



HIGHLANDER

The Series

#96508
LITTLE TIN GOD

Written by
Richard Gilbert Hill

Highlander

"LITTLE TIN GOD"

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Production #96508

September 9, 1996 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"Little Tin God"

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CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD
JOE DAWSON

GAVRIEL LARCA

DEREK WORTH
REVEREND THOMAS BELL
LUKE
ENRIQUE
PACO
COYANTU

GOSPEL CHOIR

HIGHLANDER

"Little Tin God"

Production #96508

SET LIST

INTERIORS

JOE'S

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

MORGUE

LARCA'S HUT - MOCHE VILLAGE - PERUVIAN JUNGLE - 1830

LARCA'S SANCTUARY

EXTERIORS

JOE'S

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

MORGUE

CLEARING

/WOODS

CHURCH

/CEMETERY

PERUVIAN JUNGLE - 1830

/MOCHE VILLAGE

LARCA'S SANCTUARY

/NEARBY FIELD

ROAD OUTSIDE TOWN

HIGHLANDER

"Little Tin God"

TEASER

FADE IN:

801 EXT. FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH - NIGHT - TO ESTABLISH 801

SUPER: TWO MONTHS AGO

A modest church, well kept and warmly lit. The strains of a Gospel Choir drift out onto the street:

GOSPEL CHOIR (O.S.)
Every time I feel the spirit
Moving in my heart I will pray...

802 INT. FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH - NIGHT 802

The full-out rehearsal of a GOSPEL CHOIR fills the space with explosive rhythms and joy. Among them DEREK WORTH, 19, black, a glorious tenor whose voice soars above the rest.

DEREK
(sings)
My Lord he done just what he said He
healed the sick and raised the dead...

REVEREND THOMAS BELL, 50's, black, the Choir Director, stands at the piano, his face lit as he guides his singers.

BELL
(singing along)
Jesus Christ the King of Heaven
Jesus Christ the King of All.

The pews are sprinkled with onlookers. In the final row sits GAVRIEL LARCA, a Portuguese Immortal, 40's, angular with piercing dark eyes and long hair. His gaze is locked on

DEREK

transported, eyes closed, as he raises his voice in the final refrain:

DEREK & THE CHOIR
(singing)
Every time I feel the spirit
Moving in my heart I will pray.

(CONTINUED)

802 CONTINUED:

802

As the last notes die away, Reverend Bell smiles up at his charges.

BELL
(with a smile)
Hallelujah and amen.

Rehearsal is over. The choir members break ranks, pulling off their robes to reveal a collection of casual clothes. As they head out we see

LARCA

Leave his pew and move to the door.

DEREK

Gathers up the robes and songbooks, generally neatening up.

BELL
Well done, Derek. You truly lift up
your voice with a joyful noise.

DEREK
(shy)
Thank you, Reverend Bell.

BELL
(with a smile)
Don't thank me, thank the Lord.
He's the one who gave you your gift.

DEREK
Amen to that. I'll see you tomorrow
night.

BELL
Don't be late. Libby's been cooking
for two days.

803 EXT. FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

803

Reverend Bell stands at the top of the stairs in the open door as Derek heads out. Derek bounces down the stairs, waves back at the Rev, then turns down the dark street.

He doesn't notice

A CAR

Pulling out from the curb. Dark and ominous, its windows tinted.

(CONTINUED)

803 CONTINUED:

803

TRACKING - FROM INSIDE THE CAR

It speeds up, pulling alongside Derek. The window slides down. Derek is centered in the open window.

STREET - RESUME

The car paces alongside Derek.

ON THE CAR

As little explosions light the corner of the window -- GUNSHOTS.

REVEREND BELL

At the top of the stairs. Reacts in horror to the sound of gunfire.

DEREK

Goes down, hit.

BELL

Races toward Derek as

THE CAR

Speeds up and pulls away. As it does, Bell sees

LARCA

In the window. A single image of Derek's killer -- Bell will never forget it.

BELL

Goes to his knees by Derek's body, a cry of anguish on his lips.

BELL

Oh, Lord, no... No...

GOSPEL WAILING carries us to --

804 EXT. MORGUE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

804

805 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

805

Cold. Sterile. Three bodies lie on steel tables, TAGS on their toes. The room is deathly still, dark, abandoned.

(CONTINUED)

805 CONTINUED:

805

LARCA

drifts into the room, dressed in a linen robe, looking like he's just stepped out of a Titian painting. He looms over one of the tables and lifts back the SHEET.

DEREK

Gasps back to life, a harsh, unexpected breath. He looks up --

DEREK'S POV

Larca towers above him, silhouetted by fluorescent lights which crown him with a halo. His hands are firmly on Derek's chest. His voice resonant, impressive:

LARCA

Rise up, Derek.

RESUME SCENE

Derek props himself up, looking at himself. Then to the bodies beside him.

DEREK

I'm alive.

LARCA

You are now.

DEREK

(looking around)
Where am I?

LARCA

In the morgue.

DEREK

(a quaver)
I was shot.

His hands go to his unmarked chest.

LARCA

You were dead.

(beat)
But I have healed your wounds so that you may glorify my Name. I have brought you safely through the shadows of the Valley of Death, and I have called upon you to serve me in a Holy War against my enemy.

Derek feels his jaw drop as he stares up at the imposing figure of Larca.

(CONTINUED)

805 CONTINUED: (2)

805

DEREK

Who are you?

LARCA

I am God, Derek.

Derek's eyes widen with awe, his mind reeling. Hold on
Larca's penetrating gaze.

LARCA

I am God.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

806 EXT. CLEARING - DAY

806

MacLeod is out jogging in the woods. He's worked up a well-earned sweat and is ready to call it quits. He veers towards the road where his car is parked. As he approaches, he feels the BUZZ. He slows to a halt.

LUKE

An Immortal, 24, is waiting by the car. He's clean-cut, cocky, and built like a football player. And he holds a sword, raised and ready.

MACLEOD

Circles warily, eyeing Luke -- and Luke's blade.

MACLEOD

Duncan MacLeod.

LUKE

I know who you are.

And with no more warning than that, Luke charges. MACLEOD dodges, rolls out of the way.

LUKE

Is big and powerful, but not well trained -- he overswings.

MACLEOD

sweeps Luke's legs out from under him.

LUKE

Goes down.

MACLEOD

Scrambles to the T-Bird, reaches in for his katana. He gets his hand on it, his body extended across the seat, neck vulnerable, when suddenly his eyes go wide as he gets ANOTHER BUZZ.

He spins, bringing the katana up as he does, barely in time to block the sword swinging for his neck. The blade glances off as MacLeod finds himself facing

(CONTINUED)

806 CONTINUED:

806

DEREK

sweating from nerves, his first time in battle. Behind him, Luke has regained his feet.

