



HIGHLANDER

The Series

#96516

FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES

Written by
Dom Tordjmann

Highlander

"FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES"

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Production #96516

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Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"Forgive Us Our Trespasses"

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CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD
METHOS
AMANDA

STEVEN KEANE

GRANDMOTHER
RICHARD DUNBAR, EARL OF ROSEMONT
SEAN BURNS
INSPECTOR BEGUE

MICHAEL DUNBAR (AGE 8)

HIGHLANDER

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

BARGE

NIGHTCLUB

DARIUS' CHURCH

METHOS' ATELIER

/KITCHEN

SEAN BURNS' STUDY - 1779

PRISON VISITING ROOM

PRISON INTERROGATION ROOM

EXTERIORS

BARGE - QUAI DE LA TOURNELLE

PARIS NIGHTCLUB

/PARKING LOT

DARIUS' CHURCH

SCOTLAND - 1746

/WOODS

/BURNT CROFTER'S HUT

ENGLISH COUNTRY ESTATE - 1746

/GROUNDS

LUXEMBOURG GARDENS

ROOFTOP

FIRE ESCAPE

ALLEY

HIGHLANDER

"Forgive Us Our Trespasses"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1601 EXT. PARIS NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 1601

Low key on the outside -- just a simple neon sign and a velvet rope.

1602 INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 1602

The hottest spot in town, peopled with the eclectic mix that makes a Paris club tops... models, artists, and the midnight crowd. AMANDA, dressed sexily in black, fits right in, she's moving through the crowd, bopping to the beat as she heads for the bar.

A YOUNG GUY with an interesting haircut dances up to her, sashays suggestively -- wanna dance? She looks him over.

AMANDA

Maybe later.

She moves on. Then: the BUZZ. Another Immortal. Amanda checks out the crowd, and her eyes fix on...

STEVEN KEANE

who's definitely looking her way.

This guy's hip, but not punk, dressed with flash and imagination. An earring glints in one ear. And his eyes glint as they settle on Amanda.

KEANE

(as he approaches)

There is a God.

(touching her hand to
his lips)

Steven Keane.

AMANDA

Amanda.

(as a joke)

You come here often?

KEANE

I may have to start.

(off her smile)

Actually, I own the place. Just bought it.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

Really?

(appraising)

New decor, better band, less water
in the drinks -- you've made quite
an investment here.

KEANE

(off the crowd)

It seems to be paying off.

AMANDA

Flavor of the month.

(double entendre)

We'll see what kind of staying power
you have.

Keane looks in her eyes and plays the moment.

KEANE

I plan on making a lasting impression.

Amanda returns his smile.

AMANDA

That's optimistic of you.

She likes this guy's style -- not to mention his obvious
bankroll. She leads him off the dance floor, to a quieter
corner.

KEANE

You live around here?

AMANDA

For about a thousand years... Off
and on.

KEANE

(with a smile)

Almost a native.

(beat)

You must know every Immortal in the
city.

AMANDA

(teasing)

You looking for someone in particular?

KEANE

(pointed)

Always.

(CONTINUED)

1602 CONTINUED: (2)

1602

AMANDA
(still playing)
What's her name?

KEANE
Duncan MacLeod.

Amanda covers her reaction.

AMANDA
He a friend of yours?

KEANE
We've got some unfinished business.
You know him?

AMANDA
Doesn't ring a bell.
(beat)
And speaking of unfinished business...

She runs a hand along the open collar of his shirt, her message clear.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
My place?

1603 EXT. NIGHTCLUB - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

1603

As Keane ushers Amanda toward his white MG, Amanda's eyes follow a couple of CUSTOMERS as they head inside.

AMANDA
(distracted)
Did you know this was a convent once?

KEANE
Next you'll tell me you were a nun.

AMANDA
Tempting. Black is my color.

The two witnesses disappear out of sight as Keane turns away from Amanda to unlock the car.

He holds the door open for her to get in and is taken completely off guard when

AMANDA

slams the door hard into his stomach. He doubles over in pain as she pulls her sword out.

(CONTINUED)

KEANE

struggles to draw his own sword, barely raises it in time to block Amanda's next blow.

He scrambles away, on the retreat as he recovers his breath.

KEANE (CONT'D)

And I thought you were only interested
in my body.

(beat)

Was it something I said?

AMANDA

Duncan MacLeod.

The smile fades from Keane's face, his charming demeanor replaced by intensity.

KEANE

Where is he?

Keane attacks with renewed interest, driving Amanda back against the car.

AMANDA

attacks with grace and a series of acrobatic moves, forcing

KEANE

to retreat.

AMANDA

drives her blade toward him. She thrusts with all her strength.

KEANE

avoids it. The blade drives into a brick and stone wall. It breaks.

Amanda retreats. She can now fight only defensively but she doesn't give up. Keane drives her back. He grabs her swordarm with his free hand, holding it away from him.

Amanda tries to get a knee in his groin but he avoids the blow.

KEANE (CONT'D)

Not twice in one night, sweetheart.

He leans on her, keeps her pinned. He twists the sword out of her hand and his blade goes to her neck.

(CONTINUED)

KEANE (CONT'D)
(locking eyes)
I don't want to kill you.

AMANDA
(a little breathless)
That makes two of us.

KEANE
(tight)
Then call MacLeod.

He hands her the cell phone out of his jacket. And off her
trapped look --

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1604 EXT. DARIUS' CHURCH - NIGHT 1604

MacLeod heads into the church. On edge as he gets the BUZZ.

1605 INT. DARIUS' CHURCH - NIGHT 1605

MacLeod enters the darkened church. Sees no one at first.

MACLEOD

Amanda?

She steps out of the shadows near the altar. She looks a little shaky.

AMANDA

Sorry...

(as Keane steps out
behind her)

I didn't have a choice.

KEANE

I asked her to call you.

MacLeod reads the dark look on Keane's face, understands.

MACLEOD

And now I'm here.

(ready for anything)

Duncan MacLeod of the Clan MacLeod.

KEANE

I know who you are. I've hunted you
for more than 200 years.

(off MacLeod's look)

I'm Steven Keane... You really don't
remember?

MACLEOD

No.

KEANE

Then maybe you remember my friend,
Richard Dunbar.

(beat)

The Earl of Rosemont.

MACLEOD

reacts to the name, remembering, and we

TRANSITION TO:

1606 EXT. WOODS - SCOTLAND - 1746 - DAY

1606

The patchwork of colors of the MacLeod tartan... mud and blood adding to the pattern.

MACLEOD

on horseback, slogs through the scorched landscape.

The sound of a grieving WAIL reaches his ears. He spurs his horse tiredly towards the sound.

