



# HIGHLANDER

*The Series*

#96511  
COMES A HORSEMAN

Written by  
David Tynan

# Highlander

"COMES A HORSEMAN"

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Production #96511

October 24, 1996 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

**HIGHLANDER**

"Comes A Horseman"

Production #96511

**CAST LIST**

DUNCAN MACLEOD  
JOE DAWSON  
METHOS

CASSANDRA  
KRONOS/MELVIN KOREN

ACOLYTE (BORDEAUX SHOOT)  
MONK (BORDEAUX SHOOT)  
TIPPET  
HIJAD (BORDEAUX SHOOT)  
SILAS (BORDEAUX SHOOT)  
CASPIAN (BORDEAUX SHOOT)

PAXTON

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**SET LIST****INTERIORS**

MACLEOD'S LOFT  
DOJO  
JOE'S

STABLE - LAREDO, SOUTH TEXAS - 1867  
INTERESTING SPACE

KRONOS' HIDEOUT - POWER STATION

**EXTERIORS**

DOJO  
JOE'S

MYCENAE, GREECE - 7TH CENTURY A.D. (BORDEAUX SHOOT)  
CITY SIDEWALK - OUTSIDE TV STUDIO  
SOUTH TEXAS - 1867  
STREET - LAREDO, SOUTH TEXAS - 1867  
BOOT HILL - LAREDO, SOUTH TEXAS - 1867  
STREET  
THE GREAT DESERT - THE BRONZE AGE (BORDEAUX SHOOT)  
    /NOMAD CAMP (BORDEAUX SHOOT)  
    /TENT (BORDEAUX SHOOT)  
STREET OUTSIDE METHOS' PLACE  
HORSEMEN'S CAMP - THE BRONZE AGE (BORDEAUX SHOOT)  
KRONOS' HIDEOUT - POWER STATION  
    /BRIDGE NEARBY  
DOCKS

HIGHLANDER

"Comes A Horseman"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1101 EXT. MYCENAE, GREECE - 7TH CENTURY A.D. (BORDEAUX SHOOT) 1101

On a bleak hillside, the ruin of an ancient STONE TEMPLE stands testament to the grace of a vanished people. Inhabited now only by bird-cries and the lonely wind that blows through it -- or so it seems. Then, standing in the shadow of a ruined archway we see --

A MAN, motionless as an effigy carved from stone, leaning silently on a wooden staff. A sentinel. Coarse robes proclaim him a member of some obscure Christian Order. His ancient face, lined by the elements, is as severe as the stone he watches over. He stirs alertly as a lone figure approaches him:

A YOUNG ACOLYTE

in the same robes, toiling toward him with a woven BASKET. Reaching the old monk, the Acolyte bows respectfully.

ACOLYTE

It's a long walk.

The Monk motions him to follow.

MONK

Toil is good for the soul.

They move to another area of the temple, where they reach --

A WELL

set into the stone. Mossy with age, the opening is blocked by an ancient, heavily built GRATING of thick metal bars. There is a small space in them, but a massive metal BOLT ensures the grate will never open. Beyond the grate, a black recess stretches deep into the earth.

The Monk nods to the Acolyte. The lad lifts the basket, filled with grapes, a few figs, some bread -- but he hesitates it seems such a waste of good food.

ACOLYTE

I thought it was a sin to waste food.

MONK

It is only a waste to you.

(CONTINUED)

1101 CONTINUED:

1101

The Monk motions him severely to continue. The Acolyte shrugs and carries out a ritual: keeping his distance, he carefully dumps the contents of the basket through the grate, into the well. The food drops into the darkness.

Finished, the Acolyte collects the basket and they move away from the well.

ACOLYTE

And why watch an empty pile of rocks?  
It's been sealed for centuries.

MONK

(curt)  
Is there no end to it?  
(beat)  
It was sealed for a good reason.

ACOLYTE

By pagans.

The Monk grabs his arm, glares at him.

MONK

We do not question the rules of the  
Order! We obey them, as we have  
obeyed them since the beginning!  
(beat)  
The ancients were pagans, but they  
were not fools.

He grabs the empty basket and limps away.

The Acolyte shakes his head, bemused, and settles down to stand his watch. He takes a cluster of grapes from his robe, but as he begins to eat them -- he hears a sound.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)

(very faint)  
Help...

The Acolyte pauses, doubting his ears -- was it a voice, or just the wind? Then it comes again.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Please... someone help me.

The Acolyte is certain now: it's the voice of a child. He scans the ruins, looking for the source.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Please help me. It's dark!

No doubt now: it's coming from INSIDE the well. The Acolyte moves toward it, eyes wide in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

1101 CONTINUED: (2)

1101

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I fell... I think my leg is broken.

The voice is pitiful, a frightened child in distress. The Acolyte wavers, recalling the monk's warning -- but this is a child. He tugs at the heavy grate, but the massive BOLT won't budge.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(a whimper)  
Help me, please, I'm afraid!

Crying now. Pitiful, wracking sobs. More determined than ever, the Acolyte picks up a large rock from the ground and strikes at the bolt. Once... twice... on the third blow it comes loose. The Acolyte drops the rock and shoves the bolt free.

He lifts the heavy grate and shoves it aside, then stretches his hand down into the darkness.

ACOLYTE  
Reach up... take my hand!

He waits for the child's hand to grasp his -- then his expression changes. The hand that grips his is hard, muscular, with a grip like steel.

The Acolyte struggles to pull free, but he's dragged relentlessly towards the opening. His head thumps into the side of the well. The Acolyte stumbles back, sprawls to the ground.

ON THE ACOLYTE

lying in the dirt, dazed. He looks up to see --

ACOLYTE'S POV

the creature that struck him: it is a man. Big, dirty, with wild matted hair, a naked back: this is KRONOS, entombed for a thousand years and he looks like it.

Kronos gazes down at the Acolyte and smiles at his fear and confusion. He moves his lips oddly and a voice comes out:

KRONOS  
(a child's voice,  
mocking)  
Help me, please... I'm afraid!

The child's voice, coming from this huge, frightening face. The Acolyte crosses himself in fear.

(CONTINUED)

1101 CONTINUED: (3)

1101

ACOLYTE

God protect me!

Kronos reaches down, hauls the Acolyte to his feet.

KRONOS

What gods do you call on, boy?

ACOLYTE

Our Holy Savior... the King of Kings.

Kronos thinks a BEAT, searching his memory.

KRONOS

Never heard of him.

He lifts the Acolyte and tosses him down a nearby hill.

Kronos flexes his arms, enjoying the feel of muscles long disused, like a pianist warming up after a long absence.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

It's good to be back.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER



ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1102 EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - OUTSIDE TV STUDIO BUILDING - DAY 1102

A sign reading: WHEEL OF HISTORY - CONTESTANT TRYOUTS

BELOW this, a line of waiting FANS stretches along a cordon at the studio entrance. Methos steps from the door, MacLeod at his side. Methos looks perky. MacLeod definitely doesn't.

MACLEOD

I don't believe you did that.

METHOS

(lightly)

C'mon, MacLeod, the guy handed me a ticket.

(beat)

It was a selfless act in the interest of historical accuracy.

The crowd sees Methos and breaks into applause. Methos pauses, smiling, to give a little bow and a wave.

MACLEOD

An oversized ego wouldn't have anything to do with it.

METHOS

I think they love me.

MacLeod pulls him away from the crowd.

MACLEOD

It's a game show. They'd love a hammerhead shark if it had a nice smile.

METHOS

They asked me back. What do you think?

MACLEOD

One word.

(beat)

Animal. Four legs, carries heavy weights.

METHOS

(right on it)

Donkey.

(CONTINUED)

1102 CONTINUED:

1102

MACLEOD

Try three letters.

