is deserted. In the B.G. a faint sound of acoustic guitar:

JOE DAWSON is at the bar, sitting unobtrusively on a stool, playing some early blues as Carl talks to MacLeod at a table.

MACLEOD

Why now, when he could have taken you then?

CARL

(evasive)

What the hell's it matter?

Carl realizes he's being loud, glances warily at Dawson. MacLeod sees his look. He waves Dawson over.

MACLEOD

It's okay. Joe's a friend. You can use his back room until we figure this out.

Dawson puts the guitar aside, moves towards them. Carl eyes him doubtfully.

CARL

You trust him?

MACLEOD

I have to. He knows about us, Carl. Everything.

And OFF Carl's look, Dawson extends a hand to him.

JOE

Joe Dawson. Let's just say I got a soft spot for Immortals.

Carl looks at the offered hand a BEAT -- then grudgingly takes it.

CARL

Guess any guy who plays Robert Johnson like that might be okay.

JOE

(a smile)

Thanks. Same goes for any man who can strike out Griffey twice in a game.

Carl manages a tight smile, easing the mood.

(CONTINUED)

320 CONTINUED: (2)

320

JOE (CONT'D)

Come on. I'll show you the accommodations.

And OFF this, MacLeod turns to leave. Carl turns and calls after him.

CARL

Where are you going?

MACLEOD

To talk to McCormick.

CARL

You're wasting your breath.

MACLEOD

What's to lose?

CARL

Your head.

(beat)

The guy's good with a sword. Taught me most of what I know.

MacLeod takes a beat.

MACLEOD

Let's see what he can teach me.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

321 INT. DOJO - OFFICE - NIGHT

321

MacLeod enters to find Matthew there, sitting in his chair, feet propped on the desk -- he's nonchalantly playing with a slinky, watching as it rolls from hand to hand.

MACLEOD

You're in my office. In my chair.

(cold)

And I don't remember inviting you.

Matthew ignores this, just keeps toying with the slinky, back and forth.

MATTHEW

What I like about these? If you had enough stairs, they'd keep on going forever.

MacLeod lifts a foot -- sweeps Matthew's feet off the desk.

MACLEOD

Unless they're stopped.

Matthew is up like a shot, face to face with MacLeod. Eyes hard, unblinking.

MATTHEW

A lot like us, MacLeod.

MacLeod pushes in closer, eyes boring back into Matthew.

MACLEOD

Just like us.

There's a tense beat. Matthew is the first to break it.

MATTHEW

(beat)

I checked you out, MacLeod. Far as I can see, we don't have a problem.

MACLEOD

Just one.

(beat)

You're after Carl Robinson.

MATTHEW

Just serving the state. Killer gets caught, the world is a safer place.

(CONTINUED)



321 CONTINUED:

321

MACLEOD

Carl Robinson is one of us.

MATTHEW

Serial killers, cannibals, bombers...  
Psychopaths come in all shapes and  
sizes, MacLeod. It doesn't make any  
difference to me. Because I just  
have one job.

(beat)

I bury them.

MACLEOD

This wasn't murder, it was a fight  
between Immortals. Carl had no  
choice!

MATTHEW

Maybe not this time, but this time  
I'll have him.

MACLEOD

For what? Carl is no murderer.

MATTHEW

That your opinion, judge? Or are  
you the whole jury?

(pointed)

Let me tell you something about your  
good friend, Carl Robinson.

(cold)

He's a murdering bastard. He always  
has been.

And OFF THIS, we --

TRANSITION TO:

322 INT. BARN - LOUISIANA - 1859 - DAY

322

A ramshackle wood structure. Inside it, past the hay bales,  
Matthew faces Carl Robinson. It's several weeks later, and  
Carl looks different. Putting on new clothes, the hunted  
look is gone, but the scars on his back are evident.

MATTHEW

I wish we had more time, Carl, but  
the South's gonna make a stand.  
War's coming and no one knows what's  
going to happen. It won't be good  
for a black man out on his own.

CARL

No need to explain, Matthew.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

322 CONTINUED:

322

CARL (CONT'D)

(pained smile)

I got me a whole back full of reasons  
why I shouldn't stay here.

(shouldering a small  
rucksack)

Still. Something about the South  
I'm gonna miss. That seem strange  
to you?

Matthew shakes his head sadly. We see a bond has grown  
between these two.

MATTHEW

It's not gonna be easy out there.

CARL

Yeah. But I know what I am now,  
Matthew. Know how to survive. You  
taught me that.