1607 EXT. BURNT CROFTER'S HUT - SCOTLAND - 1746 - DAY

1607

A scene of absolute destruction. The home of a small farmer has been burnt to the ground, the remaining timbers still smoldering from the blaze.

An old woman covered in soot sits cradling a mortally wounded young man in her arms. She wails her grief to the sky.

MacLeod dismounts, starts to water his horse amid the carnage. There is nothing new in the destruction around him. He's seen the same for days.

GRANDMOTHER

(calling to him)

Look! Look at what they've done to us.

MACLEOD

(hollow)

I have.

GRANDMOTHER

(re the lad's body)

He was only a lad. They said they couldn't let him grow into a rebel like his father.

(through tears)

His father has been dead ten years. Got the fever in '35. He never saw the cursed war.

(beat)

Where are our men? Where is Prince Charlie?

MacLeod speaks, his voice as dead as he feels, as he moves to her.

MACLEOD

The war is over. The men are scattered. Prince Charlie is fled to France.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(beat)
We've lost.

GRANDMOTHER

If the war is over, why are they
still killing?

MacLeod has no answer.

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)

(re the house)
His mother and his sisters were
inside. I begged the soldiers to
let them out. They laughed. They
said they couldn't let us breed.

(beat)
They burned them. On the Earl's
orders, they said.

MACLEOD

Come away, Grandmother. I'll help
you bury them.

She looks at him with eyes burning with rage and grief, her
voice tight with anger.

GRANDMOTHER

You want to help me?
(re his sword)
Bury the English bastards who did
this. Make the dogs pay! Give me
my revenge!

MacLeod reacts, his face hardens.

MACLEOD

(Cold)
The Earl who gave the order -- what
was his name?

GRANDMOTHER

Rosemont.
(beat)
God will punish him for this!

MACLEOD

He won't have to wait for God.

1608 EXT. WOODS - SCOTLAND - 1746 - DAY(E)
(SCENE 31731 FROM "TAKE BACK THE NIGHT")

1608

MacLeod rides through the woods, reins in his horse. His
fade darkens at what he sees. Grimly he pulls out his musket.

(CONTINUED)

1608 CONTINUED:

1608

MACLEOD'S POV -- A CAMPFIRE

and four English soldiers, RUPERT, WILLIE and two others, drinking around it. A MURDERED SCOT and his WIFE hang from a tree nearby. Rupert stokes the fire. Willie hands him a bottle.

RUPERT

(beat)

When we're finished, there'll be
nothing left in this stinking land
but oats and sheep.

From the darkness, a musket is fired.

WILLIE

catches a musket ball between the eyes, goes down in a heap, the bottle flying from his hand.

RUPERT

What the devil?

MACLEOD

steps from the shadows with his sword drawn.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

As far as you're concerned
(beat)
The Devil himself.

RUPERT

scrambles for his musket. He fumbles it, terrified. Before he can fire --

MACLEOD

attacks, sword slashing. With a cry, Rupert drops backward, dead, landing across the fire. He feels nothing.

THE TWO OTHER SOLDIERS

attack MacLeod from either side.

MACLEOD

Takes them both on simultaneously. It is a quick but deadly battle as one Englishman falls, then the other.

FOLLOWING MACLEOD

as he moves to the hanging Scot. It's a young man. MacLeod looks at him a BEAT, his face going cold.

(CONTINUED)

1608 CONTINUED: (2)

1608

As he raises his sword to cut him down, we PUSH IN on the sword --

TRANSITION TO:

1609 EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRY ESTATE - 1746 - DAY

1609

RICHARD DUNBAR, the EARL OF ROSEMONT, walks the grounds with STEVEN KEANE. A table is set up under a pavillion on the lawn; at it, Rosemont's WIFE puts out fruit and cheese.

Nearby, Rosemont's two sons, MICHAEL, 8, and ANDREW, 4, play on the manicured lawns.

The scene is a picture of domestic happiness.

Keane looks relaxed and happy, but Rosemont is a bit edgy -- he's been at war for the last few years, and is still uneasy at leisure.

ROSEMONT

I lost scouting party after scouting party -- they'd march into the woods and we'd never find so much as their bones.

KEANE

I heard it went hard.

ROSEMONT (CONT'D)

They were everywhere. Any man or boy that could raise a sword or a scythe was against us.

(beat, with feeling)

Scottish devils left me no choice.

KEANE

I should have been there, Richard.

ROSEMONT

I thank God you were not, Steven. I trusted you to look after my wife and sons.

KEANE

You're my family.

(beat)

As much as I've ever had.

ROSEMONT

(beat)

There are days I thought I'd never see them again. It seemed that damned war would go on for a thousand years.

(CONTINUED)

They've reached the table. Rosemont's wife hands them wine glasses as:

KEANE

But in the end you got the better of them.

ROSEMONT

Cumberland was ready to march home after the rout, but I convinced him we had to finish it. We had to leave a mark -- make sure the Jacobites were wiped out.

(without pleasure)

We cut down every man in tartan we could find.

KEANE

If there was another way, you would have found it.

ROSEMONT

Would I? Or was I too full of hate to look?

Keane reacts to a distressed look from Rosemont's wife.

KEANE

No more talk of the war. It's over and you're here. Josephine prayed for it every night.

Rosemont turns to his wife.

ROSEMONT

Now you must have a new prayer, Josephine. Pray this victory holds. Pray those Highland bastards got the message.

(determined)

I won't have my sons called to fight this battle again.

At this, their attention is caught by the happy SHOUTS of Michael as he runs by with a brightly colored kite bouncing behind him.

MICHAEL

Father, Uncle Steven, look!

Rosemont looks at his son with joy.

KEANE

Very good, Michael!

1609 CONTINUED: (2)

1609

The little boy runs off, then turns back to his father.

MICHAEL

Come, Father!

Rosemont turns to Keane.

ROSEMONT

Walk with me.

Rosemont and Keane follow Michael onto the grounds of the estate.

1610 EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRY ESTATE - THE GROUNDS - 1746 - DAY

1610

Rosemont and Keane walk through a wooded area of the estate. They walk along the path while Michael darts in and out of the woods.

ROSEMONT

You have great patience with children,
Steven. You should have some of
your own.

KEANE

It's easier for some than others.

ON MICHAEL

as he follows a twining ivy runner off the path, between the trees. The sudden sound of hoofbeats and Michael looks up to see

DUNCAN MACLEOD

looming above him on horseback. Haggard and bearded, his outfit stained with mud and blood, MacLeod has been on the warpath since Culloden. He has the obvious look of a desperate man.

He swings off the horse as we CUT TO:

KEANE

as he gets the BUZZ and

ROSEMONT

as he hears his son's SCREAM O.S.

