



# HIGHLANDER

*The Series*

#97601  
AVATAR

Written by  
David Tynan

# Highlander

"AVATAR"

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Production #97601

July 7, 1997 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

**HIGHLANDER**

"Avatar"

Production #97601

**CAST LIST**

DUNCAN MACLEOD  
JOE DAWSON

JAMES HORTON  
SOPHIE BAINES

ANDREW BAINES  
ANNA TREMAINE

MOVER  
ATTENDENT  
FLOWER VENDOR

HIGHLANDER

"Avatar"

Production #97601

SET LIST

INTERIORS

BARGE  
LE BLUES BAR  
  
SECLUDED ROOM - MONASTERY  
CITY MORGUE  
  /STORAGE ROOM  
  /CORRIDOR  
UNIVERSITY - SOPHIE RAINES' OFFICE  
SOPHIE'S HOME  
SOPHIE'S CAR

EXTERIORS

BARGE  
  /QUAI DE LA TOURNELLE  
  /DECK OF BARGE  
  
CEMETERY  
  /RICHIE'S GRAVESIDE  
  /MACLEOD'S CAR  
STREET  
  /BUS STOP  
FLOWER VENDOR'S STAND  
BRIDGE - OVERLOOKING RIVER - NEAR BARGE  
RIVERBANK  
ALLEYWAY  
SOPHIE'S HOME  
  /STREET NEAR SOPHIE'S HOME  
CITY MORGUE  
  /STREET OUTSIDE MORGUE  
PARK  
  
MONASTERY - MALAYSIA (STOCK)  
UNIVERSITY BUILDING - PARIS (STOCK)

HIGHLANDER

"Avatar"

TEASER

PREVIOUSLY ON HIGHLANDER

MacLeod's confrontation with Ahriman in the form of James Horton; their struggle, leading to Richie's tragic death, and MacLeod walking away into the unknown. Then --

FADE IN:

101 EXT. MONASTERY - MALAYSIA - DAY - ESTABLISHING (STOCK) 101

Remote, isolated, deep in the jungle.

ON SCREEN:

KAMPAK MONASTERY

OUTSIDE OF KUALA LUMPUR, MALAYSIA

ONE YEAR LATER

102 INT. SECLUDED ROOM - MONASTERY - DAY 102

A stark, dimly lit space, as sparsely furnished as a monk's cell. From a low carved wooden table, a joss stick trails tendrils of incense. From without, the sound of distant temple bells comes to us, and the faint sound of CHANTING:

BUDDHIST MONKS.

Near the table, resting on a small wooden stand --

LANDRY'S JOURNAL

revealing sketches of obscure symbols, handwritten-notes, a pencil sketch of a hideous-faced statue: AHRIMAN.

From elsewhere in the room we hear the sound of HUMAN MOVEMENT; breath released in a carefully controlled way.

Then in the center of the room we find --

MACLEOD

performing an elaborate kata with his fighting-sticks. He is bare-chested, his hair longer and wilder, his body harder and leaner than when we last saw him. His movements are controlled, intensely focussed as he spins the sticks in complex arcs, his chest glistening with sweat. The kata ends.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

With ceremonial care MacLeod lays the sticks aside and kneels on a meditation mat.

Lying before him -- A KNIFE is waiting. He raises it carefully, deliberately, as if some long ritual preparation has concluded. Reaching behind him, he grasps his long hair with his free hand and with a sudden stroke -- he CUTS it.

He drops the hair and continues to cut, the roughly shorn locks falling about him, until finally --

MacLeod rises. He seems changed now, almost reborn, his hair shorn, a razorlike force humming beneath the calm surface. He flips the knife up and balances it, point-first, on his finger-tip. He closes his eyes. A moment of crystal stillness -- and then --

His arm whips forward in a blur of movement, and almost before we can track it --

THE KNIFE

quivers in the wooden reading stand across the room, perfectly centered above the open JOURNAL.

MacLeod is again motionless. He opens his eyes.

The look on his face tells us it's time.

And OFF this --

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

103 EXT. CEMETERY - PARIS - DAY

103

Richie's graveside. It is the anniversary of his death, and Dawson is there, his face as bleak and grey as the day, standing lonely vigil before a simple headstone bearing the inscription: RICHIE RYAN -- AGE 24. FRIEND.

DAWSON (V.O.)

I guess it's just you and me. Hard to believe it's been a year already.

He's moved, clearly still feeling a deep sense of loss.

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

I wish I could tell you why it happened. That it all makes sense now...

(beat)

I can't. I'm sorry.

Dawson senses someone moving up behind him. He turns to find MacLeod, clad in black jeans and a dark T-shirt, looking somber but contained as he gazes at the headstone.

Dawson feels a surge of relief and joy at seeing MacLeod alive -- but it's quickly washed away by his own sense of abandonment and bitterness. He controls it with an effort.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

(tight)

Welcome back.

MacLeod hears the reproof in Dawson's voice, but doesn't respond to it.

MACLEOD

(quiet)

I'm glad you stayed in Paris.

DAWSON

Someone had to. Methos disappeared right after you did.

(moved, almost awkward;  
re the grave)

I buried him with his sword.

Didn't know what else to put on the headstone... It seemed right.

MacLeod nods. He touches Richie's headstone, traces the name gently, as if afraid to wake him.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

'Friend' is good.  
(a whisper)  
Because that's what he was.

DAWSON

I had fifty Watchers beating the bushes looking for you. Where the hell have you been?

MACLEOD

Does it matter?

DAWSON

To me it does.  
(beat)  
I thought we were friends.

MACLEOD

We are.

DAWSON

Then what happened to you?

MACLEOD

I had some things to work out.

Dawson, though pissed, still feels for his friend.