MacLeod is battle ready, sword raised, looking back and forth between his two young opponents.

MACLEOD

You can't do this.

No answer. Instead, they both close on him.

MACLEOD

This is against the rules!

DEREK

Rules? This isn't a game

DEREK

Swings.

MACLEOD

Ducks the blade, comes up underneath it, body-checking Derek.

DEREK

Hits the ground, winded. His sword goes flying.

MACLEOD

Turns to face Luke as he feels A THIRD BUZZ. And before MacLeod can react

A BOLA

Flies out of the woods, tangles around his ankles.

MACLEOD

Is down. He looks up to see

DEREK

On his feet again, Luke, and newcomer ENRIQUE (25, Peruvian, with a hard, determined look) closing on him.

Individually, none of them would stand a chance. 3-on-1, MacLeod isn't so sure.

(CONTINUED)

806 CONTINUED: (2)

806

MACLEOD

quickly slices through the cords of the bola, freeing his legs, and rolls to his feet as the young fighters approach. He takes their measure -- bulky Luke, implacable Enrique, and tense, jumpy Derek -- and picks his battle. He feints toward Luke, then turns and runs over Derek.

807 EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

807

MacLeod runs for it through the trees.

FOLLOWING

The three young Immortals chase after him.

ENRIQUE

Split up! Get around him!

Luke and Derek angle off.

ON MACLEOD

Running.

MACLEOD'S POV

Through the trees, he spots the STEEPLE of a roadside church. He heads for it.

ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS - DEREK

Moves carefully through the trees, sword out, tense. He's singing quietly to calm himself, the song from the Teaser:

DEREK

Every time I feel the spirit
Moving in my heart I will pray.

MACLEOD

Steps out from behind a tree, katana drawn.

MACLEOD

(dry)

You know "Rock of Ages"?

MacLeod doesn't give Derek time to recover his wits. He knocks Derek's sword aside and backs him against a tree, katana to the young Immortal's throat.

MACLEOD

Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

807 CONTINUED:

807

Derek's answer is shaky, his throat dry, his fear and confusion obvious.

DEREK

An angel of the Lord.

MacLeod doesn't know what to make of this, but there's no time to pursue it.

MACLEOD

Sure you are.

He grabs Derek and drags him bodily toward --

808 EXT. CHURCH CEMETERY - DAY

808

A small structure by the roadside. Only in use for an hour on Sundays, now it's shuttered. MacLeod hauls Derek out of the woods in a hammer lock, hustling him across the lawn.

MACLEOD

Move.

809 EXT. CHURCH CEMETERY - DAY

809

MacLeod arrives, dragging the struggling Derek with him.

MACLEOD

Sit!

(Derek does)

Now you're going to tell me what this is all about.

Derek cowers, lips moving in prayer.

DEREK

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death... I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.

MACLEOD

(frustrated)

I'm not going to hurt you.

DEREK

(louder)

Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

MACLEOD

Will you stop!

Derek stops his prayer.

(CONTINUED)

809 CONTINUED:

809

MacLeod stares at him.

MACLEOD

You really have no idea what you
are?

DEREK

I told you.

MacLeod reacts. Now he's seen everything.

MACLEOD

Right. You're an angel and that
makes me what?

DEREK

You know what you are, Satan.

MACLEOD

I'm the Devil? You actually believe
that.

(beat)

Tell me, bright eyes, why would the
Devil take you to holy ground?

Before Derek can answer, they get the BUZZ again. MacLeod
turns as Enrique and Luke coming running in, sweating and
out of breath, their swords out.

MACLEOD

So are you guys with Charlie's Angels
or the California Angels?

Enrique raises his blade.

ENRIQUE

It's time to send you back to Hell.

MACLEOD

Put up your sword. This is Holy
Ground.

(beat)

You can't do this.

They keep coming.

MACLEOD

(emphatic)

Don't you get it? We can't fight
here?

DEREK

He's right. Remember what God told
us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

809 CONTINUED: (2)

809

DEREK (CONT.)

(insistent)

Even the Devil can claim sanctuary
here.

As if on cue, they all feel the BUZZ. MacLeod turns as Larca steps in behind him. He wears the same linen robe as we saw before, his hair flowing and saint-like.

LARCA

Well said, Derek.

(to all three youths)

Even the Devil fears Armageddon.

(beat)

Have I not told you my house cannot
be used for battle.

(beat)

You must not be tempted into defiling
my Holy Place with blood.

MacLeod looks from the three young Immortals to Larca.
Cold recognition.

MACLEOD

Larca.

And off Larca's beatific nod --

TRANSITION TO:

810 EXT. PERUVIAN JUNGLE - 1830 - DAY

810

MacLeod is with his guide, PACO, 40's. They're exploring the deep jungle, the sound of Peruvian pipes and rain forest birds filling the air. Paco is sweating. He stops to drink.

MACLEOD

Are you all right?

PACO

A touch of fever. It's nothing that
a night's sleep on a soft bed won't
cure.

MACLEOD

And when do you think we'll find
that bed?

PACO

It is not much further, Señor MacLeod.
Perhaps tomorrow.

MacLeod pushes aside a vine sourly.

(CONTINUED)

810 CONTINUED:

810

MACLEOD

Then we're not lost?

PACO

(reassuring)

We will reach Huaral tomorrow. Two days at the latest.

(beat)

The ruins are truly magnificent, Señor, you'll see. I have made this trip a thousand times.

MACLEOD

(to himself)

We're lost.

The calls of the birds fall suddenly SILENT. MacLeod straightens, alert. He puts a hand on Paco's shoulder to stop him.

PACO

(irritated)

What is it?

MacLeod points ahead.

MACLEOD'S POV

Two fiercely painted warriors emerge from the bush. They aim slim longbows notched with six-foot arrows directly at the explorers' chests.

RESUME

Paco's eyes narrow, never leaving the native warriors.

MACLEOD

What tribe?

PACO

(shaking his head)

They shouldn't be here.

MACLEOD

No, we shouldn't be here.

Paco leans back into MacLeod, slowly pulling out his knife:

PACO

(whispers)

If we fight we have a chance.

MACLEOD

(in a low voice)

I don't think so.

(CONTINUED)

810 CONTINUED: (2)

810

PACO

There's only two of them.

MACLEOD

That you can see.

Another half-dozen warriors seemingly materialize out of the bush on either side, their wickedly barbed arrowheads pointed right at the explorers' hearts.

811 EXT. MOCHE VILLAGE - PERUVIAN JUNGLE - 1830 - DAY

811

In the center, an ancient Moche temple. It is still inspiring after centuries of deterioration. MacLeod and Paco are led by ropes tied around their necks, their hands lashed behind their backs and most of their clothing removed. They're uncomfortably hot, flinching from insect bites.

