



# 96504  
GLORY DAYS

Written by  
Nancy Heiken

# Highlander

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Production #96504

July 29, 1996 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

**HIGHLANDER**

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**CAST LIST**

DUNCAN MACLEOD  
JOE DAWSON

JOHNNY KELLY  
BETSY FIELDS

GUARD  
JIMMY THE WEASEL  
MR. LUCA

BOBBY  
DOMINICK DELIO  
BIG GINO  
O'GRADY  
TOMMY  
ROADIE

HIGHLANDER

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SET LISTINTERIORS

MACLEOD'S LOFT  
JOE'S

OFFICE BUILDING  
/LOBBY  
/SECOND FLOOR HALL  
/EMERGENCY STAIRWELL  
/BOTTOM LANDING  
STORAGE FACILITY  
/JOHNNY'S LOCKER  
/JOE'S LOCKER  
/MANAGER'S CUBICLE  
GINO'S - NEW YORK - 1929  
WAREHOUSE - NEW YORK - 1929  
DAWSON'S CAR  
RESTAURANT  
JOHNNY'S PLACE  
BETSY'S HOTEL ROOM  
CHURCH

EXTERIORS

JOE'S  
DOJO

OFFICE BUILDING  
E-Z STORAGE FACILITY  
/ROW C  
/ROW B  
GINO'S SOCIAL CLUB - NEW YORK - 1929  
/STREET NEARBY  
BROWNSTONE SPEAKEASY - NEW YORK - 1929  
ALLEYWAY - NEW YORK - 1929  
BETSY'S HOTEL  
ROOF  
JOHNNY'S PLACE  
BACK ALLEYWAY  
CHURCH  
BUSY STREET  
ROOF ACROSS FROM DOJO

HIGHLANDER

"Glory Days"

TEASER

FADE IN:

401 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - EARLY MORNING 401

A distinctive building. A sign over the door announces THE DELIO GROUP.

The streets are empty. A limo pulls up to the entrance. THE DRIVER (BOBBY), a linebacker squeezed into a suit, gets out and opens the back door for DOMINIC DELIO, a ruthless businessman in a Sulka tie.

BOBBY

First one here again today, Mr. DeLio.

DeLio barely acknowledges him, Bobby rushes to get the building door for him.

402 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR HALL - DAY 402

A hallway featuring luxury brass and glass doors to the DELIO GROUP offices, closed and locked. On either side of the doors are lush potted plants, spotlighted by track lights. Above one of the plants, a puff of SMOKE swirls into the light.

ANGLE - A PLANT

in the shadow, a man leans against the wall. JOHNNY KELLY appears tall, broad shouldered, long coat and gloves. A fedora pulled low hides most of his face.

He takes a leisurely drag off the cigarette in his free hand, keeping his eyes trained on the elevator. Waiting.

403 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY 403

DeLio and Bobby cross the lobby, passing the front desk, where the GUARD is dozing. Bobby coughs loudly and the Guard snaps to attention, embarrassed.

GUARD

Morning, Mr. DeLio. Sir.

DeLio glares and keeps moving to the elevator. Bobby pushes the button.

404 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR HALL - SAME TIME

404

ANGLE - THE ELEVATOR as with a BING the doors open, and DeLio and Bobby step out.

Bobby sees waiting ahead of them by the plant -- JOHNNY.

BOBBY

You know him, sir?

DeLio looks, shakes his head, unconcerned.

DELIO

Take care of it.

Bobby starts for him. As he does, Johnny casually drops his cigarette, crushes it out with his foot.

BOBBY

(advancing)

What the hell you doing?

Johnny calmly raises his right arm -- we now see he holds a silencer-equipped AUTOMATIC.

Bobby freezes, his hand goes to his coat -- too slow. The gun POPS -- Bobby spins and drops, leaving --

DELIO exposed and afraid, backing away.

DELIO

Whatever you want, it's yours. Name it... I'll pay it!

DeLio runs to the elevator, frantically pumps the button. As the elevator doors start to open --

Johnny shoots: two POPS. DeLio crumples into the open elevator.

JOHNNY

(mocking; a cold  
whisper)

Already been paid.

405 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY - SAME TIME

405

The Guard glances at his of video screens. He freezes:

INSERT VIDEO SCREEN

DeLio lying half-in the elevator. The Guard blinks. Whips his head to another screen:

(CONTINUED)

405 CONTINUED: 405

INSERT SCREEN

The tall, well-built assassin lowering his gun.

The Guard is up, racing for the elevator, pulling his gun as he does.

406 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - EMERGENCY STAIRWELL - SAME TIME 406

CAMERA STAYS LOW as the killer bursts through the door. Everything that follows is done with quick precision: THE TRENCHCOAT opens, revealing shorter legs strapped into a set of shoe-equipped STILTS with pant-legs attached. The stilts come off.

INTERCUT:

THE GUARD

At the elevator, pounding the button -- but DeLio's body jams the doors. He yanks his walkie-talkie.

GUARD

911! 911!

RESUME - STAIRWELL

TIGHT - THE KILLER'S COAT

fitted with inflatable padding. Plugs are pulled, air forced out as he moves down the steps, and next we see --

A FLATTENED BACKPACK

into which the gimmicks are quickly stuffed, followed by the HAT and WIG (one piece). The silenced PISTOL next. Still hammering down the stairs towards --

407 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY - SAME TIME 407

As the Guard gives up on the elevator, heads for the stairs, his gun drawn and ready.

408 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - EMERGENCY STAIRWELL - BOTTOM LANDING - 408  
SAME TIME

KILLER'S POV

as he races to the landing. Then we HEAR the sound of ROLLING WHEELS, and we're heading straight for the DOOR to the lobby.

409 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY - SAME TIME 409

Just as the Guard reaches the door, it SWINGS OPEN. He levels his gun, ready to shoot as he faces --

(CONTINUED)

409 CONTINUED:

409

JOHNNY KELLY, in a baseball cap, looking younger than his years, is on a skateboard with a backpack and T-shirt -- no resemblance to the big assassin. Seeing the gun, Johnny freezes in his tracks, stares wide-eyed.

JOHNNY

Whoa. Is that real?

It's a light tenor voice -- no resemblance to the killer's rasp he used in the hallway upstairs.

The Guard swings his gun away -- he almost shot a kid.

GUARD

Son of a... !

(takes a breath)

You see a big guy on the stairs?  
Trench coat?

JOHNNY

Yeah. He was running up to the  
roof...

GUARD

Get the hell out of here!

The Guard slams through the doors, up the stairs.

JOHNNY

(beat)

Whatever you say.

Johnny smiles -- it's not the smile of a kid. He hops on his skateboard and shoves off, treats himself to a spin around the lobby before pulling a sharp turn and wheeling out the door. As he does, we hear his voice coming back: it's a Jolson tune.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(singing)

"When there are grey skys, I don't  
mind those grey skies. You make  
them blue, sonny boy."

And as it fades off, we --

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER



ACT ONE

FADE IN:

410 EXT. JOE'S - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT 410

Blues music wafting out.

411 INT. JOE'S - NIGHT 411

Onstage, a BLUES BAND of fairly young musicians finishes its set with a slick guitar run and a drum flourish. The crowded room breaks into appreciative applause.

MacLeod is at the bar. He turns back to Dawson on the other side.

MACLEOD

They're good. Where'd you find them?

DAWSON

At a dump on the waterfront playing for overweight lap-dancers.

MACLEOD

So Dawson rides to the rescue.

DAWSON

(beat)

I got a soft spot for strays.