MATTHEW

(shrugs it off)

You'd have done the same.

CARL

No. See, you taught me something  
else... that not every white man  
uses a whip.

He raises his arms, the wrists that are, for the first time  
in his life, unchained.

CARL (CONT'D)

You didn't treat me like a slave,  
Matthew. Ain't gonna forget that.

(beat)

You've been more than my teacher.  
You've been my friend.

Matthew nods, moved. He clasps hands with Carl.

MATTHEW

I believe your best chance is to  
head north. Chicago, maybe New York.

CARL

Soon.

(beat)

I got some unfinished business to  
attend to.

He turns, starts to throw the sack over his shoulder and  
moves towards the door. Matthew reacts, moves to stand in  
front of him.

(CONTINUED)

322 CONTINUED: (2)

322

MATTHEW

Would that business have a name?

CARL

(beat)

It's not your affair, Matthew.

MATTHEW

The hell it isn't. If you mean Seth Hobart, you can forget it. You stay away from him.

CARL

The man's a slaver, Matthew. He shot me down!

MATTHEW

You're Immortal, Carl. It's time to put away mortal concerns.

(beat)

Besides, forgiveness is the-power that breaks the chains of bitterness and the shackles of selfishness.

Carl looks unconvinced.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

And decency is something you learn.

CARL

(tight)

You're defendin' him?

MATTHEW

(pointed)

What I am is married to his daughter.

Carl looks at him a LONG BEAT.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Leave him be, Carl! You don't, I'll come after you!

(beat)

And you have my word on that.

(beat)

You listening?

Carl meets his eyes. Nods neutrally.

CARL

I hear you, Matthew.

He turns and steps out the door.

323 EXT. FIELDS - LOUISIANA - 1859 - DAY

323

As SETH HOBART rides his fields, riding-crop in hand. As he mops his sweating face, his eyes fall on --

HOBART'S POV - A MAN

sitting on a rock, motionless, his back to him. A black man. Hobart bridles.

HOBART

You there! Get your black ass to work or there'll be hell to pay!

The black man doesn't seem to hear him. Doesn't move.

Furious, Hobart spurs his horse over to the man.

NEW ANGLE - INCLUDE THE SITTING MAN

as Hobart dismounts, drops the reins, and approaches.

HOBART (CONT'D)

You deaf, or just stupid?

The man ignores him. Furious, Hobart lashes out with the crop. It cracks across the man's back, hard as a pistol-shot. The man doesn't move.

Hobart is goaded. He strikes again, harder. This time the black man flinches -- but he still doesn't turn.

HOBART (CONT'D)

Damn your insolent hide! Stand when I'm addressing you!

He brings the crop down on the man's shoulder -- suddenly a strong black hand snakes out, grabs the crop.

Slowly, the black man rises, slowly turns -- it's Carl.

Hobart turns white in shock as he recognizes him.

HOBART (CONT'D)

Sweet Jesus. Robinson...

CARL

Afternoon, Mr. Hobart. You feeling okay? You're looking a bit pale around the gills.

Hobart is staring, backing away in disbelief.

HOBART

You're dead! I shot you!

(CONTINUED)

323 CONTINUED:

323

CARL  
(ominous)  
Am I?

He raises the crop -- but Carl yanks it away from him. He advances on Hobart dangerously, starts to hit him.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Could a dead man do this?  
(a blow)  
Or this?  
(beat)  
You like it Hobart? You like how it feels?!

He's beating Hobart in a blind rage. Hobart staggers back under the blows, towards his horse. He sees --

THE PISTOL resting in his saddle holster.

Hobart grabs it, frantically tries to swing it around -- but Carl grabs the gun. Both men have a grip on it. Carl drops the crop, and slowly starts to twist the barrel back towards Hobart.

CARL  
I'm strong, Hobart.

Hobart is a tough man, but he's losing this struggle, shaking with effort.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Got strong working your fields...  
Carrying your loads... !

Carl twists relentlessly, his fury building. They're almost face to face.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Under your whip...

Until the barrel points directly at Hobart's chest.

CARL (CONT'D)  
No more... NO MORE!

He squeezes. A booming EXPLOSION as the .44 kicks, blasts Hobart over backwards, into the field.

Before the echo dies --

CLAYTON  
Daddy!

(CONTINUED)

323 CONTINUED: (2)

323

A cry from the fields, as 20-year-old CLAYTON HOBART stumbles toward Carl. Crying his father's name, he's running at Carl carrying a pitchfork.