DAWSON

I know what you must have gone through after...  
(he can't say it)  
After the accident.

MACLEOD

(harsh)  
It wasn't an accident. Richie was murdered.  
(before Dawson can protest)  
You want me to say it was a mistake?  
That I was out of my mind?  
Hallucinating?

DAWSON

It would help, damn it!

MACLEOD

(beat)  
I was a weapon... This thing used me to kill Richie.

Dawson starts to pace, the energy in him building.

(CONTINUED)



DAWSON

(exasperated)

You think I wouldn't give anything to believe you? That the bad guy in this is some Zoroastrian demon named Ahriman. A thing that comes back every thousand years to try and take over the world.

(beat)

Listen to how it sounds.

MACLEOD

It's true, Joe. Landry knew it... So did Richie. That's why they're dead.

DAWSON

And you're the Champion? You're the guy who's been chosen to take him on.

MACLEOD

That's right.

DAWSON

Why you? And if this thing is so powerful, why doesn't it hit you with a lightning bolt or something?

MACLEOD

I don't know. Maybe even its Game has rules.

DAWSON

Now the devil's got a rule book.

MACLEOD

Will you help me, Joe?

(beat)

I need the Watchers.

(beat)

I need you.

DAWSON

You disappear for a year, no one knows if you're alive or dead... Now you pop up out of nowhere and ask me to get the Watchers to help you?

(bitter)

Don't want much, do you.

MacLeod lets him vent, knowing what he must be feeling.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (3)

103

MACLEOD

When Richie died, I wanted to die.  
But I realized if his death was going  
to mean anything, I had to survive...  
I had to understand what happened.  
I had to believe what happened.

(beat)

It's evil, Joe, and I'm the only  
thing that can stop it. And I will  
stop it.

(fierce)

I'm going to find it and I'm going  
to destroy it.

His intensity shocks Dawson into silence.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(beat)

Will you help me?

It's an appeal, direct and heartfelt. Dawson is torn by it,  
but with equal honesty --

DAWSON

I don't know.

It's the best he can do. With a last look at Richie's grave,  
he turns and leaves.

MacLeod turns to the grave, places a rock on the headstone.  
He takes a moment, lost in private grief -- then turns and  
walks off in the other direction.

104 EXT. CEMETERY - MACLEOD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

104

Nearing his car, MacLeod sees a group of white flowers. He  
stops for a moment, drawn to them. Suddenly, a center flower  
begins to seep blood.

MacLeod reacts.

BACK ON THE FLOWERS

all dead now except for the center one that seeps blood.

MacLeod looks around, suddenly aware he is no longer alone.

HORTON (O S.)

Even the flowers weep... You're  
such a sad story, MacLeod.

MacLeod turns to see --

Ahriman -- in the form of JAMES HORTON -- standing among the  
cemetery stones. Horton gives him a sympathetic look.

(CONTINUED)

HORTON

All alone. No one to believe you.  
Perhaps your friend Richie might  
listen.

MACLEOD

He's dead.

HORTON

Death is so relative.  
(beat)  
Still, it must bother you that you  
killed him.

MacLeod feels his anger rising but controls it, forces himself  
to stay calm.

MACLEOD

We both know who killed Richie...

HORTON

You cut your best friend's head off  
and somehow I'm responsible.  
(cold)  
You know, all of this would never  
have happened if you'd just left it  
alone.

MACLEOD

We'd have met. Sooner or later.

HORTON

And now the Champion's come back to  
fight me  
(beat)  
Do you want to die, MacLeod? Because  
that's what will happen. Be smart.  
Go back to that little monastery  
you've been hiding in.  
(beat)  
What would it take, I wonder, for  
you to go away?

MACLEOD

You on the next train back to hell.

He takes a step towards Horton.

HORTON

Love the new hair.

Horton bends down, picks up the flower, puts it in his lapel,  
and VANISHES, the only movement a slight WIND blowing through  
the solitary stones.

105 INT. LE BLUES BAR - PARIS - DAY

105

The place is deserted. A slow, melancholy BLUES plays in the b.g. Dawson sits at a table, a bourbon n' rocks at hand, three leather-bound TOMES before him. He is reading one marked THIRD CHRONICLE OF DUNCAN MACLEOD, paging slowly through it, his face mirroring his conflict as he grapples with his feelings.

As he reads and remembers, we hear SOUND CLIPS from moments when MacLeod was sage and forgiving.

(SOUND CLIP #1 - "LITTLE TIN GOD," SCENE 50844)

MACLEOD (V.O.)  
"Faith, Joe, faith..."

Dawson turns the page.

(SOUND CLIP #2 - "UNHOLY ALLIANCE," SCENE 21445)

MACLEOD (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
"I believe there's an order in the universe. That there's purpose. That things eventually fit ... Even if you can't see how or why."

Dawson turns another page.

(SOUND CLIP #3 - "THEY ALSO SERVE," SCENE 31227)

MACLEOD (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
"Follow your instincts... That's all you can do."

DAWSON (V.O.)  
"And what if you're wrong?"

MACLEOD (V.O.)  
"Then you're wrong."

As Dawson reads, we see BRIEF VIDEO CLIPS from various episodes:

FIRST VIDEO CLIP:

(FROM "THE CROSS OF ST. ANTOINE," SCENE 30423)

Dawson takes out a revolver from a drawer.

MACLEOD

locks eyes with him. Dawson reaches under the bar and pulls out a gun.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

You can't kill him with that, Joe.

DAWSON

Look, I know. But I can sure as hell slow him down until I can.

MACLEOD

You won't get close enough to use it.

(beat)

Let-me do this... For both of us.