Dawson's distracted by someone coming through the door. Staring.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Can't be.

MacLeod sees his face, follows his look over to --

BETSY FIELDS

She's looking hesitant as she moves toward the bar, eyes scanning the room for a place to sit.

RESUME DAWSON

staring.

DAWSON

It's not possible.

MACLEOD

Something wrong?

(CONTINUED)

411 CONTINUED:

411

Dawson just shakes his head. He's shocked, but it's a pleasant, unexpected shock. He watches her, a mix of emotions on his face, as she moves along the bar, eyes searching the table area. Then, as she passes close enough that Dawson is certain --

DAWSON

Betsy?

She stares back with the same look he has: surprise, then growing pleasure.

BETSY

Joe? Joe Dawson?

She's searching his face. Dawson nods, a gentle smile.

DAWSON

Only one I know of.

BETSY

Joe, it is you!

Shock turns to delight. She holds out her arms and clasps Dawson's hands over the bar.

BETSY (CONT'D)

I can't believe this! What are you doing here?

DAWSON

(wry)

You see the sign outside?

BETSY

(re the place)

This is yours.

(off his nod)

This is great.

DAWSON

It is. It really is.

(beat)

Here, sit, let me get you something.

Dawson busies himself behind the bar. MacLeod pulls a stool out for her.

MACLEOD

Please.

DAWSON

Sorry. Mac, this is Bet Fields.

She laughs delightedly at the pet name.

(CONTINUED)

411 CONTINUED: (2)

411

BETSY

Bet. Nobody's called me that since high school.

(to MacLeod)

Most people call me Betsy.

MACLEOD

(takes her hand)

Duncan MacLeod. It's a pleasure.

DAWSON

You look incredible. Haven't changed a bit.

BETSY

(liking it)

Liar.

He slides her drink to her.

DAWSON

Tom Collins, no fruit.

BETSY

(delighted)

You remembered.

Dawson can only nod, not taking his eyes off her. MacLeod watches with amused interest.

BETSY (CONT'D)

(recovering)

So tell me what you've been doing? I want to hear everything.

The moment broken, Dawson hesitates, discomfort edging in.

DAWSON

Everything.

(avoiding)

I'd love to, Bet, but I'm a little busy right now.

BETSY

How about dinner?

She's earnest, inviting. Dawson evades her eyes.

DAWSON

Tonight?

(off her nod)

Someone's got to watch the joint.

BETSY

Lunch tomorrow, then?

(CONTINUED)

411 CONTINUED: (3)

411

DAWSON

Lunch.

(beat)

The thing is... the beer tap's  
leaking. Gotta drive out to my  
storage locker to get a spare part.

He shrugs -- got no choice. Betsy nods, biting back her  
real disappointment, managing to force a smile.

BETSY

Sure... Okay, some other time, maybe.

MACLEOD

Joe, I'll pick up the part.  
(re: Betsy)  
You've got better things to do.

DAWSON

(quickly)

I still have to fix it.

MACLEOD

I've been around a while. Think I  
can handle a beer tap.

Dawson is trapped. Tries to manage a smile.

DAWSON

Thanks.

BETSY

Wonderful. So I'll come by here,  
what -- tomorrow, around one?

DAWSON

One it is.

She flashes him a winning smile and moves off. She's no  
kid, but she draws some appreciative looks.

MACLEOD

I think she likes you.

DAWSON

Do me a favor?

(tight)

Next time, mind your own business.

MacLeod does a doubletake.

MACLEOD

Something I'm missing here?

Dawson tosses MacLeod a set of keys.

(CONTINUED)

411 CONTINUED: (4) 411

DAWSON  
Forget it. Locker 3-B. Knock  
yourself out.

And he turns away, wiping the bar harder than it needs.  
MacLeod lifts the keys, eyeing him, and OFF this --

412 EXT. E-Z STORE STORAGE FACILITY - NEXT DAY - ESTABLISHING 412

A giant warehouse.

413 EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - ANGLE ON ROW C 413

As Johnny slaloms down the concrete, reaches a door, stomps  
his board, flipping it up into his hands -- and keys open  
his padlock. He disappears inside.

414 INT. STORAGE FACILITY - JOHNNY'S LOCKER - CONTINUOUS - DAY 414

Johnny snaps on the light, hangs his board up next to several  
OTHER SKATEBOARDS hanging in a row.

ANGLE - FAR WALL

Johnny's "office". On one side: rows of COSTUMES, STAGE  
MAKE-UP, WIGS and DISGUISES. On the other side -- WEAPONS.  
German HUNTING RIFLES, telescopic SIGHTS, KNIVES, PISTOLS,  
various ELECTRONIC COMPONENTS used to make bombs. Your full-  
service hitman.

Johnny opens his sack, pulls out the disguise from the  
previous day. He rubs his hands as he smiles over his  
equipment.

He reaches up, switches on a BOOM-BOX. Incongruous vintage  
Jolson pours out. The kid is older than he looks. Way older.

ANGLE - A CLIPBOARD

and two photos there: One is DOMINIC DELIO, the dead man.  
Beside it, a man with similar feature: MICHAEL DELIO, standing  
in front of DeLio's Tool & Die. Johnny takes Dominic's photo  
down, tears it up, tosses in a garbage can.

JOHNNY  
One down...  
(holding Michael  
DeLio's photo)  
One to go.

He folds the photo and puts it into his pocket. He sings  
along with the tape as he pulls out a comb, combs down his  
tousled modern 'do.

415 INT. STORAGE FACILITY - JOE'S LOCKER - DAY - SAME TIME 415

An array of JUNK in precarious piles: an old neon BEER SIGN, TOOLS, a DRESSMAKER'S DUMMY, an old GUITAR AMP, a box with TOY TRAIN TRACKS.

MACLEOD

Unbelievable. I'm 400 years old, I don't have this much junk.

He starts to claw through boxes, finds a FOOTBALL, puts it aside and finally stops at -- a TOOL BOX.

He pulls it out -- an avalanche of JUNK comes at him. He backs into the DRESSMAKER'S DUMMY, rights it gingerly before it topples.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I'm not even gonna ask.

He moves out of the locker with the tool box.

416 EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - ROW B - DAY 416

As MacLeod locks the door, he gets the BUZZ. He looks around, alert -- coming from somewhere in the storage facility. He lowers the TOOLBOX, and heads toward it.

417 INT. STORAGE FACILITY - JOHNNY'S LOCKER - DAY - SAME 417

Johnny is whistling cheerfully, cleaning the AUTOMATIC he used to kill DeLio. He removes the CLIP, about to put it on the wall -- he feels the BUZZ.

He slaps the CLIP back in the practiced motion and puts it down. He reaches the wall, takes down his SWORD, then picks up the gun, shoves it in his back belt. A hard smile.

JOHNNY

Company.

418 EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - AISLE C - DAY 418

MacLeod comes down an aisle, moving warily his hand on his sword. The BUZZ growing stronger. He rounds a corner, and comes face to face with --

JOHNNY

They stare at each other a BEAT, in recognition.

JOHNNY

Well, whaddaya know. Duncan MacLeod.

(CONTINUED)

418 CONTINUED:

418

MACLEOD  
(surprised)  
Johnny K.

JOHNNY  
Surprised to see me alive, MacLeod?

MACLEOD  
A little.

MacLeod smiles in acknowledgement and OFF this --

TRANSITION TO:

419 EXT. GINO'S SOCIAL CLUB - NEW YORK - 1929 - DAY

419

A BRICK STOREFRONT, the sign on the wall proclaiming "PUCCINI APPRECIATION SOCIETY".