RESUME CARL

his blood is up.

CARL

Stay away, boy. Don't make me.

CLAYTON

You murdering nigger.

Clayton keeps coming. Carl swings the pistol around, levels it, and shoots. A resounding BOOM --

CLAYTON HOBART

spins over backwards into the grass, seeming to take forever to fall, the fields echoing with the shot as he hits the ground, and lies still. Then silence.

Carl slowly he lowers the gun. There's no triumph on his face -- just a sucked-out look. His voice is a whisper.

CARL

No more. Never.

WIDER

as we PULL AWAY from this stark tableau: Carl, the two dead men sprawled on the field.

TRANSITION TO:

324 INT. JOE'S - THE PRESENT - DAY

324

MacLeod is tight, pissed, as he confronts Carl with what Matthew told him.

MACLEOD

Did you kill those men, Carl?

Carl spins on him in anger.

CARL

Dammit MacLeod, Hobart owned me, same as a plow or a mule. You know what that means? You got any idea?

(tight)

He beat me when it suited him. Whipped me like a damn dog, and I had no say about it...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

324 CONTINUED:

324

CARL (CONT'D)

(choked)

... because it was his RIGHT!

(Beat, cold)

Hell yes, I did it.

MACLEOD

(tight)

You should have left it alone.

CARL

You gonna tell me what I should have done?! You were never a slave!

MACLEOD

You stopped being a slave when you became one of us!

CARL

I didn't go there meaning to kill him, but am I sorry I did? No.

(tight)

And if you don't understand that you can go to hell with the rest of them.

He turns and slams out the door. And OFF MacLeod's look --

325 EXT. INSIDE BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY

325

No game today. The stadium deserted. Old programs, paper cups blow forlornly across the field. In the distance, a slow, steady WHAP sound. Almost like Hobart's whip, striking a back. Then we see --

TREY FRANKS

sitting on a bench near the dugout. The sound is him tossing a ball into his glove, mechanically, over and over. He's staring straight ahead, not looking at the ball. Beside him on the bench, we see --

A NEWSPAPER

and the LEAD STORY there: CARL'S FACE, and the slugline MANHUNT CONTINUES FOR BASEBALL STAR. And below that -- WITNESSES SOUGHT IN GRUESOME MURDER.

Trey pulls a half pint of whisky from his pocket, slugs down the little that's left. Tosses it aside. He looks out over the field. The old programs, the waste... as empty as he is. His expression tightens. He keeps smacking that ball into his glove. Thinking.

326 EXT. STREET - NEAR JOE'S - DAY 326

Carl moves down the street. Hands thrust in his pockets, head down, he's distracted, tight. Then --

COP'S VOICE (BULLHORN)  
Hold it right there!

Carl freezes. Ahead of him --

A COP CAR, blocking the street, and a COP behind the door with a drawn gun.

Carl turns to run back the other way ANOTHER COP CAR squeals into the street, the Cops clambering out even before it has stopped. Bookended.

Nearby, the mouth of an ALLEY. Carl takes off, blasting into it.

327 EXT. BACK ALLEYWAY - FOLLOWING 327

(NOTE: where possible, Camera should be HANDHELD) Carl races down the alley, the Cops in pursuit. A mad scramble as he pours on speed, distances them, dodging obstacles and low fences, running for his life.

VARIOUS SHOTS, ENDING IN:

a FENCE ahead. A stack of boxes in front. Carl mounts the boxes, scrambles up and flips over the fence --

NEW ANGLE

as he lands -- hits a roll of BALING WIRE. He falls, struggles frantically -- but it's useless, he's hopelessly tangled. As he moves, TWO GUNS level at his head. Carl raises-his hands, and closes his eyes in defeat.

328 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY 328

CLOSE - A DESKTOP

as a row of MUGSHOTS is dropped on it: various angles of CARL ROBINSON, looking unhappy, defiant.

MATTHEW (O.S.)  
Look at that. All that anger, all that rage... the injustice of it all.

Matthew McCormick looks up from the photos at MacLeod. They're in a secluded area of the station house, back from the front desk and the Sergeant manning it.

(CONTINUED)



328 CONTINUED:

328

Matthew picks up a row of mugshots, holds it up to MacLeod, making his point.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Just like every other killer I've brought in. Rich, poor, young, old... it's always the same story.

(beat)

You'd never know he was one of us.