SECOND VIDEO CLIP:

(FROM "JUDGMENT DAY," SCENE 42133)

MacLeod before the Watcher Tribunal, arguing passionately on Dawson's behalf.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I've spent my entire existence fighting other Immortals. Men who hold life cheap. I live... No, I survive... because I value life -- yours and yours -- and even his.

(points at Dawson)

If you value Joe Dawson's life less than you value your set of rules, then you become as unprincipled and as evil as the men I fight. Because like them... You lose all your humanity.

THIRD VIDEO CLIP

("SOMETHING WICKED," SCENE 41336)

DAWSON

I know your strength. I know your will ... I know your goodness.

(beat)

And whatever monsters are in you now, I know you're still in there too.

MACLEOD

You willing to give up your life for that?

(beat)

Hmm? 'Cause if you're not, you better use that sword right now and kill me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2)

105

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(beat)

'Cause if you don't, you're a dead man.

(beat)

C'mon.

FOURTH VIDEO CLIP:

("ARCHANGEL," SCENE 51838)

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

RESUME SCENE - THE PRESENT

Dawson reading the Chronicle.

(SOUND CLIP #4 - "THE MESSENGER," SCENE 50924)

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

"We do what we do, because we have to. We have no choice.

(beat)

There's a lot of evil out there, Richie. And it's up to people who can stop it -- to do so. If we don't, if we do nothing...

(beat)

Then evil wins."

Dawson gazes into the distance, torn.

DAWSON

Son of a bitch.

(then, softly)

Son of a bitch...

And OFF this, as his feelings war within him --

105A INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

105A

Two marble pillars reach to the sky, otherwise the room is empty, dark, quiet like a tomb. MacLeod enters, cautious. His voice echoes in the empty space. The floor beneath him looks like a giant chess board.

MACLEOD

Hello?

DAWSON (O.S.)

Mac? Mac?

(CONTINUED)

105A CONTINUED:

105A

MACLEOD

Joe?

Dawson appears behind him.

DAWSON

(friendly)

Yeah, Mac, who'd you think it was?  
Satan?

(beat)

I got something for you.

MacLeod turns toward him to find his KATANA flying at his throat. He barely dives out of the way in time.

MACLEOD

Joe? What?

Dawson swings for MacLeod's head a second time.

DAWSON

Thought you might want your sword  
back.

MACLEOD

dodges and starts to run away, but

DAWSON

is suddenly there in front of him, blocking his path. He tries for MacLeod's head a third time.

DAWSON

If you're not going to use it, I  
will.

MACLEOD

Joe, stop!

MacLeod catches the flat of the blade between his palms, stopping the katana, then punches Dawson hard in the face, knocking him out.

Dawson lies oddly still on the ground. MacLeod kicks the sword away from Dawson's body, then bends down to check Dawson's pulse. There is none.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(Oh no, not again)

Joe... oh God, no. No!

SMASH CUT TO:

105B INT. BARGE - NIGHT

105B

MacLeod comes awake from his nightmare.

MACLEOD

JOE!

He's shaken and sweaty and out of breath. As he sits up in his bed looking warily around the room for attack, it's clear he'll sleep no more this night.

106 EXT. PARIS STREET - BUS STOP - DAY

106

Two women stand waiting for a bus. One is SOPHIE BAINES, 26, pretty but doesn't know it. Somewhat ruffled and harried in appearance. An academic who's spent the last ten years over a computer terminal instead of living. (Think Sandra Bullock at the beginning of "The Net.")

She carries a shoulder-bag overflowing with books and papers. She's the type whose eyeglasses always seem to be falling down her nose. Her friend ANNA TREMAINE, a little older, an academic like her, but more composed, is nearby.

SOPHIE

I'll never get these papers catalogued in time.

The heavy bag falls from her shoulders. Papers spill out. Anna bends down to help her pick them up.

ANNA

You know what you need, Sophie?

SOPHIE

A winning lottery ticket?

ANNA

A husband.

(off Sophie's look)

What was wrong with Henri?

SOPHIE

He smelled... Fish, garlic...

(wrinkling her nose)

Even after he showered.

ANNA

(nagging a little)

And Andrew didn't like him.

(beat)

One of these days your baby brother is going to have to make it on his own.

(CONTINUED)



106 CONTINUED:

106

SOPHIE

I'm all he has.

ANNA

You're too good for your own good,  
Sophie Baines.

Anna shakes her head and takes Sophie's hand.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(playing fortune teller)

I see a man in your future. Tall,  
dark, mysterious.

SOPHIE

I know that guy. He delivers the  
mail.

ANNA

(looking down the  
street)

I hope he's faster than this bus.

Suddenly, a strange look veils Sophie's face. For a moment  
she seems confused -- then she steps back.

SOPHIE

(oddly flat)

I changed my mind... I'm going to  
walk today.

ANNA (O.S.)

But it's miles! You'll never make  
it in time. Sophie... Sophie..

Sophie doesn't react. She walks along the sidewalk with a  
dazed, distracted look -- a sleepwalker's eyes. As she walks --

107 EXT. BARGE - SAME TIME

107

Two MOVERS are rolling the last of several CRATES off the  
barge and into the back of a small truck as MacLeod supervises --  
it looks like he's moving out.

MOVER

That's all of it.

MacLeod hands the BOSS MOVER a note.

MACLEOD

The Storage Depot in Marseille.  
These are the instructions... and a  
check.

The Mover scans the note, and looks up in surprise.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

MOVER

(doubtful)

But... this says it's for fifty years?

MACLEOD

(shrugs)

I'm an optimist.

He doesn't crack a smile.

The Mover throws him a look, and starts to walk off toward the truck. MacLeod steps back into --

108 INT. BARGE - DAY

108

He looks at his hew, Spartan dwelling. The barge has been stripped of furniture and mementos. All that remains is a low table, a few books, a small shrine with a MANDALA -- the space has become Spartan, ascetic, a shrine of spirit and purpose.

