



HIGHLANDER

The Series

#96512
REVELATION 6:8

Written by
Tony DiFranco

Highlander

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Production #96512

October 24, 1996 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"Revelation 6:8"

Production #96512

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD
JOE DAWSON (VANCOUVER PRE-SHOOT)
METHOS

CASSANDRA
KRONOS

SILAS
CASPIAN
DR. CERNAVODA

INMATE

NURSE

HIGHLANDER

"Revelation 6:8"

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SET LISTINTERIORS

JOE'S

ASYLUM - ROMANIA

/RECEPTION

/CORRIDORS

/CASPARRI'S ROOM

KRONOS' CHATEAU (CHATEAU COS D'ESTOURNAL)

/WAR ROOM

/LAB

/HALLWAY

/BARRED ROOM

INN (MAISON D'YVIRS)

/LOBBY

/MACLEOD'S ROOM

CHURCH

METHOS' PAVILION - THE BRONZE AGE

KRONOS' PAVILION - THE BRONZE AGE

EXTERIORS

BELORUSSIAN FOREST

ASYLUM - ROMANIA

KRONOS' CHATEAU - BORDEAUX - (CHATEAU COS D'ESTOURNAL)

/BALCONY

INN - BORDEAUX

/MACLEOD'S BALCONY

DARK STREET

THE HORSEMEN'S BLUFF SIDE CAMP - THE BRONZE AGE

FOUNTAIN

CRECIAN-LOOKING SITE - ANCIENT GREECE

MYCENAE - ANCIENT GREECE

DESERTED STREET

BRIDGE

PET STORE

PICTURESQUE LOCATION

HIGHLANDER

"Revelation 6:8"

TEASER

FADE IN:

RECAP - PREVIOUSLY ON "HIGHLANDER" - TBA

1201 EXT. BELORUSSIAN FOREST - DAY

1201

SUPER: BELORUS, THE PRESENT DAY

Methos and Kronos ride on horseback through the ancient woods. It looks like the middle of nowhere it is.

METHOS

This is the place.

Kronos scans the woods with a wary eye. Then he turns and fixes Methos with a long, hard warning look.

METHOS (CONT'D)

He's here, Kronos. You don't think I'd lie to you?

Kronos holds his look for a moment longer, then a dark smile washes over his face.

KRONOS

Do you do anything else?
(turning back to the woods)
Where is he?

METHOS

Not far.

Methos turns and leads the way.

As they ride closer, Kronos' enthusiasm grows.

KRONOS

This is what I've dreamed of... every night for over two thousand years.
(off Methos' look)
The four of us... reunited.

Methos gives a sour look.

METHOS

(to himself)
Certainly gives a new meaning to the phrase Dream Team.

(CONTINUED)

Kronos pays no attention to Methos' murmurings.

KRONOS
It will be like the old days. Better.
Whatever we want, we have...

METHOS
(dry)
... or take.

KRONOS
(ignoring Methos'
tone)
That's the spirit.

Methos and Kronos react to the sound of CHOPPING coming from the near distance.

INSERT - A BLADE

splitting a chunk of wood with expert precision.

BACK TO SCENE

An eager look lights Kronos' face.

KRONOS (CONT'D)
It's Silas... The man is a virtuoso.

Again, the sound of an ax hitting wood reverberates through the forest.

Methos stops, turns to Kronos. Serious.

METHOS
He's been here a thousand years. He
may not even remember us.

KRONOS
He'll remember. What we were, you
don't forget.

METHOS
What happens if he won't come along?

Kronos is all smug self-assurance.

KRONOS
He'll come... or he'll die.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SILAS THE MAGYAR

In a small clearing, SILAS THE MAGYAR (Charles Bronson at 40) is chopping wood rhythmically, sweat running down the muscles of his back. In mid-swing, Silas gets the BUZZ.

(CONTINUED)

1201 CONTINUED: (2)

1201

Surprised and alert, he stops his chopping, hefts the AX at the ready, and turns to see Methos and Kronos, now walking their horses, approaching.

Silas throws the ax. It lands with a loud thunk in the tree between Methos and Kronos. Silas measures them in deadly silence for a long beat. Then a broad grin comes over his face.

SILAS

Brothers!

KRONOS

Guess he remembers.

Silas reaches his old friends, embraces Methos in a bear hug that lifts him off the ground, squeezing the breath out of him.

METHOS

Nice to see you too, Silas.

Silas puts Methos down.

SILAS

We ride?

METHOS

We ride.

1202 OMITTED

1202

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1203 INT. JOE'S - DAY (VANCOUVER PRESHOOT)

1203

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)

C'mon, Joe. It's worth a shot.

(CONTINUED)

1203 CONTINUED:

1203

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.

1204 EXT. ASYLUM - ROMANIA - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

1204

SUPER: ROMANIA

1205 INT. ASYLUM - RECEPTION - NIGHT

1205

Methos and Kronos are standing at the reception desk talking to DR. CERNAVODA, the asylum's administrator. Silas stands there, mute. Dr. Cernavoda is studying some official-looking documents.

DR. CERNAVODA

This is a highly irregular request.
It will take weeks, perhaps months.

(CONTINUED)

METHOS

We'd like him...

(beat)

Now.

DR. CERNAVODA

We have procedures, gentlemen.

(gently chiding)

Patience is a virtue.

(beat)

I'm afraid my hands are tied.

KRONOS

(leaning in close)

Perhaps this could help untie them.

Kronos pulls out a thick envelope and hands it to Dr. Cernavoda. As Dr. Cernavoda opens it and looks inside --

KRONOS (CONT'D)

Twenty-five thousand dollars...

U.S.

(persuasive smile)

Now it seems to me you have a

"procedural" choice to make, Doctor.

Forget your impeccable paperwork and

I give you twenty-five thousand

dollars and you give me Casparri, or

you keep Casparri and lose everything.

(beat; with implied

danger)

I do mean everything.

It's an easy choice. The Doctor nods and puts the envelope inside his smock.

DR. CERNAVODA

This way.

(beat)

Gentlemen.

The place is decaying, a warehouse of the unfortunate. The corridors are lined with barred doors, some open, but most are closed and locked.

As Dr. Cernavoda leads Methos, Kronos, and Silas through the corridors, some of the inmates watch them through eyes full of sedation. Others, through eyes full of madness. Some reach out through barred doors.

DR. CERNAVODA

What are you going to do with Casparri?

(CONTINUED)

KRONOS
Rehabilitate him.

Dr. Cernavoda laughs. The others don't. Cernavoda looks at them curiously.

DR. CERNAVODA
You're serious?
(peering at Kronos)
You can't be serious.

METHOS
Why?
(genuinely curious)
What did he do?

DR. CERNAVODA
No one knows how many he killed.
They found parts in his garden, in
his basement...
(a shudder)
In his freezer.