METHOS

That would be...

(beat)

Very funny, MacLeod.

And OFF THIS they turn a corner.

NEW ANGLE

as they turn down a deserted street.

MACLEOD

What if someone recognized you?

METHOS

Not likely. Besides, I never went on to the finals.

MACLEOD

Because you lost.

(pointed)

Tom Jones did not popularize the twist.

METHOS

So I'm a little weak on pop culture. I mean, who the hell is Chubby Checker in the grand scheme of things?

(beat)

I know how tall Nero was, and Caesar's favorite food. I know that Helen of Troy didn't have much of a face, and it only launched a hundred ships. And Jefferson never...

MACLEOD

(interrupting him)

Blah, blah, blah.

The conversation ends abruptly as they get the BUZZ. They stop and look at each other, suddenly serious.

METHOS

Expecting anyone?

MacLeod shakes his head.

MACLEOD

Maybe it's your fan club.

Methos looks worried.

(CONTINUED)

1102 CONTINUED: (2)

1102

METHOS

There's another way back. It's longer, but I prefer the view.

He starts to turn away, but MacLeod doesn't move.

MACLEOD

Send me a postcard.

METHOS

You're not coming?

MACLEOD

I like to know who's around.

METHOS

Maybe I don't know Chubby Checker, but I know when to disappear.

(beat)

Good luck.

He moves off. MacLeod continues alone down the street. The BUZZ growing stronger.

NEW ANGLE

as MacLeod passes an alley. The BUZZ is stronger. Then he catches a brief sight of an Immortal at the end of the alleyway coming toward him, the same one from the TEASER, but he has cleaned up considerably: short hair, black clothes, a long jacket. It is a glimpse obscured by steam coming from a manhole cover.

As MacLeod stares into the steam, it becomes:

TRANSITION TO:

1103 EXT. SOUTH TEXAS - 1867 - DAY

1103

Through the SMOKE from a smoldering wagon, five horsemen can be seen approaching at a hard gallop.

They arrive at a wooden BUCKBOARD, or what's left of it: the wagon is turned on its side, scorched and still smoking. The result of a vicious attack.

The riders are TEXAS RANGERS MacLeod is working with, hard-faced men wearing long coats. They are serious, cold-eyed, somber. TIPPET, the leader; PAXTON, two others.

MacLeod dismounts and moves around the smoldering ruins. Clothes, household items are strewn around -- the rig has been ransacked.

(CONTINUED)

1103 CONTINUED:

1103

MACLEOD

It was Koren, all right. He and his  
Comancheros left their mark.

MacLeod's face darkens as he lifts something from the ground:  
it's a soot-covered CHILD'S DOLL. MacLeod kneels and examines  
the ground, then looks up.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

We're about two hours behind 'em.

TIPPET

How many with him?

MACLEOD

I make it six, plus the horses they  
stole.

He motions toward the horizon.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Didn't even bother to hide their  
tracks. They headed straight for  
Laredo.

TIPPET

We're in for a fight.

(beat)

Those boys of his think Koren's got  
some kind of magic. Figure he can't  
die.

MACLEOD

(beat)

So I heard.

He lifts the DOLL he's still holding, looks at it.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

We'll just have to prove they're  
wrong.

He lays the doll gently on the buckboard, and mounts up.  
Tippet shakes his head at the bodies.

TIPPET

Hate to leave these poor souls like  
this.

MACLEOD

We'll come back. Let God watch over  
them for now.

(beat)

If we don't stop Koren, there'll be  
a lot more bodies to bury.

(CONTINUED)

1103 CONTINUED: (2)

1103

They spur their horses and ride off.

1104 EXT. STREET - LAREDO, SOUTH TEXAS - 1867 - DAY

1104

MacLeod and three of the Rangers are at one end of town, their horses tied, waiting. Tippet smokes a thin cigar, looks speculatively at MacLeod.

TIPPET

You're quite a tracker, MacLeod.  
You been in the military?

MACLEOD

I've done my time.

Tippet draws on his cigar.

TIPPET

They say Melvin Koren's been shot,  
stabbed... some claim he was even  
lynched, but I find that hard to  
credit.

(beat)

His Comancheros call him El Gato,  
the Cat. Say he's got nine lives.

MACLEOD

Just one, like everyone else.

(beat)

And he can lose it.

The fourth Ranger, Paxton, scuttles back to them.

PAXTON

Other end of town. Near the corral.

MacLeod pulls his gun, spins the chamber.

TIPPET

Hope you shoot as well as you can  
track.

They check their pistols, slide shotguns and rifles from  
saddle-scabbards, all in grim silence.

TIPPET (CONT'D)

Show no mercy and expect none,  
gentlemen.

They turn and move slowly down the street.

ANGLE - THE SIDEWALK

Townspeople start dispersing, expecting trouble.

(CONTINUED)

1104 CONTINUED:

1104

THE RANGERS

fan out across the street, rifles ready, eyeing rooftops and doorways as they walk.

As they round a jog in the main street ahead of them they see --

THE CORRAL

and five of the COMANCHEROS there, celebrating. A mongrel mix of Indian, Mexican, white -- they're dirty, brutal, and swaggering. Some wear ponchos, items of Indian clothing, bandoleers crisscross their shoulders. One of the Comancheros waves the dead woman's parasol as he swigs from a whiskey bottle.

TIPPET

Afternoon.

The Comancheros see the Rangers and react. They fan out, belligerent, hands roving near their guns.

MacLeod gets the BUZZ.

MACLEOD

Steady. There's another one somewhere.

From a nearby storefront MELVIN KOREN emerges. Dressed a cut above his gang, he's Kronos, the Immortal from the TEASER. He wears two pistols stuck in his belt, a large bowie knife in a scabbard, a scraggly beard. His eyes rove over the Rangers, stop on MacLeod. Each knows what the other is.

KOREN/KRONOS

Look who we have here. The famous Texas Rangers.

He looks at MacLeod.

KOREN/KRONOS (CONT'D)

And they brought a friend.

TIPPET

Melvin Koren, I'm obliged to place you and these men under arrest for murder.

Koren grins.

KOREN/KRONOS

Then what? A judge in fancy robes?  
A lawyer in a nice suit?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KOREN/KRONOS (CONT'D)

(beat)

Maybe a fair trial.

MACLEOD

Maybe just a rope and a funeral.

KOREN/KRONOS

I don't think so.

(hard)

I like it fine right here. Saloons,  
women, whiskey...

(beat)

No, I think we'll stay put.

The Comancheros take the cue, ready themselves.

MACLEOD

Either way, Koren. On your feet, or  
on your back... but you're finished.

KOREN/KRONOS

I think you came a long way to die.

He suddenly draws both pistols. In a moment, everyone is shooting. (PLEASE NOTE: It is important for the European Version that this be shot stylistically. Fingers on triggers... Horses hooves stumbling about... On men's faces, etc. The fewer bullet hits seen on camera, the better.) They're at close quarters -- fifteen to twenty feet apart. The Comancheros blast wildly, missing many shots. The Rangers fire in a measured way, taking aim.

Ranger, Neville, fires his shotgun --

COMANCHERO

flies ass over tea-kettle back into the corral fence.

The Comanchero with the parasol is shooting wildly at MacLeod. MacLeod takes careful aim -- blows him down.

KOREN fires, hits Neville in the thigh. Neville goes to his knees, but keeps firing. The gunfire is deliberate, continuous -- if men are breathing, they are shooting.

Another Comanchero falls.

Koren starts backing off, firing both pistols, a Comanchero beside him. The gunfire is constant, confusing. PAXTON goes down, wounded.

Koren turns and slips into the STABLE.