109 EXT. STREET - FLOWER VENDOR'S - SAME TIME

109

Sophie and her sleepwalker's eyes have paused in front of a Flower Vendor. He stands with a basket of three or four dozen flowers. All the flowers are white, except for one RED ROSE. She gazes at the rose a moment.

VENDOR'S VOICE (O.S.)

We have lovely white gardenias today...

But Sophie's eyes are fixed on a blood-red rose.

SOPHIE

No. I'll take this one.

The Vendor clips the rose and hands it to her. Sophie takes it and turns away, leaving behind --

HER SATCHEL

lying on the sidewalk, the books spilling out, forgotten. Sophie walks on, the rose held loosely at her side.

110 EXT. QUAI DE LA TOURNELLE - SAME TIME

110

The MOVER'S TRUCK drives away up the Quai. MacLeod steps out of the barge and sees --

DAWSON'S CAR

pulling up. As Dawson climbs out, it's clear that whatever decision he's made, it hasn't been easy. MacLeod waits, gives him the time he needs. Finally --

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

DAWSON

The whole thing is insane. You're asking me to believe in a demon... something I can't see... maybe never will see.

(a long, painful beat)

How can I do that, MacLeod?

MacLeod is disappointed, but not completely surprised.

MACLEOD

Thanks for thinking about it, Joe.

He starts to turn away --

DAWSON

I'm not finished.

(beat)

I've been your Watcher for 19 years. Probably know you better than I know myself. I know you're not perfect... but I know whatever you do, you believe it's for the good.

(beat)

Maybe I can't believe in a demon...

(beat)

...but I believe in you, MacLeod. So whatever this is, wherever it takes you... I'm in.

MACLEOD

What if I'm crazy?

DAWSON

Then you're crazy.

(beat)

Maybe I am, too.

MacLeod knows the faith this has taken on Dawson's part.

MACLEOD

Thanks.

And the tension between the two men is broken.

DAWSON

What exactly are we looking for?

MACLEOD

Knowledge ... Information. Look into the legends, look into the history.

DAWSON

Of what?

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (2)

110

MACLEOD

Of Evil. We need to find something we can use against it, a weakness, some flaw...

DAWSON

Assuming it has one.

MACLEOD

It has one. I couldn't stop it with a sword, but it's been stopped before. Evil isn't perfect, Joe. It has a crack somewhere.

DAWSON

How do you know?

INTERCUT:

111 EXT. BRIDGE - OVERLOOKING RIVER - NEAR BARGE - SAME TIME

111

SOPHIE

standing on the bridge, gazing at the water below. She raises the rose over the water, lets it fall. Slowly, blank-faced, she starts to climb onto the railing.

RESUME - MACLEOD AND DAWSON

As Dawson moves to the rear of his car.

DAWSON

I brought something for you. Figured you might need it.

He pops the trunk, removes a cloth-wrapped object. He pulls off the cloth, offers it to MacLeod: his KATANA. MacLeod hesitates at the sight, then --

MACLEOD

No.

DAWSON

(thrown)  
What do you mean, 'no'?

MACLEOD

I mean no. I can't.

DAWSON

You have to.

MACLEOD

(off Dawson's look)  
The last time I held it, Richie died.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

DAWSON

Mac, you're still an Immortal. What if some guy shows up with a sword?

MACLEOD

I'll find another way.

DAWSON

What are you going to do, dance with him?

MacLeod's look tells him it's case closed. Dawson gives up. He replaces the katana in the trunk, and moves to the car door.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

You always were a stubborn son-of-a-bitch.

(beat)

As soon as I've got something, I'll call you. If you've still got your head.

He closes the door, and pulls out.

MacLeod starts back to the barge. As he does, a SCREAM rips the air. He turns to the source to see --

MACLEOD'S POV - THE BRIDGE

as SOPHIE plummets from the railing into the river, strikes the surface with a splash -- and goes under.

MacLeod is already in motion. He races for the embankment and plunges into the current.

ANGLE - THE RIVER

as MacLeod reaches the spot where Sophie disappeared. He takes a breath and dives under. Moments go by until ...

He comes up -- empty handed. Another breath, another dive. This time he surfaces with Sophie's unconscious form. He slips an arm under her chin and strikes out for shore.

112 EXT. QUAI DE LA TOURNELLE - MOMENTS LATER

112

MacLeod lays the limp woman out on the Quai. Her face is white, and there's no sign of life. He quickly tilts her chin back and performs CPR.

MACLEOD

Breathe. Come on, breathe.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

After a moment she coughs; river water spills from her mouth as MacLeod rolls her gently on her side. Her eyes flutter open -- she's alive. MacLeod helps her sit up as she gulps in fresh air. The sleepwalker's look has gone she seems her old self.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

You're all right. Just breathe in slowly for a minute.

She looks around her in confusion.

SOPHIE

What happened... ?

MACLEOD

Looks like you went for a swim.

SOPHIE

(as it comes back)

My God... I was in the river.

MACLEOD

Under it for a while, actually.  
What happened?

SOPHIE

(complete blank)

I don't know. I must have slipped...

MACLEOD

(doubtful)

From the railing?

SOPHIE

I remember the bus. I was on my way  
to work...

(remembering)

My bag. My glasses.

She clambers to her feet in a panic, looking around for her bag and feeling for her glasses on her head. MacLeod helps her up and steadies her.

MACLEOD

Easy.

SOPHIE

(still unsettled)

I need to go home.

MACLEOD

I think you should see a doctor.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (2)

112

SOPHIE  
Really, I'm all right... I'm all  
right.