METHOS
I'm surprised he wasn't executed.

DR. CERNAVODA
In a less progressive age, a man
like this would have been.
(beat)
Today we are more humane.

ANGLE - ONE OF THE INMATES

He's dressed in a ragged black gown. He points in horror as he sees Kronos.

INMATE
He's here! The Dark One is here!
(points a craggy finger
at Kronos)
It's you! It's the END!

Kronos fixes the inmate with a dark smile.

DR. CERNAVODA
(to Kronos)
Pay no attention. He's harmless.
He's been saying that for thirty
years.

KRONOS
One day he may be right.

(CONTINUED)

DR. CERNAVODA

(laughs)

And one day Romania will be a
superpower.

Dr. Cernavoda stops at a heavily barred room.

ANGLE - CASPARRI'S ROOM

Caspian is chained to the stone wall. He's doing rapid push
ups, arm-chains rattling and clanging. He's matted and
filthy. As he gets the BUZZ, he goes into a feral crouch.

METHOS

Very humane.

Dr. Cernavoda gives Methos a sardonic look.

DR. CERNAVODA

I don't know what you want him for,
but believe me...

(beat)

This one is better off dead.

KRONOS

Open the door.

After a look from Kronos, Silas stands vigil in the hallway.

As Cernavoda turns a key in the lock and opens the door --

1207 INT. ASYLUM - CASPARRI'S ROOM - NIGHT

1207

The door opens and Caspian springs forward, but is brought
up short by his chain, like a lunging dog. He falls back
against the wall, panting and snarling.

DR. CERNAVODA

Are you sure you don't want to
consider another candidate?

KRONOS

Unchain him.

Caspian lunges again.

DR. CERNAVODA

Perhaps we should call security.

Kronos' sword is out in an instant. The chain is severed in
a single blow. Suddenly Caspian lunges and grasps the
Doctor's throat in a powerful death grip.

As Cernavoda struggles, trying to pry Caspian's fingers from
his throat, Kronos looks on with something akin to amusement.

(CONTINUED)

1207 CONTINUED:

1207

DR. CERNAVODA (CONT'D)
Get him off me!

KRONOS
And I thought you valued patience.

There's a beat. Kronos locks eyes with Caspian. Caspian smiles and Cernavoda dies. (NOTE: Please make sure we have Methos' reaction so that we can be on him as Cernavoda is killed for the European version.)

As Cernavoda crumbles to the ground, Kronos takes the cash from his pocket. A smile of mad delight spreads over Caspian's face --

Methos steps forward.

CASPIAN
Stop!

Methos stops. Caspian reaches down where Methos was about to step. There is a large black bug. He picks it up and pops it in his mouth.

CASPIAN (CONT'D)
They're better alive.

METHOS
Bon appetit.

KRONOS
Come, we have much to do.

Kronos and Caspian move out of the cell. Methos lingers a moment. We see that SOMETHING SMALL falls from Methos' hand. Methos doesn't pick it up. He gives the room one last glance and heads out the grated door, pulling it closed hard behind him.

1208 EXT. ASYLUM - ROMANIA - DAY - ESTABLISHING

1208

MACLEOD (O.S.)
When did he escape?

1209 INT. ASYLUM - RECEPTION - DAY

1209

MacLeod and Cassandra are at the reception desk in conversation with a distraught NURSE. A gurney is wheeling out the dead Dr. Cernavoda.

NURSE
Some time last night. We found the doctor this morning.

(CONTINUED)

1209 CONTINUED:

1209

CASSANDRA
(frustrated)
Let's go.

MACLEOD
Did Casparri have any visitors
yesterday?

The Nurse picks up a chart.

NURSE
No... there's nothing on his chart.

The Nurse looks up and sees TWO UNIFORMED POLICEMEN
approaching.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Excuse me.

She walks off toward the police. MacLeod lifts up the chart
and moves down the corridor. Cassandra hesitates.

MACLEOD
(beat)
C'mon.

1210 INT. ASYLUM - CASPARRI'S ROOM - DAY

1210

MacLeod opens the door to Casparri's room. Cassandra is
clearly irritated.

CASSANDRA
Kronos and Methos already have him.
Why are we wasting time in this
hellhole?

MacLeod is silent, looks around. He picks up the severed
chain and studies it.

Drops it, and then his eye catches something small in the
folds of the chain. He picks it up.

MACLEOD
Here's why.

INSERT - A MATCHBOOK.

Imprinted with the JOE'S LOGO. MacLeod opens it, reads

MACLEOD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Bordeaux. Maison d'Yvris.

(CONTINUED)

1210 CONTINUED:

1210

RESUME SCENE

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Methos left it.

CASSANDRA

The question is why.

MACLEOD,

(beat)

You think he's setting us up.

CASSANDRA

Don't you?

MACLEOD

Maybe.

CASSANDRA

But we're going anyway?

MACLEOD

It's the only place we've been invited.

As they walk out of the room, they smile with practiced nonchalance at the two entering POLICEMEN.

1211 EXT. KRONOS' CHATEAU - BORDEAUX - DAY - ESTABLISHING
(CHATEAU COS D'ESTOURNAL)

1211

1212 INT. KRONOS' CHATEAU - WAR ROOM - NIGHT

1212

The WAR ROOM is a huge hall, nearly empty except for a wooden table set at the center. Around the table sit Methos and Caspian. Caspian's been cleaned up but still has a wild animal look to him. Silas enters.

SILAS

What the hell is this place? Where are the stables? Where are the horses? How can we ride?

CASPIAN

Where've you been for two thousand years, Silas? Living in a cave?
(with a mocking laugh)
You think we can just mount up and gallop down Broadway?

SILAS

We can do whatever we please, like always.

(CONTINUED)

CASPIAN

Right. Four guys on Horseback in wild masks -- they'll think we're in the circus.

SILAS

(his hand on his ax)
They won't think it for long.

CASPIAN

(chortles)
You're crazy. You should have been in the madhouse instead of me.

SILAS

Keep laughing, I'll send you back there headless.

Caspian is up to the challenge, rises, drawing his sword as he does. Silas is on his feet, ax ready.

From his seat, Methos seems to be enjoying this well enough.

Kronos enters, his sword in hand.

KRONOS

Put them down.

They hesitate. Suddenly the sword slams down into the wooden table, shaking it.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

Do it... now.

They do as ordered.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

(chilling)
We never raise a blade against each other.

(turns to Methos)
Isn't that right, Methos?

METHOS

You said it.

CASPIAN

(to Kronos re Silas)
Then you tell him he's an idiot.

KRONOS

Why? For dreaming? For knowing in his heart what we were? What we still are.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KRONOS (CONT'D)

(beat)

We are the Four Horsemen. No band of men have ever been more cruel or more feared. Remember that.