Whipping his dress sword out of its scabbard, Rosemont plunges into the woods. Keane, his sword also drawn, moves with him. They come face to face with

(CONTINUED)

1610 CONTINUED:

1610

MACLEOD

holding the terrified boy by the arm.

KEANE

(re the boy)

Let him go.

(to Rosemont)

He's here for me... Leave us.

MACLEOD

No. Stay.

And off Keane's surprised look, MacLeod pulls a pistol and shoots Keane dead.

ROSEMONT

My God!

Rosemont kneels by his fallen friend. He checks. Keane is dead. He looks up at MacLeod.

ROSEMONT (CONT'D)

Please. Don't hurt my son.

MacLeod looks to him out of hate-darkened eyes.

MACLEOD

That's what a thousand Scottish mothers screamed when your soldiers murdered their children.

Rosemont is shaken. This wild creature is like a nightmare come to life.

ROSEMONT

Who are you?

MACLEOD

A man of Scotland your butchers couldn't kill.

ROSEMONT

It was war!

MACLEOD

It still is.

ROSEMONT

Let go of my son. Let him go, and face me.

There's a beat, then MacLeod shoves the child away from him in disgust.

(CONTINUED)

ROSEMONT (CONT'D)

Run, Michael!

The boy staggers back, staring, but doesn't leave. MacLeod turns on him, grinning, like the bogeyman.

MACLEOD

That's right boy, run. Run and tell every English boy you meet that Duncan MacLeod is coming for their fathers.

(out of control)

Tell your children, and your children's children, they're not safe from me.

Rosemont gets between MacLeod and his petrified son. Raises his saber. MacLeod bats the light sword away with fury, and as his sword raises to strike down Rosemont.

WIDE SHOT

of the woods, as Michael's SCREAM echoes off the empty trees.

TRANSITION TO:

1611 INT. DARIUS' CHURCH - THE PRESENT - RESUME

1611

Steven Keane is shaking with fury as he pushes MacLeod:

KEANE

Do you remember how many men you murdered? How I many lives you destroyed?

MACLEOD

Yes.

KEANE

That's all you have to say?

MACLEOD

What else is there?

KEANE

(beat)

Six A.M. The Luxembourg Gardens.

(a look at AMANDA)

That gives you time to say your goodbyes.

He pulls open the door to leave, stops for one last word:

KEANE

If you run, I'll find you.

(CONTINUED)

1611 CONTINUED:

1611

As Keane exits, to his departing back:

MACLEOD

I won't run.

He looks after Keane grimly; Amanda watches him nervously.

1612 EXT. DARIUS' CHURCH - NIGHT

1612

MacLeod strides away from the church, Amanda scurrying to keep up.

AMANDA

Look, I'm really sorry. The guy had a sword to my throat. I didn't know what else to do, I figured, Holy Ground, they'll talk...

MACLEOD

You did the right thing.

AMANDA

Yeah?

MACLEOD

Yeah.

(A bittersweet smile)

I really prefer you with all your parts intact.

AMANDA

Yeah, well, you and I both.

MacLeod stops walking and turns to Amanda. There's something a touch troubled in his tone.

MACLEOD

What do you know about Keane?

AMANDA

I just met him, honest.

(real regret)

He seemed like such a nice guy.

(beat)

And now you're going to have to kill him.

MacLeod's eyes turn away from hers. He starts walking away. As Amanda watches him for a moment with concern, her stomach tightens in an anxious jumble.

1613 EXT. BARGE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT 1613

1614 INT. BARGE - NIGHT 1614

MacLeod is sleeping fitfully, tossing and turning. Beside him, Amanda lies wakeful, watching him with worried eyes.

We PUSH IN on MacLeod's face, hearing the SOUNDS of his dream: Swords CLASHING, men SHOUTING.

1615 MACLEOD'S NIGHTMARE 1615

NOTE: The following clips should be PROCESSED for nightmare effect -- distorted sound, stretched images. Scenes from MacLeod's early life in Scotland are mixed with scenes from his post-Culloden rage, images and sounds overlapping.

EXT. ERISKAY ISLAND - 1745 - DAY
(SCENE 41805 FROM "THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY")

We are in the midst of a skirmish between a small knot of Scottish soldiers and their English counterparts.

INT. CROFTER'S HUT - DAY
(SCENE 10606 FROM "FAMILY TREE")

MacLeod's father comforts his dying son.

IAN
You fought well. You fought like a
MacLeod.

EXT. WOODED FIELDS - SCOTLAND, 1746 - DAY
(SCENE 41809 FROM "THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY")

MacLeod comes upon a battle scene. A number of Scots lie dead.

EXT. MACLEOD'S VILLAGE - 1618 - DAY
(SCENE 40111 FROM "HOMELAND")

IAN
You are a Chieftain's son! You'll
not walk away from this.

EXT. CEIRDWYN'S TAVERN - SCOTLAND, 1746 - DAY
(SCENE 31730 FROM "TAKE BACK THE NIGHT")

MACLEOD
They slaughtered four thousand Scots.
Men, women, children in their mother's
arms. I don't ask you to understand.

(CONTINUED)

1615 CONTINUED:

1615

CEIRDWYN

But I do. Only too well.

(sadly)

More blood does not make it better.

EXT. WOODS - SCOTLAND, 1746 - DAY
(SCENE 31731 FROM "TAKE BACK THE NIGHT")

MacLeod comes across the bodies of the murdered Scot and his wife, hanging from a tree.

He rides down the English Soldiers brutally, then sinks to his knees by the Scottish bodies, haunted and exhusted.

1616 EXT. BURNT CROFTER'S HUT - SCOTLAND - 1746 - DAY

1616

The old Grandmother grabs his arm.

GRANDMOTHER

Bury the English bastards who did this.

1617 QUICK CUTS

1617

Of MacLeod striking down men -- soldiers like Willie and Rupert, men in civilian clothes, an unrelieved catalog of killing. Finally --

1618 EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRY ESTATE - GROUNDS - DAY

1618

MacLeod grabs young Michael Dunbar.

EXT. CASSANDRA'S HUT - 1606 - DAY
(SCENE 50115 FROM "PROPHECY")

Young Duncan runs to his father.

YOUNG DUNCAN

Father! I'm here!

Ian grabs him and hugs him.

1619 EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRY ESTATE - GROUNDS - DAY

1619

MacLeod's sword swings at Rosemont. And over it a young boy's scream --

MICHAEL

Father!

(CONTINUED)

1619 CONTINUED:

1619

OVERLAPPING WITH:

INT. MACLEOD FAMILY HOME - 1624 - NIGHT
(SCENE 40131 FROM "HOMELAND")

MacLeod calls out as he enters the hut:

MACLEOD

Father?