MACLEOD  
(concerned)  
You're sure?

Sophie nods.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)  
I'll give you a ride.

SOPHIE  
Please don't bother.

MACLEOD  
It's not a bother.

SOPHIE  
I don't like causing people trouble.

MACLEOD  
(a smile)  
Really, it's no trouble.

He opens the door of his Citroen.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)  
I'm Duncan MacLeod.

She wipes the wet hair from her eyes and squints to focus on  
her savior.

SOPHIE  
Sophie Baines. Thank you for saving  
my life.

She gets in the car. As MacLeod climbs in the other side,  
CAMERA GOES TO --

THE RED ROSE

as it drifts down the Seine and then sinks beneath the surface  
of the water.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

113 EXT. BARGE - DAY - ESTABLISHING 113

And Dawson's CAR parked outside.

114 INT. BARGE - DAY 114

MacLeod is shirtless as he moves around the sparsely furnished barge with power and grace doing a ritual Chi Gung. Part dance, part martial arts, part meditation, it's focussed and powerful and at the same time yielding.

There's a KNOCK on the door. MacLeod keeps moving for a moment, not acknowledging the sound. The KNOCK comes again. He stops, takes a breath and speaks.

MACLEOD

Come in.

Dawson enters, takes a few steps inside before he notices the change. He stops and rubbernecks a moment.

DAWSON

Somebody have a garage sale and forget to call me?

MACLEOD

Clearing out the cobwebs, Joe. No distractions, no diversions.

DAWSON

No comforts either.

Dawson reacts to the sheen of sweat on MacLeod's body.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

You working out?

MACLEOD

Sort of. It's called Chi Gung. It's a form of meditation. Clears out my head, helps me to focus.

(beat)

Illusion and chaos are his weapons, Joe. The more I can focus, the better I can fight him.

DAWSON

If you say so... But my vote still goes to the sword.

(CONTINUED)



114 CONTINUED:

114

MacLeod moves to the counter and starts to pour tea from an antique metal pot into two cups.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

You got anything besides that tea?  
My head doesn't need to be quite so  
clear.

MacLeod turns to a cupboard, takes out a bottle and pours a drink, hands it to Dawson.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

I'll meditate when I retire.

He takes a solid slug.

MACLEOD

Did you have any luck?

DAWSON

Some. Landry had an assistant.  
Maybe she knows something.

MACLEOD

You get a name?

DAWSON

Sophie Baines.

MacLeod stops.

MACLEOD

She's about 26. Lives outside of  
Paris...

DAWSON

(thrown)  
You know her?

MACLEOD

We met yesterday.  
(beat)  
Why don't you check the University  
where she works, see what you can  
find.

DAWSON

MacLeod...  
(off MacLeod's look)  
You just happen to meet the one person  
you need to find? Wouldn't you say  
that's pretty damn weird?

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (2)

114

MACLEOD

(beat)

Compared to what?

DAWSON

Right. Compared to what.

115 EXT. UNIVERSITY BUILDING - DAY - ESTABLISHING (STOCK)

115

As we HEAR --

DAWSON (O.S.)

There has to be something left.

116 INT. UNIVERSITY - SOPHIE BAINES' OFFICE - DAY

116

Two JANITORS carefully sweep fire-blackened files from a blackened desk, push them into bags. An incredulous Dawson faces Sophie's friend, Anna Tremaine.

ANNA

Nothing. The entire side of her office was burned. The desk, the filing cabinet... years of research gone.

DAWSON

(looking around)

You think it was deliberate?

ANNA

It happened at night, when no one was supposed to be here... but it looks like it.

(beat)

Sophie's going to be devastated.

DAWSON

She doesn't know?

ANNA

We haven't been able to reach her yet.

(re: the fire)

Who would do this?

Dawson lifts a pinch of blackened paper from the desk, blows on it -- it crumbles into black dust.

DAWSON

Good question.

117 EXT. STREET - NEAR SOPHIE'S HOME - DAY

117

A sparsely populated older suburb. MacLeod parks his car in the deserted street and starts toward a row of homes. As he walks, behind him we see --

AN OLDER CAR

parked at the curb. The sun's reflection on the windshield prevents you from seeing who's driving. The car STARTS UP... then begins to FOLLOW MacLeod, slowly at first -- then with increasing speed.

MACLEOD

walking, becomes aware of a strange sensation. He turns to look --

THE CAR

has stopped. Sits silently.

Odd. MacLeod's antennae are hyper-reactive. He continues to walk.

ON THE CAR

as it starts again, moves into position directly behind him. The driver steps on the gas -- and the car surges forward.

ON MACLEOD

reacting to the sound. A split-second before it hits him he DIVES ASIDE and rolls into the street.

THE CAR

swings in a tight arc -- and comes BACK AT HIM.

MACLEOD

regains his feet just as the car comes straight at him. He turns and runs down the street. The car is right behind, and gaining on him. He vaults onto the sidewalk, dodging garbage cans, a mail box --

THE CAR

is right on his heels, smashing over obstacles, closing in.

MACLEOD

keeps running.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

THE CAR

follows him onto the sidewalk.

A WOMAN

pushing a baby carriage looms ahead.

MACLEOD

jumps back into the street.

THE CAR

pursues, gaining on him.

MACLEOD

jumps over the hood of an old, parked truck.

THE CAR

crashes into the truck. Its fender and bumper crumple. It stops. Steam pours out from under its hood. The engine dies.

MACLEOD

stops to catch his breath, then

THE CAR

starts again, back from the dead. It backs up, crashing into a light pole, and races again toward MacLeod, who runs.