He takes Caspian's hand in his, takes Silas' hand in his other hand. Brings them together. Silas and Caspian clasp hands.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

Silas, my brother, why would we want to ride with swords and axes when today there are weapons of unimaginable power?

Methodos' expression is schooled.

METHOS

Waiting to plunge the world into generations of darkness.

KRONOS

If we choose.

(relishing the moment)

What more could we ask for? What better time to come together than in the scientific age?

(with passion and a touch of madness)

Think of what men like us can do. Men without conscience, without fear... Think of the destruction, the devastation... the death... a world of anarchy and madness.

(beat)

And dream!

1212A INT. KRONOS' CHATEAU - LAB - NIGHT

1212A

Inside a large room is filled with cages. Most are empty, but many contain MONKEYS. The Horsemen enter. The monkeys chatter.

KRONOS

The weapons of today are different, but it all comes down to the same thing. There are the conquerers and there are the conquered.

CASPIAN

(as a wise ass)

You want to conquer the world with monkeys?

(CONTINUED)

1212A CONTINUED:

1212A

KRONOS

Not with them. With this.

Kronos opens a small insulated container. With a pair of tongs he removes a vial.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

(re the vial)

An ounce of this in a city's water supply and in two days, a hundred die. A week later, a thousand... a month later a million.

(beat)

Were you in England when the plague hit, Caspian? I was.

CASPIAN

(to Kronos)

You have a plan?

Kronos smiles.

KRONOS

I have a few thoughts. A few dollars. Enough to start.

(beat)

Now that we've found Methos... Now we'll have a plan.

METHOS

What did you have in mind?

KRONOS

Once we rode out of the sun, bringing death at the point of a sword. There was no man, and no Immortal, who could stand before us. We were death on horseback. They called us the end of the world.

Kronos' eyes are manic as he rakes them over his compatriots.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, I want to give them what they fear most.

(beat)

The Apocalypse.

Off the Four Horsemen gathered in front of their new arsenal, forming a grim tableau, we --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

1213 INT. KRONOS' CHATEAU - WAR ROOM - DAY - LATER

1213

Mid-scene. Methos sits with his feet up on the table, a study in casualness. Silas leans on the wall nearby while Caspian is doing pushups, showing off. Kronos paces in front of Methos.

KRONOS

That's it? A bomb with the virus in a fountain? How many will that kill?
(beat)
You've gone soft, Methos.

CASPIAN

(with sarcasm)
I'm scared...
(to Silas)
Are you scared?

METHOS

It's a beginning. Haven't you read Aristotle's Poetics?
(off Caspian's look)
Of course not. Don't suppose you've seen "Casablanca," either.
(with a sigh)
It's the first rule of great drama. Start small, and build.
(beat)
A fountain... to get their attention. Then a public pool, to kill a hundred. Then a stadium to kill ten thousand. Then an ounce of this in a city's water supply and in a week...

Methos' voice trails off.

KRONOS

(liking it)
The city is dead.

METHOS

You want to own the world again? You offer them the choice -- the Horsemen rule, or they all die.

Kronos smiles.

(CONTINUED)

1213 CONTINUED:

1213

KRONOS
(trying it out)
"The Horsemen rule, or the world
dies."
(beat)
It has a nice ring to it.
(beat)
I forgot how good you were.
(puts an arm around
Methos' neck)
It begins tonight.

1214 EXT. INN BORDEAUX - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING (MAISON D'YVRIS)

1214

An elegant chateau that doubles as a hotel.

1215 INT. INN - LOBBY - NIGHT

1215

An Innkeeper stands behind the front desk. MacLeod turns from him, moves to Cassandra.

MACLEOD
No message, no reservation, nothing.

CASSANDRA
Dead end.

MACLEOD
He left that note, he'll get in touch.

CASSANDRA
He's done nothing but lie to you.
That's all he ever does.

MacLeod doesn't answer her.

MACLEOD
I'll get us a room.

MacLeod turns back to the front desk.

1215A EXT. INN - MACLEOD'S BALCONY - DAY

1215A

MacLeod and Cassandra are in mid-conversation on the balcony overlooking the city.

CASSANDRA
He's not your friend. He's no one's
friend.
(beat)
He's putting the Horsemen back
together. You have no idea what
that means.

(CONTINUED)

1215A CONTINUED:

1215A

MACLEOD

It's Kronos who's behind this. Let me take care of him, then we'll worry about the rest.

CASSANDRA

Kill Kronos, you cut out the heart of the Horsemen. Kill Methos, you take the head. They both have to die.

MACLEOD

Even if you have your revenge, the memories won't end.

(beat)

Killing can't erase what happened. only living can do that.

CASSANDRA

(very soft)

Nothing can do that.

(she looks into his eyes)

Nothing.

As he takes her into his arms.

1216 INT. KRONOS' CHATEAU - LAB - DAY

1216

Silas is feeding one of the monkeys through the cage door. He's smiling as it takes food from his hand. The monkeys CHATTER suddenly. He looks for the source of agitation. It's Methos passing by the door.

SILAS

Methos? You seem troubled.

METHOS

(entering)

No, I was just thinking.

SILAS

You were always good at that.

(beat)

I'm glad after all these years that you still are.

METHOS

Me, too.

Silas smiles. He offers Methos a half-pint of an amber liquor.

SILAS

Not like the old days, is it?

(CONTINUED)

1216 CONTINUED:

1216

METHOS

What do you mean?

Methos takes a swig hands it back.

SILAS

We were meant for battle, men like us. In an age of warlords, we were kings.

(beat)

I don't like killing from a distance. I like to have my ax in my hand, to see my enemies' eyes before I strike.

METHOS

Soon enough.

SILAS

(surprised)

You don't think the virus will work?

METHOS

Oh, it'll work.

(beat)

We'll kill a hundred, then a thousand, then a million. Until Kronos gets what he wants.

(beat)

He'll destroy half the world and rule the rest.

SILAS

We will rule. We four.

He hands Methos the bottle again. Methos takes it, holds it without drinking for a beat. Then:

METHOS

Silas... For two thousand years we've lived without it. The blood, the fear, the power.

SILAS

And for two thousand years I've hoped for the day we would ride again.

(beat)

Like you always said. We live. We grow stronger. And then we fight.

A beat of silence from Methos. Then he takes a final swig and hands the bottle back.

METHOS

I'll see you later.

(CONTINUED)

1216 CONTINUED: (2)

1216

He turns to leave. Silas calls after him.

SILAS

Do you think he'll let me have one?

METHOS

Have what?

SILAS

A monkey. I like this one.

METHOS

I'll ask him for you.

SILAS

Thank you, brother.

There's no response from Methos.