They are brought to the center of the village. Wary villagers, suspicious of strangers, begin to surround them, taunting and spitting.

MacLeod tries to elicit a response in Spanish:

MACLEOD

Habla Español? Habla Español?

No response. He tries Portuguese:

MACLEOD

Fala Portugues? Fala Portugues?

Still nothing. He tries an Indian dialect:

MACLEOD

Quechua? Quechua?

(beat; to himself)

You watch: they'll all speak English.

Then, the BUZZ. MacLeod tenses -- he's in no position to defend himself.

LARCA

Emerges from the temple, dressed in king-like finery, draped in gold and silver -- truly a vision of Moche splendor.

At his side, his wife, the exquisite COYANTU, 22.

The villagers pull back from the prisoners, an act of respect to the approaching Larca. The two Immortals take one another's measure. MacLeod is painfully aware that this is not a match set on equal footing.

(CONTINUED)

811 CONTINUED:

811

Larca raises his arm, majestically, pointing to MacLeod:

LARCA

Rimasun.

("Bring him forward")

Warriors roughly push MacLeod forward and shove him down onto his knees.

He looks up at Larca, his face proud:

MACLEOD

I am Duncan MacLeod of the clan
MacLeod.

LARCA

(royally)

I am Gavriel Larca: I am the God of
the Moche people.

Off MacLeod's reaction we --

812 INT. LARCA'S HUT - MOCHE VILLAGE - 1830 - DAY

812

MacLeod and Larca dine. Sumptuous pilings of food crowd a colorful rug. Everything is congenial. Larca's wife serves them. As she pours wine for MacLeod from an ornate gold pitcher:

MACLEOD

Thank you.

She does not respond.

LARCA

She understands nothing of your
language. Or of your world.

(fondly)

All she knows, all she has ever known,
is this village.

He reaches out, touches her face gently. She gazes at him with a mixture of adoration and submission.

LARCA

She is called Coyantu. Born on the
day of Coya Raymi, Festival of the
Moon. It is a time of great
celebration for the Moche.

Larca holds out a cup for Coyantu. She obediently reaches for a silver pitcher and pours him wine. He nods to her and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

812 CONTINUED:

812

LARCA

(re Coyantu)

I saw her born. I watched her grow into this beautiful woman. And I shall cherish her until the day of her death.

MACLEOD

You're a lucky man.

LARCA

To them I am more than a man.

MACLEOD

You don't really think you're their God.

Larca turns to Coyantu.

LARCA

(in Spanish)

Quien soy yo?

COYANTU

Usted es dios.

LARCA

(to MacLeod)

You see...

(beat)

The Moche are an ancient people. Their science and arts rivaled the best of Inca, yet they produced theirs a thousand years earlier. Some of their traditions go back a hundred generations. They called me God, who was I to argue?

He holds up a piece of jewelry for MacLeod to see. On it, an image of a man, arms outflung, surrounded by jagged bolts.

LARCA

Remarkable, is it not? It was cast Fourteen hundred years ago.

MacLeod examines the pendant. It does look remarkably like an Immortal receiving a Quickening.

MACLEOD

So you're not the first one of us to make these people treat you as a God. That doesn't make it right.

(CONTINUED)

812 CONTINUED: (2)

812

LARCA

(in earnest)

What makes a God, MacLeod? What but the faith of his followers? And people need faith.

MACLEOD

You're an Immortal. You're not a god.

LARCA

(re the village)

Look around you. For three hundred years I have protected them. Hidden them from the likes of Cortez and those other butchers. They survive because of me. They have grown strong and remained free.

MACLEOD

They may be strong, but they're not free. They're your slaves.

LARCA

And I am theirs.

(beat)

They are my people. They choose to worship me. And in return, they are cared for. Think about it. Isn't that a god's covenant with his chosen?

MACLEOD

I think you've been in the jungle too long.

Larca maintains a steady gaze, his mood darkening.

LARCA

Will you challenge me because of this?

MacLeod rises.

MACLEOD

(a long beat)

I have no fight with you, Larca.

LARCA

Good.

(beat)

You may leave in the morning.

MacLeod puts down the wine goblet.

(CONTINUED)

812 CONTINUED: (3)

812

MACLEOD

If you don't mind, I think we'll be leaving now.

LARCA

I said you may leave. Your guide stays.

MACLEOD

Paco goes with me.

LARCA

(beat)

There is a reason why the word for Stranger and enemy is the same in the Moche language.

(beat)

My people survive because we stay hidden from the outside world. A man like you can be trusted with a great secret. A man like that...

Larca shrugs eloquently.

MACLEOD

Larca, the man is sick. I need to get him to a doctor. I swear he will tell no one. He'll be no harm to you.

LARCA

Will you remain with him every hour of his life to make sure of that?

(beat)

I'm sorry, MacLeod, but our law clear.

MacLeod starts to lose focus. He points to his goblet.

MACLEOD

The wine...

LARCA

A local concoction designed to keep even an Immortal subdued.

(beat)

I'm sorry it has to be this way.

MacLeod tries to stand, but his body won't cooperate. As MacLeod loses consciousness --

BLACKOUT.

OVER BLACK, the low throb of drums, the sound of the villagers CHANTING.

813 INT. LARCA'S HUT - 1830 - LATER THAT DAY 813

MACLEOD'S POV

The interior of the hut slowly comes into focus as MacLeod awakes, shaking off the effects of the drug. The remains of the dinner are on the rug in front of him. And leaning on the wall, out of reach, his sword.

NEW ANGLE

MacLeod can't move, he's securely tied to a stake. He kicks out angrily, knocking aside bowls of food, struggling with his bonds. No luck.

From outside he hears a SCREAM. Paco.

PACO (O.S.)

No... No, I beg you!

MacLeod strains to see over his shoulder, out the open window into the square.

814 EXT. MOCHE VILLAGE - 1830 - DAY 814

MACLEOD'S POV

Bound, yelling and cursing, Paco is being dragged toward another part of the village by a group of chanting villagers. The dais is surrounded by the villagers rhythmically chanting faster and faster.

815 INT. LARCA'S HUT - 1830 - SAME TIME 815

MacLeod desperately tries to free himself. But he's still sluggish, and his bonds are tight.

816 EXT. MOCHE VILLAGE - 1830 816

AT THE CEREMONIAL SITE

a still-struggling Paco is roughly laid on the altar.

LARCA

In his most splendid ceremonial garb, steps up to the altar. He raises a CUTLASS high into the air, wickedly sharp and glistening. The chanting reaches a peak, Paco screams at the top of his lungs --

PACO

NO!

817 INT. LARCA'S HUT - 1830 817

MacLeod slumps back in anger and disgust.