(CONTINUED)

1104 CONTINUED: (3)

1104

MacLeod shoots a last Comanchero -- and suddenly there is silence. Smoke everywhere, bodies strewn around.

Two Rangers are down, one standing wounded, several sprawled Comancheros, one still moving.

The remaining Rangers re-group, and Tippet moves to help the wounded Paxton. As he does --

MacLeod slips into the stable after Koren.

1105 INT. STABLE - LAREDO, SOUTH TEXAS - 1867 - CONTINUOUS

1105

MacLeod moves carefully through the space, gun drawn, knowing Koren is in there somewhere. There are stacks of BARRELS, piles of HAY, hanging SADDLES, farm EQUIPMENT -- Koren could be anywhere. Directly ahead of MacLeod --

A stack of WOODEN BARRELS. Large enough to hide a man. MacLeod palms back the trigger on his gun.

MACLEOD

End of the line, Koren. Come out  
and face me.

No answer.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Have it your way.

MacLeod FIRES directly into the barrels. The barrels rock with the impact of the slugs. A BEAT -- and they slowly TOPPLE as a body behind them falls, crashing through them, lands heavily at MacLeod's feet --

It's a dead COMANCHERO.

Shit. As MacLeod registers this, the HAY PILE next to the barrel erupts --

KOREN

bursts up with a savage yell and dives at MacLeod.

MacLeod grapples with Koren, dropping his gun as he does. Koren knocks him back, pulls his sword. MacLeod grabs a BLACKSMITH'S HAMMER from the water barrel, blocks the next blow with it, and manages to get his sword out.

They move around the stable, swinging. Koren is a tough and brutal fighter, easily a match for MacLeod.

MacLeod presses the fight until they reach the loft, where Koren is silhouetted in the OPEN LOFT DOOR.

(CONTINUED)



1105 CONTINUED:

1105

Koren blocks MacLeod's thrust with his sword, then grabs a kerosene lantern hanging on the wall. He brings it down hard on MacLeod's head.

MACLEOD

goes to his knees, stunned.

KOREN

lowers his sword, and lifts a SCYTHE off the wall.

KOREN/KRONOS

I do love the old ways.

Koren brings back the scythe for the kill --

BANG BANG BANG! -- three slugs tear into him. Koren slams against the wall, drops the scythe -- and tumbles out the door, falling to the ground below.

MacLeod rips free from the tines of the pitchfork, pushes to the open door and looks out:

MACLEOD'S POV - KOREN

lying below him in the dirt, dead. Tippet and another TEXAS RANGER stand over him, holding their rifles.

Tippet looks up at MacLeod.

TIPPET

It's over.

MacLeod slumps against the wall. He knows it isn't.

1106 EXT. BOOT HILL - LAREDO, SOUTH TEXAS - 1867 - LATER - DAY 1106

A bleak, windswept cemetery. The crosses are simple wooden affairs, hastily erected. This is an outlaw's burial place, and no loving hand lingered over these crude markers or laid flowers here.

We see older CROSSES with scrawled messages on them:

LYLE LEVITT: CARD CHEETER AND THIEF.

HENRY BLAGGET: GOAT DEFILER.

CHIP MORGAN: JUST TOO SLOW. Then, stopping on a newly erected cross:

MELVIN KOREN. 1867. BETTER THAN HE DESERVED.

(CONTINUED)

1106 CONTINUED:

1106

And below the cross, an EMPTY GRAVE. Koren has dug himself out of the shallow hole and escaped.

MacLeod picks up the cross and looks at it, jaw twitching with his frustration for Koren's escape.

MACLEOD

Next time.

He tosses the cross aside, and walks away.

TRANSITION TO:

1107 EXT. STREET - THE PRESENT - DAY - RESUME SCENE

1107

Koren smiles at MacLeod. He turns and slips away. MacLeod draws his sword and goes after him. He reaches the corner --

Koren is gone. MacLeod follows, moving warily along the street, past storefronts, cars, along deserted streets. He catches sight of Koren, moving ahead of him. Finally Koren ducks into an abandoned building.

1108 INT. INTERESTING SPACE - CONTINUOUS

1108

A dark, unpleasant place. MacLeod threads through a maze of empty rooms and columns, searching for Koren. He picks up a BUZZ.

He moves toward the source, tension rising.

NEW ANGLE

as he reaches a corner. His quarry is on the other side. MacLeod takes a breath, readies himself -- and lunges.

NEW ANGLE

as his blade clashes against the sword of --

CASSANDRA.

MacLeod lets out an explosion of released tension and relief, freaked by the near miss.

MACLEOD

Cassandra!

(Beat)

What are you doing here?

She's as stunned as he is, but pumped with anger.

(CONTINUED)

1108 CONTINUED:

1108

CASSANDRA

(snapping)

What does it look like? Trying to  
kill someone!

She starts to push past him. MacLeod grabs her arm and swings  
her back.

MACLEOD

Cassandra. He's gone.

His voice cuts through her rage, and they stay like that,  
Cassandra wild-eyed, breathing hard, shaking with anger.

They move off together. The camera PANS UP out of BUZZ range  
and there, in the distance, Kronos watches and smiles.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

1109 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY

1109

CASSANDRA

I don't want a drink.

Cassandra paces the loft, tight, waving off MacLeod's offer. This isn't the contained, controlled Cassandra we've seen before; she's agitated and emotional. MacLeod shrugs.

MACLEOD

Then you don't mind if I have one.

He puts the glass and bottle on the table and pours a short drink.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

It's not often I nearly take a friend's head by mistake.

(pointed)

Or she takes mine.

CASSANDRA

That was an accident.

MACLEOD

(dry)

Glad to hear it.

CASSANDRA

I was this close, Duncan. This close, and he got away!

(grim)

But not again. Never again.

MACLEOD

You want to tell me about it?

Cassandra paces, seems not to hear the question.

CASSANDRA

(beat)

I'm wasting time.

She starts to the door. MacLeod takes her arm.

MACLEOD

Then waste it.

CASSANDRA

I can't! Don't you understand?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1109 CONTINUED:

1109

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

He's getting away! I shouldn't even be here!

MACLEOD

This is exactly where you should be.

(beat)

Look at you. You're in no shape to fight anyone.

CASSANDRA

I'll take the chance.

MACLEOD

Then you'll lose.

(beat)

Cassandra, I know Koren. I know how dangerous he is.

Cassandra stares at him. Lets out a dismissive sound.

CASSANDRA

"Koren?"

MACLEOD

Melvin Koren. That's who we're talking about. I know him.

CASSANDRA

(bitter)

You don't know him at all.

She looks away. Painful memories flooding in. She struggles to keep them under control.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Long before he called himself Koren, he had another name.

(beat)

Kronos.

She straightens up and looks at him.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

One of the Four Horsemen.

It's a bombshell. MacLeod stares at her.

MACLEOD

(beat)

He can't be.

CASSANDRA

No?

(CONTINUED)

1109 CONTINUED: (2)

1109

MACLEOD

If they lived at all, they've been  
dead for ages... maybe thousands of  
years. The Horsemen are gone.

CASSANDRA

I'd give my life to believe that.  
But it's not true.

(beat)

One lives.

She finds an HOURGLASS on the table and turns it over, and  
as the sand spills into the bottom half --

TRANSITION TO:

1110 EXT. NOMAD CAMP - THE GREAT DESERT - THE BRONZE AGE  
(BODEAUX SHOOT)

1110

SUPER: THE BRONZE AGE

Spread out in the sand, a scattering of goat-skin tents,  
women and children of the tribe with their animals.  
(CASSANDRA DESCRIBES IN V.O.)

CASSANDRA (V.O.)

It was before science or reason.  
When there was a young world waiting  
to be discovered and understood...  
or feared.