MacLeod takes the mugshots from Matthew's hand, tosses them back on the desk.

MACLEOD

But he is one of us. You know he killed in self-defense. Corman challenged him.

MATTHEW

I don't care about Corman. Hobart was my wife's father.

MACLEOD

Is this about justice, or is this about revenge?

MATTHEW

I thought a man like you would understand.

(beat)

There's no statute of limitations on murder.

MacLeod reacts. He does understand.

ANGLE - THE FRONT DESK

as the DESK SERGEANT looks up from his file book, taking a BEAT to register what someone has just told him. He doesn't know what the guy is talking about.

He's looking at Trey Franks. Trey is as disheveled as before. No cigar, no sign he's drinking -- he just looks resolute, determined.

TREY

I said, it's about Carl Robinson. About the murder.

(beat)

I know something.

And OFF his look --

(CONTINUED)

328 CONTINUED: (2)

328

RESUME MACLEOD AND MATTHEW

MacLeod is trying a new tack.

MACLEOD

C'mon, you can't send one of us to  
prison for doing what he has to do.

(beat)

Things can happen during an  
investigation. Evidence gets  
mishandled, somebody drops the wrong  
glove...

Matthew looks at MacLeod quizzically.

MATTHEW

I believe you're asking me to throw  
this case, MacLeod.

MACLEOD

I'm asking you to find a way out of  
this. You know you can't send him  
to prison! How long before they  
find out about him? About all of  
us?

Matthew looks at him a BEAT. He speaks -- the implication  
is clear.

MATTHEW

Carl's not gonna make it to trial,  
MacLeod.

A COP approaches, nods tersely to Matthew.

Matthew moves aside, cocks his head as the Cop whispers  
urgently. As Matthew listens, his face tightens. The Cop  
moves off, and Matthew turns back, looking grim.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

World's a strange place.

(beat)

The case is closed. Someone just  
confessed.

(off MacLeod's look)

But it wasn't Carl Robinson.

As MacLeod reacts, a man is led past them in handcuffs: TREY  
FRANKS.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

329 EXT. DOJO - DAY

329

As over this we HEAR --

CARL (O.S.)

Because he drinks. Because he's a  
loser... hell, maybe he's just plain  
crazy.

330 INT. DOJO - DAY

330

MacLeod faces Carl, who has just been released. He's pacing  
in disbelief, joy, relief that he's out.

CARL

Who knows why held want to confess?  
All I know is, I'm out of there.

MACLEOD

So you let Trey Franks take the rap  
for you? You think it's right?

Carl stops. He rubs the wrists that were handcuffed, chafed  
by the memory.

CARL

(incredulous)

Right? What the hell's right got to  
do with any of this?

(beat)

Every time, I mean every time I fought  
to do something, get somewhere...

BANG!

(smacks his palm)

Something came along and knocked me  
on my ass.

(with feeling)

For once, just this one time,  
something good drops out of the sky.  
A gift, MacLeod...

(beat)

And you want me to throw it away.

MACLEOD

I want you to keep an innocent man  
out of prison.

CARL

How? You want me to tell the truth?  
Keep it nice and simple?

(CONTINUED)

330 CONTINUED:

330

MACLEOD

It's not simple, and it's not easy.  
(locking eyes)  
But you're going to do something  
about it.

Carl paces away, edgy, uncomfortable in the face of this.

CARL

Look, when this happened, my life  
ended. Now I got it back... I'm  
Carl Robinson again.

He looks at MacLeod for understanding, almost pleading.

MACLEOD

Carl the hero. Must feel good.

CARL

MacLeod, I can DO things, make  
something outta of my life... can  
make a difference. I can help.

MACLEOD

(quiet)  
And Trey Franks can't.

CARL

The man's a nobody. He's nothing.  
Hell, he's less than nothing.

MACLEOD

Like Carl the slave.

CARL

Don't even think about going there,  
MacLeod.

MACLEOD

Because you suffered?  
(beat)  
How much you got in the bank, Carl?

CARL

What's that got to do with anything?

MACLEOD

Five, six million and that penthouse  
of yours, another three, and that  
Ferrari.

CARL

You got some point you want to make  
here, MacLeod?

(CONTINUED)

330 CONTINUED: (2)

330

MACLEOD

Give the tortured crap a rest. Your  
slave days are long gone.

Carl turns away.

CARL

(trying to regroup)  
Hey, look at it this way. This is  
probably the best thing ever happened  
to ol' Trey.