1217 EXT. INN - MACLEOD'S BALCONY - NIGHT

1217

MacLeod's on the balcony overlooking the city. Cassandra comes from the shower in a robe.

CASSANDRA

Duncan...

Her voice is shaky, she's holding herself together with an effort. MacLeod moves to her.

1217A INT. INN - MACLEOD'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

1217A

CASSANDRA

Will you kill him?

(off no response)

Can you kill him?

MACLEOD

If I have to.

CASSANDRA

You will.

MACLEOD

Did it ever occur to you that he might be trying to help us?

CASSANDRA

No.

The phone RINGS. MacLeod grabs the phone.

MACLEOD

Hello?

1218 EXT. DARK STREET - NIGHT 1218

Methos is standing in the shadows, phone to his ear.

METHOS

Elysium Church. Ten minutes. Come alone.

And then click as he folds his phone closed.

1219 INT. INN - MACLEOD'S ROOM - RESUME 1219

As MacLeod schools his face, answers casually into the now dead phone --

MACLEOD

(into phone)

I'll be right down.

Cassandra is acutely alert.

CASSANDRA

Was that him?

MACLEOD

No, just the front desk -- some problem with my credit card.

As MacLeod heads out the door, Cassandra moves to the mirror, sits in front of it. As she gazes with a thousand yard stare at her reflection --

1220 INT. CHURCH - DUSK 1220

Methos stands dead still in the nave of the church. He reacts, edgy and tense, to the BUZZ as MacLeod arrives. MacLeod is chilly. The two men hold each other's eyes for a long moment, then --

MACLEOD

Well? I'm here.

METHOS

Yes... thanks.

MacLeod tightens.

MACLEOD

Why did you lie to me?

METHOS

About what?

(CONTINUED)

1220 CONTINUED:

1220

MACLEOD

About Cassandra. About what you were.

METHOS

I was many things.

MACLEOD

Who are you now?

MacLeod gives him a tired look. Methos moves closer to MacLeod, edgy.

METHOS

Why do you think I didn't tell you?
I know you, MacLeod. I knew how you would react.

Methos gives a shake of the head, a mirthless laugh.

METHOS (CONT'D)

What I've done, you don't forgive.
Not in your nature.
(beat)
Just accept it.

But MacLeod just can't let it go. He grabs Methos by the arm.

MACLEOD

Accept what? That a friend I trusted
with my life slaughtered innocent
people for a few head of cattle?
(beat)
What are you going to tell me, Methos?
That that's how the world was?

Methos acknowledges a fundamental truth.

METHOS

The world was how we made it.

Methos turns to the altar. After a beat:

METHOS (CONT'D)

She told you we burned her village,
slaughtered her people.

MACLEOD

And took her prisoner.

Methos waits for MacLeod to continue. When MacLeod doesn't, he turns back to MacLeod.

(CONTINUED)

1220 CONTINUED: (2)

1220

When it's clear MacLeod doesn't have anything further to add, Methos shakes his head sadly.

METHOS

There's more.

TRANSITION TO:

1221 EXT. THE HORSEMEN'S BLUFF SIDE CAMP - THE BRONZE AGE - DAY 1221

SUPER: THE BRONZE AGE

A few pavilions on bluffs by the sea. (NOTE: A different location than the Horsemen's Camp in Ep. 96511)

The Four Horsemen ride in, fresh from battle, blood on their swords and on their leather armor. They've brought booty back to their camp with them, including a few frightened captive women.

Silas and Caspian, flushed with the charge of battle, strip off masks and armor and wash off the day's dust and gore in a small stream. Kronos looks on, the proud leader. He turns to Methos.

KRONOS

Another day well spent. Come, Methos, let's celebrate.

With a grin, Kronos looks over at the cowering captive women.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

And divide our bounty.

METHOS

You can have my share. I'm tired.

Methos nods good night, then turns and heads for his pavilion. Kronos looks after him thoughtfully.

1222 INT. METHOS' PAVILION - THE BRONZE AGE - DAY

1222

Methos enters tiredly. Cassandra rises from the shadows and comes to him. It's a different Cassandra than we have seen in the other Flashbacks. She's calm, submissive, dressed seductively.

She carries a brass goblet. He takes it from her and takes a deep swallow.

METHOS

(re the wine)
It's good.

(CONTINUED)

1222 CONTINUED:

1222

CASSANDRA

I cooled it in the river.

She takes his cloak and his sword, puts them aside, then reaches to unbuckle his leather armor.

CASSANDRA

(re his dusty state)

You rode far.

He sighs tiredly as the armor comes off.

METHOS

Yes.

He settles back on the cushions as Cassandra gently washes off the mud and blood of the field, anointing his body with exotic oils.

He draws her closer and begins to caress her gently. As he starts to remove her gown --

The flap of the tent is flung open. Kronos steps into the tent.

Cassandra hastily pulls her robe closed, flushing under Kronos' hungry stare. With a smile, Kronos turns to Methos.

KRONOS

My compliments, brother. You've taught her well in everything, I see.

Methos's face is inscrutable.

METHOS

She had much to learn.

Kronos reaches into a fruit bowl. Takes a large bite.

KRONOS

Seems she keeps the best fruit for you.

METHOS

It's the same as any.

Kronos is taking in Cassandra with his eyes --

KRONOS

Maybe it just tastes better in here.

(moves closer to
Cassandra)

You've made quite a prize of her.

(CONTINUED)

METHOS

She's no different than any of the others.

KRONOS

Except you seem to prefer her to all others. Why is that? Have you grown attached?

METHOS

No.

KRONOS

Good. I didn't think you'd make a mistake like that, brother.

(beat)

Because now it's time to share the spoils of war.

Cassandra retreats behind Methos, expecting him to defend her, to refuse Kronos' demand.

CASSANDRA

Methos... send him away.

Kronos laughs and moves closer.

KRONOS

You've left some spirit in her, Methos. I like that... After I finish, maybe I'll let Caspian have her.

Kronos reaches and grabs Cassandra and pulls her from behind Methos. Methos doesn't help or hinder Kronos, but merely steps aside and lets him take hold of Cassandra.

CASSANDRA

(in shock and terror)

Methos!

No reaction.

Cassandra screams and struggles as Kronos drags her out of the tent. Her face is washed with terror and betrayal.

HOLD ON Methos as he stares after them for a beat, face unreadable. Then, as he takes a piece of fruit, and rolls it over in his hand --

1222A EXT. THE HORSEMEN'S CAMP - THE BRONZE AGE - DAY

1222A

Kronos drags the unwilling Cassandra to his tent. He throws her down. Through the translucent tent wall we see Kronos standing over her.

(CONTINUED)

1222A CONTINUED:

1222A

The CAMERA PANS to the sky and night falls.