Inside, Mary MacLeod sits by her husband's body.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Father...

1620 EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRY ESTATE - GROUNDS - DAY

1620

Rosemont's son reacts in horror --

MICHAEL

Father!

1621 INT. BARGE - NIGHT - RESUME

1621

Amanda reaches to tuck the covers over MacLeod. As her hand brushes his shoulder, he comes suddenly awake, his eyes wide, and grabs her arm hard, defensively. His free hand goes to his waist as though to pull a dagger.

AMANDA

MacLeod!

He comes completely awake and realizes what he's doing.

AMANDA

(a slight quaver)

It's just me.

He releases her, settles back, still shaky.

MACLEOD

I'm sorry, I just.... I was dreaming.

AMANDA

You want to tell me about it?

MacLeod just shakes his head. Tossed and vulnerable, he looks like a scared child.

Amanda wraps the blanket around him and snuggles down beside him, cradling him in her arms.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Okay. I'm here.

(CONTINUED)

1621 CONTINUED:

1621

He nods tightly, his eyes still far away. As he puts an arm around her and tries to settle back into the bed, we PUSH IN on his wide, stress-filled eyes, and we HEAR what he's hearing -- the CLASHING of sword on sword, the SHOUTS of dying men... and the SCREAM of Rosemont's son.

And off his haunted face....

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

1622 EXT. BARGE - NIGHT

1622

MacLeod gazes out across the still Seine... fog creeping upriver. Amanda approaches tentatively.

AMANDA

MacLeod?

(off no answer; softer)

Duncan?

MacLeod comes out of his funk enough to notice her very real concern.

MACLEOD

I couldn't sleep.

AMANDA

I noticed.

She moves close, wraps her arms around him from behind. There's a silent beat, then --

AMANDA (CONT'D)

So, I was thinking... How about a trip to the beach?

He knows what she's getting at, just shakes his head.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Tahiti's nice... no phones, no clothes, no worrying about tan lines or mysterious Immortals coming out of the woodwork....

(off MacLeod's look)

Okay, there was that one guy, what was his name, Grenville?

She moves in on him with a suggestive stroke.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

But he's gone now. It'd be just you and me. I take out that old copy of the Kama Sutra...

MACLEOD

Amanda....

(stilling her roving hands)

You know I can't.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

Why not?

MACLEOD

I have to deal with this.

AMANDA

What exactly do you mean "deal with this?"

He doesn't answer. Not directly.

MACLEOD

It never should have happened.

(beat)

I'd seen my people slaughtered. The whole world I'd known -- destroyed.

(beat, with anger)

I thought the answer was to kill as many English as possible.

(a hard won lesson:)

It was no answer.

AMANDA

What are you saying?

MACLEOD

That Keane is right about me. I was a murderer.

She stares at him. Truly stunned.

AMANDA

So what? It happened 250 years ago! They're all dead now -- the ones you killed, the ones he killed, four generations of their children.

(in his face)

It's ancient history. Over and done.

You think anyone but Keane gives a damn?

He doesn't answer, his eyes far away. Amanda is getting increasingly frustrated. Amanda looks at him for a long moment. There are tears in her eyes, but she's forcing them back, forcing herself to stay tough.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

This arrogant little English ass shows up with a two-hundred and fifty year old grudge and you let him convince you that you're the bad guy?

(beat)

It was war.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

The war was over.

AMANDA

Big deal.

(beat)

Mother Theresa probably stole a pack of gum when she was a kid.

(beat)

Get over it! You're the best man I've ever known, Duncan. You make other people better, people like me who never cared about anything until you came along with your big brown eyes and your Boy Scout rules.

(beat)

And now what? You throw it all away because you screwed up one time?

(furious)

If you're gonna let Steven Keane kill you over this crap, you're on your own.

She storms away. And off MacLeod, looking chilled and alone --

1623 INT. METHOS' ATELIER - NIGHT

1623

A fifth-floor atelier with high ceilings and garret windows. The open space is furnished eclectically, ultra modern mixed with ancient, all surrounding a comfy couch. The only light in the room is moonlight through the tall windows, and the blue glow of a computer left running on an enormous desk littered with books and papers.

Under the windows, an uncomplicated bed; and in it, a sleeping figure. METHOS.

The BUZZ hits and he rolls over even as he comes awake, slipping out of bed in a single graceful move, taking up his sword from its place nearby.

He moves away from the windows, picking the best spot for a confrontation.

There's suddenly loud POUNDING on the door and he turns that way, sword ready, as --

AMANDA (O.S.)

Methos! Methos, open the damn door, it's me!

With a long suffering sigh, Methos lowers his sword and opens the door.

(CONTINUED)

1623 CONTINUED:

1623

METHOS

A little louder, why don't you, I'm not sure they heard you in Philadelphia.

AMANDA

Sorry. It's an emergency.

She pushes the door open and comes in.

METHOS

It's a good way to lose your head, is what it is.

AMANDA

(unimpressed)

Aren't you turning into the old grouch?

She reacts to the sight of him, standing there in nothing but his underwear, sword in hand.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Did I... interrupt something?
(off his empty bed)
A really good dream, maybe?

Methos hasn't got the energy to spar with her.

METHOS

Amanda... It's four in the morning. I wasn't exactly expecting company.
(a sigh)
Give me a minute.

1624 INT. METHOS' ATELIER - KITCHEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

1624

Methos, now dressed, and Amanda sit at the table with cups of coffee. She's explained the situation to him.

AMANDA

Do you know anything about this Steven Keane guy?

METHOS

Never met him.

AMANDA

(a little awkward)
I thought maybe... The Watchers... After all, you guys know everything.

METHOS

I'm done with the Watchers.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

You're kidding! I thought you'd found the perfect hiding place.

METHOS

I changed my mind.
(into his mug)
Sorry I can't help.

AMANDA

Maybe you could talk to MacLeod. Convince him Keane is wrong about him.

Methos gives her a startled look.

METHOS

You want me to talk to MacLeod... and tell him to stop worrying, he's not a bad guy?
(off her nod)
Trust me, Amanda, that is not going to work.

AMANDA

Well, we have to do something!
(earnest)
I've never seen him like this. He's really shook up. You know how guilt-ridden he can be.

METHOS

And makes all of us.

AMANDA

If he goes up against Keane thinking he deserves to lose, he'll lose.
(she can hardly say it)
He'll die, Methos.

And off Methos' reaction --

1625 EXT. LUXEMBOURG GARDENS - NEAR ENTRANCE - DAY

1625

MacLeod heads for his rendezvous with Keane. He's looking grim and imposing in his long coat. You might not even notice the drawn look to his face, a tiredness around the eyes -- he didn't get much sleep.