JIMMY (O.S.)  
I got ten, says my luck's gonna  
change.

420 INT. GINO'S - NEW YORK - 1929 DAY

420

MacLeod in a Poker game with a some local jamooks, BIG GINO, about 280 pounds, JIMMY THE WEASEL, and another guy.

They're in shirt sleeves and heavy curtains keep out prying eyes. Big Gino has the biggest cigar, so he's the boss.

The atmosphere is relaxed.

MACLEOD  
See you...  
(tossing bills)  
And raise you five.

More bills. Smoke, money on the table, sweating glasses.

JIMMY  
Call.

But MacLeod is distracted as Johnny Kelly, same age as in the present, steps up and refills his glass with bootleg gin. MacLeod eyes Johnny for a moment.

JOHNNY  
(defiant)  
What?

MACLEOD  
Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

Johnny shrugs moves to the next player. Jimmy taps his cards on the table impatiently, prompting MacLeod.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Three twos.

Jimmy spreads his own cards.

JIMMY

Ha! Full house!

Everybody groans. Jimmy reaches for the pile of cash.

JOHNNY

Hey, Gino. For a sawbuck, I'll tell you where he got that hand. Whaddaya say?

JIMMY

(bridling)

I say you got a mouth on you, kid.

JOHNNY

Yeah.

(smartass)

An' it's connected to two eyes.

Jimmy starts to rise angrily. MacLeod quickly picks up the empty bottle, shoves it at Johnny.

MACLEOD

Here. Go get us a refill before you lose some teeth. It's worth a buck.

They all laugh. Johnny exits, glad to have a task. MacLeod turns to Big Gino.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Who's he?

BIG GINO

Johnny K? Just a neighborhood nobody. No friends, no family. I'm trying to keep him outta trouble.

MACLEOD

(dry)

Saint Gino.

JIMMY

You ain't tryin' hard enough, Gino.

(beat)

I'm gonna get some air.

(CONTINUED)



420 CONTINUED: (2) 420

He shoves his chair back and heads out. Big Gino scoops up the cards.

BIG GINO

(beat)  
Who's in?

MacLeod's eyes are on Jimmy as he leaves the place.

421 EXT. GINO'S SOCIAL CLUB - NEW YORK - 1929 - DAY 421

Johnny cruises down the street, carrying a brown bag.

Jimmy steps from Gino's storefront, scowling, takes a pack of cigarettes out.

Johnny sees him, ducks into a stoop. He hasn't exactly made pals with this guy. Down the street --

A FORD PHAETON approaches, driven by TOMMY, a squash-nosed pug.

Jimmy lifts the smoke, thumb-nailing a match with his other hand. He sucks in smoke, looks up just as --

THE CAR

passes. Windows go down, black barrels of MACHINE GUNS slide out of the windows and SPURT FIRE, raking Jimmy.

JIMMY

bounces against the wall, clutching smoke and matches, body jerking with the hits, he's a spastic marionette.

RESUME JOHNNY

hidden in the doorway, staring as the car speeds away. He has a clear view of the driver: TOMMY. Johnny steps from the stoop, stares down at Jimmy. A low whistle.

JOHNNY

Boy, are you dead.

And OFF this --

422 EXT. STREET NEAR GINO'S - NEW YORK - 1929 - LATER 422

A sheet over Jimmy's body. The poker players and MacLeod hover over him, looking grim. Two COPS have Johnny pinned to the wall. One is O'GRADY.

O'GRADY

Don't lie to me, punk.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNNY

I told ya, I was takin' a leak, I  
had my back turned! There some kinda  
law about takin' a leak?

O'Grady slaps Johnny hard across the mouth. A slim trickle  
of blood flows.

O'GRADY

If I say there is.

MacLeod steps in, placating, puts a hand on Johnny.

MACLEOD

Easy, officer.

(beat)

Why don't you give him some time to  
think about it. Maybe something  
will come to him.

O'Grady eyes MacLeod, then turns to the kid.

O'GRADY

I want to hear from you... soon.

O'Grady and Malone move off, as well as the poker players.  
MacLeod stays with Johnny, pulls him aside.

MACLEOD

Why'd you lie to the cops, Johnny?  
You saw the killer.

JOHNNY

Maybe I did, maybe I didn't.

MACLEOD

Whoever iced Jimmy will know they  
were talking to you.

JOHNNY

I ain't no stool pigeon.  
(pointing to his mouth)  
This yap stays closed. The big  
boys'll like that.

MACLEOD

(beat)

You expecting a promotion?

JOHNNY

Think I'm gonna be carryin' booze  
for that fat slob all my life? I'm  
gonna be somebody.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

Like Capone? Like Lansky?

JOHNNY

Just like 'em. Nobody screws with them. And one day, noone's gonna screw with me.

MACLEOD

It doesn't have to be that way for you, Johnny.

JOHNNY

What're you, new in town?

MACLEOD

You've got more of a future than you think.

JOHNNY

What are you, a priest or something?

He starts away. MacLeod puts a hand on his arm.

MACLEOD

I'm trying to help you.

JOHNNY

You wanna help?

He shoves the brown bag into MacLeod's hand.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Give this to Gino. Compliments of Johnny K. Tell 'im I quit.

He pushes off. MacLeod watches him go, shaking his head.

423 EXT. BROWNSTONE SPEAKEASY - NEW YORK - 1929 - NIGHT

423

Johnny knocks loudly on the door. The WINDOW SLOT opens to reveal a smash-nosed face: TOMMY.

JOHNNY

Tell Mr. Luca that Johnny K wants to see him.

TOMMY

Get lost, pipsqueak.

Tommy makes a face -- friggin' pipsqueak -- the window slot slams shut. Johnny bangs on it.

(CONTINUED)

423 CONTINUED:

423

JOHNNY

He's gonna want to talk to me about  
what happened outside Gino's today.

A BEAT -- the door opens. Tommy towers menacingly over  
Johnny.

TOMMY

Nothing happened.

JOHNNY

Yeah, right. And you were driving  
when it didn't.

Tommy grabs Johnny, lifts him right off the ground. Johnny's  
scared but he doesn't back down.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Leggo the threads.

(beat)

I come to tell you not to worry!  
Know how to do the right thing.

Tommy holds his eyes, a BEAT, impassive.

TOMMY

You're right. I think Mr. Luca's  
gonna wanna see you.

(beat)

C'mon.

Johnny looks triumphant as Tommy puts his arm around him,  
draws him outside, around the corner.

424 INT. WAREHOUSE - NEW YORK - 1929 - NIGHT

424

The door slides open -- Tommy steps inside, his arm still on  
Johnny's shoulder. Johnny's eyes widen. In the floodlit  
warehouse, a couple of HOODS look on as --

MR. LUCA

dressed in natty GOLFING KNICKERS, complete with socks,  
sweater, white shoes, brings back his woody, and with lovely  
form, drives a ball out into --

A LARGE NET

hanging from the roof. Stenciled words are hung, spread out  
on the net's backside: TRAP, LAKE, ROUGH, FAIRWAY. The ball  
hits into the FAIRWAY area.

(CONTINUED)

424 CONTINUED:

424

RESUME LUCA

He gives a satisfied nod to his "caddy" who holds his golf bag. His smile fades as he sees Tommy with Johnny.

LUCA

The hell is this, Tommy? I'm working on my backswing here.

Tommy moves forward, whispers in Luca's ear. Luca's look changes. He gives Johnny an interested look.

LUCA (CONT'D)

So waddaya want? You wanna be one of my boys?