1222B INT. KRONOS' PAVILION - THE BRONZE AGE - NIGHT (FORMERLY 1229)

1222B

The pavilion is similar in size and design to Methos' pavilion, but it's in disorder. Skins and various pieces of booty are scattered helter-skelter throughout the pavilion.

Cassandra is thrust inside. Kronos stands over her.

KRONOS

Show me again what you've learned...

Kronos begins to open his shirt. Cassandra shrinks back into a corner of the pavilion, terrified.

CASSANDRA

No more. I'd rather die.

KRONOS

A little death is always at the heart of passion.

Kronos grabs Cassandra and pulls her close into him. She lashes out at him, striking him hard across the face. Without flinching, he throws her to the ground.

He approaches her again. She puts up her hands in supplication.

CASSANDRA

Please, don't hurt me.

Kronos steps back and begins to untie the sash that holds up his trousers.

KRONOS

Smart girl.

Kronos smiles. Cassandra moves closer, places her hands on his hips, unties the sash. Rather than just remove his trousers, she takes her time, moving her hands over his lower abdomen, teasingly seductive.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

(groaning with pleasure)

Maybe I won't give you to Caspian after all.

Cassandra keeps caressing Kronos, moving lower. Kronos closes his eyes with pleasure.

Cassandra glances up, then in a quick fluid motion pulls a sharp KNIFE from her skirts. The blade flashes.

(CONTINUED)

1222B CONTINUED:

1222B

We are on Kronos' face as it contorts in pain. Kronos staggers back. The blade is in his chest. He staggers and falls.

Cassandra pushes past him and rushes out of the pavilion.

TRANSITION TO:

1223 INT. CHURCH - THE PRESENT - RESUME

1223

Methos' face, staring straight ahead at the altar.

METHOS

She escaped across the wilderness.
She must have died a dozen times of
heat and thirst before she reached a
village that would take her in.

(beat)

And I'm sure it was worth it. Getting
away from us, from me.

MACLEOD

So what the hell are you doing with
Kronos now?

METHOS

Same as always. Trying to stay alive.

(beat)

If you want Cassandra to live, you'll
get her as far from here as you can.

MACLEOD

And just let Kronos go?

Again Methos gives a mirthless laugh.

METHOS

That's not a choice you have. You
can't stop him, I can't stop him --
nobody can.

MACLEOD

And four guys with swords are going
to conquer the world.

METHOS

The world doesn't change. Not in
five hundred years, not in five
thousand. It's only the details
that change.

(beat)

Kronos didn't torch villages for a
few coins, he torched them just to
see them burn.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

METHOS (CONT'D)

Today, he'll have a nuclear bomb, or a plane full of napalm... but the effect will be the same. A world of people living in terror of the Horsemen.

MACLEOD

And you expect me to step aside and let it happen?
(a beat)
You should know me better than that.

METHOS

Yes. Perhaps I do.
(beat)
What if I told you I came here to warn you. That the first step toward Kronos' brave new world will be tonight.

MACLEOD

Where? When?

METHOS

The fountain at the Place du Vogue.
At three.
(beat)
There won't be many people there this time of night.

MacLeod stares at him a beat. He's looking at a stranger.

MACLEOD

You set a bomb?!

METHOS

You've heard of Ebola. There are worse things in the world if you look for them.
(beat)
Kronos looked. He's breeding a virus. He's got cages of monkeys and enough virus to destroy half of Europe.
(beat)
A little bit in a fountain will only kill a few, but it's a start.

MACLEOD

What's next, the water supply?

METHOS

Bright boy.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

Let's go.

He tries to move Methos out. Methos pulls his arm away.

METHOS

If I turn against him...

(beat)

I'll lose.

MACLEOD;

(with disgust)

Going with the winner.

(beat)

Then why are you here? What game
are you playing now, Methos?

Methos shrugs.

METHOS

(beat)

It's in the center of the fountain.

Blue, then green, then red.

MacLeod hesitates.

MACLEOD

You're better than this.

METHOS

(off his watch)

You've got twenty-four minutes.

MacLeod holds his gaze for a moment, then turns and leaves.

Cassandra paces tensely. Then she gets the BUZZ. She turns
toward it, off guard, expecting MacLeod.

CASSANDRA

Duncan, what took you so long?

But it's Kronos.

KRONOS

I'm afraid MacLeod is otherwise
engaged.

Kronos steps into the room. Right behind him are Caspian
and Silas.

Kronos moves toward Cassandra.

1224 CONTINUED:

1224

KRONOS (CONT'D)

As I remember, I owe you something.

Kronos' face has a look of grim satisfaction.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

Too bad you didn't know you had to
take my head to kill me.

CASSANDRA

I'll take it now!

As Cassandra moves to pull out her SWORD, Kronos tears it
from her grasp.

He takes out a KNIFE just like the one she stabbed him with
in his pavilion ages ago.

KRONOS

I've waited a long time to give this
back to you.

As Cassandra backs away from the blade.

1225 EXT. FOUNTAIN - NIGHT

1225

MacLeod approaches the fountain. A few people mill about.

MACLEOD

Go... get out of here!

They disperse as if he's crazy.

MacLeod searches the fountain, finds a METAL BOX. He slides
it out carefully.

THE BOMB

has a timer on it and colored wires. The timer reads
02:58.52.

MACLEOD

has sixty seconds. He has time.

He pulls out a swiss army knife, starts to reach for the
blue wire. Cuts it. Then a WHINING noise. He reacts.

The water from the fountain starts to spray. He's getting
soaked, but he relaxes. Then --

A LOUD CLICK

from inside the metal casing. MacLeod cuts the green wire.
Ten seconds to go.

(CONTINUED)

1225 CONTINUED: 1225

MACLEOD

cuts the red wire. Safe.

He picks up the small tube of virus. As he stares at it,
knowing what could have happened.

1226 OMITTED 1226

1227 OMITTED 1227

1228 OMITTED 1228

1229 OMITTED 1229

1230 OMITTED 1230

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

1231 INT. KRONOS' CHATEAU - WAR ROOM - NIGHT

1231

Kronos has a map of the world laid out on the table. He looks up and sees

METHOS

entering the room.

KRONOS

We missed you.

(beat)

Your bomb didn't go off. Not much of a plan.

METHOS

I'll think of better.

KRONOS

I'm sure you will, or I'll just have to improvise.

(beat; casual)

By the way, where were you?

METHOS

I was just...

KRONOS

(cuts in; matter of fact)

Warning your friend.

Methos doesn't allow a reaction. Kronos sighs and gives Methos a patronizing look.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

Did you believe I wouldn't know you'd tell MacLeod?

METHOS

It's not like you think.

KRONOS

It's exactly like I think.

Methos is silent. Kronos fixes him with a cold smile.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

My dearest brother, that's what makes you my perfect right arm -- we think alike, we always have.