MacLeod knows he can't keep this up. He dashes desperately into --

118 EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

118

And runs down it. The car screams around the corner and follows, right on his heels. MacLeod looks for doorways any kind of COVER as he pelts down the alley -- but there is none. Then, looming ahead where the exit should be --

A SOLID WALL

And no way out. MacLeod keeps running for it there's no choice. Just as the car is about to crush him --

MACLEOD

with a last-ditch effort, literally runs up the wall. He does a back flip as

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

THE CAR

crashes into the wall beneath him. MacLeod lands on top of it. He is wary. He jumps off the car.

ON THE CAR

There is a moment of eerie silence, then the car window roles down.

THE CAR RADIO erupts in an explosion of sound. A SATANIC CHORD rings out -- a shrieking anguish of music -- piercing MacLeod's skull like a hot knife. Followed by HORTON'S VOICE -- as a demented, demonic deejay.

HORTON (V.O.)

(shouting)

We got a stage ten sulphur alert  
today, and traffic is Hell!

MacLeod reaches in and cranks the knob, tries to turn the radio off. Nothing happens.

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

Our next one goes out to an old  
friend. Here they are, just for you  
MacLeod... The Undead!

A CHAOS of the music of lost souls, discordant, disturbing, building to a deafening CRESCENDO.

MacLeod winces in pain. He reaches under the dash, rips out a handful of WIRES -- the riot of noise fades to a whimper and dies. Silence again.

119 EXT. SOPHIE'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

119

A pleasant stoop in a modest, well cared-for home. MacLeod knocks loudly, still pumped from his near-miss with the car. There's no response. He pounds harder

NEARBY

A teenage boy, ANDREW BAINES, almost 17, tall well-muscled, tough, is working on an old car. He eyes MacLeod and moves toward him. Andrew has a grease rag in his pocket and a large wrench in his hand.

ANDREW

What do you want?

Andrew regards MacLeod suspiciously.

MACLEOD

I'm looking for Sophie Baines.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

ANDREW

What for?

MACLEOD

Because I need to talk to her.

ANDREW

About what?

MACLEOD

(beat)

It's personal.

ANDREW

She's out.

MacLeod is growing impatient.

MACLEOD

When will she be home?

ANDREW

Beats the hell out of me.

Andrew turns to walk away. MacLeod grabs his arm.

MACLEOD

It's important. Do you know where I  
can find her?

Andrew tightens, then pulls away.

ANDREW

Look mister, I've never seen you  
before and I don't know who the hell  
you are.(pounds the wrench in  
his hand)So why don't you just go away before  
somebody gets hurt?The boy is just defending his home, and MacLeod decides not  
to push the point. He hands the boy his card. Andrew takes  
it.

MACLEOD

Tell her Duncan MacLeod came by.

MacLeod turns to the street. As he reaches the sidewalk he  
sees --

MACLEOD'S POV - THE STREET

and the SAME CAR that tried to run him down -- but now it is  
undamaged.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2)

119

And standing beside it -- SOPHIE BAINES is speaking to the unseen driver. As she straightens, MacLeod catches a clear view of the driver: HORTON. As MacLeod looks, Horton's eyes lock with his. He smiles, a taunting leer.

BACK TO SCENE

MacLeod starts for the car, arriving just as it pulls away. Sophie turns in surprise.

SOPHIE

Mr. MacLeod.

She pushes her glasses up the bridge of her nose.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

MACLEOD

(tight)

That man. What were you talking about?

SOPHIE

(baffled)

Nothing. Why? He just wanted directions ...

MACLEOD

Try again.

SOPHIE

What? What do you mean?

MACLEOD

That was Ahriman.

She gapes at him.

SOPHIE

Ahriman? Right.

(thinking she gets  
it, she smiles)

I get it. I get it. Anna sent you.  
It's a joke.

ON ANDREW

at the house, too far away to hear what MacLeod and his sister are talking about.

ANDREW POV

MacLeod takes his sister's arm. There is a disturbed look on her face.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (3)

119

BACK TO SCENE

Andrew picks up the wrench.

ON MACLEOD

still holding Sophie's arm.

MACLEOD

It's no joke. Your field is Near  
East studies. You know about Ahriman.  
That's why he's here.

SOPHIE

(nervous)

No, no. Ahriman's not real. He's a  
myth. He's a metaphor.

She tries to twist away, but he holds her.

MACLEOD

Listen to me, Sophie. You and I  
both know he's not some mythological  
character. He's real. It's the  
millennium and he's here.

MacLeod reacts as he senses someone coming up behind him.  
It's Andrew, his face set in anger, his wrench in his hand.

MacLeod raises his arm to ward off the blow -- the heavy  
wrench CRACKS the bone. As MacLeod staggers back --

SOPHIE

Andrew, stop it! Stop it!

MacLeod lunges with his good arm, twists the wrench away and  
drives his elbow into Andrew, sending him sprawling to the  
pavement.

He looms over him, the wrench in his good hand, filled with  
cold anger.

Sophie grabs Andrew, shielding him from MacLeod's wrath.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Please, don't hurt him! He's my  
brother. He was just trying to  
protect me.

MacLeod stops. His anger dissipates -- he can see the fear  
in her eyes is real.

MACLEOD

Why was Ahriman here?

(CONTINUED)



119 CONTINUED: (4)

119

SOPHIE

(pleading)

Please... please, I don't know  
anything. I don't know anything.  
Leave us alone.

MacLeod drops the wrench, turns and leaves.

120 INT. SOPHIE'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

120

A shaken Sophie helps a limping Andrew into the house.

Clean, but not tidy, there are books, papers, and computer  
disks piled about. There is a moment of silence between  
brother and sister.

SOPHIE

You okay?  
(he nods)  
You shouldn't have hit him.

ANDREW

I thought he was going to hurt you.