818 OMITTED 818

819 INT. LARCA'S HUT - 1830 - DAY 819

Larca steps into the hut, bigger than life, his cutlass in hand.

MACLEOD

(re the sword)

And now it's my turn.

LARCA

Only if you won't listen to reason.

MACLEOD

You can't reason about murder.

LARCA

This wasn't murder, it was ritual
Sacrifice. With his death my people
take the strength of their enemy.
That is the Moche tradition.

MACLEOD

We have traditions of our own, Larca.
Fight me.

LARCA

And if I lost would you stay and
care for my people?

KACLEOD

I won't play God.

LARCA

I thought not.

(beat)

In a week we celebrate Coya Raymi,
the Festival of the Moon. It is a
time of great celebration.

(beat)

The Moche worship a god who holds a
sword in one hand and a severed head
in the other, MacLeod. He is called
the Decapitator.

(beat)

At the Festival of the Moon, they
will see his powers.

(CONTINUED)

819 CONTINUED:

819

And off MacLeod's reaction --

TRANSITION TO:

820 EXT. CHURCH CEMETERY - THE PRESENT - DAY

820

MacLeod faces Larca.

MACLEOD

(to the three young
Immortals)

He's not God! You're Immortals.
We're all Immortals.

Larca simply smiles, infuriatingly calm.

LARCA

Say what you will. They know the
Devil lies.

MACLEOD

I am not the Devil and you're not
God. Not then, not now.

Larca gestures to his Disciples.

LARCA

Leave us. I will speak to the Evil
one in private.

ENRIQUE

But --

LARCA

(sharp)
It is my Will.

MACLEOD

(calling after them)
His power is no greater than yours.

Obedient, Enrique and Luke sheath their swords, and go out
the door. Derek hesitates, then follows.

MACLEOD

What have you been teaching them?

LARCA

To serve God and Heaven in a Holy
Cause. A Holy War.

MACLEOD

Against me.

(CONTINUED)

820 CONTINUED:

820

LARCA

Against the enemies of God.

MacLeod takes up the challenge, steps closer to Larca.

MACLEOD

Fight your own fights, Larca.

(beat)

You and me, now. Off holy ground.

LARCA

I think not.

(beat)

My disciples do battle for me,
MacLeod. They'll come for you, all
three, and they'll have your head.

(beat)

And the one who takes your head shall
offer his own up to me.

MACLEOD

Three on one -- our Rules, our honor,
mean nothing to you.

LARCA

I've waited 150 years for this. You
destroyed everything I built,
everything I loved. My people loathed
me because of you.

(beat)

I shall have my sacrifice.

With that threat, Larca turns and exits. Off MacLeod's
reaction, we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

821 EXT. LARCA'S SANCTUARY - TO ESTABLISH - NIGHT 821

An unkempt chapel on the edge of an old disused cemetery.

822 INT. LARCA'S SANCTUARY - NIGHT 822

Larca stands before the altar, arms outstretched over the bowed heads of his three Disciples, who kneel before him.

LARCA

I am the One who made you. I breathed and your lungs filled with life. I whispered and you had purpose. Is this not true?

ENRIQUE

Yes, my Lord.

LARCA

You have not yet felt the sting of my rage. The bitter salt-water that flows from these eyes would drown you in guilt and seize up the very marrow of your bones. Am I not Power?

LUKE

Yes, my Lord.

LARCA

Then cry mercy unto me! For I am angered beyond rage by your failure to bring me the head of Satan!

ON DEREK

His head bowed, eyes open, the fear and doubt clear on his face. His hands, clasped together, squeeze hard, as though trying to hold his thoughts and emotions in.

LARCA

Notices.

LARCA

I smell doubt.

He crouches, peering intently into each face, one at a time.

(CONTINUED)

822 CONTINUED:

822

LARCA

The stench of fear rises up and
offends my senses.

He settles on Derek, his tone soothing.

LARCA

Derek? Do you have doubts?

Derek is sweating, terrified.

DEREK

No.

LARCA

(probing)
Your tongue is thick with lies.
They catch in your throat.

DEREK

(beat; confessing)
I... I've been... thinking.

LARCA

Yes?

DEREK

About MacLeod...

LARCA

(correcting)
Satan.

DEREK

(beat)
He could have killed me. Why didn't
he?

LARCA

(simple)
Because I wanted it so. You are
under my protection, Derek.
(beat)
I am surprised by your lack of faith.
Did I not give you life?

DEREK

I'm sorry.

LARCA

Sorrow isn't enough, you must believe.
You must believe absolutely.

Larca calmly gestures to Enrique and Luke, who fervently
grab hold of Derek's arms and lift him to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

822 CONTINUED: (2)

822

DEREK

What's going on?

LARCA

There can be no room for doubt.

Derek backs away. His hand moves to the table behind him filled with candles. A candle falls. Hot wax covers his hand, burning him. He cries out in pain.

823 EXT. JOE'S - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

823

824 INT. JOE'S - NIGHT

824

Dawson stands behind the bar, reading from a manila folder while MacLeod sits nursing a cup of coffee.

DAWSON

Larca's Chronicle goes back to 15th century Portugal. He was a lawyer at the time.

MACLEOD

(ironic)

Now there's an interesting choice.

DAWSON

After that, he became one of the King's royal guard, and by 1510 he Was a pirate on the high seas.

MACLEOD

(amused)

How do you Watch a pirate?

DAWSON

(a shrug)

You become one.

(off MacLeod's look)

Who says a Watcher can't be a pirate?

(beat)

Your guy likes opera, you go to the Opera. Your guy gets it in his head to explore the New World, you grab a handspike and sign on.

MACLEOD

You trying to tell me something?

DAWSON

Remember a guy named Rodney MacFergus? He was in your regiment at Waterloo. Sailed to America with you in 1816.

(CONTINUED)

824 CONTINUED:

824

MACLEOD

Short guy, weak stomach. He hung over the rail all the way.

DAWSON

He made it as far as Montana. Then he put in a request for retirement. Said he'd had enough travel.

(a smile)

I believe the Watcher pension at the time was five acres and five head of cattle.

MacLeod gives him a look, unsure if he's being needled.

MACLEOD

About Larca.

DAWSON

Larca landed in Peru with Pizarro in 1526 and disappeared about 18 months later. We thought maybe a tribe of headhunters got him.

MACLEOD

He got them.

Off MacLeod's look, we --

TRANSITION TO:

825 EXT. MOCHE VILLAGE - PERUVIAN JUNGLE - 1830 - NIGHT

825

The FEVER has descended upon the village. Funeral pyres burn with ghastly brightness. An endless stream of linen-wrapped corpses are dragged to the flames and tossed in.