He gets the BUZZ and his hand goes under his coat as

METHOS

steps out from behind the trees.

(CONTINUED)

There's a beat while the two men regard each other.

METHOS

Nice morning for it. Not too cold,
ground's nice and dry.

MACLEOD

Amanda's got a big mouth.

METHOS

She's worried about you.

MACLEOD

(hostile)
And you?

METHOS

(a shrug)
Call it scholarly interest. I just
came by to watch the perfect Immortal
die.

MacLeod hasn't got the patience for Methos' needling. He starts to move past him.

MACLEOD

I'm not.

METHOS

Not going to die, or not perfect?

MACLEOD

Methos, what do you want?

METHOS

I want you to give yourself a break.
I want you to admit you're human.
(before MacLeod can
answer)
Not to me. To yourself.

MACLEOD

Go away!

MacLeod starts walking but Methos steps in his face.

METHOS

None of us are perfect. Not me, not
you, not even Darius. And not, I'm
sure, your friend Steven Keane.

MACLEOD

Maybe you should write fortune
cookies.

(CONTINUED)

METHOS

Just so long as I'm not writing your epitaph.

(beat)

What Keane hates you for happened. Nothing you can do will ever change that.

(beat)

Accept it. It's part of who you were.

(beat)

It doesn't change who you are now.

There's no way MacLeod can hear this from Methos.

MACLEOD

Are we still talking about me?

METHOS

Yes.

(in MacLeod's face)

What happened after Culloden, MacLeod? Do you remember?

MACLEOD

(quiet)

I went after innocent men, and slaughtered them.

METHOS

That's how Keane tells it. I want to know how you remember it.

(pushing him)

They weren't innocent men then, were they? They were the murderers, the English bastards who destroyed your people. They deserved to die. All of them.

MACLEOD

Did they?

METHOS

(no letup)

You thought so. You wanted to kill, and you killed. And Keane's just like you. Dividing the world up into Good and Evil. Well it's not that simple. We're all good and evil. We feel rage and compassion. Love and hate. Murder... and forgiveness.

(beat)

Try forgiving yourself, for once.

(CONTINUED)

1625 CONTINUED: (3)

1625

A beat. Once, this speech might have gotten through. But now, there's too much history between the two men -- MacLeod is shutting Methos out.

MACLEOD

How about you try minding your own business, for once. And tell Amanda to do the same.

METHOS

She can't say I didn't try.

Methos takes a beat, then steps aside with a theatrical bow.

As MacLeod walks by him, Methos steps in behind him and unexpectedly clubs him in the back of the head.

MacLeod falls unconscious.

METHOS (CONT'D)

You are such a pain in the ass.

1626 EXT. LUXEMBOURG GARDENS - DAY

1626

Steven Keane waits tensely by a marble fountain, scanning the area. Ready for his appointment with MacLeod.

He gets the BUZZ and turns to see

METHOS

approaching, sword in hand.

KEANE

I don't think we've met.
(without hostility)
Steven Keane.

METHOS

So I hear.

He raises his sword in challenge. Keane pulls his own defensively, but steps back.

KEANE

I have no fight with you.

METHOS

That's true.

(beat)

If you leave Paris and leave Duncan MacLeod alone.

Keane goes into a fighting stance at the mention of MacLeod.

(CONTINUED)

KEANE

Guy's got a lot of friends.

METHOS

Good men often do.

KEANE

A good man? You must not know him very well.

METHOS

You'd be surprised.

(beat)

Leave him be, Keane. You want to rid the world of Evil, there are better targets.

KEANE

You try and stop me, I'll start with you.

METHOS

Your call.

He makes the first strike and the fight is joined.

Keane is good with a sword, no question about it. As good as MacLeod, and as confident in his own abilities. He varies his style, incorporating moves from different disciplines, parrying everything Methos comes at him with.

But good as Keane is, he's just holding his own. Every time he thinks he has a shot at Methos, Methos has a move of his own, dodging and defending. It's a tough fight between men equally matched in ability and determination.

Then, unexpectedly, Methos hits a slippery patch on the ground, stumbling, giving Keane a chance to press the attack. Keane drives in close, ready to finish it --

And finds a dagger buried in his gut. The slip was a feint to draw him in, and he fell for it.

As Keane sinks to his knees, he looks up at Methos.

KEANE

You bastard.

METHOS

(unapologetic)

Sticks and stones...

Keane topples to the ground, "dead." Methos raises his sword to take Keane's head and end it. As he does, a BUZZ, and

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

comes running up. Pissed beyond belief.

He skids to a stop, takes in the scene before him: Keane dead on the ground, Methos with his sword raised.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

You do it, and I'm next.

Methos looks at him in disbelief.

METHOS

I am trying to save your head!

MACLEOD

I don't need your help.

(no compromise)

Kill him, and you face me.

(off Methos' hesitation)

I swear it, Methos.

Methos looks at MacLeod a beat. Sees he isn't kidding. Finally, he lowers his sword.

METHOS

Fine.

(in disgust)

It's your funeral.

He turns and goes, leaving MacLeod there with Keane's body.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

1627 EXT. LUXEMBOURG GARDENS DAY

1627

MacLeod waits as Keane coughs back to life. Almost before he knows where he is, Keane is scrambling to his knees, grabbing his sword, on the defensive.

He sees MacLeod standing over him sword held loosely.

KEANE

What happened to your friend?

MACLEOD

(with sarcasm)

It's Tuesday. He remembered that he doesn't take heads on Tuesday.

KEANE

Then why didn't you take it?

MACLEOD

Because I don't want it.

(a beat, earnest)

Look we don't need to be enemies.

KEANE

There's nothing else we can be.

MACLEOD

You didn't see the women and children butchered on Dunbar's orders.

KEANE

Dunbar was a general in a hard war. People died.

MACLEOD

And so did he.

KEANE

I don't care what he did. Only what you did.

MACLEOD

Culloden was a long time ago.

KEANE,

A hundred years, a thousand, you still have to pay for it.

(CONTINUED)

1627 CONTINUED:

1627

MACLEOD

I do, every day. I live with it. I see the faces I of the men I killed.

KEANE

(correcting him)
Murdered.

MACLEOD

And killing me is going to bring them back?

KEANE

No, but it'll make me feel a helluva lot better.

MACLEOD

Revenge doesn't make anything better.

KEANE

(a pained beat)
I had a friend who said the same thing to me once. He was a great man. He spent ten lifetimes caring for people.

(beat)

Maybe you remember him. His name was Sean Burns.

(off MacLeod's reaction)

You killed him.