(beat)

He wants his big moment in the sun...  
I'm gonna let him have it.

MACLEOD

Not good enough.

CARL

(hardening)  
It'll have to do.

MACLEOD

(pissed)  
Yeah?

(beat)

Come with me to the station and tell  
him that.

Carl turns away, MacLeod takes his arm. Carl freezes, tensing  
dangerously.

CARL

One time. Take your hand off me.

MACLEOD

Not until we're done.

Carl explodes. He grabs MacLeod, lifts him bodily, and with  
a roar -- throws him against the dojo wall.

MacLeod slams against the wall, hits the mat.

CARL

We're done.

He turns and starts away -- but MacLeod comes right back  
TACKLES Carl to the mat.

IN TIGHT as they go at it. Boxing, karate, dented walls --  
Carl is powerful, a tough street fighter, but MacLeod has  
been around longer, knows the arts.

As they fight, Carl is thrown against the OFFICE WINDOW,  
which shatters. VARIOUS ANGLES as --

(CONTINUED)

330 CONTINUED: (3)

330

-- RACKS OF KENDO STICKS are knocked flying.

-- BOXING BAGS taken down, their ropes snapped. Finally:

It's over. Both are on their knees, bloodied and exhausted. MacLeod forces himself, pushes to his feet.

MACLEOD

You ready for more?

(beat)

Because I'm not finished.

Carl sees he's not. Breathing hard, he pushes to his feet, wipes blood from his mouth. Finally --

CARL

Okay, damn you. Okay. I'll see him.

He lurches out the door. MacLeod slumps against a practice bag, catching his breath.

GLENDА (O.S.)

Anybody home?

You hear her before you see her. Then Glenda motors in: tight tights, a jeans jacket, a mouth in motion.

GLENDА (CONT'D)

(entering)

Came to see if you thought about renovating. We do some aerobics here, a steamroom there, maybe a little boutique...

She stops. Speechless. Staring at the destruction.

GLENDА (CONT'D)

Oh. Oh my.

MacLeod pushes off the practice bag.

MACLEOD

Great idea.

(beat)

I couldn't wait to get started.

And OFF her look, he lurches out after Carl.

331 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

331

MacLeod and Carl wait near the desk as a Cop confers with a superior.

(CONTINUED)

331 CONTINUED:

331

MACLEOD

We should've gone through his lawyers.

CARL

They'll let us see him.

MACLEOD

You're pretty sure of that.

CARL

(beat)

I'm a star.

Detective Frayne approaches Carl.

DETECTIVE FRAYNE

Robinson?

There is a tense beat. Then Frayne produces a virgin  
BASEBALL.

DETECTIVE FRAYNE (CONT'D)

If it's not too much trouble?

(apologetic)

To Jerry. He's my boy.

Carl takes the ball, awkwardly pats his pocket for a pen  
MacLeod hands him one, gives him a look. Carl takes the  
ball, signing it, as Frayne beams.

332 INT. TREY'S CELL - POLICE STATION - DAY

332

MacLeod and Carl lean against the wall. Trey sits, huddled,  
uncomfortable, a forlorn figure.

MACLEOD

Let me get this straight, Trey. You  
killed him because he owed you money?

Trey nods. He's rehearsed the lines in his mind, has them  
straight.

TREY

But he wouldn't pay, so I came after  
it.

MACLEOD

And you killed him with a big knife.

TREY

More like a sword, kind of thing.

(edgy)

Look, I already told this to the  
cops.

(CONTINUED)

332 CONTINUED:

332

MACLEOD

And then Carl came along, after you  
killed the guy, and he got caught.

Carl is looking at Trey. Trey tries to avoid his gaze.

TREY

That's right. That's what happened.

MACLEOD

So you hated this guy, Trey?

TREY

I guess. Pretty bad.

MACLEOD

So why'd you lend him money, this  
guy you hated so much?

Trey looks trapped. He's not that smart, not used to this  
pressure. He sees MacLeod, Carl watching him.

TREY

I did it! Why won't you just believe  
me?

MACLEOD

Because it's not true.

TREY

(beat)

I ain't gonna talk anymore.

He's shutting up, closing in.

MacLeod turns to Carl.

MACLEOD

Carl...

Carl nods. He knows what he has to do. Carl moves in very  
close to Trey, speaks quietly.

CARL

Trey. You know you didn't do this.

Trey starts to speak, but Carl puts a hand on his arm.

CARL (CONT'D)

No. You know it, Trey, and I know  
it. And you gotta tell the Police.