(beat)

Life was hard. A sickness, a broken  
bone could mean death. The greatest  
gift was the skill to heal.

ANGLE - A TENT

larger than the others. We hear a brief YELP of pain.

1111 EXT. TENT - NOMAD CAMP - THE BRONZE AGE - SAME TIME - DAY

1111

An injured TRIBESMAN watches fearfully as Cassandra,  
wildhaired and beautiful, applies a poultice to his arm, as  
her mentor, HIJAD, tall, aging, the tribal healer, looks on.

CASSANDRA (V.O.)

Hijad was our Tribe's Healer. He  
had found me as a baby, and taken me  
in as his student.

(beat)

I wasn't yet Immortal, but I had  
skills, and Hijad trusted me. Maybe  
he could sense I was different.

(CONTINUED)

1111 CONTINUED:

1111

(NOTE: when Cassandra speaks in this FLASHBACK, she does not have a British accent).

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

The pain will leave you soon. But  
do not use the arm until I tell you.

The man moves to rise -- Hijad stops him. He takes the man's hand, then waves his other hand slowly over the poultice, muttering an incantation under his breath. The action has an eerie, mystical quality.

During this, Cassandra stares at Hijad in surprise.

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

Hijad schooled me in the healing  
arts until I knew all his secrets.

(beat)

Or I thought I did.

Hijad finishes, releases the man's arm. The Tribesman smiles gratefully, then leaves the tent.

Cassandra turns to Hijad, rebuffed by his actions.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Did I make the medicine badly?

HIJAD

You made it perfectly.

CASSANDRA

Then why did you make magic over  
him?

HIJAD

There is more to healing than herbs.

(beat)

He believes the spell will help.

So, it will help.

(beat)

Do not worry... you will learn.

Hijad sets aside some of the pouches.

HIJAD

And one day you will pass my simple  
skills... Then you will be the Healer.

CASSANDRA

(objecting)

But you will always be here.

Hijad reaches out, tenderly touches her cheek.

(CONTINUED)

1111 CONTINUED: (2)

1111

HIJAD

Not always.

1112 EXT. THE GREAT DESERT - THE BRONZE AGE - SAME TIME

1112

Far from the tents, a NOMAD walks the dunes, collecting a bundle of DRIED WOOD for the fires. As he bends to pick up a branch -- he pauses at a distant sound. As he listens, it grows louder, until it is clear: HOOVES thundering along the sand.

ANGLE - HORSES HOOVES

at a full gallop as they chew up the sand.

THE NOMAD

looks worried. He turns, quickly scans the horizon -- and freezes in fear. Coming straight at him --

THE HORSEMEN

four MOUNTED WARRIORS are bearing down on him at a FULL GALLOP, bodies covered with plates of leather armor, marked with METAL SPIKES; heads covered by hideously carved FRIGHT MASKS, individual, highly stylized.

Three of them wield bronze SWORDS of various shapes, the fourth carries a huge bronze AXE. They look elemental, as if mounted demons had descended to earth.

For a BEAT the Nomad is frozen, then fear pushes him into action. He turns with a cry and tries to run.

THE HORSEMEN

are bearing down on him.

THE NOMAD

runs for his life, but the Horsemen are too fast. As they gallop past, a SWORD flashes -- the Nomad tumbles into a lifeless heap in the sand.

The Horsemen continue at a FULL GALLOP, not slowing their pace a bit.

1113 EXT. TENT - NOMAD CAMP - THE BRONZE AGE - DAY

1113

Cassandra mixing herbs as Hijad looks on.

CASSANDRA (V.O.)

When I had been found, some of our  
Tribe had wanted to leave me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



1113 CONTINUED:

1113

CASSANDRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Hijad told them I was a gift from  
the desert... and one did not refuse  
such gifts. He saw things that others  
could not see.  
(beat)  
He could not foresee what was to  
happen.

As they work, there is an eruption of SCREAMS. Cassandra  
and Hijad drop what they are doing and race toward them.

1114 EXT. NOMAD CAMP - THE GREAT DESERT - CONTINUOUS - DAY

1114

As Cassandra and Hijad come around their tent to find a sight  
of pandemonium:

The HORSEMEN have hit the camp. (NOTE: For the Foreign  
Version, please shoot the following stylistically. On horses  
and faces, showing as little carnage as possible.) People  
run, women grab children, men try to resist with knives.  
The Horsemen are fighting machines, people falling, scattering  
for their lives.

HIJAD  
STOP!

The Leader of the Horsemen sees Hijad. He raises his arms --  
and the other Horsemen pause in the slaughter.

CASSANDRA  
What are they?

HIJAD  
(stunned)  
The Horsemen.

Cassandra's eyes widen in fear as the leader rides slowly  
towards them.

CASSANDRA (V.O.)  
Everyone knew of the Four Horsemen.  
The destroyers. The ones who lay  
waste.  
(beat)  
Across the world we knew, people  
lived in terror of them. Where they  
rode, whole villages were destroyed...  
or simply vanished. They were without  
mercy, without fear.

The Leader spurs his horse toward Hijad. His mask makes him  
seem a god, or a devil, and his voice booms from inside it,  
oddly distorted.

(CONTINUED)

1114 CONTINUED:

1114

KRONOS

You know what we are.

Hijad gathers his courage and steps forward.

HIJAD

We have nothing you want!

KRONOS

Then you die.

CASSANDRA

No, wait!

Cassandra turns to the tent, quickly drags out a worked METAL CASKET. She throws it before Kronos.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Take it.

(beat)

Gold, jewels, spices... Take them  
and leave us in peace!

KRONOS

(a command)

More.

HIJAD

This is all we have, I swear!

Kronos raises his mask. Under it, his face is weirdly painted -- it is as frightening as the mask.

KRONOS

Then kill them.

(beat)

Kill them all.

Kronos lowers his mask and spurs his horse towards Hijad.

Cassandra steps in his path, screaming, raises her arms to stop him -- but Kronos swings, and she is the first to die.

DISSOLVE TO:

(PLEASE NOTE: Delete the following scene for the Foreign Version and play Cassandra's V.O. on camera in the Loft.)

1115 EXT. NOMAD CAMP - THE GREAT DESERT - LATER

1115

It lies in ruins. Bodies strewn about, nothing moving except the smoke that rises from the smoldering remains of the tents.

(CONTINUED)

1115 CONTINUED:

1115

CASSANDRA (V.O.)  
They took what they wanted, and left  
nothing. Hijad, my people...  
everything I knew and loved was  
destroyed. It was the end of the  
world.  
(beat)  
The end of my world.

TRANSITION TO:

1116 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - THE PRESENT - RESUME - DAY

1116

Cassandra faces the window, remembering, her face wet with  
tears.

MACLEOD  
I never knew.

CASSANDRA  
I tried to forget what happened.  
(beat)  
The years turned into centuries,  
then more centuries... I thought I  
succeeded.  
(beat)  
Then I learned Kronos was alive.

MACLEOD  
Melvin Koren.

CASSANDRA  
Whatever he calls himself, he's  
Kronos. He'll always be Kronos.  
(beat)  
All the hate. All the pain I tried  
to leave behind...  
(welling up)  
It never leaves, does it?

MacLeod gently touches her face, wipes her tears.

MACLEOD  
Sometimes. For a little while.

She pulls him to her, and they kiss. He lifts her in his  
arms, lowers her gently onto the bed. He kisses her eyes.

1117 EXT. JOE'S - DAY

1117

Establishing, as OVER we hear --

DAWSON (O.S.)  
You're kidding.

1118 INT. JOE'S - DAY

1118

Dawson looks up from the bar to look at MacLeod and Cassandra.  
Did he hear right?

DAWSON  
The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse?  
Like in the Bible?