(beat; casual)

Some guys wouldn't like people knowing their business. You know what I'm sayin'? Lotta guys would get steamed... even i-rate...

(shrugs)

Me, I don't care. Cause I know how to take care of business.

JOHNNY

I heard that.

Johnny stands between Luca and the net. Luca motions for his bag.

LUCA

Ever golf? Ever been 170 yards out over water?

Johnny shakes his head. Luca considers his bag.

LUCA (CONT'D)

Five iron might do it. Even a four.

(beat)

But in some situations, you've got use a mashie.

He reaches in the bag -- pulls out a SHOTGUN. Johnny steps back in disbelief as Luca aims.

JOHNNY

You can't! I kept my mouth shut! I won't tell nobody... !

BANG -- Luca blasts him. Johnny flies back and down, hit in the gut. He's dead.

LUCA

This is true.

(CONTINUED)

424 CONTINUED: (2) 424

Luca slides the shotgun back in the bag. And OFF this --

425 EXT. ALLEYWAY - NEW YORK - 1929 - NIGHT - SHORTLY AFTER 425

The FORD PHAETON drives along the street. It slows, a door opens -- a BODY tumbles out onto the pavement. It's JOHNNY. The Phaeton squeals off into the night.

426 INT. GINO'S - NEW YORK - 1929 - NIGHT - SAME TIME 426

MacLeod is shuffling cards when his senses start tingling: an IMMORTAL is coming into being nearby. He passes the cards to his left.

MACLEOD

Think I'll call it a night.

427 EXT. ALLEYWAY - NEW YORK - 1929 - NIGHT 427

MacLeod searches the street, looking for the source of the BUZZ he's getting. Then he spots, behind some garbage and boxes --

JOHNNY, lying dead in the gutter, a wound in his belly. MacLeod lifts his head up.

A moment later, Johnny coughs back to life for the first time. Disoriented and groggy at first -- then growing angry.

JOHNNY

Leggo...! That friggin' Luca -- he shot me! Tried to kill me!

MACLEOD

He did more than try.

Johnny feels his belly. No more pain. Baffled.

JOHNNY

What gives? He shot me, right here! I felt it!

MACLEOD

I know.

Johnny stares at him, freaked, scrambles to his feet.

JOHNNY

You know what?! What the hell's goin' on?! Who are you, anyway?

MACLEOD

I'm Duncan MacLeod. I'm like you are, Johnny... I can't die. Not with a bullet, anyway.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNNY

You're nuts!

MACLEOD

No, I'm Immortal. And so are you.

(beat)

Luca shot you, right?

(Johnny nods)

He thinks he killed you, but he can't.

No one can, unless they cut off your head...

(drawing his sword)

With one of these.

Johnny goggles at the blade, backs off a step.

JOHNNY

This is some kinda joke, right?

Gino's doin' this?

MACLEOD

Take a look at your gut.

He lifts his bloodied shirt -- the wound has healed.

JOHNNY

Geez Louise.

(beat)

This ain't a fast one.

He grins, giddy, caught up in his new status.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

It's real. They really can't kill me!

MACLEOD

(re the sword)

Not without one of these. It's the way you defend yourself against another Immortal.

JOHNNY

What do I want with a friggin' toad-stabber? Gonna get a tommy gun.

Take out three guys at a time.

Starting with Luca.

MACLEOD

You can't.

JOHNNY

Says who?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

427 CONTINUED: (2)

427

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Luca treated me like a chump. I  
ain't no chump.

MacLeod grabs his arm.

MACLEOD

Listen to me. There are laws we  
live by... things you have to know!

JOHNNY

They can't kill me, that's all I  
gotta know. I got it made.

And OFF his grin, he slips under MacLeod's arm, runs a few  
steps into the darkness.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(fading)

Be seein' you, MacLeod!

MACLEOD

Johnny... Johnny! You won't make it  
on your own!

TRANSITION TO:

428 EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - ROW C - THE PRESENT - RESUME

428

MacLeod and Johnny.

JOHNNY

Didn't think I'd last, didja?

MACLEOD

No.

JOHNNY

(touching his sword)

Wanna try me?

MACLEOD

(shaking his head)

I'm glad to see you're doing okay.

JOHNNY

Yeah, you always were a real Father  
Flanagan.

MACLEOD

You ever find a teacher?

(CONTINUED)



JOHNNY

I watched some pirate movies.  
(beat)  
What I needed to know, I learned.

MACLEOD

(beat)  
Take care of yourself, Johnny.

Johnny smiles, throws his hands wide.

JOHNNY

Always do.

MacLeod turns to go.

Johnny doesn't waste a second. The smile fades, he pulls the gun from his belt -- and shoots.

MacLeod is hit. He tumbles to the concrete, rolls painfully to his back. Johnny is already standing over him with his sword out.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Sorry, MacLeod. In my line of work,  
nobody knows my face.  
(beat)  
And "nobody" includes you.

He raises the sword, brings it down as --

MACLEOD

rolls clear, as the blade strikes the ground.

JOHNNY

winds up again for the death blow. MacLeod can't even get to his feet. He's done for. SFX a truck approaching.

Johnny freezes, looks up as --

A RENT-A-TRUCK arrives, and two ROADIES get out: long hair, big, beefy, tattoos -- straight from the Meatloaf school. From the truck radio, the grind of HEAVY METAL.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Your lucky day, MacLeod.  
(beat)  
Be seein' you.

He slips away. MacLeod struggles painfully over to the wall, tries to rise. The ROADIES see him, come over, and help him to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

ROADIE  
Hey dude, you okay?

MACLEOD  
Been better.

MacLeod slumps against the wall, his wound hidden from them, manages a grimace. The one with more tattoos, a Deadhead T-shirt, looks at him in sympathy.

ROADIE  
(awed)  
Musta been some party, man, getcha bent outta shape like that.

MACLEOD  
You said it.  
(beat)  
But I'll know better next time.

And OFF this --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

429 INT. STORAGE FACILITY LOCKER - DAY

429

BLACKNESS. A CRACKLING sound -- then a crack of LIGHT that widens, finally reveals Johnny's locker as the door opens and MacLeod enters a crowbar in his hand.

MacLeod flicks on the light, moves around the room touching various items as he takes in the display of equipment.

On the WEAPON WALL: A bristling array of weapons.

MACLEOD

Well. Now we know your line of work.

430 INT. JOE'S DAY

430

MacLeod works with a wrench on the tap. Dawson looks on.

MACLEOD

He's unbelievable. Talks like he's still living in the twenties... and that locker. Weapons, disguises... he's an assassin, Joe. A pro.

DAWSON

He was mentioned in the Chronicles once or twice in the early years, but after that --

(shrugs)

He pretty much disappeared. I always figured he got whacked, since nobody saw him.

MACLEOD

Or nobody recognized him. With those costumes, he probably never looks the same twice.

(beat)

And I almost let him take me.

Dawson, on the other side of the bar, catches a washer that rolls toward him.

DAWSON

(placating)

He shot you in the back. Not exactly kosher.

(CONTINUED)

430 CONTINUED:

430

MACLEOD

I don't think "kosher's" in his vocabulary.

(beat)

He was a punk in '29 and he's a punk now. I should have known he'd try something.

(re the tap)

Try it.

Dawson pulls the tap. Nothing happens.

DAWSON

Well. At least it doesn't leak.

MacLeod grabs the wrench, starts on it again.

MACLEOD

Shouldn't you be getting ready for lunch about now?

Dawson gets off the stool, avoiding, uncomfortable.

DAWSON

She's not coming.

(off MacLeod's look)

I got things to do.

MACLEOD

You lied to her?