TRANSITION TO:

1628 INT. SEAN BURNS' STUDY - 1779 - DAY

1628

A comfortable, wood-paneled room, lined with books and manuscripts. SEAN BURNS sits listening behind his desk as Keane, haggard and travel-weary, paces around the room.

KEANE

I've tracked him for thirty years, Sean. To Russia, to Constantinople, across North Africa, even as far as China. But I'm always a day behind, a week behind, a month behind. A year ago his ship went down off Shanghai; since then, nothing. I'm beginning to think I'll never catch up with him.

SEAN

Maybe it's for the best, my friend.

(CONTINUED)

KEANE

What do you mean?

(intense)

I swore on Richard Dunbar's body that I would find the man who killed him. I swore to his wife and children that I wouldn't rest until MacLeod was dead.

SEAN

And for thirty years you've thought of nothing else.

(beat, quiet)

Thirty years that might have been spent helping Dunbar's family. Thirty years of your life, wasted.

(beat)

It's long enough, Steven. Let it go.

KEANE

How can I? How can I, when that murderer is out there?

SEAN

You're so certain you have to kill him.

(beat)

What do you know about Duncan MacLeod, Steven?

(off Keane's look)

Do you know why he left Europe? Why he went East?

KEANE

Does it matter?

SEAN

Everything matters.

KEANE

(realizing)

You know him?

SEAN

(evasive)

I've known a hundred men like him.

(with sympathy)

In every century I've lived, there's been a war the kings and generals said would end war. There's been a people ground down to nothing in the name of peace.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SEAN (CONT'D)

And there've been men like you,
Dunbar, and MacLeod, fighting on one
side or another, always believing in
their hearts that theirs was the
side God was on.

STEVEN

You don't have to lecture me.

SEAN

I'm not finished.

(beat)

Until one day they look around. And
they're sick and they want to wretch
for the pain of it. And they ride --
ride until they can't ride anymore,
hoping they'll find something
different across the steppes, or
across the Atlantic. Hoping, praying
they won't have to keep killing.

He rises and comes to Keane, takes him by the shoulders.

SEAN

And one day, Steven, that day will
come for you.

(beat)

I pray no one haunts your steps.

(earnest)

Let MacLeod be. Let the war be
over... for both of you.

TRANSITION TO:

1629 EXT. LUXEMBOURG GARDENS - THE PRESENT - DAY - RESUME

1629

Keane and MacLeod stand fading each other.

KEANE

I did what he wanted. I let it go.
I stopped looking for you.

(beat)

I heard later that Darius found you,
and you learned from him.

(beat)

I let myself believe that Sean was
right. That you were a good man
who'd made a mistake.

(with barely checked
tears)

And then you killed him.

MacLeod says nothing, the pain evident on his face he has no
answer.

(CONTINUED)

KEANE (CONT'D)

What? Nothing to say? You going to tell me he deserved it? That he'd done something dark and depraved to you or yours.

MACLEOD

(quiet)

No. He shouldn't have died.

KEANE

Then tell me. I can't wait to hear it.

(all over him)

Tell me why the man who killed Sean Burns is anything but a murdering bastard who deserves to die.

MacLeod is caught off guard by this, he doesn't have an answer -- not anything that will satisfy Keane.

EXT. SEAN BURNS' CHATEAU - DAY
(SCENE 41421 FROM "LEAP OF FAITH")

The Dark MacLeod has come to Sean for help.

MACLEOD

What about the Quickenings? If one of us had... too many?

SEAN

Could the evil overwhelm the good? I've spent years thinking about it. The truth is, I don't know.

MACLEOD

I do.

SEAN

I see.
(beat)
Come, we'll talk inside.

MACLEOD

And when it happens? Which one is real? The Immortal you were.... or the one you've become?

He's going over. Face hardening. He draws his sword.

SEAN

I could fight you, Duncan, but you're better. I know it and so do you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1629 CONTINUED: (2)

1629

SEAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

But you're here because you want me
to help you. I can't do that without
my head.

MACLEOD

That's too bad.

MacLeod raises the blade --

1630 EXT. LUXEMBOURG GARDENS - DAY - RESUME

1630

MACLEOD

It was a mistake. I never meant for
it to happen. I couldn't stop myself.

KEANE

Sure. What was it this time? You
were drunk? Drugged? Temporarily
insane?

(with sarcasm)

Maybe you thought he was somebody
else?

(in disgust)

Maybe you just didn't care.

MacLeod is losing patience with Keane's snide attitude.

MACLEOD

it's hot that simple, Keane.

(pointed)

You weren't there. You can't know.

KEANE

I don't need to know.

(cold)

I don't judge your reasons, MacLeod.

I judge your acts.

He raises his blade, ready to fight. MacLeod raises his in
response, his expression going hard, putting aside doubt:

MACLEOD

(as a last warning)

Walk away.

Keane attacks. They are interrupted by the WHOOPING of
sirens.

Two POLICE CARS approach.

The two men slip their swords out of sight as the two cars
screech to a halt and police pile out.

(CONTINUED)

1630 CONTINUED:

1630

INSPECTOR BEGUE
Duncan MacLeod?

MacLeod glances at Keane, did he set this up?

MACLEOD
I'm Duncan MacLeod.

INSPECTOR BEGUE
I'd like you to come with me, if you
don't mind.

It's not a request. As MacLeod gets into one of the police cars with the Inspector, he locks eyes with Keane -- this isn't over.

1631 INT. BARGE - DAY

1631

MacLeod enters with the Inspector and a couple of Uniformed Cops.

MACLEOD
How about telling me what this is
about, Inspector?

INSPECTOR BEGUE
We received an anonymous tip.

MACLEOD
And do you always send five men and
two patrol cars out on anonymous
tip?

INSPECTOR BEGUE
I like to be thorough.
(off MacLeod's look)
The caller was very persuasive. And
very specific.
(gesturing to the bed)
With your permission?

MacLeod shrugs.

MACLEOD
Do I have a choice?

The Inspector nods to one of the Uniforms, who tosses aside the bedclothes and shifts the mattress to reveal

A NECKLACE

of diamonds and pearls.

(CONTINUED)

1631 CONTINUED:

1631

THE INSPECTOR

lifts the necklace with a pen and drops it into an evidence baggie.

INSPECTOR BEGUE

I expect you'll tell me you've never seen this before.

MACLEOD

(resigned)

How about we skip that part and you go ahead and tell me where you think I got it.

INSPECTOR BEGUE

It belongs to a collection of pieces that were stolen from the Countess Pekowsky three years ago. The collection was valued at something over three million dollars. This necklace alone is worth \$750,000.

(beat)

You're under arrest, Mr. MacLeod.