SOPHIE

I know you think you have to be the  
man of the house.

ANDREW

I am the man of the house.

SOPHIE

You're my brother, not my protector.

ANDREW

(beat)  
I'm sorry.

SOPHIE

(beat)  
Come here.

Andrew approaches. Sophie hugs him.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I love you, Andrew.

ANDREW

I love you too.

SOPHIE

It's gonna be alright.

The Camera finds a white rose in a vase. From it, a single  
drop of blood falls. Then the flower turns completely red.

120A EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

120A

Two fisherman, standing on the river embankment, have spotted something in the water. They drop their fishing poles, hurry to the water's edge, where we see --

A BODY

floating face down in the river.

CLOSER

as they quickly haul it out, lay it out on the Quai, and turn it over -- we see it is SOPHIE BAINES. Her face is white, her body utterly still. She is dead. And OFF her lifeless features --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

121 (OMITTED 60121) 121

122 EXT. PARK - DAY 122

Dawson approaches MacLeod.

MACLEOD

I saw him, Joe.

DAWSON

You saw him today?

MACLEOD

And yesterday. He was at Richie's grave.

DAWSON

I've got two dozen Watchers working on this thing. Researchers, field guys, every archeologist we can spare.

MACLEOD

What did you tell them?

DAWSON

That we got a lead on an Immortal even older than Methos.

(beat)

I don't like lying to them, Mac.

MACLEOD

Think they could handle the truth?

Dawson shakes his head.

DAWSON

Right after they put me in the nut house.

MACLEOD

They come up with anything yet?

DAWSON

Did you know some scholars think the ancient Hebrews didn't believe in a devil until they were exiled in Babylonia? And when they got there, guess who the Babylonian boogeyman was.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

MACLEOD

Ahriman.

DAWSON

You got it. They borrowed him, and so did others. To some he's Set, to some he's Mara, to some he's Mephistopheles.

MACLEOD

Different names and faces, but it's the same M.O. from the same place.

DAWSON

And always there's a champion of Good.

MACLEOD

An Avatar.

DAWSON

What the hell's an avatar?

MACLEOD

A human with God-like qualities. Sent to face evil.

DAWSON

(beat)  
You mean, like Immortality.  
(off MacLeod's nod)  
Damn.

MACLEOD

But knowing it gets us no closer to finding its weakness.

(beat)  
What about the University?

DAWSON

No help there. All Dr. Baines' research was destroyed... everything.  
(beat)  
Then they had a helluva time finding her.

MACLEOD

She was home, talking to me.

Dawson gives MacLeod an odd look.

DAWSON

Not today. Not this woman.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (2)

122

MACLEOD

(impatient)

Today, Joe. I talked to her.

DAWSON

Mac... they found Sophie Baines in  
the river this morning.

(beat)

She was dead.

And OFF MacLeod's reaction --

123 INT. SOPHIE'S HOME - DAY

123

Sophie is pacing the dimly lit living room, distraught.

She turns to a DARK FIGURE (HORTON) standing in the shadow  
of the curtain.

SOPHIE

Who you are? How'd you get in here?  
I don't have to listen to this.

HORTON

Sophie, I know this is hard, but I'm  
only trying to help.

SOPHIE

By telling me I'm dead? I know what  
you are. You're insane.

HORTON

I'm many things, Sophie... but I'm  
not insane.

He steps into the light -- we see it's Horton.

HORTON (CONT'D)

So you must be dead. You died  
yesterday in the river. Remember?  
The cold... the fading light as you  
sank into the depths...

SOPHIE

(spooked)

I blacked out. I don't remember. I  
don't remember anything...

HORTON

You remember these?

He lifts something out to her -- the SATCHEL she left behind,  
and her glasses.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

SOPHIE

My bag. My glasses. Where did you  
get them?

She reaches for the satchel -- but it turns to SAND.

HORTON

Didn't say please.

She backs away, bumps into a table. There's a PHONE there.  
She grabs it and dials angrily.

SOPHIE

I don't know who you are or what you  
want...  
(into phone)  
Police? There's someone in my  
house...

HORTON (V.O.)

(tinny, over phone)  
Why won't you believe me, Sophie?

It's HIS voice on the other end.

HORTON (CONT'D)

(in room, an echo)  
Why won't you believe me, Sophie?

SOPHIE

(into phone, freaked)  
Who is this?

HORTON (V.O.)

(over phone)  
It's me, Sophie...  
(in room)  
I'm right over here. And you're  
hurting my feelings.  
(over phone)  
Trust me, you don't want to hurt my  
feelings.

She drops the phone, horrified, and races outside.

124 EXT. SOPHIE'S HOME - DAY

124

Sophie reaches her car, fumbles out the keys and jumps in.  
She looks back and sees --

HORTON standing in her doorway, watching her.

She starts the car and roars off down the street.

125 EXT. STREET - DAY 125

Sophie turns a corner. A PEDESTRIAN stares at her from the corner. As he looks up, we see it is Horton.

126 INT. SOPHIE'S CAR - DRIVING 126

Sophie sees him. She reacts, flooring it. She's driving fast, confused and afraid. Then directly ahead of her car, in an intersection

ANOTHER PEDESTRIAN

his back to her, is blocking her way. She pounds on the HORN.

SOPHIE

Move! Get out of the way!

And as she draws closer --

THE PEDESTRIAN

turns to face her -- it's Horton again.

This is it. Freezes her at the wheel and on the gas. The car keeps moving forward.

127 EXT. STREET - DAY 127

Horton is hit by the oncoming vehicle.

128 INT. SOPHIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 128

Sophie slams on her brakes and sits for a moment, her mind racing. She looks back.

HER POV

The body in the street.