VILLAGERS' FACES reflect their disease-and misery. OTHERS are angry, staring and pointing at:

LARCA'S HUT

Larca stands at the doorway, a regal but sullen purveyor of his dying faithful. Coyantu keeps herself slightly apart from him, her face hidden in shadow.

COYANTU

Are we all going to die, my Lord?

LARCA

No. I will not permit it.
(beat)

Tomorrow is Coya Raymi. I will take MacLeod's head and the skies will open up with my miracle.

(CONTINUED)

825 CONTINUED:

825

COYANTU

Please, my Lord. Don't wait. So many have been lost already. So many more will die tonight.

(beat)

Our people ask why our God has not protected us from this.

LARCA

Do you question me?

COYANTU

No, my Lord. I beg you. If it is your will, heal us.

She steps into the light, her face is pale, she is sweating profusely.

COYANTU

Heal me.

Larca reacts to the realization that she, too, is ill. He strokes her beautiful long hair, tears in his eyes.

LARCA

It shall be so. I swear it.

826 INT. LARCA'S HUT - 1830 - NIGHT

826

MacLeod is inside, securely bound. He's haggard and frustrated -- a week of captivity has taken its toll. He struggles against the hemp rope that cuts into his arms as Larca enters, a murderous rage building, his cutlass drawn.

LARCA

It's time.

MACLEOD

Taking my head isn't going to change anything.

(beat)

They're dying, Larca, and there's nothing anyone can do about it.

LARCA

(cold)

You brought the sick one here. You have destroyed my people.

(beat)

We should have killed you in the jungle and left you to rot.

MACLEOD

You should have left us alone.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

826 CONTINUED:

826

MACLEOD (CONT.)

We didn't ask to be dragged into
your village.

(beat)

Your people didn't get his strength,
Larca. They got his fever.

Larca closes in, his eyes gleaming as the idea strikes
him:

LARCA

And maybe your Quickening will cure
them.

MACLEOD

It won't.

LARCA

Who's to say?

He raises his blade. Suddenly, WHHHFFFT.

LARCA

Is hit in the neck with a dart from a blowgun. He pulls
it out, stunned. Looks at it in his hand for a frozen
moment, then....

Larca crumples to his knees as the poison takes effect on
his system. Coyantu stands at the doorway SCREAMING.

MacLeod looks out beyond her:

MACLEOD'S POV

A villager lowers his blowgun. Behind him, a crowd stands
with knives and spears, poised to unleash their rage.

The phosphorous smoke that billows from the fires provides
an eerie backlight.

RESUME SCENE

As Larca collapses, his blade drops. MacLeod swiftly
maneuvers his bound hands in front of him and uses the
blade to cut himself free.

MacLeod retrieves his katana. As the villagers charge the
hut, Coyantu throws herself over Larca, protecting him.

The villagers mob the fallen God. The man who aimed the
blowgun picks up Larca's fallen cutlass. He turns on
MacLeod.

MACLEOD

(CONTINUED)

826 CONTINUED: (2) 826

Kicks at the back of the hut, trying to breach it. He breaks through the wall.

827 EXT. PERUVIAN JUNGLE - 1830 - NIGHT 827

MacLeod tumbles out of the back of Larca's hut and runs for his life as the people of the village follow.

TRANSITION TO:

828 INT. JOE'S - NIGHT - RESUME 828

The file in front of Dawson is forgotten as he stares raptly at MacLeod, fascinated by the tale.

MACLEOD

I barely got away with my life. I had no food, no water. It took me almost a month to reach Huaral.

(beat)

If I weren't Immortal, I wouldn't Have made it.

There's a beat as he shakes off the bleak memory. Then:

MACLEOD

What have you got on Larca since then?

DAWSON

There's nothing after 1828 until about two years ago, he turned up In Lima.

MACLEOD

What about his "disciples?"

DAWSON

Zero.

MacLeod tosses him a look: why not?

DAWSON

(chagrined)

We've had some shakeups in the organization lately. We never got a full time guy on Larca.

(beat)

You think that punk really would've taken you on holy ground?

(CONTINUED)

828 CONTINUED:

828

MACLEOD

(incredulous)

Yes.

(beat)

Holy ground, Dawson... and he was ready to kill.

(beat)

It didn't matter what would happen.

DAWSON

In all our records, there's only one mention of an Immortal killing on holy ground.

(beat)

It's not confirmed. It's more like legend... about two guys in Italy who went at in one of Isis' temples.

MACLEOD

And?

DAWSON

It was in Pompeii in 79 A.D.

MACLEOD

The volcano?

DAWSON

Who knows?

(beat)

Right now, you have other problems. Like those punks coming at you three on one.

MACLEOD

It's not their fault. They don't know the Rules.

(disgusted)

He's convinced them he's God. That he's the one who made them Immortal.

(beat)

Like some ancient priest pointing to an eclipse and claiming to have power over the sun.

DAWSON

If they think he's God, and you're the Devil...

(worried)

Faith is a powerful thing, MacLeod.

MACLEOD

(beat)

I need to get them alone. Without Larca.

(CONTINUED)

828 CONTINUED: (2)

828

DAWSON

To do that you'll have to find them.

MACLEOD

I caught one name... Derek. If he's new and he died around here...

Dawson is with him.

DAWSON

The obituaries.

MacLeod gets up from the bar to leave.

DAWSON

And if you find him?

MACLEOD

I'll talk to him. Tell him what he is.

(beat)

Tell him what his God is.

(beat)

I don't want to kill him.

DAWSON

What happens if he won't listen?

MACLEOD

(beat)

Then he'll die.

829 EXT. LARCA'S SANCTUARY - NIGHT - TO ESTABLISH

829

830 INT. LARCA'S SANCTUARY - NIGHT

830

Derek is in pain. His hand is badly burned.

LARCA

Bring him to me.

(to Derek)

Give me your hand.

Derek hesitates a moment.

LARCA

Your hand!

Derek meekly offers his injured hand.

LARCA

Clasps Derek's hand between his own.

(CONTINUED)

830 CONTINUED:

830

CLOSE ON LARCA'S TWO HANDS

Holding Derek's.

LARCA

Pray to me.

(beat)

Pray to be healed. Do it or I'll
damn you to Hell.

DEREK

(scared to death)

Heal me.

LARCA

To whom do you speak?

DEREK

Heal me... Lord.

LARCA

(intones)

Heal. In my name. I command it.

He releases Derek's hand.

CLOSE - DEREK'S HAND

Healed... no burn.

RESUME - SCENE

Derek stares at his hand in wonder. Larca reaches under
Derek's chin and gently lifts him until their eyes meet.

LARCA

Now do you believe me?

Derek nods silently. Larca lifts him up to his feet, his
tone evangelical and infectious:

LARCA

Do you believe?

DEREK

Yes, I believe!