And, as the Uniform snaps the cuffs on MacLeod --

1632 INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - DAY

1632

Where Amanda sits on the other side of the bulletproof Plexiglas divider from MacLeod. There's a guard just out of earshot of their intense whispers.

MACLEOD

Amanda, this is amazing, even for you.

AMANDA

I know, that necklace would bring half a million, even hot.

(with a smile)

But you're worth it.

MACLEOD

This is not funny!

AMANDA

No, it's not funny, it's deadly serious.

(beat)

You're safe in here. With your squeaky clean record, you'll get a couple, three years, tops for the Pekowsky job.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(trying for upbeat)

Who knows? Two, three years, anything can happen. Maybe we'll get lucky and someone'll whack him before you get out.

MACLEOD

Dammit, Amanda, you can't do this.

MacLeod slams the table.

AMANDA

Look, I know you're upset now, but you'll thank me later.

(making light)

I couldn't let you just get killed.

MACLEOD

Amanda, listen to me. I want you to get me out of here. Whatever it takes, you do it.

AMANDA

(beat)

Nope, I've invested a lot of time in you, MacLeod. I want to keep you around.

MACLEOD

(intense)

I can take Keane.

AMANDA

I don't think so... The guy's good. If you had it together, I'd say six to five on you, but in your present state...

MACLEOD

Amanda!

The Guard looks over at MacLeod's shout; MacLeod schools his voice back down to a low growl.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I have to have this fight. It's the only way to settle this.

(not amused)

I'm warning you, I'm not staying in here. I'll do whatever I have to.

(CONTINUED)

1632 CONTINUED: (2)

1632

AMANDA

You can try busting out, but then you'll be a wanted man. Probably have to leave France. Either way, you're out of Keane's reach for a while.

She stands with a satisfied smile.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I'll visit you every.day.

She turns with a little wave and is out the door.

MacLeod stares after her for a beat, something brewing in his mind. Then he turns to the hovering Guard.

MACLEOD

I need to see the Inspector.

1633 EXT. BARGE - DAY

1633

To establish.

1634 INT. BARGE - DAY

1634

Keane waits, alert, sword in hand. He gets the BUZZ.

KEANE

There you are.

He stands ready by the door.

It opens, and Keane grabs the man who comes through, yanks him inside, throws him against the wall, his sword going to his throat.

It's METHOS.

METHOS

(Not.)

Sorry.

Keane backs off, but not much -- still holding Methos hard against the wall.

KEANE

Where's MacLeod?

METHOS

I thought he'd be here.

(re Keane's sword)

You mind?

(off Keane's hesitation)

Or were you planning to use it?

(CONTINUED)

1634 CONTINUED:

1634

KEANE

What makes you think I won't?

METHOS

Call me a student of human nature.

KEANE

(pressing the blade)

Tell me where to find MacLeod.

METHOS

(simple)

No.

There's a beat, their eyes locked. Then Keane, with a frustrated snarl, shoves Methos away and storms out.

Methos blows a sigh of relief, glad he was right about Keane.

METHOS (CONT'D)

I love good guys.

1635 INT. PRISON INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

1635

MacLeod sits at a conference table. The Inspector paces in front of him.

INSPECTOR BEGUE

You're trying to tell me that a single woman was responsible for the Pekowsky job, and the break in at the Musee D'Orsay, and that little business at the Louvre....

MACLEOD

And a thing or two from Cartier.
Yes.

INSPECTOR BEGUE

This friend of yours is very resourceful, Mr. MacLeod.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Tell me about it.

(beat)

Some of these cases have been open for five or six years. Imagine the reaction when you solve them all in one day.

(sly)

Careers have been made on less.

(beat)

You interested?

(CONTINUED)

1635 CONTINUED:

1635

INSPECTOR BEGUE

You'll give me a description of this woman?

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

And the location of the rest of the jewels.

INSPECTOR BEGUE

In exchange for which?

MACLEOD

I walk out of here like you never saw me.

There's a beat as the Inspector considers MacLeod. He looks back evenly, a master's poker face in place.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

1636 EXT. METHOS' ATELIER - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 1636

1637 INT. METHOS' ATELIER - NIGHT 1637

Amanda paces furiously. Methos watches her with detached amusement, pouring out a couple drinks.

AMANDA

That son-of-a-bitch! That double-dealing swine!

(beat)

How could he do this to me? There's cops all over my house, he even gave up my secret stash of rainy-day jewels.

(off Methos' look)

Well, one of them.

METHOS

Honestly, Amanda, what did you expect? You framed him and got him sent to prison. Did you think he'd just sit still for that?

He holds out a glass.

METHOS (CONT'D)

Have a drink. You'll feel better.

She ignores it.

AMANDA

Ratted out by my own friend.

METHOS

Correct me if I misunderstood you, but wasn't that after you framed him?

AMANDA

I save his life. And he turns on me!

METHOS

I know the feeling.

AMANDA

(with emotion)

I was trying to help him. I didn't care how mad he got at me, as long as it kept him alive.

(CONTINUED)

1637 CONTINUED:

1637

Her voice catches on her very real worry. Methos reacts, puts down his glass and moves to her.

METHOS

I know.

(small comfort)

Look, you did what you could. We both did. Now it's up to him.

(beat)

MacLeod's lived this long. That's not luck.

AMANDA

But it's not all skill, either.

(beat)

He's fought guys older than him, maybe even guys better than him, and won. Because he never gives up, not when he thinks he's right.

METHOS

(a wry smile)

And it can be damned annoying, let me tell you.

AMANDA

But not this time. This time his heart's not in it.

(beat, with real fear)

What if he doesn't win? What if he doesn't come back?

As Methos awkwardly moves to comfort her --

1638 INT. DARIUS' CHURCH - DAY

1638

MacLeod sits pensively, his thoughts with Darius.

MACLEOD

I don't know what happens to us when we die, Darius. I don't know if maybe you're still here somewhere, listening to me.

(beat)

I hope you are.

There's no response from the quiet church, but MacLeod finds the strength to continue:

MACLEOD

I can't tell you the number of times I've wished you were here so I could talk to you. There are so many things I didn't ask you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1638 CONTINUED:

1638

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(beat)

What happened to you, Darius? Did you wake up one morning and decide you were sick of the death and the blood and the sounds of men dying?

There's a long silence as MacLeod gathers his thoughts into words, then:

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

He's a good man. I don't want to kill him.

(beat)

All he's done is judge me. Like I've judged others.

(emotional)

I'm so tired of killing. I'm so tired of deciding who to kill.

He looks up at the altar, at the cross.

1639 EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

1639

Keane is getting out of his car when he gets the BUZZ. He turns to see

AMANDA

approaching.

Keane moves to meet her.

KEANE

You want another shot?

(without charm)

I warn you, I'll finish it if you make me.

AMANDA

I'm not here to fight. I'm here to talk.

1640 INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

1640

The night is still young, the place isn't crowded yet. Keane and Amanda are at his table in a quiet corner.

KEANE

If you've come to talk about MacLeod you're wasting your breath.

AMANDA

Humor me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(beat)

Look, Steven, I don't know you. But I know MacLeod. I know he's a guy who doesn't make promises he can't keep. Who carries a grudge a long time.

(beat)

A guy who can actually talk about things like justice and honor with a straight face.

KEANE

A guy who hunts down and kills innocent men.

AMANDA

Maybe. 'Cause that's the kind of mistake you make when you think it matters who lives and who dies.

KEANE

(with sarcasm)

The voice of experience.

AMANDA

I've been around a lot longer than either of you, and I can tell you, it isn't going to make one bit of difference to the big bad world whether you kill him or he kills you.

(beat)

But it makes a difference to me. It makes a difference to a lot of people who care about MacLeod. Why don't you try thinking about them?

KEANE

Because that doesn't matter.

AMANDA

Listen to yourself. Isn't that what MacLeod was thinking when he went after your friend -- that his idea of justice was more important than the people he was hurting?

(beat)

What are you going to think of yourself a hundred years from now, Steven, when someone's coming after you for killing a good man, and you're trying to explain your reasons?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA (CONT'D)
(off his silence)
I hope he listens when your friends
stand up for you.

Whatever answer Keane is about to make is interrupted as the
both get the BUZZ.

MACLEOD

enters the club and heads for them. Keane rises, leans down
to Amanda.

KEANE
(with surprising
sincerity)
I hope I'll have someone like you to
speak for me.
(turning to MacLeod)
You ready?

MACLEOD
When you are.
(to Amanda)
You keep out of it.

Amanda is about to object.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
I mean it.

She nods, tears welling, says nothing. Keane sees it, has a
moment of sympathy.

KEANE
(to MacLeod)
On the roof. Five minutes.

He nods to Amanda, turns and heads out. MacLeod turns to
Amanda.

MACLEOD
(without anger)
This has to happen.

She's done arguing. Knows she can't convince him. Instead,
she moves into his arms, holds on tight.

AMANDA
I know.

She steps back, meets his eyes. Forcing her voice steady:

(CONTINUED)

1640 CONTINUED: (3)

1640

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Okay, MacLeod, you listen to me.
You're going up there, it's not about
Culloden, it's not about the Earl of
Rosemont, you forget about all of
that.

(through tears)

You just think about coming back,
okay?

MACLEOD

(a wry smile)

With my shield, or on it.

Not exactly the answer she was looking for, but she'll take
it.

He kisses her gently and heads out.

1641 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

1641

MacLeod comes up the fire escape and joins Keane on the roof.
There's a ceremonial moment as the two opponents face each
other.

KEANE

I've waited a long time for this.

MACLEOD

Maybe we both have.

Keane is the first to attack, closing in on MacLeod with a
series of rapid feints.

MacLeod guards against Keane's dancing blade, eyes locked on
his opponent, waiting for him to commit himself.

Keane lunges and MacLeod dodges to one side, slashing at
Keane as he goes past, just grazing him.

Keane goes on the defensive, blood oozing from the cut. He
and MacLeod lunge and parry across the rooftop.

MACLEOD

is backing toward the roof's edge, blocking Keane's strikes.
He's running out of room.

He tries a sideways dodge to get away from the edge, but
Keane anticipates him, cuts hard --

MACLEOD'S SWORD

goes spinning off the roof.

(CONTINUED)

1641 CONTINUED:

1641

ON MACLEOD

There's no time to panic, only time to react. Keane rushes at him, sword raised to kill. MacLeod drops to the ground, trips Keane, and shoves him from behind, sending him over the edge.

KEANE

falls the the alley below.

1642 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

1642

As MacLeod comes running down from the roof.

1643 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

1643

MacLeod scoops up his fallen sword from the ground even as

KEANE

staggers to his feet, still hurting from the fall, but not giving up.

He rushes at MacLeod without grace, but with deadly determination. MacLeod barely blocks the blow, and their swords lock.

For a moment it's a struggle of muscle and will, bicep against bicep. Then, with a grunt of exertion, MacLeod overpowers Keane. Keane's sword bounces from his hand and Keane goes to his knees, disarmed and exhausted.

MACLEOD

raises the katana over his head. He can end this here.

But he doesn't.

MACLEOD

Not this time.

He reaches down, grabs Keane by the lapels, hauls him to his feet, so they're face to face.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Let it go.

(beat)

The war is over.

He lets Keane drop and, without looking back, strides away.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

1644 EXT. BARGE - DAY 1644

1645 INT. BARGE - DAY 1645

MacLeod, Amanda and Methos having a drink together. The atmosphere relaxed and comfortable -- a new understanding has been reached.

MACLEOD

You were really afraid I'd lose.

Methos looks over with a wry half-smile.

METHOS

And you weren't?

MACLEOD

No.

(beat)

I knew Keane was good.

(to Amanda)

And I know you think I wanted him to win. But it wasn't that.

(thoughtful)

I had to fight the best fight of my life, knowing he'd do the same... and trust the fates to decide the winner.

Amanda looks at him, not quite getting it. Methos does, though.

METHOS

Trial by combat. A bit outdated, but it has its place.

(a satisfied nod)

Whoever survives is proved right in the eyes of the law.

MACLEOD

Something like that.

AMANDA

But you let Keane live, too. So then who's right?

MACLEOD

I never said it was simple.

METHOS

Redemption never is.

(CONTINUED)

1645 CONTINUED:

1645

MacLeod nods in Methos' direction.

AMANDA

And what if he comes after you again?

MACLEOD

He won't.

AMANDA

How do you know?

MACLEOD

Because I wouldn't.

AMANDA

He's not you.

MACLEOD

And he's not that different.

MacLeod shoots a look at Methos, measuring, before continuing:

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

None of us are. We all make
mistakes... and we all have mistakes
to forgive.

Methos meets his eyes, lifts his glass in silent
acknowledgment of the unspoken message.

MacLeod returns the toast.

The moment between the two men is broken as Amanda puts her
glass down and stands.

AMANDA

Well, time to hit the road. It seems
there's this Inspector who is
determined to throw my cute little
butt in jail.

MACLEOD

(amused)
Sorry about that.

AMANDA

(light)
You're forgiven.

She leans in to kiss him.

METHOS

I think that's my cue.

(CONTINUED)

1645 CONTINUED: (2)

1645

He drains his glass, grab's his coat, and heads for the door
as Amanda starts moving MacLeod toward the bed.

FADE OUT.

THE END