(CONTINUED)

1231 CONTINUED:

1231

METHOS

I doubt that. Nobody thinks like
you Kronos.

Kronos laughs.

KRONOS

The answer of a true scholar.

Kronos turns his attention back to his map and a small device
that looks like a cross between a detonator and a cell phone.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

See this? Isn't it beautiful? All
I do is punch in a few numbers and a
small vial explodes in the reservoir
above Bordeaux. And then... Well,
you know what happens then.

(beat)

We all make our own little plans.
And I'm waiting for the rest of yours.
I know you won't disappoint me.

(expansive)

I forgive you already. Come... I
have something else to show you.

Methos follows Kronos across the room and down a hallway.

1232 INT. KRONOS' CHATEAU - HALLWAY - NIGHT

1232

Kronos stops at a barred room --

KRONOS

She was asking about you.

Methos looks into the barred room to see --

1233 INT. KRONOS' CHATEAU - BARRED ROOM - NIGHT

1233

Cassandra is locked inside, lying on a mat, tied up and
unconscious.

1234 INT. KRONOS' CHATEAU - HALLWAY - NIGHT

1234

Methos' expression is locked down as he stares in at
Cassandra.

Kronos throws an arm over his shoulders, brotherly.

KRONOS

What are you thinking now? How you're
going to get out of here to tell
MacLeod?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1234 CONTINUED:

1234

KRONOS (CONT'D)

(beat)

You're not. Look around. This place
is your whole world now, Methos.

METHOS

You mistake me.

KRONOS

Try to leave, and the minute I sense
you're gone, she dies.

METHOS

Why would I care?

But he can't keep the rage and frustration out of his eyes.

KRONOS

You can't out-think me, Methos, and
you can't out-fight me. And you
sure as hell can't kill me.

METHOS

(murmurs)

You think so.

KRONOS

You had your shot and you couldn't
take it.

TRANSITION TO:

1235 EXT. GRECIAN-LOOKING SITE - ANCIENT GREECE - DAY

1235

SUPER: ANCIENT GREECE

Methos looks at a dead Greek as Kronos rifles the body of
another.

KRONOS

Methos the scholar? That's a good
one, brother.

Kronos laughs incredulously, but Methos is serious.

METHOS

I'm serious. It's what I want to
do. Study and learn.

KRONOS

What for? What have you got to learn?

METHOS

Most everything, it seems.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1235 CONTINUED:

1235

METHOS (CONT'D)

About the world. About myself.
About who we are.

KRONOS

I can tell you who we are.

METHOS

(dry)
Can you?

KRONOS

I'm Kronos. I always have been, and
I always will be. And you're just
like me. We are who we are, and
that's more than enough.

METHOS

Not for me. Those who don't learn
from their mistakes, repeat them.

KRONOS

We don't make mistakes. We make
history.

Kronos drains his goblet of wine.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

Pour me another drink and have one
yourself. You're getting too damned
serious for your own good. You're
turning into a Greek.

Methos pours Kronos more wine, and in a life-defining moment,
slips in some poison from a ring.

METHOS

Thank you.

Methos hands him the wine. Kronos drains it.

KRONOS

(a slow warning tone)
Just be careful you don't forget
what you really are.

METHOS

I never forget what I am. The more
I learn, the more aware I become.

Methos stands.

KRONOS

Where do you think you're going?

(CONTINUED)

METHOS

That's what I've been trying to tell you.

(a long beat)

I'm finished riding with you.

KRONOS

The hell you are! Sit down!

Methos doesn't.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

Don't make me say it again.

METHOS

You don't need me.

KRONOS

There are four Horsemen. There always will be.

METHOS

Find another to take my place.

KRONOS

Impossible. We four are brothers. The blood we spill binds us, only blood can separate us.

Methos doesn't move.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

(pleasant)

Don't you understand, Methos? The only way to leave the Horseman...

(cold)

Is by leaving your head.

Methos shakes his head sadly.

METHOS

I was afraid you might see it that way.

Kronos stands and draws his sword, making ready to force Methos into a fight. Methos draws his sword, steps back.

KRONOS

Fight me, and don't think you'll live to learn anything from it.

As Kronos steps forward, he wavers on his feet, vision blurring, swordarm dropping.

(CONTINUED)

1235 CONTINUED: (3)

1235

KRONOS (CONT'D)

The wine...

METHOS

A little something I came across in my studies. That potion would kill most people.

(beat)

It will stop even you.

Kronos makes one last effort, but the drugged wine takes hold, sending convulsions through Kronos. He falls to the ground, out cold.

Methos moves to Kronos' side, stands over him, deep in thought for a long beat, sword gripped firmly in his hands --

1236 EXT. MYCENAE - ANCIENT GREECE - DAY

1236

Methos is pounding in the hinges on the grate that covers the well from which we saw Kronos escape at the beginning of the previous episode.

KRONOS

Traitor! Coward! Fight me!

He grabs at Methos through the bars.

METHOS

Why would I do that? I've already beaten you.

KRONOS

The hell you have! Your head is mine! Your life is mine!

Methos makes no answer -- just slams the massive bolt home.

TRANSITION TO:

1237 INT. KRONOS' CHATEAU - WAR ROOM - THE PRESENT - NIGHT

1237

The massive, ancient, rusted bolt that held Kronos in his prison. He tosses the bolt onto the table in front of Methos.

KRONOS

So you had your thousand years of study, while I had a thousand years of crusts of bread flung to me by the priests you left.

Kronos' tone is pleasant, but the undercurrent is dangerous.

(CONTINUED)

1237 CONTINUED:

1237

KRONOS (CONT'D)

I wonder what your friend MacLeod
thinks of you now?

METHOS

You think I care?

KRONOS

You should.

(beat)

You lured him away.

(off Methos' look)

And when he comes back, he finds
someone's stolen his woman.

(beat)

If it was me, I'd want you dead.

METHOS

You're not MacLeod.

KRONOS

(laughs)

He's known you a few years. I've
known you a thousand times as long.

Kronos moves closer.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

(beat)

I knew you'd send MacLeod to the
fountain. And you knew I knew.

(beat)

So I did what you expected. I went
and got the witch while she was
unprotected.

METHOS

(beat)

Then you do know me better than I
know myself.

KRONOS

Of course I do. Your plan was
perfect. Your plans always are.

METHOS

Then there's nothing left to do but
kill MacLeod before he comes after
me.

Methos turns to go. Kronos stops him.

KRONOS

Don't worry, my friend.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1237 CONTINUED: (2)

1237

KRONOS (CONT'D)

MacLeod won't live long enough to
seek revenge on the friend who
betrayed him.

METHOS

You sent Silas? Or Caspian?

KRONOS

Both.
(with a nasty smile)
You can owe me.