Larca's voice begins to soar, to Enrique and Luke:

LARCA

Do you believe?

ALL THREE

Yes! Yes! We believe!

(CONTINUED)

830 CONTINUED: (2)

830

LARCA

Will you help me crush the Devil?

ALL THREE

Yes!

LARCA

You are my soldiers against the forces
of darkness! Against a great Evil!

ALL THREE

Yes!

LARCA

And we will destroy our enemy!

ALL THREE

Yes! Yes! Yes!

And off their passionate response, eerie echo of the chant
of the Moche villagers --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

831 EXT. FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY 831

A lone voice wafts from inside:

DEREK (O.S.)
(singing)
Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound

832 INT. FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY 832

Derek is on his knees, struggling to sing through tears.

DEREK
That saved a wretch like me.

ANOTHER ANGLE

At the rear of the church, Reverend Bell enters. He pauses to straighten a few pamphlets on a rack, then reacts as he hears the soft strains from the front:

DEREK
I once was lost, but now I'm found

Reverend Bell moves down the aisle toward the kneeling figure. As he nears, he adds his voice to Derek's:

DEREK & BELL
Was blind but now I see.

Derek reacts to the voice, turns to look up at Bell, tears streaming down his face.

REVEREND BELL

Stares. He doesn't back away. His hand goes, almost unconsciously, to touch the tiny gold cross at his neck.

BELL
(a breath)
Derek?

Derek hastily wipes away his tears, tries for a casual smile.

DEREK
Yeah, Rev, it's me. Crazy, huh?

(CONTINUED)

832 CONTINUED:

832

BELL

(with wonder)
It is you.

DEREK

I shouldn't'a come back here. I d
idn't know where else to go.

BELL

(incredulous)
But how...?
(beat)
I saw you die.

DEREK

I did die.

Reverend Bell sits next to Derek. He gingerly reaches out and touches him.

BELL

(in awe)
I'm not dreaming.

DEREK

(simple)
Do you believe in miracles?

A sense of overwhelming joy begins to rise up in the Reverend:

BELL

How could I not?
(hugging him)
Lord in Heaven, how could I not,
when He has brought you back to us?

Derek squirms, unsure, the words not coming easily.

DEREK

Reverend.... Why would God choose
me?
(torn up)
Of everyone in the world, why would
he bring me back?

BELL

The Lord works in wondrous ways, his
miracles to perform.
(beat)
Only God knows his purpose, Derek.
But I know your goodness.

Derek looks away.

(CONTINUED)

832 CONTINUED: (2)

832

DEREK

What does that mean?
(in earnest)
What makes me good?

BELL

You have a good heart, Derek. You
always have.

DEREK

What if my heart tells me one thing...
and God tells me another?
(real anguish)
What if God tells me to kill?

Bell is taken aback. Out of his depth.

BELL

Are you sure it's God who's been
telling you these things?

DEREK

Yes.
(beat)
He brought me to life. He healed me
with his touch.
(beat)
Reverend Bell, I'm scared.

Bell doesn't know the whole story, but he knows this doesn't
sound right.

BELL

Derek, God is love. God isn't fear.
God is love.

DEREK

Reverend, you don't understand.
(beat)
The God I'm dealing with... this God
hates.

Derek stops. He's getting the BUZZ. He jumps up, anxious,
looking around.

BELL

Derek, what is it?

DEREK

Someone's here. One of God's
warriors... or Satan's.
(explaining)
We can feel each other coming.

Bell watches in amazement as

(CONTINUED)

832 CONTINUED: (3)

832

MACLEOD

Walks in from the back of the church. Derek puts himself between him and the Reverend.

DEREK

What do you want?

MACLEOD

I just want to talk. Please.
(beat)
Alone.

DEREK

I've got nothing to say to you.

MACLEOD

But there are things you have to hear. Things only you can know.
(a look at Bell)
You should go, Reverend.

Bell, wanting to protect Derek, steps in front of him.

BELL

(slightly shaky)
I'll stay.

MacLeod is impressed with Bell's courage. Tries to reassure him:

MACLEOD

Please, I swear I won't hurt him,
but only he can hear this.
(urgent)
I'm trying to save his life.
(beat)
Look to your heart, Reverend, and
ask it if it can trust me.

Bell considers a moment and moves off out of earshot.

BELL

I won't be far.

MacLeod turns to Derek.

MACLEOD

Derek.
(insistent)
You need to know about who and what
you are.

DEREK

I know what I am.

(CONTINUED)

832 CONTINUED: (4)

832

MACLEOD

You know what Larca told you.

(beat)

He told you lies.

Derek turns to walk away.

DEREK

I won't listen to you.

MACLEOD

(grabbing his arm)

You have to.

(beat)

You're not an angel, Derek, and I'm not a demon. We're Immortals. So is Larca.

(beat)

We have our own battle, but not like this.

DEREK

God brought me back to fight you.

MACLEOD

No. Larca is not God. And he didn't bring you back.

DEREK

He chose me!

MACLEOD

He's lying to you -- he's using you.

DEREK

He protects me from you. He protects me from death.

MACLEOD

(insistent)

What you are protects you from death.

(beat)

You'll die when someone cuts your head off. And so will Larca. He's no different from me... or from you.

Derek shakes his head desperately. He doesn't want to hear this.

DEREK

(pushing MacLeod away)

No! You're lying!

Derek runs out of the church. MacLeod goes after him.

833 EXT. FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY - CONTINUOUS

833

MacLeod steps outside the church, but Derek is gone.

REVEREND BELL

Arrives.

BELL

What did you do to him?

MACLEOD

Nothing.

BELL

Then why did he run?

MACLEOD

Because I told him the truth.

BELL

Which is?

MACLEOD

I can't tell you.

BELL

(insistent)

You have to tell me. I've just witnessed a miracle. I have to know why.

MACLEOD

I'm sorry.

BELL

I swear in the Lord's name that whatever you tell me I will tell no one.

(beat)

A moment ago you told me to look to my heart and ask it if I could trust you.

(beat)

I'm asking you the same thing.

MacLeod stares at the Reverend for a long beat.

MACLEOD

Let's go back inside, Reverend. It's a long story.

BELL

I like long stories.

(CONTINUED)

833 CONTINUED:

833

MACLEOD

It's about Immortals, men who live forever unless they're beheaded.

(beat)

Men like me.

BELL

(stunned)

Instead of the church, maybe we could do this somewhere where I could get a drink.

834 INT. LARCA'S SANCTUARY - DAY (E)

834

Larca stands in the chancery lighting candles by the altar. He feels the BUZZ as Enrique and Luke enter. Larca doesn't bother to look back at them.

LARCA

I sense only two of you.

(beat, turns)

Where is Derek?