MACLEOD  
(dry)  
No, like in the Kentucky Derby.

Dawson continues wiping the bar.

DAWSON  
Right. So which one you betting on?  
War? Famine? Pestilence?

CASSANDRA  
Death.

Dawson looks at her. She's not smiling.

DAWSON  
You're serious.

MACLEOD  
Dead serious.

DAWSON  
Look, history is full of mounted  
raiders. Stories become legends,  
legends turn into myths...  
(beat)  
The Four Horsemen were symbols of  
war.

Cassandra leans across the bar, a thousand watts of juice in  
her eyes.

CASSANDRA  
A symbol didn't put my tribe to the  
sword.

MACLEOD  
The Horsemen were Immortals, Joe.  
One is called Kronos.

Dawson shakes his head.

DAWSON  
Kronos. Sounds like something out  
of the Dark Ages.

(CONTINUED)

1118 CONTINUED:

1118

CASSANDRA

Bronze age.  
(beat)  
I know. I was there.

She holds his eyes. Dawson looks at her then back at MacLeod for confirmation. MacLeod nods.

Dawson wipes a glass a little shakily, leans on the bar.

DAWSON

What do you want me to do.

CASSANDRA

Find Kronos.

DAWSON

How? I mean, supposing he is real,  
I never heard of the guy until now.

MACLEOD

But you've heard of Melvin Koren.

And OFF Dawson's look --

1119 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE METHOS' PLACE - DAY

1119

A modernistic structure, kind of Frank Lloyd Wright in metal and glass. Methos is approaching his 4-wheel-drive vehicle, looking tight-lipped. He's concerned about MacLeod and the unknown Immortal. He stops as he gets the BUZZ. He reacts in relief, starts to turn around.

METHOS

MacLeod! I was starting to worry --

SCHWING. He's cut off in mid-sentence, eyes wide in shock. He looks down to see --

A DAGGER BLADE sunk deep into his chest, right over his heart.

Kronos, a few feet away. He smiles at the look on Methos' face as his failing heart struggles to beat.

KRONOS

Greetings, brother.

Methos tries to shake his head -- this can't really be happening.

METHOS

(a whisper)  
Kronos...

Then he slumps against the van, dead.

(CONTINUED)

1119 CONTINUED:

1119

KRONOS

I missed you too.

As he pulls the dagger from the chest of the dead Methos.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

1120 INT. KRONOS HIDEOUT - POWER STATION - DAY

1120

An abandoned electrical station, a tunnel with unusual, dramatic atmosphere.

Methos lies on a slab, life just returning to him. He coughs and opens his eyes, disoriented for a moment. Then he sees, standing over him --

Kronos, watching him, his sword held loosely.

KRONOS

It's been a long time. How you feeling?

Methos wheezes, takes a breath, clutching his chest.

METHOS

Like I left my heart in San Francisco.

KRONOS

I always thought you had no heart.  
(re the wound)  
Does it hurt?

METHOS

What do you think?

KRONOS

Since you asked?

Kronos plants his BOOT on Methos' chest and pushes hard.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

I think you could use a little pain, brother. I think it's just what you need.

He pushes hard to make his point, then lifts his foot. Methos sits up, gasping.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

There was a time you'd bounce right up, asking for more. You're getting soft.

Methos pushes gingerly to his feet.

METHOS

Not soft, Kronos.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1120 CONTINUED:

1120

METHOS (CONT'D)

I just passed through my angry  
adolescence a little earlier than  
you.

KRONOS

All this time, I thought you were  
dead. Never even bothered looking  
for you.

(beat)

Then I heard rumors. A word here, a  
story there... "Methos, the world's  
oldest man."

(beat)

You slipped up, old friend. You got  
sloppy.

METHOS

No one's perfect.

KRONOS

But you were close.

(beat)

I shouldn't be surprised you're still  
alive.

He steps up close to Methos and places a hand on his cheek,  
almost tenderly.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

You were always the one I counted  
on. You weren't the strongest, or  
the toughest -- but you were the  
survivor. It's what you do best.

(cold)

Or did.

An ominous ring to this. Methos looks resigned.

METHOS

So. You came to kill me.

KRONOS

It's what I do best.

(beat)

But you do have a choice.

Methos hadn't expected this.

METHOS

I'm all for choices.

Kronos whips his sword up in a flash, puts it to Methos'  
neck.

(CONTINUED)



1120 CONTINUED: (2)

1120

KRONOS

You can lose your head...

(beat)

Or you can join me.

Methos feels the steel pressing into his skin. He doesn't dwell on the choice for long.

METHOS

Since you put it that way...

(beat)

Welcome back. Brother.

1121 INT. DOJO - DAY

1121

MacLeod is just heading into his office when he gets the BUZZ. He turns back to the dojo, tensing -- he's had enough surprises in one day.

Methos steps in. MacLeod relaxes.

METHOS

I was worried about you yesterday.  
Glad you made it.

MACLEOD

Me too.

METHOS

MacLeod, something... unexpected  
came up.

Before Methos can continue.

MACLEOD

Tell me about it. You ever hear of  
an Immortal named Kronos?

METHOS

Kronos... ?

They are interrupted by the BUZZ as the elevator descends, the door opens --

Cassandra steps out. She sees Methos -- and freezes in shock.

CASSANDRA

You.

Methos freezes for a BEAT -- then looks back to MacLeod, face blank -- he has no idea who she's talking about.

MacLeod looks from her to Methos -- Methos shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

1121 CONTINUED:

1121

METHOS

Who's this?

CASSANDRA

Draw your sword!

There's no time for Methos to react, for MacLeod to say anything -- Cassandra starts to come at him.

METHOS

Who is she? MacLeod!

MACLEOD

Cassandra! What are you doing?

He blocks her. She tries to move around him, get at Methos.

CASSANDRA

Killing him.

Methos backs away, trying to stay away from her blade.

METHOS

I don't know what she's talking about!

Cassandra is breathing hard, the hate in her eyes palpable.

CASSANDRA

You think I could forget you?

TRANSITION TO:

1122 EXT. HORSEMEN'S CAMP - THE BRONZE AGE (BORDEAUX)

1122

The Horsemen's camp. FOUR TENTS, each fronting a pole with flying cloth COLORS on it. Strung on one pole is a brace of HUMAN SKULLS. Before the tents, plunder from various raids is laid out. One or two captive SLAVES work over a fire.

A bundled CARPET is dragged from the back of a horse, flopped on the ground. Hands grip the rim of the carpet, pull hard. The carpet unrolls, and CASSANDRA, clothing torn, sprawls out. She pushes shakily to her knees to see --

A masked HORSEMAN gazing at her. His mask is hammered metal, a work of stylized cruelty.

HORSEMAN

You'll live.

(beat)

Your type is very hard to kill.

He offers a hand to draw her up -- suddenly she lunges at him, a dagger in her hand. The Horseman catches her arm, twists with practiced efficiency, and disarms her.

(CONTINUED)

1122 CONTINUED:

1122

He raises his mask -- it is METHOS. Not the Methos we're used to: this man is cold, without compassion or humor. His face is painted half-blue, giving it a barbaric look.

METHOS

You'll have to do better than that.

Cassandra struggles in his grasp.

CASSANDRA

Where are they? My people, my tribe,  
Hijad... take me to them!

Methos looks puzzled, as if she's asked an odd question.

METHOS

You want to see them?

CASSANDRA

Yes!

METHOS

(shrugs)  
If you like.

He waves toward Caspian's tent.

METHOS (CONT'D)

Caspian keeps the heads. He thinks  
it makes him smarter.  
(frowns)  
So far it hasn't worked.

Cassandra stares in horror.

CASSANDRA

You killed them? All of them?!