Trey sags. He faces Carl's gaze, full on.

(CONTINUED)



332 CONTINUED: (2)

332

TREY

Then they go after you.

CARL

Maybe.

(beat)

You can't throw away your life.

TREY

I don't got a life to throw away.

(beat)

Look, it's not like I don't know what I am. I KNOW what I am. I'm a joke. White trash. I can't play ball, I can't...

(beat)

Was a time, once, I thought I had something... I musta been dreamin'.

(beat)

See, all my life, all I been is a zero.

CARL

(awkward)

Listen, Trey...

Trey holds up a hand, cuts off Carl's protest with simple dignity that we haven't seen before.

TREY

We both know it.

(beat)

Growing up, I hated guys like you. Rich, black, smarter than me ...

(beat)

Then I met you. Seen the way you play, way you treat people... what you had inside you.

(beat,)

And I stopped hatin' you. I wanted you to win. More than anything, I wanted to help you win.

Carl is moved. Can barely stand to hear this.

CARL

I know you did, Trey.

TREY

You gotta hear me, Carl. See, it was the first good thing I ever wanted.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

332 CONTINUED: (3)

332

TREY (CONT'D)

(earnest)

You could change someone like me,  
think what you could do with your  
life? All the good things?

CARL

(beat)

But you knew. You saw.

TREY

If you had to do it, you musta had a  
good reason.

(beat)

World loses Carl Robinson, it's worse  
off. But Trey Franks? There's no  
POINT to Trey Franks.

(pleading)

Let me do this, Carl. Please. It's  
all I got.

And OFF Carl's reaction --

333 EXT. INSIDE BASEBALL STADIUM - BATTING CAGES - DAY

333

The CRACK of bat striking ball. Then another. A tiny white  
sphere sails far into the distance.

MACLEOD watches from down the cages. He tracks the ball's  
flight, then follows its source back to --

CARL

standing in the cage, T-shirt on, he grips the bat like a  
weapon, pounding them away as if his troubles would go with  
them. He's sweating, grimly intent.

MACLEOD

It won't go away, Carl.

Carl curses under his breath, throws the bat against the  
cage in frustration.

CARL

Damn him. Dumbass cracker  
sonofabitch!

MACLEOD

It's not Trey you have to look at,  
Carl.

(beat)

It's you.

Carl is pacing, in turmoil.

(CONTINUED)

333 CONTINUED:

333

CARL

Dammit, I tell the truth, I lose  
everything I ever worked for.  
Everything I dreamed about.

(beat)

I don't have a helluva lot of options.

And OFF this, there's a BUZZ. They look up --

THEIR POV - THE STANDS

And standing at the top -- MATTHEW. He flashes a grim smile,  
and slowly descends the stands, heading for them.

RESUME SCENE

MacLeod and Carl watching Matthew.

MACLEOD

Looks like you don't have any.

And OFF this --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

334 EXT. INSIDE BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY

334

Well apart from the batting cages, Matthew moves to a point near MacLeod and Carl and stops.

MATTHEW

This isn't for you, MacLeod. You know why I'm here.

(to Carl)

You should have gone north, Carl.

CARL

Maybe so.

(beat)

What happened back in Louisiana happened. I can't take it back.

MATTHEW

No, you can't.

(beat)

But you can pay for it.

MACLEOD

Matthew, people change. The world is different. Carl is different.

MATTHEW

(curious)

Did you imagine redemption comes so easily, Carl?

CARL

(gritting)

I imagined there was some justice in what I did. The men I killed were slavers.

MATTHEW

Those men were my friends!

(beat)

I told you I'd come after you, Carl. Here I am.

He draws his sword.

MACLEOD

Who wins if one of you dies here?

They stand that way a tense BEAT, then --

(CONTINUED)

MATTHEW

A man avenges his own, MacLeod.  
They were family.  
(beat)  
I made a promise.

MACLEOD

You think you're honor bound to do  
this?  
(Matthew nods)  
Your honor won't be served by Carl's  
death. Only your pride. Only your  
vanity. There's no justice here, no  
redemption. Just tragedy.

MATTHEW

I gave my word.

A poignant moment as former teacher and pupil face off.  
Matthew feels it too. Carl sees the slight crack in his  
armor.

CARL

I don't hold this against you,  
Matthew. You do what you have to  
do.  
(beat)  
But I got one favor to ask.

Matthew hesitates. Nods.

MATTHEW

What?