Shrugs from the other two Disciples.

LARCA

The time is near when you shall face MacLeod again.

ENRIQUE

And this time he'll die.

Larca nods -- serene, mystic.

LARCA

One of you will draw him into combat. Alone.

LUKE

(beat)

One of us alone doesn't stand a chance.

LARCA

Exactly.

(beat)

The devil will claim the victory. And when he takes the head of one of my chosen, all of my Goodness will flow into him, and bring him to his knees.

(beat)

While he's weak, you must strike his head from his shoulders.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

834 CONTINUED:

834

LARCA (CONT.)

Then you shall come to know the Glory
of your God.

(beat)

I will reward you. One of you will
die the noblest death in my service.

ENRIQUE

Who? Who will die?

Larca regards him a beat, then Luke.

LARCA

(beat)

Derek will be my martyr.

835 INT. JOE'S - DAY

835

MacLeod and Dawson sit at a table with Reverend Bell.

BELL

Derek was in fifteen foster homes by
the time he was ten.

MACLEOD

And then he found you.

BELL

He found God, I just happened to be
there at the time. That boy didn't
have to be taught to believe. He
took to it natural, like coming home.

(beat)

And when he sings... you can almost
feel the Lord coming down just to
listen.

His voice cracks with emotion.

BELL

(emotional)

Then he died... It took a lot of p
raying for me to believe that was Go
d's plan.

(to MacLeod, still
amazed)

But he didn't die.

MACLEOD

(quietly)

Larca counted on Derek's faith. He
knew he could manipulate him with
it.

(CONTINUED)

835 CONTINUED:

835

DAWSON

Guy got a taste for being worshipped,
Mac.

(beat)

That kind of power is addictive. It
would be a temptation to any Immortal.

MACLEOD

Or any man.

BELL

This man. Larca. Does he have long
hair, cold black eyes like he's
looking right through you?

MACLEOD

You've seen him?

BELL

I saw him kill Derek.

(beat, in real horror)

He took him away from everything and
everyone he loved, to make him into
this thing, this killer.

(as a question)

And he thinks he has the right.

MacLeod nods.

BELL

(impassioned)

If this man can convince Derek to
follow him, to believe he's God....

(hates the thought)

What if he wasn't the only one?

What if others have done the same?

(beat)

Does it mean everything I believe is
based on a lie?

MacLeod can sense a man nearing a crisis of faith.

MACLEOD

(firm)

No. Reverend, listen to me. That's
not what it means. Larca's the lie.

BELL

What if he gathers more followers?
A hundred... a thousand. He has to
be stopped.

MACLEOD

He'll be stopped.

(CONTINUED)

835 CONTINUED: (2)

835

DAWSON

If you can get near him.
(beat)

I put some people on it. Found out
he's rented out that little chapel
next to the old St. Paul cemetery.

BELL

(gets it)
Holy Ground.
(to MacLeod)
He's safe from you.

MACLEOD

Not for long.
(beat)
I'll drive you home.

BELL

No. No... I think I'd rather walk.

MacLeod stands up, polite and concerned.

MACLEOD

Thank you, Reverend. For trusting
me. And for believing.

BELL

(a faint smile)
Faith is my specialty.

Dawson and MacLeod watch Bell go out the door. MacLeod
turns to Dawson.

MACLEOD

I'm going there.

DAWSON

The chapel? And then what?
(beat)
It'll be four to one, MacLeod.

MACLEOD

And that makes five. Maybe we'll
play some basketball.

As MacLeod turns and walks out.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

836 EXT. LARCA'S SANCTUARY - AFTERNOON

836

A lone FIGURE carefully approaches the small church.

REVEREND BELL

Pauses outside.

BELL

And he said "I will strike down upon
them with great vengeance and furious
anger those who attempt to poison
and destroy thy brothers."

As he moves toward the church, we see he carries a .357
Magnum in one hand, and a MACHETE in the other.

837 INT. LARCA'S SANCTUARY - CONTINUOUS

837

Candles flicker, throwing dancing shadows across the walls.
Larca stands by the altar, Enrique and Luke flanking him,
Derek kneeling before him.

LARCA

To be ready for your battle, my child,
you must cleanse yourself of all
doubt. You must be pure in heart,
pure in belief, pure in strength.

(beat)

Your eternal reward awaits.

DEREK

Looks up at him, calm, face composed.

DEREK

I'm ready.

Larca is about to answer, then reacts as the door at the
back of the chapel slams open.

LARCA

Who dares?

Derek turns to see what Larca's looking at.

It's Reverend Bell, light glinting off his blade.

(CONTINUED)

837 CONTINUED:

837

DEREK

Reverend Bell! What are you doing here?

BELL

What are you doing here, Derek?
You know this man isn't God.
(to Larca, in fury)
What did you tell him? Did you tell him he'd go to Hell if he didn't follow you?

LARCA

I offered him my love, my protection... and eternal life.
(beat, with a smile))
What more can God offer his soldiers?

Bell's eyes narrow at the sacrilege.

BELL

You're not God. You're an abomination.

He raises the gun toward Larca.

DEREK

Reverend, no! He'll kill you!

BELL

He can't.
(to Larca)
You may be safe from MacLeod on holy ground, but you're not safe from me.

He steps forward, gun aimed at Larca, machete glinting in his other hand. Larca holds his ground, but his eyes are locked on the gun.

LARCA

Will you desecrate the House of the Lord?

BELL

You desecrate His name.

Bell shoots.

ENRIQUE

Jumps in front of Larca and takes the bullet for him. He crumples, dead.

LARCA

(to Luke)
Stop him!

(CONTINUED)

837 CONTINUED: (2)

837

Luke hesitates, his eyes on Enrique's still form.

LARCA

Now!

Luke is frozen with fear. Bell's finger is on the trigger, Larca in his sights. Then --

DEREK

Steps in front of Bell and puts his shaking hand on the gun, its barrel pointed into his belly.

BELL

Can't bring himself to fire into Derek.

BELL

Derek! Get away!

Bell tries to wrench the gun free and get a clear shot at Larca, but Derek hangs on.

DEREK

I can't let you do this.

Larca steps up beside them. He puts his hand over Derek's, wrenches the gun away from Bell.

Bell tries to raise the machete; Larca takes it away from him easily, flings it across the room.

LARCA

(to Derek)

Take him outside. Beyond the Cemetery.

Bell reacts. He knows what that means. Derek takes his arm and pulls him out.

838 EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE TOWN - LATE AFTERNOON

838

MacLeod's car drives toward Larca's place.

839 EXT. LARCA'S SANCTUARY - LATE AFTERNOON

839

MacLeod pulls up in his car. He jumps out and strides to the chapel.

840 INT. LARCA'S SANCTUARY - LATE AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

840

MacLeod storms in, ready to throw down the gauntlet.