(Dawson says nothing.)

To get out of a date?

Dawson moves down the bar, tense, fiddles with the ashtrays. MacLeod goes after him.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Why?

DAWSON

Let it go, Mac.

It's clear Dawson doesn't want to deal with it. A technician on stage is running a soundcheck... FEEDBACK NOISE.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

(snaps)

Blow that amp and you're out of here.

The steam blown off for a moment. MacLeod and Dawson share a look and Dawson finally opens up.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

I was eighteen. All County.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAWSON (CONT'D)

All State.

(beat)

We were the football hero and the  
prom queen.

(beat)

I'd run all day, and we'd dance all  
night.

MACLEOD

Sounds pretty good to me.

DAWSON

It was great.

(hardening)

It was thirty years ago.

MACLEOD

So you're not eighteen anymore.  
What's the big deal? Neither is  
she.

DAWSON

Yeah.

(beat)

But she still has two legs.

MACLEOD

(getting it)

She doesn't know?

DAWSON

(pointed)

No. Not going to, either.

(beat)

Far as she knows, I just went away  
to war.

(beat)

I want to leave it that way.

MACLEOD

Joe... you've never let this stop  
you before.

DAWSON

(musing)

You should've seen me, Mac. I was  
fast. I could run... Damn, I could  
do anything.

MACLEOD

Joe, call her. Take her to dinner.

Dawson looks away, refusing to acknowledge MacLeod.

(CONTINUED)

430 CONTINUED: (3) 430

MACLEOD (CONT'D)  
You can handle this.

Dawson looks at him. Naked, open, honest.

DAWSON  
No.  
(beat)  
No, I can't.

He turns away, his face in turmoil. And OFF this --

431 INT. DAWSON'S CAR - PARKED - EVENING 431

Dawson at the wheel. He checks himself out in the mirror, not so much for his appearance as to steel himself. He takes a breath.

DAWSON  
Get a grip, buddy. Just like walking point. No big deal.

But it is. He puts a hand on the door, as --

432 EXT. BETSY'S HOTEL - EVENING 432

Betsy, looking great, waits with anticipation as Dawson gets out of the car, comes around to open her door.

BETSY  
Hi! Mmmm, you smell good.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek, then notices the cane.

BETSY (CONT'D)  
(light)  
What happened, hurt your knee changing the beer tap?

DAWSON  
Betsy.  
(beat)  
I can't hurt my knee.

She looks at him, puzzled, not getting it. Dawson tries to make light of it, but doesn't succeed.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
(a nervous smile)  
No knees.

BETSY  
What?

Dawson can't face her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

432 CONTINUED:

432

DAWSON

No legs either.  
(looking at her;  
quietly)  
Nam.

Betsy looks at him, at his legs -- for a moment, doesn't know what to say.

BETSY

Oh my God. Joe. Joe, I never...  
You never...  
(beat)  
Why didn't you tell me?

DAWSON

I dunno.

BETSY

(beat, realizing)  
That's why you never called? Never  
got in touch?  
(welling up)  
What did you think I'd do, Joe?

Dawson shrugs.

BETSY (CONT'D)

I thought you'd found someone else...  
I gave up waiting.

DAWSON

I figured you would.  
(beat)  
Look, if you don't want to do  
dinner...

Betsy regroups quickly. He's misjudged her. She pulls open the car door, looks him in the eye. She is still the woman he once loved.

BETSY

After all these years, you think I'm  
going to let you go now?  
(off his look)  
I don't know about you, but I'm  
starved. Get your butt in the car.

She's waiting. Dawson holds the door as she gets in, closes it for her. A relieved breath: got that over with.

433 INT. STORAGE FACILITY JOHNNY'S LOCKER - NIGHT

433

MacLeod is inside. It's empty. Johnny's gone. MacLeod leaves.

434 INT. STORAGE FACILITY - MANAGER'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

434

MacLeod knocks on the open door. The Manager, a muscular black man, comes to the door.

MacLeod holds up the tool box.

MACLEOD

I borrowed this from the guy, in 6-C  
a while back. Looks like he cleared  
out early. You got an address?

The Manager walks back to his desk to look it up.

435 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

435

Dawson and Betsy in an upscale place, music playing, a dance floor.

They're sipping white wine, as Betsy finishes a story, Dawson laughing.

DAWSON

Woodstock. I can't believe your mom  
let you go.

BETSY

Who says she knew? My god, Jimi  
Hendrix, Neil Young, Country Joe and  
the Fish... I'm surprised I remember  
who played, the shape I was in.  
Five bathrooms for half a million  
people, mud a foot deep...

(frowns)

Come to think of it, I don't think I  
had all that much fun.

(beat, warmly)

But I wish you'd been there.

DAWSON

Me too.

(wry)

Had a little mud of my own to wade  
through.

He means 'Nam. She nods. Downs her glass of wine and takes  
a deep breath.

BETSY

Joe...

(beat)

I have a confession to make.

She's serious, gearing up for something. Dawson, fearing  
what she might say, tries to deflect it with a joke.

(CONTINUED)



435 CONTINUED:

435

DAWSON

You really liked the Monkees?

BETSY

No. Well, yes, but that's not the point.

(earnest)

It wasn't an accident that of all the gin joints in all the world, I walked into yours.

Dawson listens as he pours her a glass of wine.

BETSY (CONT'D)

A couple months ago I saw an article on an airplane about blues clubs in different cities... one of them mentioned your name.

(beat)

I decided I'd take a chance.

DAWSON

(reacting)

You came way out here to see me? After all this time? Why?

BETSY

(beat, shyly)

Didn't think I'd need to say it.

Dawson is silent, taking this in, his hand tapping along with the music. Betsy grows anxious.

BETSY (CONT'D)

Joe?

DAWSON

(suddenly)

You want to dance?

She stares a BEAT, taken by surprise.

BETSY

You don't have to, really...

DAWSON

I know I don't have to. Do you want to dance?

Betsy nods, smiling, uncertain how to handle this. Dawson stands and takes her hand, pulls her up.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Nothing to it. I'll lead.

(CONTINUED)

435 CONTINUED: (2) 435

Betsy moves into his arms, tentative.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I won't step on your  
toes.

They look in each other's eyes. The magic coming back. He  
pulls her closer. She melts into his shoulder.

CAMERA CIRCLES around them as they move to the music. Betsy  
is dreamy, and slightly sad. Dawson's hand touching her  
hair. His eyes close as he moves.

436 INT. JOHNNY'S PLACE - NIGHT 436

It's a fleabag, rented by the week. Lights are on, the phone  
RINGING steadily.

Someone rattling the door. Finally it opens: MacLeod,  
breaking into Johnny's apartment.

He enters cautiously, but there seems to be nobody home. He  
reacts to the ratty furnishings.

MACLEOD

Johnny?

ANGLE - A TABLE

and Johnny's HAT thrown on it, the only sign he was here.  
The phone still RINGS. MacLeod hesitates, picks up.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

(over phone)

Never went to school, MacLeod... but  
I can read you like a book. That's  
why I left my address for you.

MACLEOD

(sarcastic)

Nice place you got here. I guess  
it's true -- crime doesn't pay.

INTERCUT:

437 EXT. ROOF 437

Johnny on a cell phone.

JOHNNY

(offended)

I got money. Guy in my line of work  
doesn't like to put down roots. No  
face, no trace. Nothin' to tie me  
in.

(CONTINUED)

437 CONTINUED: 437

MACLEOD'S EYES

scanning the room, the windows.

MACLEOD

Where are you, Johnny?

JOHNNY

Need a hint?