Off Methos' far off stare --

1238 EXT. INN - NIGHT

1238

MacLeod approaches and gets the BUZZ. His sword is out.

MACLEOD

Cassandra?

He turns, just as an AX bears down on him hard.

SILAS

Welcome home.

With a lightning motion, MacLeod just barely manages to
deflect the attack as

CASPIAN

charges him from the other direction.

MacLeod sidesteps Caspian's charge, deflecting Caspian's
sword, but getting knocked back, a bit off balance, by the
sheer power of Caspian's charge.

As MacLeod scrambles to regain his balance, Silas approaches.

MacLeod's options are dwindling fast -- he's got Horsemen on
two sides, and even if he defeats one...

CASPIAN (CONT'D)

(wild)
C'mon, boy.

MACLEOD

And when I kill one of you, the other
takes my head.

SILAS

If you kill one of us.

(CONTINUED)

1238 CONTINUED: 1238

With a blood curdling ancient battle-yell, Caspian charges, only to be met with a hard boot to the stomach.

MacLeod slips past him and takes off.

Silas and Caspian exchange a glance.

CASPIAN
Just like old times.

Caspian and Silas turn and hurry after him.

1239 OMITTED 1239

1240 OMITTED 1240

1241 EXT. DESERTED STREET - NIGHT 1241

MacLeod's on the run. Silas and Caspian split up to search.

1242 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT 1242

MacLeod is crossing the bridge when he hears another battle-yell. He turns to see Caspian charge at him, hard and furious.

Caspian's first charge knocks MacLeod hard against the side of the bridge. He recovers just in time to dodge Caspian's next blow.

MacLeod is hard-pressed to counter Caspian's undisciplined fighting style.

The madman has little finesse but he's relentless.

CASPIAN
It's been a long time, Highlander.
(licking his lips)
You're gonna taste so good.

MACLEOD
You're gonna go hungry.

MacLeod backs away from the onslaught of Caspian's almost incessantly swinging sword. He's noting the pattern of the swings and timing them.

Suddenly, MacLeod takes a quick sidestep, and in the same motion swings at Caspian's head.

MacLeod's sword hits its mark. Caspian falls hard to the ground, headless.

As the Quickening drives MacLeod to his knees --

(CONTINUED)

1242 CONTINUED:

1242

SILAS

(a roar)

Damn you!

SILAS

is just striding toward him from the end of the bridge, ax raised.

The wind from the Quickening strikes but Silas fights against it, approaching MacLeod, ready to kill him while he's down.

MACLEOD'S POV

Through the wind and light, Silas looms closer. He swings the ax.

ON MACLEOD

Before the ax hits its mark, MacLeod manages to roll off the bridge, even as the Quickening engulfs him, and disappears under water in the center of a whirlpool of wind and lightning.

SILAS

stands on the bridge, watching. Ready.

The water calms. He looks... nothing.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

1243 EXT. KRONOS' CHATEAU - DAWN - ESTABLISHING 1243

1244 INT. KRONOS' CHATEAU - BARRED ROOM - DAWN 1244

Cassandra is awake, but still tied up, as Methos enters with a breakfast tray. He crouches beside her to offer it to her.

METHOS

You should eat.

She spits at him. He shakes his head sadly.

METHOS (CONT'D)

This is familiar.

Cassandra's white with hatred and fear.

CASSANDRA

I'm not your sorry little slave anymore. I know what I am now. What you are.

(beat)

You may have fooled MacLeod, but you've never fooled me.

METHOS

I wasn't trying to fool anyone.

CASSANDRA

If MacLeod knew what you really were, he would have taken your head long ago.

METHOS

He had his chance. He didn't.

He studies her thoughtfully, not angry, not apologetic.

METHOS (CONT'D)

It wasn't all bad. When we were together.

She looks at him a beat, then looks away.

CASSANDRA

I only served you because you forced me.

(CONTINUED)

METHOS

Don't hate yourself.

(shrugs)

It happens. Look at Patty Hearst.

It's called Stockholm Syndrome.

Hostages come to rely on their captors
for life, for food, for approval --
and they fall in love.

Cassandra fixes him with a look of contempt.

CASSANDRA

I never loved you.

METHOS

But you thought you did. You thought
I would protect you.

(beat)

You forgot what I was.

CASSANDRA

Untie me, you'll see how much I
remember. I'll take your head with
my bare hands. You, then Kronos.

METHOS

Then you're stronger than I am.

(beat)

I had my chance at Kronos, and
couldn't strike.

She hisses at him.

CASSANDRA

I'll strike.

METHOS

Whatever.

(beat)

Love me or hate me, it doesn't matter
now. It's Kronos who has the power.

CASSANDRA

Because you give it to him. Like
always.

METHOS

I've seen what happens to anyone who
goes up against him.

(beat)

If we want to survive, we'll keep
him happy.

(CONTINUED)

1244 CONTINUED: (2)

1244

CASSANDRA

I didn't then, and I won't now. I'd rather die.

METHOS

Then you'll die.

He grabs her arms, intense, forces her to meet his gaze.

METHOS (CONT'D)

And you can forget about MacLeod coming.

(beat)

He's dead.

And off that --

1245 EXT. PET STORE - DAY

1245

MacLeod approaches the store as the owner closes for lunch. In the window are cages of different animals, including monkeys.

MACLEOD

Monsieur, If I wanted to import a hundred monkeys, who would I talk to?

As the owner smiles at the thought.

1246 INT. KRONOS' CHATEAU - NIGHT

1246

Kronos is furious as he stands facing Silas.

KRONOS

He killed Caspian and you just let him get away!

SILAS

I searched the river. I searched for hours.

(beat)

I found this.

He holds out Caspian's SWORD. Kronos looks at it a beat, then takes it.

KRONOS

I will mourn him.

(devastated)

Never again will we be four.

SILAS

I'll go back out.

(CONTINUED)

1246 CONTINUED: 1246

KRONOS
No. Come with me.

He storms toward Cassandra's room. Silas follows.

1247 INT. KRONOS' CHATEAU - BARRED ROOM - NIGHT 1247

Methos is standing in the room, a tray of food untouched in front of Cassandra.

METHOS
It's not pleasant even for an Immortal
to starve to death.

She throws him a look as Kronos storms in, followed by Silas. Kronos grabs Cassandra by the arm, pulls her to her feet.

KRONOS
(to Silas)
If MacLeod even gets close, kill
her.

He shoves Cassandra at Silas. She struggles, turns to face Kronos.

CASSANDRA
He's alive?

KRONOS
Not for long.

CASSANDRA
(to Methos)
You failed.

Kronos grabs Methos by the arm.

KRONOS
Come, my clever friend, you and I
are going to poison a city.