METHOS

Including you.

He indicates the blood on her robe. Cassandra stares at it, grief drowned in wonder as she feels her side.

CASSANDRA

The wound.  
(beat)  
It's gone. I should be dead.

She looks at him in wonder.

METHOS

You live because I want it.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1122 CONTINUED: (2)

1122

METHOS (CONT'D)

(beat)

And you'll keep on living, as long  
as you please me.

He slides his hand along her leg. She slaps him hard he  
instantly cuffs her back, sends her reeling.

METHOS (CONT'D)

That did not please me.

Again he runs his hand along her leg. This time she flinches,  
but doesn't resist.

METHOS (CONT'D)

(approving)

Maybe you're clever enough to stay  
alive after all.

(beat)

I am Methos. And you live to serve  
me. Never forget that.

He smiles for the first time. As she cringes back --

SILAS (O.S.)

It's mine. It belongs to me!

ANGLE - SILAS' TENT

As Caspian and Silas spill out of it, each holding the end  
of a beautifully embroidered cloak.

CASPIAN

It belongs to whoever can take it!

Methos shoves Cassandra down on the carpet, and moves to the  
other two.

NEW ANGLE

as Methos approaches Silas is quiet, stolid. Caspian has  
the mercurial temper of a psychopath.

SILAS

I saw it first.

CASPIAN

I fought as well as you! I killed  
more people!

SILAS

Women and children don't count.

Caspian whips out his blade and has it to Silas's throat in  
a second.

(CONTINUED)

1122 CONTINUED: (3)

1122

CASPIAN

I can kill you just as well.

Silas says nothing.

CASSANDRA

sees Methos' HORSE standing nearby. She starts edging toward it.

RESUME SCENE

As Methos reaches Silas and Caspian. He edges around the two.

METHOS

Lay it down, Caspian.

CASPIAN

Why should I?

Methos whips out his sword with blinding speed, puts it to Caspian's neck.

METHOS

Because if you don't, I'll kill you.

(beat)

Look at me, Caspian, and believe.

If I have to lose someone, I'll lose you.

Caspian sees he's serious. Slowly he lowers his sword, as Kronos steps up.

KRONOS

Problems?

METHOS

Not any more.

KRONOS

There's one way to make sure.

(beat)

Lift it.

Caspian and Silas lift the cloak between them. Kronos draws his sword -- swings -- and cuts the cape in half. He gives them a hard look.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

We share. Everything.

They hear a sound --

(CONTINUED)

1122 CONTINUED: (4)

1122

CASSANDRA

is on Methos' horse, trying to ride past them. She can barely stay on.

Methos sees her. He races after her, and as the horse passes, he lunges at her and throws her to the ground. She tries to rise, but he pushes her back, puts a knife to her throat.

METHOS

You died once today. Did you enjoy the feeling?

Cassandra shakes her head.

METHOS (CONT'D)

Then remember this well. I will kill you as often as it takes to tame you.

He raises his knife for a painful object lesson. As the blade falls --

TRANSITION TO:

1123 INT. DOJO - THE PRESENT - RESUME SCENE

1123

Methos is backing away from Cassandra.

METHOS

This is crazy, MacLeod, it wasn't me! Do something!

CASSANDRA

He is.

(beat)

He's going to watch you die.

She swings. Methos ducks the blow. Cassandra winds up again, but MacLeod grabs her arm.

MACLEOD

(to Methos)

Get out!

Methos ducks out the door as Cassandra writhes in MacLeod's grip.

CASSANDRA

Let me go!

MACLEOD

The hell I will. Not until you calm down.

(CONTINUED)

1123 CONTINUED:

1123

Cassandra stops struggling. She's breathing hard.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Okay?

CASSANDRA

(beat)

Okay.

He releases her -- she immediately runs to the door and looks out -- but Methos is gone. She turns back to the dojo to look at MacLeod.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

He's gone.

(tight)

You had no right to interfere.

MACLEOD

He doesn't even know you.

CASSANDRA

He's a liar.

(as a threat)

Don't come between us again.

MACLEOD

Cassandra, he's my friend.

CASSANDRA

That "friend" of yours rode with Kronos! Killed and raped alongside him!

(beat)

He was one of the Horsemen, MacLeod.

She turns and storms out. And OFF MacLeod's look --

1124 INT. JOE'S - DAY

1124

MacLeod leans on a post, while Dawson checks out the music equipment for the band.

DAWSON

I dunno, MacLeod. Kronos... Methos...  
the Four Horsemen...

(beat)

I don't buy it.

MACLEOD

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

1124 CONTINUED:

1124

DAWSON

This is our Methos she's talking about? The one Immortal I know who never looks for a fight.

MACLEOD

It keeps him alive.

(beat)

Joe, she swears it was him.

DAWSON

Mac, it was thousands of years ago. You live with the thought of revenge all that time, it becomes an obsession.

(beat)

Maybe the woman's delusional.

MACLEOD

Not Cassandra.

DAWSON

Then maybe she's lying.

(beat)

What the hell do you really know about her, Mac?

MacLeod looks into Dawson's eyes and takes a beat.

MACLEOD

What do I know about Methos?

Dawson is silent a beat, accepting the rebuke. Then:

DAWSON

Ask yourself. Does it sound like him? Can you see him murdering women and children for pleasure?

MacLeod shakes his head.

MACLEOD

No.

DAWSON

Sometimes all you got to go on is your gut. If I were you, I'd listen to it.

MACLEOD

It's not enough.

(CONTINUED)



1124 CONTINUED: (2)

1124

DAWSON

The Watchers don't know everything,  
Mac. You know Methos' history as  
well as I do.

(beat)

If it's proof you want... I'm fresh  
out.

MACLEOD

(tight)

Then I'll find my own.

As MacLeod turns and walks out.

1125 INT. KRONOS' HIDEOUT - POWER STATION - DAY

1125

Kronos looks up as Methos enters.

KRONOS

So you're back.

METHOS

What did you think I'd do? Run?  
Hide? Go somewhere you'd never find  
me?

KRONOS

No, you're too smart for that.

(beat)

You know I'd track you down. Country  
by country, city by city, no matter  
how long it took.

He places a brotherly arm on Methos' shoulder.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

And then I'd kill you.

METHOS

Nice to feel wanted.

KRONOS

I need you. A dozen times I tried  
to take up the old ways.

(beat)

But I failed. The others I rode  
with were trash... scum.

(beat)

There was no one to plan my raids.  
Or understand the true use of terror.  
You are one of a kind, Methos. As  
we all were.

(intense)

There was never a band like us.  
Never in all history.

(CONTINUED)

1125 CONTINUED:

1125

Methos nods weakly. Kronos turns his back, starts rummaging through a pack. Methos stares at him. Thinking. Kronos is vulnerable.

METHOS

Why let me out of your sight in the first place?

It's now or never. Slowly he draws his sword, moving toward Kronos.

KRONOS

A lot of time's passed since we rode together. I had to be sure of you.

Methos takes a silent breath, raises his sword --

KRONOS

suddenly spins around, has a knife to Methos' throat.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

(a smile)

Now I'm sure.

Methos throws his sword down.

METHOS

Don't you understand? I can't do this anymore! I've changed!

KRONOS

No. You pretended to, maybe you even convinced yourself you had -- but inside, you're still there, Methos.

(beat)

You're like me.

METHOS

Not anymore!

KRONOS

No? Tell me you haven't missed it.

METHOS

(bitter)

The killing?

KRONOS

The freedom... The power.

He lowers the knife and puts his arm around Methos' shoulder, his voice fervent, mesmerizing.