(CONTINUED)

840 CONTINUED:

840

MACLEOD

Larca!

No answer. The cavernous hall echoes back his voice. No one's there.

841 EXT. FIELD NEAR LARCA'S SANCTUARY - LATE AFTERNOON

841

Derek leads Reverend Bell by the arm. Luke lays down Enrique's body. Larca walks ominously behind.

BELL

Derek, don't do this.

DEREK

(a whisper)
I'm sorry.

They all wait tensely.

LARCA

You did well, Derek. You proved yourself my faithful servant.

Larca walks over to Enrique's inert body.

LARCA

Enrique gave his life in my service. He will be rewarded.

Larca claps a hand over Enrique's chest where the bullets hit, and waits.

LARCA

Live again, my son. Your God commands it.

Enrique's eyes flutter. He grabs his chest, sits up in shock. Larca turns on Luke.

LARCA

As for you. You failed me when I needed you most. You lost your faith.

Luke begins to back away, scared.

LUKE

I couldn't help it.

LARCA

(raising his hand)
Silence!
(beat)
Kneel before me.

(CONTINUED)

841 CONTINUED:

841

Luke is breathing hard, scared. But he does as he's told and kneels. Larca turns his back towards him and pulls out his sword.

LARCA

I shall cleanse you of your sin.

LUKE

(relieved)
Thank you.

842 EXT. LARCA'S SANCTUARY - LATE AFTERNOON

842

MacLeod comes out of the chapel. The Quickening lights the sky above the nearby field.

MacLeod takes off at a run toward the light show.

843 EXT. FIELD NEAR LARCA'S SANCTUARY - LATE AFTERNOON

843

Derek and Enrique watch, stunned, as the last bolt of light sputters into Larca. He rises, his face suffused with an otherworldly satisfaction. Steps toward Bell, who's on his knees, praying.

LARCA

(to Derek)
Step away from the preacher.

The pit of Derek's stomach suddenly fills with dread. He hesitates.

LARCA

I said step away.

Larca raises Bell's gun, aims at Bell.

DEREK

No..!

LARCA

It is written. "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me."

(in a rage)
Step aside, Derek, I command it!

Pause. Derek is about to explode with his inner conflict.

LARCA

(booming)
I command it!!

Larca shoves Derek aside roughly and raises the gun.

(CONTINUED)

843 CONTINUED:

843

BELL
(to Larca and Derek)
May God have mercy on you both.

LARCA
(shrill)
I am God!!

He's about to pull the trigger when he gets the BUZZ. He turns as

MACLEOD

Tackles him. The gun goes flying.

MacLeod pulls Bell hastily to his feet, gives him a shove toward:

MACLEOD
Get back on Holy Ground! Now!

As Bell stumbles toward the cemetery and safety, MacLeod turns to face Larca. He finds himself facing

THREE IMMORTALS WITH SWORDS

Larca is flanked by his two remaining disciples.

Larca smiles. He smells victory.

LARCA
Enrique, Derek...
(indicating MacLeod)
Serve me well.

MacLeod holds his katana at the ready, his eyes darting between his three opponents. This will be the fight of his life. Then --

DEREK

Hesitates a moment, then steps up beside Enrique. He puts his blade to Enrique's throat.

DEREK
(to Enrique)
Put it down.

LARCA
What are you doing?

DEREK
If you're God, you don't need us.

Enrique hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

843 CONTINUED: (2)

843

DEREK

I told you once.

He uses the butt of his blade to knock Enrique unconscious, then kicks his sword away. MacLeod acknowledges with a nod. Then, to Larca:

MACLEOD

By the rules, this time. You and me.

Larca raises his sword.

LARCA

(with hatred)
Because of you, my people died.
Because of you they turned on me.
(beat)
I was entombed for 150 years.

Larca attacks. He fights with a ferocity that speaks of long-held rage and hatred.

LARCA

And all I dreamed about was this moment.

MACLEOD

Keep dreaming.

Larca's good, fighting with passion and skill, but MacLeod matches him blow for blow, tiring him. It enrages Larca.

LARCA

I am God!

MACLEOD

(mocking him)
I thought you'd be taller.

He comes at MacLeod with a wild slash which MacLeod gets under. And once he's inside Larca's guard, it's all over. Larca's body falls.

The Quickening lights up the field like a magnetic wave across the rough-stubbed ground, heaving up into a huge burst of lightning and thunder.

MACLEOD

Is buffeted by the storm that is Larca.

DEREK

Watches in awe. As the Quickening subsides

(CONTINUED)

843 CONTINUED: (3)

843

ENRIQUE

Takes advantage of Derek's distraction to pull free, and scramble for his sword. He stands with the blade in his hand as MacLeod rises from the Quickening. MacLeod's eyes, still shining with exertion, bore into Enrique.

MACLEOD

I have no fight with you. Unless
you make one.

The katana is at the ready. Enrique considers a beat -- he just saw how good MacLeod is. With a last dark glare, he turns and runs off.

As MacLeod stands looking after him, looking like some ancient warrior on a hilltop, sword still in hand, Derek steps up to him.

DEREK

Forgive me.

He starts to go to one knee. MacLeod stops him, meets his eyes.

MACLEOD

There are no gods here, Derek. I'm
an Immortal, just like you. You'll
have to learn what that means. But
it doesn't mean we're gods.

(a look at Larca's
body)

Not now, not ever.

And off this --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

844 INT. JOE'S - DAY

844

MacLeod and Dawson are having coffee. MacLeod is showing Dawson a postcard from some tropical island.

MACLEOD

It's from Carl Robinson. Derek's doing okay. And Carl says the kid's got one hell of a slider.

Dawson grins. Pulls out a similar postcard from under the bar.

DAWSON

And Thomas Bell says Carl's got one hell of a baritone.

MacLeod stares. Gets it.

MACLEOD

You made him a Watcher?

DAWSON

More like a special correspondent.
(off MacLeod's look)
Opportunity knocked.

MACLEOD

I guess that's one way of being sure he won't tell anyone what he saw.

DAWSON

Were you worried that he would?

MACLEOD

(beat)
No.

DAWSON

(more serious)
You know what he said... that maybe some of the gods and prophets of history were just Immortals with delusions of grandeur, like Larca?

MACLEOD

(dismissive)
He was upset.

DAWSON

But it's a possibility?

(CONTINUED)

844 CONTINUED:

844

MACLEOD

It's not.

DAWSON

But how can you be so sure?

MACLEOD

I could make a lot of arguments,
quote a lot of smart people, Joe.
But the truth is, it all comes down
to something else.

DAWSON

And that is?

MacLeod looks at Dawson a long moment.

MACLEOD

Faith, Joe. Faith.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW