

#96518 ARCHANGEL

Written by David Tynan

Highlander

"ARCHANGEL"

Written by

David Tynan

Production #96518

January 22, 1997 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"Archangel"

Production #96518

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD RICHIE RYAN JOE DAWSON METHOS

JASON LANDRY JAMES HORTON ALLISON LANDRY FOSTER HERMIT KRONOS

CEMETERY OFFICIAL MEDICAL OFFICER DETECTIVE

CUSTOMS MAN

HIGHLANDER

"Archangel"

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

BARGE

ORLY AIRPORT - CARGO AREA CITY MORGUE - VIEWING AREA LANDRY'S APARTMENT /FRONT ROOM /STUDY MURKY TOMB - IRAQ CAVE - SCOTLAND - 1625 CATACOMB TUNNELS /MAIN CATACOMB CHAMBER SECLUDED ROOM

EXTERIORS

BARGE

/QUAI DE LA TOURNELLE /STREET /EMBANKMENT

CEMETERY CITY JAIL LANDRY'S APARTMENT HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND - 1625 /CAVE STREET

CAFE

HIGHLANDER

"Archangel"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1801 EXT. STREET NEAR QUAI DE LA TOURNELLE - NIGHT

1801

Late night. Foggy. The sounds of police SIRENS echo in the air as MacLeod and Richie stroll home, dressed in elegant formal evening wear.

RICHIE

I'm sorry, Mac, but I just don't get opera.

MACLEOD

It would help if you spoke Italian.

RICHIE

It's not that. It's just what's the point? What's opera got to say about today?

MACLEOD

The same thing it had to say a hundred years ago. The world's not that different.

RICHIE

I don't know. I think things are getting worse. Just turn on the tube.

A POLICE CAR goes by, its light flashing.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

(re the police car)

Or take a walk.

1802 EXT. QUAI DE LA TOURNELLE - NIGHT

1802

An old man, JASON LANDRY, stands in the shadows watching the barge. His breathing is labored and ragged -- he looks wild-eyed, frightened and desperate. Above him, MacLeod and Richie are coming down the stairs.

RICHIE

Watching some fat guy sing for four hours about his lost love is not only irrelevant, it's just plain lame.

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1802 CONTINUED:

They approach the gangplank to the barge.

LANDRY

lurches from the shadows.

LANDRY (CONT'D)

Please, I have to know! Are you Duncan MacLeod?

MACLEOD

I'm MacLeod.

LANDRY

Thank God... I've come to warn you!
(leaning closer)
The time is at hand... the millennium is upon us... HE is coming!

MacLeod and Richie trade looks.

MACLEOD

(humoring him)

I'm sure he is. But it's late, and I think you're a little confused...

Landry grabs MacLeod's jacket with a surprising strength.

LANDRY

Listen to me while there's still time! You must stop him, MacLeod... you alone! (beat)
God help you, you're the only one who can.

As MacLeod moves to disengage himself --

MACLEOD'S POV - THE EMBANKMENT

a man in a tuxedo, a RED scarf around his neck, stands at the railing, not moving, gazing down at MacLeod -- JAMES HORTON.

MacLeod stares, not believing his eyes.

MACLEOD

You!

And we FLASH TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY (FOOTAGE FROM EP. # 93222)

Horton turns to face MacLeod. He pulls a knife.

1802 CONTINUED: (2) 1802

MACLEOD

(pointing to his neck)

You have one chance. Right here.

Horton charges MacLeod, who with one quick move, buries the blade in Horton's gut.

1803 EXT. QUAI DE LA TOURNELLE - NIGHT - RESUME

1803

MacLeod shakes his head, thinking his eyes must be playing tricks -- but the vision is still there.

HORTON

smiles faintly. He turns and steps back into darkness.

MACLEOD

Horton.

Mystified, Richie follows MacLeod's gaze to --

RICHIE'S POV - THE EMBANKMENT

empty. Not a soul in sight.

RICHIE

Who?

MACLEOD

James Horton... he was right there!

He starts for the stairs. Landry tries desperately to hold onto him.

LANDRY

No! You don't know what you're facing!

But MacLeod pulls away, intent on this ghost from his past. He hits the stairs at a run. Landry grabs onto Richie.

LANDRY (CONT'D)

You have to stop!

(he calls after MacLeod)

He's here for you.

1804 EXT. QUAI DE LA TOURNELLE - EMBANKMENT - SAME TIME - NIGHT 1804

MacLeod reaches the embankment to find...

HORTON

watching him. He's not moving a muscle -- so still that it's eerie, unreal. When his lips move, they're oddly slack. It's as if he might be dead.

MACLEOD

How?

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HORTON

The question you have to ask yourself is...

(beat)

"... is he real? Has Horton really come back from the dead... or have I gone insane?"

His features twitch into a mocking smile.

HORTON (CONT'D)

How many more times do you think you'll have to kill me?

MACLEOD

Just once.

He pulls out the katana, but as he does...

Horton is gone. Then, as if coming from a great distance -- a dry, mocking LAUGH, so faint that it might be imagined.

MacLeod scans up and down the street in frustration as Richie catches up.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

He was here!

RICHIE

Mac, you killed Horton three years ago.

(beat)

There's no one here but us.

1805 EXT. QUAI DE LA TOURNELLE

1805

INTRUDER'S POV

(NOTE: The POV will have our reddish tinge) as SOMETHING comes along the Quai towards Landry, moving over the ground with an eerily fluid SAWING MOTION, as if it could be FLYING. As it draws closer to Landry...

LANDRY

feels the PRESENCE looming up behind him. Filled with sudden dread, he turns to face it -- and SCREAMS.

MACLEOD AND RICHIE

as Landry's cry reaches them. LANDRY struggles as INVISIBLE HANDS circle his neck, squeezing the life from him.

We SEE THE IMPRESSIONS on Landry's skin made by the grip of UNSEEN FINGERS. The invisible hands slowly BEND LANDRY BACK, forcing him to his knees.

MACLEOD AND RICHIE

race down the stairs.

LANDRY

amidst the swirling, red-hued fog, topples over, dead.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1806 EXT. QUAI DE LA TOURNELLE - NIGHT

1806

An EMERGENCY LIGHT strobes over a stretcher as two AMBULANCE ATTENDANTS slide Landry's body into the back of their vehicle. MacLeod and Richie stand by, watching somberly.

RICHIE

Dead. And for what? Fifty francs and a couple pictures of his grandkids? (beat)

The guy was just a harmless crazy.

MACLEOD

(beat)

Maybe.

RICHIE

Are you serious? "HE is coming..."? "The time is at hand..."? He was out of it.

MACLEOD

He was terrified.

(beat)

He knew my name.

The ATTENDANTS shut the doors and get into the vehicle. It pulls away into the night.

RICHIE

Horton is dead. It was dark, we had champagne... you made a mistake.

MACLEOD

It was Horton.

(beat)

That old man was trying to warn me.

RICHIE

You think he was a Watcher?

MACLEOD

I checked his wrists. No tattoo.

RICHIE

Now what?

MacLeod looks at him and cocks an eyebrow.

1807 EXT. CEMETERY - FIRST LIGHT

1807

CLOSE - A GRAVESTONE

and inscribed on its face -- JAMES HORTON -- 1947-1994.

And below the stone -- an EMPTY GRAVE, fresh mounds of DIRT and CUT SOD piled beside it.

MacLeod and Richie stand over the empty hole with an older, conservatively dressed CEMETERY OFFICIAL.

MACLEOD

When was it removed?

CEMETERY OFFICIAL

Yesterday, Monsieur.

(sadly)

This was not done in my day. A body was meant to stay in one place, as God intended.

MACLEOD

I know exactly how you feel.

CEMETERY OFFICIAL

The remains are to be shipped to the United States for re-burial.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

At whose request?

CEMETERY OFFICIAL

The brother-in-law of the deceased.

MacLeod stares in disbelief.

MACLEOD

Joe Dawson?

The Official nods.

RICHIE

You sure you have the right guy? Grey hair, uses a cane?

CEMETERY OFFICIAL

That was him. A nice man... but he seemed in a great hurry.

MACLEOD

(tight)

I'm sure he did.

(MORE)

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1807 CONTINUED:

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(beat)

There must have been paperwork... an official request to exhume the body.

CEMETERY OFFICIAL

In France, monsieur, paperwork is our national pastime. The body is to be shipped from Orly airport today.

(re: the grave)

If the dead cannot find peace, then how can the living?

MacLeod stares down at the OPEN GRAVE, yawning in the earth like a dark question waiting for a darker answer.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

1808 INT. ORLY AIRPORT - CARGO AREA - DAY

1808

THE MISSING CASKET

rolls along, resting on a tractor-drawn CARGO-DOLLY, the heavy Empire-style ground-seasoned casket comes to rest in front of

JOE DAWSON

watching solemnly as a CUSTOMS MAN tests the SEALS on the casket, then hands Dawson a shipping-form. Dawson isn't in the greatest frame of mind as he signs and returns the papers.

DAWSON

Let's get this over with.

As the CUSTOMS MAN walks off --

MACLEOD (O.S.)

If I'd known, I would have sent flowers.

Dawson turns to see MacLeod and Richie watching him.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

My sympathies. Anyone we know?

Dawson is taken aback to see them, then tries to recover his poise.

DAWSON

This is personal business, MacLeod. It doesn't concern you.

MACLEOD

I think it does.

(harder)

Anything to do with Horton concerns

Dawson sees he's caught.

DAWSON

His daughter moved to Chicago. She wants her father buried there. I'm helping her out.

(beat)

It's a family thing.

MACLEOD

A family thing.

(beat)

Then why hide it from me?

DAWSON

Because I know what Horton did to you. I know how you felt about him.

MacLeod moves casually to the coffin.

MACLEOD

Very considerate.

DAWSON

What's with you? The guy was my brother-in-law. His daughter wants his body brought home.

MACLEOD

Then she's going to be disappointed.

Dawson looks at Richie.

DAWSON

What the hell's his problem?

MACLEOD

I saw him, Dawson. I saw Horton.

(beat)

He's alive.

DAWSON

What?

(beat)

Horton is <u>dead</u>, MacLeod.

(a low hiss)

You killed him yourself! Remember, I was there.

1808 CONTINUED: (2)

1808

MACLEOD

He looked pretty healthy last night.

DAWSON

This is insane! Whatever's left of Horton is lying in that box!

MACLEOD

Really.

(grim)

Then let's wish him bon voyage.

He grabs a metal PRY-BAR from the DOLLY and starts to RIP OPEN the seals.

DAWSON

MacLeod, what the hell are you doing!

MacLeod moves around the dolly, WRENCHING the seals open, working his way along the lid.

BYSTANDERS and MAINTENANCE WORKERS watch in horror, except for

AN ENORMOUSLY FAT MAN

who seems amused. On his finger, a ring with a large RED stone that seems to GLOW in reflected light.

A WHISTLE sounds and several SECURITY GUARDS approach. The Customs Man grabs MacLeod's arm.

CUSTOMS MAN

Monsieur!

MacLeod shakes the man off, snaps the last seal, THROWS OPEN the casket lid -- and steps back in surprise.

ANGLE - THE OPEN CASKET

and the shocking reveal of the NEAR-MUMMIFIED REMAINS of a man in a faded suit.

SECURITY GUARDS grab MacLeod's arms. He doesn't resist as they start to pull him away, past the fat man with the RED ring.

1809 EXT. CITY JAIL - LATER - DAY

1809

MacLeod moves down the steps from the Police Station, Richie at his side.

MacLeod stops with a scowl -- Dawson is waiting for them.

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1809 CONTINUED: 1809

RICHIE

They wanted to nail you. Joe convinced them to drop the charges.

MacLeod steps up to Dawson. The two face each other warily.

DAWSON

Said you were a friend of the deceased, overcome with emotion.

MACLEOD

(not cutting any slack)

Nice touch.

DAWSON

MacLeod, I don't know what's going on, but I hope it's over.

They start away. MacLeod hasn't moved.

MACLEOD

Not yet.

BEAT. Dawson and Richie stop.

RICHIE

Mac, you saw the guy's body!

MACLEOD

I saw someone's body.

(beat)

Find someone the right size, put him in Horton's clothes... it doesn't prove Horton's dead.

DAWSON

Right, he's down at the park with Elvis and J.F.K., listening to Jerry Garcia. You think this is some huge conspiracy?!

MACLEOD

You lied to me about Horton before.

(beat)

Like you said, he's family. You'd do anything for him.

DAWSON

(stung)

You are one sorry son of a bitch, MacLeod.

(to Richie)

Good luck. You're gonna need it.

He turns in disgust and walks away.

1809 CONTINUED: (2)

1809

RICHIE

If Horton's really alive, where is he? What's he doing?

MACLEOD

(beat)

Maybe that's what the old man tried to tell me.

1810 INT. CITY MORGUE - OUTSIDE VIEWING AREA - EVENING

1810

MacLeod and Richie wait outside the glass-walled VIEWING ROOM where a SHEET-DRAPED CORPSE lies on a gurney. A bald, black, bizarre-looking male, in his thirties. No visible trauma.

The MEDICAL OFFICER frowns at MacLeod as he removes his aloves.

MEDICAL OFFICER

A murder victim?

MACLEOD

He was brought in late last night. I need to find out who he was.

MEDICAL OFFICER

I'm sorry, monsieur... but there were no murder victims last night.

MacLeod and Richie trade looks.

MACLEOD

There must be some mistake.

RICHIE

A man, about sixty, medium height, grey hair...?

MEDICAL OFFICER

(beat)

Ah, the one who collapsed by Notre Dame. Jason Landry.

MACLEOD

Then you did see him.

MEDICAL OFFICER

He was identified just this morning.

(beat)

But there was no murder. Death was due to natural causes.

BEAT.

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1810 CONTINUED: 1810

MACLEOD

But I saw the marks on his throat... bruises... the man was strangled!

The Medical Officer is losing patience.

MEDICAL OFFICER

Monsieur, I examined the body myself.

Jason Landry died of a stroke.

(cold)

There were no marks of any kind.

MacLeod is starting to feel the walls closing in.

MACLEOD

Could I see the body?

MEDICAL OFFICER

I'm afraid not. It was claimed by his granddaughter for cremation.

MACLEOD

(under his breath)

How convenient.

He starts to turn away.

MEDICAL OFFICER

Did you say something?

MACLEOD

I was wondering if you had an address.

I'd like to pay my respects.

The Officer weighs this, shrugs. He turns to a desk, bending to examine some forms. As he bends down --

MacLeod's gaze travels to the VIEWING ROOM.

MACLEOD'S POV - THE CORPSE

lying on the gurney. As MacLeod watches, the corpse's head slowly SWIVELS TOWARD him. Then the eyes SNAP OPEN. They are blood RED and staring directly at MacLeod -- it is WATCHING HIM.

MACLEOD

starts back, his hackles rising.

MEDICAL OFFICER (O.S.)

Monsieur?

A BEAT -- MacLeod realizes the Officer is holding a note for him, Richie is staring at him.

1810 CONTINUED: (2) 1810

RICHIE

Mac? Are you okay?

MacLeod quickly looks back into the viewing room --

MACLEOD'S POV - THE CORPSE

the head is back where it was, the eyes closed -- all is as it was before.

A wave of unreality sweeps over MacLeod. He shakes it off.

MACLEOD

Let's get out of here.

RICHIE

Twist my arm.

Richie sees MacLeod's concern and reacts. He grabs the piece of paper from the Medical officer and hurries after MacLeod.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

First thing in the morning we'll check out the old guy. Talk to his granddaughter.

(beat)

Whatever it is, we'll figure it out.

1811 EXT. BARGE - NIGHT - TO ESTABLISH

1811

1812 INT. BARGE - NIGHT

1812

MacLeod moves to the bar and pours himself a drink, looks out the porthole at the Quai. Wondering if he imagined all this. Time to get a grip.

Then, a REFLECTION in the porthole, over his shoulder:

KRONOS

in his Bronze Age Horseman garb and face paint, looking every bit the Ancient Evil that he is.

MACLEOD

whirls. Kronos leans casually against the counter, regarding MacLeod.

KRONOS

Did you really think you could kill me, MacLeod? I am the apocalypse.

MACLEOD

(tight)

You're not real.

Kronos lifts his nasty-edged modern-day sword.

KRONOS

Try me.

MacLeod pulls his katana without looking.

He feels something wrong in his hand. He looks down and finds he is holding

HORTON'S MUMMIFIED HEAD

by the hair. He throws it across the room. But what hits the wall of the barge is not the head but his katana.

There is the sound of mocking laughter from outside as MacLeod looks up to find Kronos gone.

MACLEOD

snatches up the fallen katana and races outside.

1812A EXT. BARGE - NIGHT

1812A

MacLeod, sword drawn, races out onto the foggy Quai. He turns quickly to the BUZZ, his blade leading.

METHOS

It's me!

(beat)

Dawson called me.

MACLEOD

Did you see him?

METHOS

Who?

MACLEOD

Kronos.

Methos gives him a look.

METHOS

(careful)

Really.

 ${\tt MacLeod}$ hears the almost concealed doubt. He pushes by ${\tt Methos.}$

METHOS (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

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1812A CONTINUED: 1812A

MacLeod doesn't answer as he strides off into the fog.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

1813 EXT. LANDRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

1813

An ornate older building, divided into private apartments with separate entrances. The street is dark and quiet -it's the middle of the night.

1814 INT. LANDRY'S APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

1814

ALLISON LANDRY, early 20's, sits over a cup of tea, in a big sweatshirt, torn jeans, her shock and grief written all over. MacLeod paces, agitated.

ALLISON

You're telling me you think someone killed my grandfather? (dubious) The police said it was a stroke.

MACLEOD

I know what they said. But I was there. Someone attacked him. (beat; trying to do this gently) Did he ever mention a man named James Horton?

She shakes her head. MacLeod sketches hastily on the back of a piece of paper, shows her a CRUDE SKETCH of the Watcher symbol. The sound of a police SIREN echoes in the distance.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

What about this symbol? Do you know it?

He watches her reaction. Her denial seems genuine:

ALLISON

No.

She looks at him a moment, reacting to his intensity. There's something she's not saying.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Before he died... did he say anything?

She holds her breath, both anticipating and fearing his answer. MacLeod reacts, sensing there's a revelation coming.

MACLEOD

What kind of thing?

ALLISON

(evasive)

What did he say?

MACLEOD

He told me the time was at hand. He said "he" was coming.

(off Allison's look)

Who did he mean? Who was he afraid of?

Allison rises, starts pacing.

ALLISON

You won't believe it. No one would.

MACLEOD

You'd be surprised what I'll believe.

ALLISON

My grandfather was an archaeologist. No one in the world knew more about all those weird ancient religions.

MACLEOD

(realizing)

Jason Landry -- he wrote "The Mythology of Heroes."

ALLISON

Ten years ago.

(beat)

He really believed everything that was in the book. All that stuff about good and evil fighting over the fate of the world, where nobody could see it.

(beat)

I know it sounds crazy.

MACLEOD

Not necessarily.

(beat)

Go on.

ALLISON

He traveled to India, and Egypt, and Iraq, searching ancient texts for some kind of warning, some hint of how to defeat this great evil he thought was coming.

(beat)

A champion.

1814 CONTINUED: (2) 1814

MACLEOD

(echoing Landry)

"You must stop him... you alone."

Allison stares at him in wonder and shock.

ALLISON

He said that to you?

MACLEOD

He was upset.

ALLISON

He was desperate. (beat)

Come with me.

MacLeod follows her into --

1815 INT. LANDRY'S APARTMENT - STUDY - NIGHT

1815

A large room, shelved with books, decades of study and diligent collection. On other shelves and on the walls STONE CARVINGS, fragments of CLAY TABLETS with ancient writing. Against one wall, a TELEVISION and VCR. The TV is on. Pictures of the faces of African famine are in black & white, replaced by pictures of terrorism in the Middle East. both segments, we catch glimpses of something RED and glowing from a window or a passing car.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

The United Nations High Commission for Refugees estimates there will be an additional eight million refugees this year, more than half children. (beat)

In Jerusalem, a terrorist bomb exploded on a busy street.

As Allison turns off the TV, MacLeod is thumbing through various books on the table.

ALLISON

I keep it on just for noise, but I think the news just makes me more depressed.

There's a battered, leather-bound NOTEBOOK on the table. Landry's journal. MacLeod leafs through it, his eyes falling on various entries.

MACLEOD

Chaldean, Babylonian... that one's Minoan.

(MORE)

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1815 CONTINUED: 1815

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(and at another)

Persian?

ALLISON

His specialty. He believed the Zoroastrian myths of ancient Persia held the truth about a cycle of evil that visits the earth every thousand years.

MacLeod stops leafing through the book, staring at the final entry.

INSERT - THE PAGE

A drawing of an ancient tablet, in an ancient language. Landry's translation scrawled in the margins: "THE NEXT WARRIOR???" And below it, the CAMERA PANS DOWN to find Landry's last note, heavily underlined, one word: "MACLEOD."

ON MACLEOD

reacting.

MACLEOD

Where would your grandfather have found my name?

Allison looks over his shoulder, sees what he's looking at.

ALLISON

(awed)

It <u>is</u> you. He found you.

MACLEOD

(pressing)

What are you talking about? Where is this from?

She picks up a VIDEO CASSETTE from the table and slides it into the VCR DECK by the TV.

ALLISON

Right out of the "X-Files."

CLOSE - THE TV SCREEN

it displays a HAND-HELD VIDEO of --

1816 INT. MURKY TOMB - IRAQ - SIX MONTHS EARLIER (ON VIDEO)

1816

A HANDHELD VIDEO CAMERA follows LANDRY as he moves down a murky STONE CORRIDOR holding an electric LANTERN aloft.

1816

ALLISON (O.S.)

This was six months ago, in Iraq.

Light flickers eerily over the walls, highlighting STRANGE SCRIPT and RELIEF CARVINGS depicting WINGED BULLS and other fantastic animals.

LANDRY

He knows we're here.

We hear the voice of the unseen British CAMERAMAN named FOSTER making a joke.

FOSTER (O.S.)

I hope he's made lunch, because I'm bloody hungry.

As they reach a section of wall --

LANDRY

You're a fool, Foster. You make jokes when the fate of the world is at stake.

FOSTER (O.S.)

Better a fool then a lunatic. What we have to be afraid of is the damn Iraqi army.

Landry raises his light to a section of WALL where we see --

A RELIEF-CARVING

of a HEAD, distorted and monstrous in the flickering shadows -- in the center of its forehead is a third, almost glowing, RED EYE. The demon holds a large barbed arrow in each hand.

TRANSITION TO:

THE SAME CARVING

No longer on video.

FOSTER

(awed)

Would you look at that.

NEW ANGLE

Landry and Foster stand in the dim tomb, lit only by Landry's flashlight and the light atop the camera.

LANDRY

You see?

1816 CONTINUED: (2) 1816

FOSTER

What the hell is that thing?

Landry raises his light: on either side of the CARVED HEAD, there are rows of SYMBOLS resembling cuneiform script. (This is the tablet that was drawn in the final journal entry.)

Landry runs his hands over the symbols, deciphering as he does --

LANDRY

Ragmaith... alopa...

(then, with quiet awe)

Ahriman.

(beat)

It's him, Foster. It's him.

Landry turns away from the carved demon and moves to a loose section of STONE inscribed with ancient writing, starts to pry it out with a chisel. Foster follows him.

LANDRY (CONT'D)

Are you afraid, Foster? We should

all be afraid.

(beat)

The thousand years are up. The demon

is coming...

(grim)

And the dead will rise.

FOSTER

You got an vivid imagination, old

man.

(irritated)

C'mon, get what you want and let's

get the hell out of here.

Landry fingers the carved symbols as he works the stone free.

LANDRY

You're not the first one to doubt

me, Foster.

(beat)

But it's real.

As Landry talks

FOSTER

suddenly screams in pain, the camera dropping from his hands.

Landry whirls --

LANDRY

Foster!

1816 CONTINUED: (3)

1816

He kneels over the stricken man who has a large barbed arrow in his chest, not noticing that the light from the fallen camera illuminates

THE CARVED DEMON

still grinning evilly, but now gripping only a single stone arrow.

TRANSITION TO:

The image of the demon on the TV screen FLICKERS and then goes BLACK.

1817 INT. LANDRY'S APARTMENT - STUDY

1817

RESUME MACLEOD

as he turns from the TV MONITOR and runs his hands over the SAME STONE FRAGMENT we see lying on the table.

MACLEOD

You believe this?

ALLISON

(earnest)

He did.

(beat)

My grandfather was obsessed...

(re the notebook:)

But he wasn't crazy.

MACLEOD

(not buying it)

And he thought I was the one who would defeat this thing.

ALLISON

He was afraid it would kill him before he found you.

And off MacLeod's reaction, looking between Allison's earnest face and the telling journal in his hand --

1818 INT. BARGE - DAY

1818

Richie pages through Landry's journal. MacLeod's been up all night, and he's starting to look it.

RICHIE

The dead walking, a final battle, Judgment Day... you think he meant Immortals?

MACLEOD

Horton was no Immortal.

(beat)

It was him on the Quai.

RICHIE

What the hell does it mean?

MACLEOD

I don't know.

(beat)

Some guy drops dead in my arms, I'm playing hide and seek with men I've already killed, and now I'm up all night reading how I'm some kind of champion who's supposed to defend the whole world from who-knows-what?

RICHIE

Maybe.

(off MacLeod's look)

Maybe this is for real.

MACLEOD

Don't start.

RICHIE

I'm serious.

(beat)

Look, Cassandra said there was some kind of prophecy about you defeating a great evil, right? Four hundred years ago, she knew who you were, she knew what would happen.

(beat)

Maybe there's more to it.

He flips open the NOTEBOOK.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Maybe you <u>are</u> the chosen one. Maybe this was all meant to happen.

MacLeod looks at him a long moment. Wants to laugh off the idea, but he can't.

MACLEOD

What if I don't want to be chosen? I don't believe in fate and prophecies. I never did.

ON THE NOTEBOOK

On the open page is a charcoal sketch of the monstrous head we saw in the tomb. Its middle eye glows.

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1818 CONTINUED: (2) 1818

RICHIE (O.S.)

Maybe you don't have a choice.

TRANSITION TO:

1819 EXT. HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND - 1625 - NIGHT

1819

The wind moans in the trees. Mysterious shadows turn the benign forest into a tangle of unnamed threats.

MacLeod, wild-haired, dressed in furs over tattered tartan, moves through the woods, head down against the chill wind and rain.

MACLEOD (V.O.)

It was 1625. I'd been Immortal almost three years, but I still didn't know what I was, why I was still alive. I'd survived two hard winters with no Clan, no family. No one had taught me about the Game, about what we are.

Stumbling, clearly suffering from cold and hunger, MacLeod spots a sheltered bit of rock up ahead. He moves to it, and finds the entrance to a --

1820 INT. CAVE - SCOTLAND - 1625 - NIGHT

1820

A shelter hollowed from rock, a couple of thick BRANCHES hiding the entrance. MacLeod staggers in, looking for shelter. As he does --

THE BUZZ

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MacLeod doesn't know what it is or what it portends. He's only felt it once before, from Kanwulf.

MacLeod moves deeper into the cave, drawn by the unnerving sensation of the BUZZ, and finds --

THE HERMIT

A leathery older man, silver-haired and lean. He sits by a small fire, a rabbit roasting on a spit. On the floor beside him, a casting circle, and inside it a scattering of KNUCKLEBONES.

The Hermit looks up mildly as MacLeod enters.

HERMIT

It took you long enough.

MacLeod gives him a strange look.

HERMIT (CONT'D)

Come by the fire. It's not fit out there for man nor spirit.

MACLEOD

Aye.

MacLeod moves forward hesitantly. The Hermit gestures to the roasting rabbit.

HERMIT

Help yourself.

MACLEOD

Thank you.

(tearing off a piece) I'd no idea anyone lived in these parts.

HERMIT

It's a good place for a man to lose himself.

(beat)

They won't find you up here. The ones who call you demon.

MacLeod stops mid-chew. Staring at this strange old man.

MACLEOD

What d'ye mean?

HERMIT

You've been clanless and homeless for three years. But that's over now. Soon, he will find you, the one who will teach you what you need to know.

MACLEOD

What one? What are you talking about?

HERMIT

Your kinsman. Connor MacLeod.

MACLEOD

Connor MacLeod is a legend.

HERMIT

So are you, young Duncan MacLeod of the Clan MacLeod. So are you.

MacLeod's hand edges toward his sword.

MACLEOD

How do you know my name?

1820

1820 CONTINUED: (2)

HERMIT

I know your name, Duncan MacLeod, and I know your destiny.

MACLEOD

No man knows that.

HERMIT

What we are is written in the wind, long before we walk this world. The roads we take... and where they lead us.

MACLEOD

(spooked)

You're a seer.

HERMIT

For six hundred years, I have waited in this place for you.

(beat)

You think I'm a mad old man, don't you?

(a soft smile)

Remember it well. Sometimes the truth sounds like madness.

The Hermit reaches out and scoops up the BONES. He shakes them and scatters them in the circle.

HERMIT (CONT'D)

You are blessed and cursed.

(beat)

You will have time to prepare. And when your time comes, you must be ready to face an evil beyond any you can imagine. And evil isn't black, it's the color of blood.

The words hang ominously in the air. MacLeod is dubious, yet drawn in by the Hermit's intensity. He rises to his feet.

MACLEOD

What evil? Tell me its name?

The Hermit stands also, meeting MacLeod's gaze across the fire.

HERMIT

It has no name. None I can speak. Every thousand years he comes, and he must be fought.

(MORE)

1820 CONTINUED: (3)

HERMIT (CONT'D)

(beat)

Long ago, I did my part. Now the responsibility is yours.

MACLEOD

(doubtful)

What am I responsible for? I have no Clan, no people.

(beat)

No place.

HERMIT

But you have your destiny.

He pulls aside his cloak, baring his neck, and --

HERMIT (CONT'D)

Raise that blade, and strike here. Take my head. Taste the truth of what you are. When the time comes, you will need my strength.

MacLeod steps back.

MACLEOD

I have no quarrel with you.

HERMIT

(tight)

Listen to me, MacLeod. My road is ending.... but yours has far to go.

(beat)

Take my head... and my burden. They are yours. When this thousand years are over, it will be you who faces him.

MACLEOD

(backing away)

No!

The Hermit reacts swiftly, raising his own sword.

HERMIT

You must kill me, Highlander -- or die.

He attacks, driving MacLeod back with surprising strength. MacLeod is on the defensive, hard-pressed. And then, he sees an opening, and swings --

The old man falls, beheaded.

And MacLeod is engulfed in a Quickening.

1821 EXT. CAVE - SCOTLAND - 1625 - FIRST LIGHT

1821

MacLeod steps from the cave into the forest, still shaky and confused from the Quickening. As he does, he feels an unwelcome sensation -- THE BUZZ.

Still not knowing what it means, he puts a hand to his sword and looks up to see --

MAN ON HORSEBACK

in a GAP between two great trees. The rising SUN behind him casts a blinding halo, obscuring his face -- but we can make out long hair, a Scots warrior's dress, the MACLEOD TARTAN.

MACLEOD

I am Duncan MacLeod of the Clan MacLeod.

THE RIDER

stretches a HAND down to meet MacLeod. MacLeod looks up at the powerful figure looming over him --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Connor!

The two Immortals clasp hands.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

What are we?

TRANSITION TO:

1822 INT. BARGE - DAY - RESUME SCENE

1822

MacLeod paces the barge.

MACLEOD

What am I up against?

RICHIE

I think it's what are we up against, Mac.

MACLEOD

Richie, it's coming for me.

RICHIE

I'm not leaving.

MACLEOD

This is not something we're going to argue about.

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1822 CONTINUED: 1822

RICHIE

Would you run out on me?

(beat)

Mac, this is my choice, not yours.

MACLEOD

Richie, we don't know what it is.

(beat)

Or... <u>if</u> it is.

As MacLeod and Richie share a look.

1823 INT. LANDRY'S APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - DAY

1823

Allison sits alone, turning the pages of a photo album, remembering better times. She reacts as she hears voices from her grandfather's study. She rises and moves toward them.

1824 INT. LANDRY'S APARTMENT - STUDY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

1824

Allison enters the study to find the voice is her grandfather's and it is coming from the television.

LANDRY

(on TV)

Are you afraid, Foster? We should all be afraid.

She removes the tape from the VCR. But the image keeps on playing. It turns directly toward her.

LANDRY (CONT'D)

(on TV)

That wasn't very nice.

She backs away. There is a sound behind her. She turns to find

LANDRY

sitting behind her in his chair. He pats the arms.

LANDRY (CONT'D)

I always liked this chair.

ALLISON

now stunned with fear, tries to back out of the room, only to have

THE DOOR

slam shut before her. She moves to a

WINDOW

that crashes shut. She screams.

ALLISON

moves back to the door, grabs hold of the knob. She tears at it, her fear now hysteria. She is screaming.

ALLISON

Let me out!

LANDRY

Allison... Dear Allison... There's nowhere to go.

Allison turns back and sees her grandfather through a wall of flames.

ALLISON

No!

Allison pounds on the door.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Help!... Help me!

ON THE TV

Landry laughs maniacally. We see the reflection of the room on fire. His laughter blends with her haunting screams in a crescendo of death and madness.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

1825 EXT. STREET - DAY

1825

Mid-scene. Richie, Dawson and Methos walk and talk.

METHOS

Millenium theory is nothing new, but I'll tell you something. I've seen good years. I've seen bad years. It doesn't have much to do with the calendar.

RICHIE

But you should see this guy's journal. It's pretty convincing stuff.

METHOS

Most religions have some version of the savior myth. Demons come to destroy the earth... Champions sent to protect it.

(beat)

It's a comforting thought, but Richie, I've lived five thousand years, I've never seen a demon.

DAWSON

(incredulous)

A Zoroastrian demon.

RICHIE

Maybe you've got another explanation for what's going on?

DAWSON

(exasperated)

What's going on is that Duncan MacLeod is losing it!

METHOS

We'll talk to the granddaughter.

Dawson shrugs, giving in. They come around a corner and find --

1826 EXT. LANDRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

1826

Gutted by fire. STEAM and SMOKE hiss from the shattered windows as soot-faced POMPIERS drag hoses from the building.

A POLICE CAR is parked on the curb, near a knot of NEIGHBORS and WITNESSES being questioned by a PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVE.

Richie, Methos and Dawson react.

DAWSON

You're sure this is the place? (off Richie's nod) Well, so much for good intentions. Anything that might have helped us is toast.

The Detective finishes with the Neighbors. Seeing them, he steps over. He takes out a notepad and a RED pen.

DETECTIVE

You live in the area?

METHOS

We just saw the smoke. What happened?

DETECTIVE

Arson. Someone set fire to the building.

(beat)

We're looking for a man who was seen leaving the place late last night... Tall, dark hair... a ponytail.

BEAT. You could hear a pin drop.

DAWSON

Nobody we know.

The Detective nods and moves back to the firefighters by the door.

Dawson looks grim. Richie can see where his thoughts are headed.

RICHIE

Not a chance.

DAWSON

Richie, I know how you feel...

RICHIE

Like hell you do! MacLeod wasn't involved in this... you know he wasn't!

At that moment a bagged BODY is carried from the building on a stretcher. The Detective is walking with the STRETCHER CARRIERS. As they pass --

DAWSON

Who is she?

1826 CONTINUED: (2) 1826

DETECTIVE

She was Allison Landry.

As Dawson and Methos share a look.

1827 INT. BARGE - DAY

1827

MacLeod enters the barge, looking like hell, moves to pour himself a drink.

ALLISON (O.S.)

Having a hard day?

MacLeod looks up to find

ALLISON LANDRY

dressed seductively in a night gown and waiting in his bed. She wears a gold chain and on it a RED stone that almost glows in reflected light. She raises the covers seductively.

ALLISON

Join me.

MACLEOD

(taken aback)

Allison, what's going on?

ALLISON

Isn't it obvious?

She gets out of bed and moves toward him.

The phone RINGS. MacLeod picks it up.

MACLEOD

(into phone)

Hi, Richie...

(looking at Allison)

You're sure?

He hangs up the phone.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

You're dead.

ALLISON

Does it matter?

He closes his eyes tight for a moment as if to shut her out.

MACLEOD

(tight)

You're not real.

(CONTINUED)

He opens them again and sighs with relief to find

THE BED

96518

empty. Suddenly.

PAIR OF FEMININE HANDS

reach up from behind him and cover his eyes.

ALLISON

Peek-a-boo.

Revulsion and fear fills MacLeod as he tears her hands away and pushes her across the barge. She falls into a large vase. It breaks into pieces.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Is that any way to treat a lady?

(rising)

Don't you find me pretty?

MACLEOD

What do you want from me?

She takes a step toward him, reaches out and rips the shirt off him.

ALLISON

Nice pecs.

MacLeod stumbles back and picks up his sword.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Afraid?

(beat)

Are you going to kill me... again?

(beat

Why'd you burn my apartment?

MACLEOD

I didn't.

ALLISON

Don't you remember? You came, you wanted all my grandfather's books and notes. I wouldn't let you take them, so you burned the place down...

MACLEOD

It never happened.

ALLISON

The police think it did.

1827 CONTINUED: (2)

1827

As she approaches him, he backs away, raising his sword. With a smile, she offers him her neck.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Go on, take it. But afterwards, you have to make love to me.

(beat)

Don't you want to save the world, MacLeod? Or maybe you'd just rather save yourself? Or maybe I'm not real at all.

She's gone. MacLeod turns

THE BED

is made and looks like it hasn't been slept in.

THE VASE

is back where it was, unbroken.

MACLEOD

slumps against the wall, drained and overwhelmed.

1828 OMITTED 1828

1829 OMITTED 1829

1830 EXT. CAFE - DAY 1830

Mid-scene.

RICHIE

So you agree with Joe. You think MacLeod's crazy.

METHOS

(gently)

I think he's hallucinating, Richie. Seeing people he's killed.

(beat)

Who knows what else he's doing?

RICHIE

He did <u>not</u> set that fire!

They don't answer. The message is clear.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

What if it's <u>real</u>? If he's right?

1830 CONTINUED: 1830

METHOS

So there's a demon running around? The dead are walking?

RICHIE

(flaring)

You're walking. How many times have you been killed?

METHOS

That's not the same and you know it.

RICHIE

No, I do <u>not</u> know it! (exasperated)

Nobody knows the reason why we're here. Maybe this is it. Maybe we're here so that one of us can fight that thing.

DAWSON

And this has been going for thousands of years and no one knows about it? Not Watchers, not Immortals.

RICHIE

Maybe.

He looks to Methos and Dawson. Neither says anything.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Forget it.

He slams out. Methos shakes his head.

METHOS

Blind loyalty. A common failing in the young.

DAWSON

Yeah.

(beat)

So why do we feel like a couple of rats?

Methos doesn't answer. There's an uncomfortable silence.

1831 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

1831

Richie is on his bike, leathers on, heading for an intersection. As he pulls up at a light, and takes off his helmet, a car honks. He turns --

RICHIE'S POV

in the back seat of a grey sedan

HORTON

wearing a RED scarf. He has a gun to Joe Dawson's head.

RICHIE

is stunned for a moment.

THE CAR

takes off.

RICHIE

Son of a bitch.

He slams his helmet into place and roars after him.

THE CAR

turns a corner.

Pedestrians in the street keep Richie from turning. Finally,

RICHIE

turns the corner.

THE CAR

is there, empty, its doors open.

RICHIE'S POV - THE STREET

deserted. Horton and Dawson are nowhere in sight. And OFF Richie's frustration --

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

1832 INT. BARGE - NIGHT

1832

MacLeod leans on the counter. Before him is Landry's book. MacLeod is in a state of deep turmoil, unsure of his footing, not knowing what has happened to his world. He holds the book in his hand.

MacLeod moves to the fireplace. Inside the fireplace --

Flames. Maybe the best thing would be to burn it. He hesitates, the book in his hand, torn between wanting to destroy this thing, get it out of his life, and understanding it. Finally --

MACLEOD

No.

As he stands there, he gets the BUZZ.

MacLeod reacts, instinctively reaches for his sword -- then he forces himself to wait as the door opens --

Methos and Dawson step in. There's a moment of awkward silence broken by --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Where are the men in the white coats?

DAWSON

We think you're in trouble, Mac.

MacLeod stares at him.

MACLEOD

Trouble.

(incredulous)

You think I'm in trouble?

He starts to laugh at the absurdity.

METHOS

You need help.

DAWSON

You can't handle this alone.

MACLEOD

(tight)

I am not insane.

(MORE)

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(beat, with growing

passion)

I saw them. Horton, Kronos... heard them. I don't know what the hell they were, but they were real.

METHOS

You think they were demons?

MACLEOD

Maybe.

DAWSON

(beat)

C'mon, Mac, let us help you.

MacLeod looks at him a moment. Wishing for some way to convince him. Finally:

MACLEOD

I've been reading, hearing... thinking about this...

(beat)

Look at the world. War... famine... chaos... and it's getting worse, not better. It's his influence. I have to fight him.

METHOS

How?

MACLEOD

I don't know.

(beat)

If this is all in my mind, if I'm that crazy, then you're too late.

If I'm not....

(beat)

There's nothing you can do.

The phone RINGS. MacLeod picks up.

1833 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Richie is on a pay phone.

RICHIE

Mac... Mac, I saw him. I saw Horton. He's got Joe.

INTERCUT:

1833

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1833 CONTINUED: 1833

MACLEOD AND RICHIE

as MacLeod reins in his reaction.

MACLEOD

(into phone)

That's impossible.

Dawson and Methos exchange looks.

RICHIE

(into phone)

It was him. I think they headed into the catacombs.

MACLEOD

Do nothing. <u>Nothing</u>. Get back here now.

RICHIE

(beat)

Sorry, Mac.

MACLEOD

Richie, you don't know what this is! Stay right there, I'm coming after you!

He TOSSES the phone to Dawson as he grabs his sword.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Richie trailed it to the catacombs.

Talk to him. Keep him there!

He's already racing for the door.

Dawson puts the phone to his ear.

DAWSON

Richie?

(beat)

Richie!

Methos looks at him questioningly. Dawson lifts the phone so they can both hear it clearly -- a DIAL TONE. No one there.

1834 INT. CATACOMB TUNNELS - NIGHT

1834

A dark tunnel filled with dripping water, flickering light.

MACLEOD

moves warily along it, tense, not knowing what he'll face, what form it will take. Then ahead of him... the BUZZ.

(CONTINUED)

1835

He steps carefully into the main catacomb chamber --

1835 INT. MAIN CATACOMB CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Richie is there, sitting slumped on a rock. His head is lowered, he's leaning on his sword. He looks exhausted or wounded.

MACLEOD

Richie?

Richie doesn't answer. MacLeod lowers his sword and moves to help him. As he comes closer, bends to help him --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Are you all right?

Richie suddenly straightens -- and SWINGS at him.

MacLeod dodges back -- and the sword sings past his head, missing him by inches.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Richie, it's me!

Richie moves back, taking a stance. He holds MacLeod's eyes.

RICHIE

I know.

There's no apology there, no remorse in his eyes. Just cold hate. It's Richie's voice -- but subtly ALTERED (IN POST) into a rasp infused with a cold malevolence. MacLeod knows instantly what it is.

MACLEOD

It's you.

The "False Richie" smiles with contempt.

RICHIE

"Me?"

(beat)

"You?" Is that how you see me?

(beat)

You don't even understand your place in all this.

He suddenly moves in, swinging, driving MacLeod back. He fights with will and hate -- using Richie's skills, but sharpened and driven by an evil will.

MacLeod backs off, trying not to engage. Whatever his senses tell him, this looks like Richie he can't bring himself to swing.

1835

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Having trouble?

The False Richie feints and swings and --

MACLEOD

takes the blade in the shoulder. He steps back, clutching the wound, the pain searing through him.

RICHIE

Some champion.

MacLeod's hesitation vanishes. This is evil he's fighting, and he knows he has to win. He charges and they lock swords. As they fight through the catacomb chamber

MACLEOD

What the hell are you?

RICHIE

I am your friend. I am not your friend.

(beat)

I'm the man you can't kill.

There's an eerie alteration in his voice. In his face. For a moment, he looks and sounds like Horton -- the man who originally said that.

MacLeod attacks with renewed vigor, driving the False Richie back toward the wall. He has the advantage -- and there's a moment of fear on the face of his opponent.

MACLEOD

(adamant)

Everyone can die. One way or another.

He cuts the False Richie across the midsection and the demon reacts to the blow with a howl of pain -- he's not invulnerable after all. MacLeod raises his sword to score a decisive blow --

When he's suddenly alerted by the SOUND of another sword cutting the air behind him.

He whirls, changing the cut to a parry, just in time to deflect the sword coming toward his neck. He finds himself facing

KRONOS

Decked out in his Bronze Age gear, but with his nasty-edged modern-day sword in his hand. Death incarnate. He may not be real, but he's damn good with a sword.

MacLeod is on the defensive, barely deflecting Kronos' attack. Behind him, the False Richie is recovering, healing, raising his sword to rejoin the battle.

1836 INT. TUNNEL - CLOSE BY - SAME TIME

1836

The REAL RICHIE heads warily along the tunnel, his sword out. Then he hears it, coming from down the tunnel -- the CLASH OF SWORDS. His heart drops.

RICHIE

MacLeod.

He raises his sword and hurries down the tunnel.

1836A INT. CATACOMB CHAMBER - RESUME SCENE

1836A

MacLeod manages to duck under Kronos' head shot and take cover behind a stone pillar. As Kronos comes after him, MacLeod rears back and slices through the pillar, sending a shower of stone and dust down on his opponent, delaying him.

Before he can celebrate his momentary reprieve --

BANG!

A bullet catches him in the side.

JAMES HORTON

emerges from the nearest tunnel, gun in hand.

On MacLeod's other side, the False Richie and Kronos are emerging from the settling cloud of pulverized stone.

MACLEOD

What the hell are you?!

He's got his back pressed to the wall, sword up, desperately trying to be ready to defend himself against the three armed opponents stalking toward him.

HORTON

I am Set. I am Ahriman. I am everything your people call demons and devils.

RICHIE

I am anger. I am the dark. I bring chaos and fear. Doubt and anarchy.

KRONOS

I have existed since before time, and I shall go on existing when time ends.

1836A CONTINUED: 1836A

RICHIE

For you, all that matters is that you cannot stop me.

The False Richie feints at MacLeod. MacLeod falls back against the wall. The False Richie swings, and MacLeod dodges aside -- the sword strikes the wall where his head was. The False Richie turns and slips away into the black tunnel.

MacLeod charges after him.

1837 INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

1837

FOLLOWING MACLEOD

as he races down the dark corridor, sword up and ready to swing. He's in pain, desperate to catch this thing, knowing he must finish it -- that more rides on this victory than anything he has faced before.

He reaches a CORNER in the tunnel, comes around it --

RICHIE

comes the other way, his sword raised and ready to swing --

MACLEOD swings first -- and Richie falls. Time stops.

MacLeod looks down at the dead "demon."

He should feel triumph -- but there is a wrenching, sickening sensation. For a moment he thinks something terribly wrong has happened. Then he sees --

RICHIE, standing a few feet away at the mouth of the tunnel. Watching him.

MacLeod is flooded with enormous relief.

MACLEOD

Richie....

Then the other Richie LAUGHS. It is a hollow, chilling laugh, and the truth hits MacLeod: the demon tricked him. The demon won. He has killed his friend.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

No! NO!

Even as the QUICKENING starts to hit him, he staggers forward as if he's fighting through a storm, raises his sword and with a cry of rage, he SWINGS --

But there is nothing there. For a moment, we hear the sound of the things's mocking LAUGHTER echoing in the tunnel.

(CONTINUED)

1837

As MacLeod's face fills with agony, he's hit full on by the QUICKENING -- an agonizing blast of energy that picks him up in its grip like a doll, and shakes him -- as images of Horton, Kronos and the False Richie look on, savoring their victory. They fade out... MacLeod is left alone and we

FADE OUT.

END ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

1838 INT. CATACOMB TUNNELS - LATER

1838

Methos and Dawson step slowly into the catacomb chamber. It is eerily, utterly silent. Ahead of them, in the center of the room

MACLEOD

kneeling over the body of Richie. His katana lies beside him. Whatever he feels is beyond expression, beyond words, unsharable.

Dawson closes his eyes in pain. They stay that way for a long moment, in silence.

Methos moves slowly to MacLeod, gently places a hand on his shoulder. There is nothing he can say.

MacLeod doesn't acknowledge him. He picks up his katana, holds it a moment -- then lowers his head, leaving his neck vulnerable and waiting. Without looking, he hands the hilt to Methos.

Methos knows what he wants. Maybe what he needs. He takes the katana, holds it a moment. Then --

METHOS

No.

Methos draws the sword, and backs away.

MacLeod waits that way a moment -- then seems to accept this. His punishment is living. He rises slowly, looks once more at Richie -- then he turns and walks out.

His eyes are flat and lifeless, containing his pain, refusing to let it go.

(NOTE: Please shoot the following so that it can be cut with or without dialogue.)

DAWSON

Where are you going?

MACLEOD

keeps walking.

DAWSON

Mac... Mac...

MacLeod turns and responds with an air of finality.

MACLEOD

I'm done.

He turns to walk away.

Methos turns away, looking at nothing.

Dawson watches MacLeod go. Finally he looks down at Richie and he can't fight the tears any more. He leans into the cold stone of the wall and lets them come.

MACLEOD

moves down the tunnel, away from them, framed in a dim halo of light, growing smaller in the distance.

1839 INT. SECLUDED ROOM SOMEWHERE - DAY

1839

Spare, dimly lit, furnished with only a few rustic items -- a low wood table, some quilted pillows -- it could be the quarters of a monk.

A small OIL LAMP sputters on the table. Seated on a rug before it --

MACLEOD

Motionless, he seems to be meditating. On the table before him -- Landry's NOTEBOOK, tattered and yellowed with age.

As he sits, he gets the BUZZ. He looks up, but does not rise. He waits calmly. A moment later, POUNDING at the door. Then from without --

METHOS (O.S.)

MacLeod?

MacLeod doesn't move.

METHOS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I know you're there. I'm not going away.

MacLeod closes his eyes, says nothing. He pushes a button.

THE DOOR

opens upward pneumatically, into the ceiling admitting a shaft of light. A shadowed figure moves into the room, behind MacLeod -- it is Methos.

They stay that way a LONG BEAT.

96518

MACLEOD

What do you want?

Not unfriendly, just disinterested -- a man keeping people at bay.

METHOS

Me? Nothing.

(beat)

But I brought someone to see you.

As he says this, there's a LOW SCRAPING SOUND as someone, or something, enters.

MacLeod finally opens his eyes. He turns now, and we see --

JOE DAWSON

1839 CONTINUED:

sitting in a wheelchair. His hair is now SILVER -- we can see he's over sixty years old. There's a CLOTH-COVERED OBJECT across his legs.

Dawson looks at MacLeod quietly. There's no recrimination, no accusation.

DAWSON

Hello, MacLeod. It's been twenty years.

(NOTE: Please also shoot as:

DAWSON

Hello, MacLeod. It's been a long time.

END NOTE)

MACLEOD

(beat)

Why did you come?

Dawson slowly unfolds the cloth, revealing MacLeod's KATANA. He raises it in two hands, holds it out to MacLeod.

And OFF this, as they face each other, the sword between them --

1840 OMITTED 1840

1841 OMITTED 1841

ALTERNATE SCENE:

1842 INT. SECLUDED ROOM - SOMEWHERE - DAY

1842

1841

Spare, dimly lit, furnished with only a few rustic items -a low wood table, some quilted pillows -- it could be the quarters of a monk.

A small OIL LAMP sputters on the table. Seated on a rug before it --

MACLEOD

1841 CONTINUED:

Motionless, he seems to be meditating. On the table before him -- Landry's NOTEBOOK, tattered and yellowed with age.

As he sits, he gets the BUZZ. He looks up, but does not rise. He waits calmly. A moment later, POUNDING at the door. Then from without --

METHOS (O.S.)

MacLeod?

MACLEOD

In here.

He pushes a button.

THE DOOR

opens upward pneumatically, into the ceiling, admitting a shaft of light. A shadowed figure moves into the room, behind MacLeod -- it is Methos.

They stay that way a LONG BEAT.

METHOS

Where have you been?

MACLEOD

Around.

(beat)

Did you bring it?

METHOS

I brought a friend.

As he says this, there's a LOW SCRAPING SOUND as someone, or something, enters.

MacLeod turns and we see --

JOE DAWSON

sitting in a wheelchair. His hair is now SILVER -- we can see he's over sixty years old. There's a CLOTH-COVERED OBJECT across his legs.

Dawson looks at MacLeod quietly. There's no recrimination, no accusation.

DAWSON

Hello, MacLeod. It's been twenty years.

(NOTE: Please also shoot as:

DAWSON

Hello, MacLeod. It's been a long time.

END NOTE)

MACLEOD

And now I'm ready.

Dawson slowly unfolds the cloth, revealing MacLeod's KATANA. He raises it in two hands, holds it out to MacLeod. As MacLeod takes the sword --

FADE OUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...