(beat)

Read it in the funny papers.

ANGLE - A TABLE

and on it, a package wrapped in the Sunday cartoons. Just enough warning. MacLeod DIVES for the window -- goes through it.

438 EXT. JOHNNY'S PLACE - NIGHT 438

As MacLeod sails out through the window into the street just as the window behind him EXPLODES OUTWARD from the force of the bomb.

MacLeod gets to his feet, brushes off glass and dirt. His car is a few yards away -- and the CELL PHONE inside it is ringing. He moves to it, picks up the phone.

JOHNNY (on phone)

Good reflexes for an old guy.

(beat)

That's good. Wouldn't want you to make it too easy.

MACLEOD

Enough, Johnny!

JOHNNY

Says who?

MACLEOD

Last time. It ends now or I find you.

JOHNNY

You got it wrong, MacLeod. I'll find you.

He hangs up. DIAL TONE. And OFF MacLeod's look --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

439 INT. BETSY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

439

Dawson and Betsy enter together, expansive, bubbling.

BETSY

That was great. I haven't had that  
much fun since...

BEAT. She looks at him.

BETSY (CONT'D)

Since you.

DAWSON

Believe me, the pleasure was all  
mine.

BETSY

Not all of it.

A BEAT. She leans up, hesitant, then, and kisses him lightly  
on the lips. Lingerin'. Finally Dawson breaks, trying to  
rein in his feelings. Both surprised at the intensity.

BETSY (CONT'D)

Oh my.

DAWSON

(taking a breath)

Betsy, I don't know... I mean, I  
never expected...

(beat)

I think maybe I should go.

BETSY

Why? Is it past your bed time?

DAWSON

No...

BETSY

(teasing)

Some pressing engagement? Midnight  
auditions, maybe?

Dawson is smiling in spite of himself. She puts her hands  
on his chest, runs them lightly up and down his shirt.

BETSY (CONT'D)

Or is that beer tap acting up again?

(CONTINUED)

439 CONTINUED:

439

She starts to unbutton his shirt.

DAWSON  
Look, Betsy, it's just...

He fights his desire, suddenly stops her moving hands.

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
You know.

As if this explains it. Betsy holds his eyes.

BETSY  
No. I don't know.

DAWSON  
(in turmoil)  
This is... it's moving a little fast.  
Maybe it's not a good idea.

BETSY  
It is if we want it to be, Joe.  
(beat)  
Do you want this?

DAWSON  
It's not that simple.

BETSY  
Right now it is.  
(beat; with emphasis)  
Do you want this?

She's looking into his face, searching. Dawson looking back, seeing it all there. Everything he missed, wanted -- it's all still there.

DAWSON  
Yes.

He lifts her face to his and they kiss deeply. She pulls his shirt open, running her hands down his chest.

ANGLE - THE WALL

as his cane comes up, taps the light-switch OFF.

DISSOLVE TO:

440 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NEXT DAY

440

MacLeod looks out his window edgy. The elevator gate opens, behind him. Dawson enters, whistling, cheerfully.

(CONTINUED)

440 CONTINUED:

440

DAWSON

Duncan MacLeod! Just, the man I  
want to see.

MacLeod glances at him, sees the cheerful face.

MACLEOD

You swallow a canary or win the  
lottery?

DAWSON

Better. Way better.  
(beat)  
Betsy.

MACLEOD

I'm very happy for you.

DAWSON

You were right. You should have  
seen her. She was beautiful. It  
was incredible.

MACLEOD

I'm glad, Joe -- but, I've got a few  
things on my mind.

DAWSON

(sobering)  
Johnny K?

MACLEOD

Seems he has plans.

DAWSON

They include you?

MACLEOD

A shorter version of me.

DAWSON

That little snotnose punk.

MACLEOD

He's hunting me! First a pistol,  
then a bomb.

DAWSON

A bomb?

MACLEOD

He likes to kill from a distance.  
And he's not playing by the rules.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(out loud)

Little bastard could be up on the  
roof with a high powered rifle.

DAWSON

Rifle?

Dawson slides a little lower on the couch.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

You just going to sit here?

MACLEOD

Oh, no. I thought I'd stroll outside  
and let him shoot me.

The phone RINGS. MacLeod stays low, picks it up.

INTERCUT:

JOHNNY

in a phone booth, anywhere.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(on phone)

How ya doin' MacLeod? Hope you got  
cable, 'cuz I can wait a long time.

MACLEOD

(into phone)

I have books. You ought to try  
reading, Johnny. You might learn  
something.

JOHNNY

You taught me all I need to know,  
MacLeod.

MACLEOD

I have a proposition, Johnny.

JOHNNY

You? What have you got that I want?  
Besides your head?

MACLEOD

You're a hired gun, right? What if  
I hire you to point it somewhere  
else?

DAWSON

(shocked)

MacLeod?!

(CONTINUED)

440 CONTINUED: (3)

440

MacLeod gestures -- I know what I'm doing.

JOHNNY

Maybe.

(beat)

For two hundred G's.

MACLEOD

Too much. One hundred.

JOHNNY

I might consider it.

MACLEOD

Meet me at Christ Church at three.

JOHNNY

You're a smart guy, MacLeod. You know when to cut your losses. But I'm warning you, don't screw with me.

MACLEOD

I wouldn't think of it.

He hangs up. Dawson staring at him.

DAWSON

You're actually gonna go through with this?

MACLEOD

You bet.

(beat)

So are you.

And OFF Dawson's baffled look --

441 INT. CHURCH - DAY

441

MacLeod waits under a stained glass window.

Johnny comes sauntering in, all attitude. He passes the FONT, pulls a comb from his pocket, dips it in the water, runs through his hair, he nods to MacLeod.

MACLEOD

Anyone ever tell you how to behave on Holy Ground?

JOHNNY

I never took too good to Sunday School.

(CONTINUED)



441 CONTINUED:

441

MACLEOD

Yeah, I remember. You're Johnny K.  
You were gonna be the toughest guy  
in the neighborhood.

JOHNNY

Not just the neighborhood, MacLeod.  
Luca learned that the hard way.

(a grin)

I got three grand for taking him  
out.

(reveling)

You shoulda seen him. The son-of-a-  
bitch was on his knees begging. He  
was crying like a baby.

(beat)

I popped him and three of his boys  
just for the hell of it.

(beat)

It was easy.

MACLEOD

Because you felt nothing.

JOHNNY

You kidding? I felt great. I felt  
like God.

(beat)

I'm the master of life and death.

MACLEOD

What you are is a pathetic little  
punk, Johnny.

JOHNNY

Watch your mouth, MacLeod.

MACLEOD

(goadng him)

You know how I know what a big man  
you are? I asked all your friends.

(beat)

Excuse me... you don't have any  
friends.

(beat)

Tell me, Johnny, you ever make love  
to a woman you didn't pay for?

JOHNNY

I don't need nobody. Not friends...  
Not women... Not you.

(beat)

All I want's my money.

He holds out his hand. MacLeod pats his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

441 CONTINUED: (2)

441

MACLEOD

How about that? Must have left it  
in my other jacket.

JOHNNY

A regular comedian. You know how  
many guys I killed, funny man? Two  
hundred and forty-nine.

(flaring)

You don't get it, do you? Nobody  
screws with me. Nobody.

MacLeod grabs him.

MACLEOD

No, you don't get it, Johnny. You  
won't play by the rules, fine.

(beat)

Then we play a new game.

He shoves Johnny away.

JOHNNY

You're a dead man. Dead!

He storms out.