CARL

You win, don't let Trey go down for  
me.  
(beat)  
Man thinks he's worthless, just a  
piece of human garbage... but he's  
wrong. Nobody's garbage.  
(with feeling)  
You find a way. Tell him his life  
isn't worthless. It has a point.  
(beat)  
I trust you to do that?

Matthew nods. Carl takes a breath, raises his sword

MACLEOD

Matthew, please, listen to what he's  
saying. What he's asking. Look at  
him. Is this a man you want to kill?

(CONTINUED)

334 CONTINUED: (2)

334

MATTHEW

What else can I do?

MacLeod steps between them. He looks directly at Matthew.

MACLEOD

You can forgive him.

SMASH CUT TO:

335 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

335

MacLeod stands at a desk, waiting. A tense atmosphere in the room, grim Cops talking quietly, glancing at MacLeod.

Then, two DETECTIVES approach the desk. One is Frayne, the other Matthew. Frayne slaps something on the desk: CARL'S SWORD.

DETECTIVE FRAYNE

The test was positive. The bloodstains matched the murder victim and Robinson's prints are all over it.

MATTHEW

(to MacLeod)

If I had a crystal ball, you know what I'd see. I'd see you doing ten to twenty years aiding... abetting... accessory to murder.

MACLEOD

All I did was find it.

MATTHEW

I bet you found him, too.

MACLEOD

No.

MATTHEW

You tell us where and you'll save yourself a world of trouble.

MacLeod plays it well. He hesitates and then, as if he's been broken:

MACLEOD

I won't tell you.  
(beat, off their looks)  
But I'll show you.

(CONTINUED)

335 CONTINUED: 335

AND OFF THIS

336 EXT. OLD WAREHOUSE - DAY 336

The same grungy warehouse where Carl hid earlier. MACLEOD waits outside, as several CRUISERS pull up, heavily armed, Cops piling out, forming a barricade with their car settling behind the doors with pump-actions, flaks, ready for serious trouble.

Detective Frayne pulls MacLeod back to where more cops wait, Matthew among them.

MATTHEW

Better make yourself scarce, Mr. MacLeod. This could get ugly.

He starts to turn to his men -- MacLeod stops him.

MACLEOD

Give me one chance to talk to him. Settle this peacefully.

MATTHEW

(beat)  
He already killed one man. Maybe more.

MACLEOD

Three minutes. It's all I want.

BEAT -- Matthew nods his assent.

MATTHEW

It's all you've got.

MacLeod, hands raised, moves toward the warehouse.

MACLEOD

(calling ahead)  
Carl! I'm coming in! I'm not armed!

There's no answer. As he steps into the mouth of the Warehouse --

337 INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS 337

A tense Carl waits inside as MacLeod approaches. He's holding a pump-action SHOTGUN. MacLeod lowers his hands, and they face each other for a BEAT.

MACLEOD

You ready?

Carl raises a pump, racks it hard, takes a breath.

(CONTINUED)

337 CONTINUED:

337

CARL  
As I'll ever be.

338 EXT. OLD WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

338

MacLeod emerges. As he moves to the waiting cars, two vested Cops hustle him back to where Matthew stands.

MACLEOD  
I'm sorry. I tried.  
(beat)  
Says he won't spend the rest of his  
life in jail.

Matthew turns to his men, all business.

MATTHEW  
Get ready, people. This one's going  
down hard.

Before they can make any moves --

COP VOICES  
"Drop it, man!" "Freeze!"

ANGLE - THE WAREHOUSE

as CARL steps from it, shotgun in hand.

A sudden CLATTER of many weapons being racked, safeties released, as every Cop levels his gun at Carl.

Matthew spreads his arms, trying to keep it under control.

MATTHEW  
Easy! Keep it down!

He whirls to face Carl.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)  
Carl Robinson! Throw down your  
weapon, put your hands behind your  
head!

CLOSE - CARL

tensing. He looks at what is arrayed before him:

CARL'S POV - THE POLICE SQUAD

bristling with weapons, tense squinting faces all that  
firepower aimed right at him. And among them --

(CONTINUED)



338 CONTINUED:

338

MACLEOD

grim-faced. Beside him, Matthew, looking neutral.

RESUME CARL

he licks his lips. This is it. He takes a deep breath -- and takes a step forward.

THE COPS

aiming.

MATTHEW (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Drop the weapon. DROP THE WEAPON!

CARL

keeps coming, a man about to go down in flames.

MACLEOD  
Carl! Don't do it!

Carl stops. Locks eyes with MacLeod a LONG BEAT, then -- He swings up the gun. There's a BANG -- as Matthew's GUN barks once.

CARL

is hit in the heart. He falls, the shotgun firing into the air. Suddenly MORE GUNS fire. Carl's body hits the ground in SLOW MOTION.

MacLeod looks away, meets Matthew's gaze. And OFF THIS --

339 EXT. POLICE STATION - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

339

340 INT. POLICE MORGUE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

340

A door slowly opens into the hallway. A BEAT -- then MacLeod cautiously pokes his head out, waiting.

MATTHEW (O.S.)  
It's clear.

Matthew, coming down the corridor.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)  
Better move it. This "window" only stays open for five minutes.

MacLeod waves at the O.S. morgue: Carl steps from the door, dressed in the civvies MacLeod brought along. The three hurry down the corridor.

(CONTINUED)

340 CONTINUED:

340

MACLEOD

The police won't be looking for you anymore. And Trey's free.

CARL

Great, but did you have to shoot me so many times? Felt like the damn OK Corral.

MACLEOD

Quit complaining. You've still got your head.

CARL

It's freezin' in there.

MACLEOD

It's a morgue.  
(beat)  
At least you're fresh.

CARL

Real funny.  
(buttoning a cuff)  
Who picked these clothes out? Your mother?

They're at a door. MacLeod throws a look at Matthew.

MACLEOD

We could leave him.

MATTHEW

(beat)  
Not a chance.

And as they move out a door --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

341 EXT. INSIDE BASEBALL STADIUM - DUSK

341

The stands are empty, the stadium deserted. Out on the diamond, a solitary figure walks the ground, toting his equipment bag: Trey, bleak eyes fixed on nothing as he retrieves a lost batting glove. Then, just ahead of him --

THE PITCHER'S MOUND

and a baseball lying there. The sight of it stops Trey. Memories flooding in. As he chokes them back --

MACLEOD (O.S.)

Trey.

Trey turns -- it's MacLeod, standing near the dugout. Trey's face closes in, tightens with bitterness.

TREY

I don't have to talk to you.

MacLeod just waits. He knows the man is churning inside.

TREY (CONT'D)

Wasn't for you, he'd still be alive.  
(letting it out)  
They had me, dammit, I confessed!

MACLEOD

(quiet)  
You didn't kill anyone, Trey.

TREY

(anguished)  
I didn't save no one, either!

CARL (O.S.)

You're wrong.

Trey stops, turns to the shadowed breezeway, as --

CARL

steps into view. Trey's eyes almost fall out. Dumbfounded, he lowers the bag, unable to speak.

CARL (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'm alive.  
(beat)  
Don't try to understand. Just accept  
it.

(CONTINUED)

341 CONTINUED:

341

Trey does. He has to. He nods, using gruffness to cover his emotion.

TREY

(looking around)

You... you shouldn't be here. It ain't safe.

CARL

I know.

(beat)

I won't be back this way for a long time.

Trey is silent for a beat.

TREY

You take care, then.

(choked up)

And don't forget you gotta pull the string.

CARL

I'll work on it.

TREY

And you got trouble with southpaws.

CARL

(a slow smile)

Is that a fact?

TREY

Hell yes that's a fact, and if you weren't so arrogant, you'd know that.

CARL

I'll work on that, too.

(beat)

Trey... Thank you.

TREY

For what? I didn't do nothin'.

CARL

But you did.

(beat)

You said I changed you. Fact is, you changed me.

(off Trey's stare; he finds the words)

You gave me something to live up to.

He says this with simple dignity, acknowledging the debt.

(CONTINUED)

341 CONTINUED: (2)

341

Trey can't bring himself to speak.

CARL (CONT'D)

You did something great, Trey. I  
won't forget it.

(beat)

Don't you forget it.

Trey finally nods, both men moved.

MACLEOD

Time to go.

Then Carl breaks away, turns back to MacLeod. He falls in  
with MacLeod and they disappear into the breezeway, walking  
side by side.

Trey turns back to the stadium. The ball lies before him on  
the mound. Feeling numb, he automatically picks it up, starts  
to put it in his pocket -- then stops.

He stands on the mound and surveys the stadium, spread out  
around him, encircling him like a welcoming hand. He holds  
the ball up in both hands, feels its comforting shape. A  
smile spreads over his face. He's home. And OFF this, we --

FADE OUT.

THE END