(CONTINUED)

1125 CONTINUED: (2)

1125

KRONOS (CONT'D)

Riding out of the sun, knowing you're  
the most terrifying thing they ever  
laid eyes on... that their weapons  
and their gods are useless against  
you...

(beat)

That you're the last thing they'll  
ever see.

(intense)

That's what you were meant to be,  
Methos.

Methos is silent, but we see it in his eyes: the surfacing  
of a thing long submerged. He tries to fight it.

METHOS

No.

But it comes out weakly.

KRONOS

Don't fight it, Methos. Feel it.  
Embrace it. Love it.

(beat)

It's what you are.

Methos is silent a LONG BEAT, then...

Kronos pats him on the back.

KRONOS

I'm going to do you a favor.

(beat)

You know Cassandra's here.

METHOS

(beat)

We didn't exactly exchange gifts.

KRONOS

Then you know she'll kill you if she  
gets the chance.

(beat)

You never could bring yourself to  
take her head.

(beat)

So I'll do it for you.

Methos is silent. He knows Kronos is right.

METHOS

And in return?

(CONTINUED)

KRONOS

You kill Duncan MacLeod.

Methos blanches.

METHOS

He's nothing to you... Why MacLeod?

KRONOS

Because he's your friend.

(moving closer)

Because you still need to prove  
yourself.

(intense)

And because you owe me.

He takes out a knife and moves toward his palm. We are on  
his face as he draws the blade over his hand.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

Swear it.

He holds Methos' eyes, extends the knife to him.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

Swear you will kill MacLeod!

Methos takes the knife, looks at it a LONG BEAT. Then he  
cuts his own palm, and clasps it to Kronos. Their hands  
tighten together. Their eyes lock.

METHOS

I swear.

And OFF this --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

1126 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE METHOS' PLACE - DAY

1126

Methos is packing his van, tossing in laundry bags full of clothes, a satchel, preparing to leave in a hurry. He gets the BUZZ, turns as --

MACLEOD'S T-BIRD

screeches to a stop near him. MacLeod hops out and approaches.

MACLEOD  
Going somewhere?

Methos turns, heaves more items into the van. His face is tight.

METHOS  
You shouldn't be here.

MACLEOD  
What are you running from? The  
question or the answer?

METHOS  
There is no answer.  
(beat)  
Leave it be, MacLeod.

He turns to the van, but MacLeod spins him around to face him.

MACLEOD  
Is what she said true?

METHOS  
I'm out of here.

MACLEOD  
Not yet, you're not.  
(hard)  
Is it true, or isn't it?

Methos throws down a satchel in frustration.

METHOS  
Dammit, they were different times!  
I was different... the whole bloody  
WORLD was different!

(CONTINUED)

1126 CONTINUED:

1126

MACLEOD  
DID YOU KILL THOSE PEOPLE!

Methos finally snaps, turns and HAMMERS the mirror of the van, snaps it off.

METHOS  
Killing was all I knew. Yes!  
(beat)  
Is that what you wanted to hear?

MacLeod looks at him a long beat.

MACLEOD  
It's enough.

He starts to turn away, but Methos stops him.

METHOS  
No, it isn't enough!  
(beat)  
I killed, MacLeod. But not just  
fifty... not a hundred...  
(beat)  
I killed a thousand. Ten thousand!  
And I was GOOD at it!  
(beat)  
And it wasn't because of vengeance.  
It wasn't because of greed. It was  
because I LOVED IT.

Now that he's started, it comes out like an eruption.

METHOS  
Cassandra was nothing. Her village  
was nothing.  
(beat)  
You want to know who I was?  
(beat)  
I was Death in a mask. When mothers  
told their children the monster would  
get them, I was that monster! I was  
the nightmare that kept them awake  
at night! Is that what you wanted  
to hear?!

He finally winds down.

METHOS (CONT'D)  
The answer is yes. Oh, yes.

MacLeod doesn't answer for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

1126 CONTINUED: (2)

1126

MACLEOD

Leave. Now. Just get in and go.  
We're done.

He turns and walks back to his car. And OFF Methos' face,  
watching him --

1127 EXT. DOJO - DAY - ESTABLISHING

1127

MACLEOD (O.S.)

You can't defend what he did. Stop  
trying.

1128 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - DAY

1128

MacLeod leans on the counter, brooding, as Dawson paces behind  
him.

DAWSON

I'm not defending it, I'm trying to  
understand.

MACLEOD

What's to understand, Joe? When he  
rode into a village, there were women,  
there were children. There was life.  
And when he rode out...  
(intense)  
There wasn't.

DAWSON

You weren't there.  
(beat)  
Those were different times, Mac.  
Different rules, morals... you can't  
compare it.

MACLEOD

I won't compare it and I can't excuse  
it.

DAWSON

(beat)  
How many have you killed? How much  
blood have you spilled in anger?

MACLEOD

I know what I've done and I live  
with it, but I'm telling you it's  
not the same.

DAWSON

What the hell are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

1128 CONTINUED:

1128

MACLEOD

I'm talking about children. I'm talking about a bunch of murdering bastards who burned and raped their way across two continents.

(beat)

Think about what he did.

(beat)

See it.

DAWSON

I have.

(beat)

In Nam. When we took out a village, you think we could tell the farmers from the soldiers? You think the bullets somehow missed all the children?

MACLEOD

It's different.

DAWSON

How?

MACLEOD

(errupts)

Because he loved it.

(tight)

Because he killed for the pleasure of killing.

He holds Dawson's eyes. The moment is broken as a PHONE RINGS: Dawson's cell. He pulls it from his pocket, listens briefly.

DAWSON

Got it.

He toggles off.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Kronos.

MACLEOD

Where?

DAWSON

An abandoned power station, near the docks.

MACLEOD

(pissed)

You told me you didn't have a Watcher on him.

(CONTINUED)



1128 CONTINUED: (2)

1128

DAWSON  
We didn't. But we had one on  
Cassandra.  
(beat)  
She led us to Kronos.

MacLeod reacts. He turns without a word and heads for the door.

1129 INT. KRONOS' HIDEOUT - POWER STATION - DAY

1129

Kronos is there when he gets the BUZZ. He smiles, expecting Methos.

KRONOS  
I hope you brought me his sword.

CASSANDRA  
I brought mine.

He turns to see Cassandra facing him.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)  
It's all I need.

Kronos examines her with his eyes.

KRONOS  
You look different somehow. Maybe  
because you're on your feet for  
once...  
(beat)  
Instead of your back.

Cassandra tightens, but remains controlled. She takes a step toward him.

CASSANDRA  
Centuries pass. Nations come and  
go.  
(beat)  
But you're the same.

KRONOS  
I try.  
(beat)  
Did you come for me? I'm afraid  
Methos is busy. He's out killing  
MacLeod.

Cassandra wavers.

KRONOS (CONT'D)  
Come, let's see what you learned in  
three thousand years.

(CONTINUED)

1129 CONTINUED:

1129

CASSANDRA  
 (using THE VOICE)  
 You're weak, Kronos... tired. All  
 you want to do is close your eyes.  
 (beat)  
 You have to close your eyes.

Kronos smiles, just laughs it off.

KRONOS  
 Why, so you can kiss me?

CASSANDRA  
 (using THE VOICE)  
 Your sword grows heavy.

KRONOS  
 Make love to me before I kill you.  
 (beat)  
 And cut out the feeble tricks. They  
 won't work on me.

CASSANDRA  
 Then maybe this will.

She charges, swinging. Kronos deflects her blow. She's fast and determined, but she's angry. As Kronos lets her flail away, she overreaches --

Kronos gives his sword a twist, and disarms her.

Cassandra backs away, using a short table to keep between them. She shoves the table at him hard, trying to stay away. Kronos catches it with his foot.

KRONOS  
 Methos never liked the idea of killing  
 you.  
 (beat)  
 But I do.