442 EXT. CHURCH - DAY

442

Johnny storms past a WEDDING PARTY having their pictures  
taken on the front steps. The wedding GUESTS are laughing,  
throwing rice. Among them --

A PHOTOGRAPHER

dark suit, snapping pictures. As Johnny passes, he swivels  
the camera: he's been taking pix of Johnny. He lowers his  
camera -- it's Joe Dawson.

443 INT. JOE'S - DAY - LATER

443

Dawson is onstage, changing GELS on a spotlight when Betsy  
enters.

DAWSON

Well, look who's here.

He turns the light on her.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

My star.

Betsy smiles, dazzled by the light. Dawson swivels the light  
away so she can see.

(CONTINUED)

443 CONTINUED:

443

DAWSON (CONT'D)

You're early. Just give me five minutes to clean up.

(beat)

Then dinner, dancing, who knows what else.

BETSY

It sounds great...

(beat)

Joe... I can't.

(beat)

I have to go home.

Right out of left field. Dawson's face falls.

DAWSON

Whaddya mean? I thought you were here 'til Friday.

BETSY

Something's come up. Business... I have to get back.

She's not telling everything, it's clear to Dawson. He turns aside so she can't see his disappointment.

DAWSON

Oh right. Sure. Fine.

She comes around the side of the light, peers at him.

BETSY

If I could stay, I would.

DAWSON

I know...

(flaring)

I said it was fine.

Betsy takes a step back.

BETSY

It was great, seeing you.

DAWSON

(looking away)

Same here.

BETSY

(beat, hurrying it)

I'll call you.

She turns and heads quickly for the door.

(CONTINUED)

443 CONTINUED: (2)

443

DAWSON  
(to the empty room)  
You know where to find me.

Eyes locked on nothing. His hands take a GEL, slide it over the spot, and it frames his face in blue light. Cold, lost, distant blue. HOLD on this.

444 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

444

A DONUT AND COFFEE CART wheels down the street. Pushing it, a guy with dark curly hair, white stained uniform over a big belly. Johnny K, in disguise.

He pulls the cart close to a building, bends down and pulls a brown bag out of the cart. Pulls a knock-down RIFLE from it. Screws in barrel, stock, slides it between milk cartons, hidden from view. Sights through it.

POV JOHNNY - THROUGH SIGHT - TELESCOPIC MATTE

Across the street, a large storefront with a sign: DELIO INSURANCE. On the street before it, a LIMO pulls up.

Then a man, dark suited, exits the store -- it's the man from Johnny's second photo: MICHAEL DELIO.

RESUME JOHNNY

taking aim, getting ready. His finger on the trigger.

RESUME SCENE

The Driver of the limo is blocking his target.

INTERCUT:

JOHNNY

ready. As soon as the Driver moves, DeLio is dead.

JOHNNY'S POV - TELESCOPIC MATTE - DELIO

as the Driver moves, a perfect target. As Johnny's about to shoot -- a BLUE BLUR passes in front of him. A BUS.

RESUME JOHNNY

No longer looking through the sight. Frozen, an astounded look on his face as he stares at --

(CONTINUED)

444 CONTINUED: 444

THE BUS

Across the street. On its side is a huge PUBLIC SERVICE AD with a photo: a larger-than life JOHNNY K with the legend "Have you seen this boy?"

RESUME JOHNNY

turning white. He looks to the side --

A BILLBOARD

with the same ad. Across the street, ANOTHER BILLBOARD.

Johnny looking around wildly. On a lamp post -- a POSTER of his face. Frantic, furious, he RIPS the poster off. Sees ANOTHER, on the side of the building.

He grabs the cart to push it, and sees on a milk carton -- his PICTURE! He's so rattled he knocks his gun loose, fumbles to catch it. A CUSTOMER walks up to him. Johnny scrambles to hide the gun.

JOHNNY  
(screaming)  
I'm closed!

She backs off, like, what's his problem?

And HOLD on Johnny's seething hate.

445 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY 445

MacLeod is bent over some mechanical project. He's industrious, humming as he works -- it's a TOY TRAIN, complete with track and cars.

MACLEOD  
Pardon me boy... is that the  
Chattanooga Choo-choo...

The phone RINGS. MacLeod smiles and picks up.

JOHNNY (V.O.)  
(over phone)  
I'm going to kill you, you bastard.

MACLEOD  
(into phone)  
Took almost seventy years, Johnny K,  
but you're finally famous. Hope you  
appreciate it.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

445 CONTINUED:

445

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(cheerfully)

How many people you figure know your  
face now? A thousand? Ten thousand?

(beat)

Newspapers should be out soon. The  
fame's gonna spread.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

You're dead, MacLeod!

MACLEOD

Think I heard that one before.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

(vicious)

This time you won't hear it. You  
won't see it... You won't even know  
it till I take your head. That's a  
promise.

The line goes DEAD. MacLeod lowers the phone.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

446 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT

446

MacLeod is rigging something to the kitchen phone, using the tools from Dawson's toolbox. Dawson comes in. MacLeod keeps working.

MACLEOD

Grab a seat.

Dawson doesn't. He's unmistakably down. MacLeod notices, but keeps working. He has to finish.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(re the tools)

I'll drop them off tomorrow.

DAWSON

Keep 'em. It's not like I'm in a hurry.

(beat)

The pictures work?

MACLEOD

Like a charm. Sent him right over the edge.

DAWSON

(distracted)

Great.

MacLeod moves to the elevator, opens the gate.

MACLEOD

Joe, you shouldn't be here. This won't be a safe place for a while.

Dawson doesn't move. Low:

DAWSON

She's gone. She's leaving me.

BEAT. MacLeod sees his face, lowers the gate. Dawson is talking to himself.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

What the hell was I thinking?

(it's too painful)

I should've known.

MACLEOD

Known what?

(CONTINUED)

446 CONTINUED:

446

Dawson angrily SMACKS his leg with his cane.

DAWSON  
What the hell do you think?!

MACLEOD  
(beat, quietly)  
Did you talk to her? Did you ask  
her why she was leaving?

DAWSON  
(edgy)  
What for?

MACLEOD  
Because. You owe it to her, Joe.  
(beat)  
And you owe it to yourself.

DAWSON  
(sarcastic)  
Thank you, Dr. Ruth.

MACLEOD  
Look, we can take this up later.  
(grim.)  
I'm expecting some target practice.

Dawson moves toward the elevator.

DAWSON  
Maybe I'll get lucky and he'll hit  
me.

They're at the elevator.

MACLEOD  
Talk to her.

And OFF Dawson's face --

447 EXT. ROOF ACROSS FROM DOJO - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

447

From the dojo entrance, pan to the building across the street  
and up to the roof.

448 EXT. ROOF ACROSS FROM DOJO - NIGHT

448

The roof is flat, with a chimney, a door to the stairwell.  
Johnny stands by the ledge, facing the dojo. He lowers a  
LEATHER BAG, takes out a RIFLE with a NIGHT-SCOPE, and scans  
the dojo.

(CONTINUED)



448 CONTINUED: 448

JOHNNY'S POV - TELESCOPIC MATTE - THE DOJO WINDOW

Nothing. Then, a quick shot -- MACLEOD'S SHADOW moves part way into the room, then turns and moves away.

ON JOHNNY

Satisfied with his view and his plan.

JOHNNY  
Sitting duck.

He props his rifle on the ledge, peers through the scope.

POV JOHNNY - TELESCOPIC MATTE - THE DOJO WINDOW

Blurry and grainy, drawing into sharper focus. Nothing. Then -- MACLEOD'S SHADOW moves part way past the window -- then back again. Out of sight.