1248 INT. KRONOS' CHATEAU - WAR ROOM - NIGHT 1248

MacLeod is sitting at the great table, his sword in hand.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Kronos and Methos enter, they get the BUZZ. They turn to see --

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

MACLEOD

The Three Horsemen of the Apocalypse
doesn't have quite the same ring,
does it, Kronos? What are you going
to do now?

KRONOS

You're not going to be around to
find out.

MACLEOD

We'll see about that.

He takes his stance, ready for battle.

KRONOS

Think of the witch, Highlander.
Think of Cassandra.

(smiling)

Lay down your sword, and she'll keep
on living. Fight, and win or lose,
she's dead.

MACLEOD

(to Methos)

You set me up.

KRONOS

He's the master.

(beat)

What do you say, MacLeod? Your life
for hers? I promise I'll take good
care of her.

MACLEOD

I think she'd rather be dead.

Kronos grins.

KRONOS

Your call.

As Kronos and MacLeod square off, Kronos commands Methos

KRONOS (CONT'D)

Go tell Silas to finish her. And
let her know it was MacLeod's
decision.

As Methos turns to go, MacLeod calls after him.

MACLEOD

Methos! Don't do this!

(CONTINUED)

1248 CONTINUED: (2)

1248

Methos stops, turns. His expression is inscrutable.

METHOS

Like you said, I go with the winner.

Methos heads out.

KRONOS

Methos understands what you don't.
He knows what I am.

MACLEOD

What you were, Kronos. Your time is
done.

KRONOS

You still don't understand, do you?
I am the end of time.

With an almost unearthly speed, Kronos swings at MacLeod,
nearly cutting him in half.

1249 INT. KRONOS' CHATEAU - HALLWAY - NIGHT

1249

As Methos comes hurrying toward Cassandra's room, Silas pulls
her into the hallway, his ax in his free hand.

SILAS

MacLeod's here?

Methos nods. Silas turns, pushes Cassandra to her knees.
He raises the ax to behead her --

METHOS' SWORD

blocks his downswing.

SILAS

reacts in shock.

SILAS (CONT'D)

You're challenging me?
(disbelief)
For the girl's head?

He looks into Methos' eyes, sees the challenge there -- no
backing down.

SILAS (CONT'D)

Take it. She's yours, brother.

He steps aside, gesturing to Methos to take her head. Methos
pivots as Silas steps aside, his eyes tracking Silas' ax.

(CONTINUED)

1249 CONTINUED:

1249

METHOS

I'm not your brother.

He brings his sword down toward Cassandra, slicing the ropes that bind her arms, then finishes the backswing to meet Silas' ax as it swings for him.

SILAS

How can you do this? How can you betray who we are?

METHOS

You have no idea who I am.

Silas charges at Methos and Methos defends.

1250 INT. KRONOS' CHATEAU - LAB - NIGHT

1250

MacLeod and Kronos are still at it, through the room with the monkeys chattering insanely.

KRONOS

Not bad. But not enough.

MACLEOD

There's more.

KRONOS

(smiles)

I'm sure there is. Knowing you've just killed your woman.

(mocking laugh)

Maybe you'll be with her in the afterlife.

Kronos makes an angry attack. MacLeod deflects the blow and manages to knock Kronos a little off balance.

1251 INT. KRONOS' CHATEAU - HALLWAY - NIGHT

1251

Methos seems to be getting the upper hand. Then both Methos and Silas react to an O.S. battle yell.

1252 EXT. KRONOS' CHATEAU - NIGHT

1252

MacLeod drives Kronos from the chateau. Rage and frustration is clearly getting the better of Kronos. With a battle-yell similar to Caspian's

KRONOS

I am the apocalypse!

MACLEOD

You're history.

(CONTINUED)

1252 CONTINUED:

1252

KRONOS

raises his sword and charges MacLeod in a fury.

Momentarily blinded by his rage, Kronos leaves

MACLEOD

an opening. one is all it takes. MacLeod takes Kronos' head and the Quickening begins.

1253 EXT. KRONOS' CHATEAU - BALCONY - NIGHT

1253

Methos has been driven through a door, against a balcony railing. He's struggling to keep Silas' ax away from his neck. Then, the BOOM of the Quickening.

Neither of them know whose head has fallen. But Silas' split-second reaction to the nearby sound and fury gives Methos his chance. He takes it, and takes Silas' head.

The two simultaneous Quickening light the exterior of the chateau, with two battered, kneeling figures at the center -- Methos on the balcony and MacLeod on the ground.

As the Quickening dies away

CASSANDRA

picks up Silas' ax and raises it over the exhausted Methos. Methos looks up at Cassandra, physically and emotionally drained, his expression tired and sad.

METHOS

I killed Silas.
(to himself)
I liked Silas.

Cassandra reacts angrily, her words almost exploding under his.

CASSANDRA

And now I'm supposed to forgive you?

MACLEOD

runs in and finds this tableau. Methos on his knees by Silas' body, Cassandra standing with ax ready to strike, tears streaming down her face.

MACLEOD

Cassandra...

Cassandra looks at him. Ax still raised, arms trembling with the effort of holding it.

(CONTINUED)

1253 CONTINUED:

1253

CASSANDRA
(in anger and disbelief)
You want me to let him live?

There's a long beat before --

MACLEOD
Yes.
(simply)
I want you to let him live.

After a long moment, Cassandra drops the ax. As she turns
and walks away --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

1254 EXT. BORDEAUX - A PICTURESQUE LOCATION - DAY

1254

MacLeod and Methos are in conversation. There's no anger between them, but there is a distinct awkwardness -- their former easy camaraderie has been blasted away, and will take some time to heal.

MACLEOD

You must have known Kronos would escape that well one day.

METHOS

I tried not to think about it.

MACLEOD

(beat)

You had the chance, why didn't you kill him?

METHOS

I wanted to.

(a beat)

But I couldn't. Not then, maybe not ever.

(beat)

We were brothers. In arms, in blood, in everything but birth.

(beat)

If I judged him worthy to die, I judged myself the same... and I wanted to live. I still do.

MacLeod looks at him sharply. Not liking what he's thinking.

MACLEOD

Kronos was right, wasn't he? You set the whole thing up.

METHOS

What do you mean?

MACLEOD

You knew Kronos would take Cassandra. And you let him, because you knew I'd come after her.

(beat)

You couldn't kill him, but you knew I could.

METHOS

Maybe I hoped you could.

(CONTINUED)

1254 CONTINUED:

1254

He turns to walk away. MacLeod takes his arm, forces him to turn back.

MACLEOD

What about Cassandra?

Methos looks at him a long moment.

METHOS

(quietly)

One of a thousand regrets, MacLeod.

One of a thousand regrets.

As he walks off into the fog, with MacLeod looking after him --

FADE OUT.

THE END