She backs up until she's beside a stack of CONTAINER CYLINDERS. As Kronos steps forward, she grabs a cylinder, shoves -- and they come cascading down.

KRONOS

is slammed aside. Cassandra turns and runs. Kronos throws off the cylinders and moves after her.

NEW ANGLE

As Cassandra races through the building. Kronos is somewhere far behind her. Then she feels a BUZZ.

(CONTINUED)

1129 CONTINUED: (2)

1129

She turns -- and comes face to face with

METHOS

CASSANDRA

Damn you.

She dives at him, ready to take him with her bare hands. Methos takes a hit on the shoulder, then side-steps -- cold-cocks her with his sword-pommel. Cassandra goes down, out cold.

Methos looks at her unconscious form for a BEAT, the sword in his hand. One easy swing is all it would take, and she's out of his life, forever.

He hesitates a BEAT -- he looks up as he gets the BUZZ.

1130 INT. KRONOS' PLACE - DAY - SAME TIME

1130

Kronos is moving through the building, looking for Cassandra. He feels a BUZZ ahead of him, and sees a figure standing in the shadows.

KRONOS

You're dead, witch.

(beat)

Come out now and I'll make it quick.

Make it hard -- I'll make you beg me.

The figure steps from the shadows -- it's MacLeod, and his smile is truly frightening.

MACLEOD

Then let's make it quick.

(beat)

Because I can't wait.

KRONOS

I guess it's true. You wait long enough, everything comes back.

MACLEOD

Everything but your head.

He spins the katana around, brings it up one handed, motions Kronos towards him with the other hand.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Come and get it.

Kronos suddenly charges in swinging. MacLeod parries, and they begin to fight.

1131 EXT. BRIDGE NEAR STATION DAY - SAME TIME 1131

Methos carries Cassandra onto the walkway of the bridge, and props her on it, just as she wakes up. She starts to struggle, but he twists her arm behind her.

CASSANDRA

You should have killed me when you had a chance.

Methos doesn't answer.

He shoves. Cassandra sails off the bridge and plummets down into the water.

1132 INT. KRONOS' HIDEOUT - POWER STATION - SAME TIME 1132

MacLeod and Kronos battle around the room. Their clothes are ripped, there are slashes on shoulders, legs -- it's a hard, furious fight, but no one shows any sign of slowing down. As they pull apart, there is a CRASH from above, and a strange sound --

THEIR POV - THE ROOF

as a FLAMING BOTTLE sails through a window, down towards them. They leap apart just as it strikes the floor between them and EXPLODES in a blazing fireball. Flames leap up between them, and they fall back.

1133 EXT. KRONOS' HIDEOUT - POWER STATION - SAME TIME 1133

Methos stands by the building wall, which has a sheet of FLAMES licking up the side. He holds the open JERRY CAN he used to start the fire and to make the Molotov cocktail. He considers the flames a BEAT.

METHOS

What the hell.

He tosses the can onto the flames for good measure, then turns to the wall, and yanks a FIRE ALARM there. The ALARM blares out a shrill scream.

He turns and leaves.

1134 INT. KRONOS' HIDEOUT - POWER STATION - DAY 1134

MacLeod and Kronos continue to fight, sweating in the intense heat, as the ALARM screams, and the rising flames cast a hot orange light on them.

There's a CRASH -- a FLAMING BEAM falls between them, forcing them apart as a wall of FIRE separates them.

(CONTINUED)

1134 CONTINUED:

1134

As the sound of approaching FIRE SIRENS sounds from outside, they look at each other across the flames.

KRONOS

I can wait.

He raises his sword in a mock salute, then turns and disappears behind the flames.

MacLeod tries to follow, but the heat is too intense. He shields his face as the flames rise, and finally breaks off.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

1135 INT. MACLEOD'S LOFT - NIGHT

1135

MacLeod enters, looking exhausted. His clothes are scorched, shirt tattered -- he's just back from the fight. As he enters, about to drop his sword -- he gets the BUZZ. He raises the sword instantly --

Cassandra steps from the shadows.

MacLeod drops the katana, takes her in his arms. Cassandra just holds him, wanting to feel the solid comfort of a body. Finally she breaks off, looks at him.

CASSANDRA

You found Kronos?  
(MacLeod nods)  
He's dead?

MacLeod shakes his head. Cassandra's face turns ashen.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Then I failed.

MacLeod lifts her head.

MACLEOD

No. You're alive... and they're gone.

CASSANDRA

(lost)  
They'll never be gone until they're dead.

MacLeod sees her lost look and pulls her to him.

MACLEOD

Then we'll find them.

Over her shoulder, his eyes are open, far away.

1136 EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

1136

Methos stands there, stock still, a sword to his neck. It's held by a furious Kronos.

KRONOS

You stopped the fight... you saved MacLeod!

(CONTINUED)

1136 CONTINUED:

1136

METHOS

It could have gone either way. I  
couldn't take the chance.

KRONOS

Of me losing? Or MacLeod?  
(beat)  
Maybe I was wrong. Maybe I'll just  
kill you anyway and make sure.

He brings back his sword.

METHOS

You do that, and you'll never have  
the Four Horsemen.

KRONOS

(beat)  
What are you saying?

METHOS

Caspian... Silas... They're alive.

Kronos wavers a beat.

KRONOS

You're lying.

He puts the sword to Methos neck.

METHOS

It's true. I can take you to them!

Kronos searches his face, believes him. He lowers his sword,  
his eyes lighting up with a searing intensity.

KRONOS

Then you live.  
(beat)  
The Four Horsemen ride again.

And OFF his look --

FADE OUT.

TO BE CONTINUED

HIGHLANDER

"Comes A Horseman"

ADDENDUM

Note: The following scene is from 96512, "Revelation 6:8."  
It is to be pre-shot in Vancouver with episode 96511.

INT. JOE'S - DAY (VANCOUVER PRESHOOT)

MACLEOD and DAWSON are leaning against the bar as CASSANDRA sits at a nearby table in front of Dawson's LAPTOP. She's paging through the files of Immortal after Immortal from the Watcher Database. Their images flip by.

DAWSON

You really think the other Horsemen  
could still be alive?

MACLEOD

Methos and Kronos are. Under  
different names, different lives.

Cassandra pushes the laptop away from her impatiently.

CASSANDRA

This is pointless. We're wasting  
time. Let's just go find Kronos.

MACLEOD

Starting where?

(beat)

If they are alive, that's where he'll  
be going.

DAWSON

I've narrowed the search down to  
white, male Immortals we don't have  
First Death information on.

(beat)

It's still a helluva lot of files.

MACLEOD

Try narrowing it down by name.

Look for something similar to what they were using then.  
Caspian and Silas.

DAWSON

You're reaching.

MACLEOD

(short)

Just try it, okay?

He catches himself and, as an apology:



MACLEOD (CONT'D)

It's worth a shot.

Dawson hits a few keys on the laptop and a few names and pictures appear.

DAWSON

Andrew Kaspis.

(Cassandra shakes her  
head)

Cassius Polonius.

(Cassandra shakes her  
head)

Evan Casparri.

As EVAN CASPARRI appears on the screen, a paleness washes over Cassandra's face.

CASSANDRA

(in a tiny voice)

That's him.... that's Caspian.

ANGLE - THE LAPTOP SCREEN

CLOSE ON the face of CASPARRI/CASPIAN.

MACLEOD AND DAWSON

lean over Cassandra's shoulder to check out the file.

DAWSON

He's in Romania. Just outside  
Bucharest.

(beat)

In an asylum for the criminally  
insane.

MACLEOD

Let's go.

MacLeod turns from the laptop screen to see that Cassandra is already half way out the door.