RESUME JOHNNY

Looking past his gun, pissed that he's lost his target.

JOHNNY  
(through his teeth)  
Two seconds, you son-of-a-bitch...  
Then you're dead.

449 INT. BETSY'S HOTEL ROOM NIGHT 449

Betsy is zipping up her garment bag when there's a knock on the door. She calls over her shoulder --

BETSY  
Tell the driver I'll be down in a second!

DAWSON  
If you want.

She turns in surprise. Dawson at the door.

BETSY  
Joe...  
(beat, awkward)  
I wasn't expecting you.

DAWSON  
You mind?

BETSY  
No, but I... I have to finish packing.

(CONTINUED)

449 CONTINUED:

449

Feeling awkward, she goes to her bags. Lays a red silk blouse on top. The one she wore when they danced.

DAWSON

I should have called first.

BETSY

(a smile)

It's not like we're strangers, Joe.

DAWSON

That's what I thought.

He reaches into his pocket and removes a small box. He hands it to her.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Something to remember me by.

BETSY

(taking it)

Really, it's not necessary.

Dawson doesn't look at her. He turns toward the window, pulls the curtain aside to look out as he speaks.

DAWSON

I think I know what's necessary.

Betsy opens the box, takes out a gold pin.

BETSY

It's beautiful.

Betsy peering at him.

BETSY (CONT'D)

Joe, are you okay?

DAWSON

I thought I was.

(beat)

What I think is necessary for you...

I guess most people for that matter.

What would be necessary would be --

(turning to her)

Legs. At least one... preferably two.

(beat)

Right?

He's in pain, waiting for the answer. She stares in astonishment -- the last thing she expected.

(CONTINUED)

449 CONTINUED: (2)

449

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Betsy, I need to know. Is that why  
you're leaving?

Betsy's expression changes. Shaking her head, she understands  
the terrible mistake.

BETSY

(beat)

No, Joe. God, no. That's the last  
thing...

(she takes a deep  
breath)

I should have told you from the start.  
I just... I couldn't.

DAWSON

Told me what?

He's waiting. She takes her handbag from the chair, opens  
the change purse.

ANGLE - BETSY'S HANDS

She pulls out a gold WEDDING BAND.

BETSY

This.

(beat)

I'm not Betsy Fields anymore. I'm  
Betsy Mitchell -- Mrs. Betsy Mitchell.

Dawson stares. The world is coming into focus.

DAWSON

You're married?

BETSY

All these years, Joe... all that  
time, I never stopped thinking about  
you.

(beat)

When I found out where you were, I  
had to come. It took me two months  
to get up the nerve.

(beat)

I have a good life now... Gonna be  
a grandma soon. Can you imagine  
that? I needed... I needed you.  
Just for a little while.

Dawson is flushed with emotion.

DAWSON

If I'd known you were married...

(CONTINUED)

BETSY

You wouldn't have made love to me.

Touching her face tenderly, a touch of humor:

DAWSON

I don't know about that.

BETSY

I'm sorry...

He touches his finger to her lips.

DAWSON

Don't be.

There's a KNOCKING at the door.

BETSY

I have to go.

Dawson, without moving his eyes off her, calls over his shoulder.

DAWSON

No taxi.

(beat)

I'll drive you to the airport.

(beat)

Pick you up, too, if you're ever back this way.

He smiles gently. She puts a hand on his cheek, smiles back. That's a "yes."

450 EXT. ROOF ACROSS FROM DOJO - NIGHT

450

Johnny has had it with trying to get MacLeod in his sight. He reaches into his satchel, pulls out a cell phone, punches numbers.

JOHNNY

Two seconds, man. All I need.

Leans into the rifle as OVER we hear the phone RINGING at MacLeod's place.

451 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT

451

An ominous angle that includes the phone and the window beyond -- the line of fire.

452 EXT. ROOF ACROSS FROM DOJO - RESUME

452

JOHNNY'S POV - TELESCOPIC MATTE - DOJO WINDOW

As MACLEOD'S SHADOW moves into the window and stops.

MACLEOD (V.O.)  
(over phone)  
MacLeod here.

JOHNNY

as he FIRES, THREE FAST POPS.

RESUME - DOJO WINDOW

As the glass shatters, MacLeod spins over and down, hit every time.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Not any more.

Whistling a Jolson tune, Johnny puts the gun down, opens the bag and takes out his sword.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Now for the slice 'n' dice.

Then -- alarm fills his face: he's feeling the BUZZ. He whirls around --

ANGLE ON STAIRWELL

MacLeod appears, unharmed, tapping his CELL PHONE.

MACLEOD  
I lost you, Johnny. Think we had a bad connection?

JOHNNY  
I got nothin' to say to you.

MACLEOD  
Fine.

Johnny starts backing to the ledge.

JOHNNY  
You think I'm scared? I'm not.

MacLeod shrugs. Immaterial whether he's scared or not.

Johnny lunges for the rifle -- but MacLeod kicks it out of the way.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

Not this time, Johnny.

Johnny yanks a PISTOL from his jacket -- MacLeod chops it out of his hand. The pistol flies off the roof.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

With swords, Johnny. Remember?  
That's how we do it.

JOHNNY

No problem. If it kills, I know how to use it.

Johnny grabs his sword, and with the other hand, pulls something from his hip pocket: a KNIFE.

MACLEOD

You're a regular Swiss-army knife.

Johnny swings. MacLeod parries, and they move across the roof, clashing swords. Johnny's good, but not good enough. He takes a swing, misses then darts behind the chimney.

MacLeod watches for him --

Johnny blasts out, throws the knife, charging MacLeod as he does.

MACLEOD

ducks the knife, lands a blow in Johnny's side. Johnny doubles over, gasping.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

How many people you kill? Two-hundred  
and forty-nine, was it?  
(harder)  
Not any more.

JOHNNY

Make it two-fifty.

Johnny swings wildly -- MacLeod counters -- Johnny's sword clatters to the ground.

MACLEOD

Make it two forty-nine.

MacLeod winds up and swings. Johnny's headless body falls to the ground. MacLeod stands for the quickening.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

(CONTINUED)

452 CONTINUED: (2) 452

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

453 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NEXT DAY 453

The kitchen is strewn with debris -- shattered glass, wires, a wig block.

The old DRESSMAKER'S DUMMY from Dawson's locker, clothed in one of MacLeod's coats, is toppled on the floor, ripped by the bullets, with a network of LIONEL TRAIN TRACKS.

DAWSON (O.S.)

I knew there was a reason I was saving that thing.

Dawson at the kitchen counter. MacLeod is de-rigging the contraptions he used to fool Johnny. He lifts model train tracks, detaches an ENGINE from the dummy stand.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

(musing)

Funny. I thought the risk was all mine... Turns out I was wrong.

MACLEOD

(turning)

Betsy?

DAWSON

She's married. Has a family.

(almost proud)

Thirty years later, and the lady's still got it for me.

MACLEOD

(with a smile)

I think it's the beard.

He straightens the dummy up, looks at the holes.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I can get you a new one.

DAWSON

Not a chance. That storage room's never been so clean.

He notices the FOOTBALL from the storage room sitting on the counter. Picks it up, idly.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

What'd you need this for?

(CONTINUED)

453 CONTINUED:

453

MACLEOD  
(careful)  
Nothing really.

Dawson weighs it in his hand a moment. Smiles.

DAWSON  
Go long.

He cocks his arm back to throw it and, as MacLeod goes racing for the other end of the loft, vaulting the couch, the ball spiraling overhead, we --

FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT.

THE END