BACK TO SCENE

Sophie swallows hard, then hits the gas. She checks her rear view mirror and sees

HORTON'S FACE

in the rear view mirror. He is in the back seat.

HORTON

(reflection in the  
mirror)

That wasn't very nice.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

She starts in fear and whirls to look back -- there's no one in the back seat.

HORTON (CONT'D)

You should watch the road. People get hurt like that.

He's BESIDE her. She SCREAMS and hits the brakes.

129 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

129

Sophie stumbles out of the car. She runs toward a nearby building, starts up the steps. She stumbles.

SOPHIE

This isn't happening.

(panic)

Help me! Someone, please, help me...

HORTON (O.S.)

I'm trying, Sophie... but you keep running away.

Sitting on the steps above, waiting for her --

Horton. Sophie can't take any more. She collapses sobbing on the steps, almost at his feet.

SOPHIE

Who are you... What are you?

HORTON

Don't you know, Sophie? Haven't you always known?

He takes her arm, raises her to her feet, and turns her to face the building.

HORTON (CONT'D)

Look.

She sees the SIGN over the building's entrance: in FRENCH, it reads CITY MORGUE. An icicle of fear slips between her ribs.

SOPHIE

I don't understand...

HORTON

But you will... It's the morgue, Sophie. Third door on the left.

(beat)

Go.

(CONTINUED)



129 CONTINUED: 129

And she knows she has to. Slowly, numbly, she enters the building.

130 INT. CITY MORGUE --STORAGE ROOM - SAME TIME 130

MacLeod and a white-smocked MORGUE ATTENDANT stand beside a wall of drawers in the chill-room. The Attendant checks a clip-board against the card on one of the drawers.

MACLEOD

If you couldn't reach her next of kin, how did you identify the body?

ATTENDANT

Her cards, Monsieur. She carried a wallet.

MACLEOD

Then you could be mistaken.

The Attendant nods sympathetically, misinterpreting his resistance.

ATTENDANT

It's possible. Death is never an easy thing to accept.

(sympathetic)

I'll leave you alone.

She leaves. MacLeod grasps the drawer-pull, takes a breath, and slides it open. There under the cold light -- SOPHIE BAINES. There is no doubt it's her -- and that she is dead. As MacLeod reacts, he hears a sound behind him and turns to see

SOPHIE BAINES

standing at the door, looking fearful and apprehensive as she sees MacLeod.

SOPHIE

What are you doing here?

He looks up at Sophie. He is cautious, on guard. MacLeod stands between her and the drawer.

MACLEOD

Trying to find some answers.

She takes a fearful step forward.

SOPHIE

What's in there? You're hiding something. What are you hiding?

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

MACLEOD

Don't you know?

SOPHIE

Who is it? Who's in there?

MACLEOD

Who are you, Sophie? What are you?

She feels a deepening sense of dread. She's terrified, but she can't stop herself.

SOPHIE

(intense)

I have to see what's in there! I  
have to.

MacLeod can't refuse her. Reluctantly he steps aside.

She steels herself, looks into the drawer to see --

HER OWN FACE

looking back at her. Pale, white, bloodless -- utterly cold and still. She staggers back in horror, unable to breathe.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

No... Oh, God NO!

MacLeod grabs her to steady her.

MACLEOD

Sophie...

SOPHIE

I'm dead... I'M DEAD!

She tears away from him and runs from the room.

MacLeod slowly slides the drawer shut and moves out after her.

131 INT. CITY MORGUE CORRIDOR - DAY

131

MacLeod looks.

MACLEOD

(calling)

Sophie!

But she is gone.

132 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MORGUE - CONTINUOUS 132

Sophie runs to her car, pulls open the door Horton is waiting in the front seat.

HORTON

Get in.

She pulls back, ready to bolt and run.

HORTON (CONT'D)

Where would you run to, Sophie?

Back there? Is that what you want?

(cold)

It can be arranged.

His smile is a cold threat. Numb, hopeless, she climbs into the car.

133 INT. SOPHIE'S CAR - DAY 133

as she sits next to Horton.

HORTON

Buckle up.

He steps on the gas. The car takes off.

134 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MORGUE - DAY 134

A BEAT later -- MacLeod hurries from the morgue. He looks up and down the street -- but it's deserted. And OFF his frustration --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

135 (OMITTED 60135)

135

136 INT. LE BLUES BAR - DAY

136

Dawson is trying to digest what MacLeod has told him.

DAWSON

You're certain it was her? Not some double, a twin sister...

MACLEOD

(breaking in, firmly)

Joe? It was her.

(beat)

Either you believe I'm right... or you believe I'm crazy.

Dawson looks him in the eyes a BEAT.

DAWSON

(quietly)

No. You're not crazy.

He moves around the bar, rattled.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

God in heaven. What the hell did I sign on for?

MACLEOD

It's not too late, Joe. You can still get out.

DAWSON

(reacting sharply)

Did I say that? Did I say I wanted out?

(beat)

If you're right about this thing, about what it is, what it'll do, then my life, your life, means nothing compared to stopping it.

(beat)

I'm staying. If it kills me, I'll be in good company.

(beat)

Mac. How do we destroy the Devil?

MACLEOD

Landry knew.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

136

MacLeod's gaze drifts off and we see his memory --

MACLEOD'S MEMORY - TEASER FROM "ARCHANGEL"

(SCENE 51803: As MacLeod goes after "Horton", Jason Landry walks after him, calling out his warning "I haven't taught you how to fight him.")

RESUME SCENE - THE PRESENT

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Sophie Baines worked with Landry.

DAWSON

And now she's working with Ahriman.

MACLEOD

She's all I have.

DAWSON

Mac, this thing scares the hell out of me.

MACLEOD

(beat)

Me too.

As they exchange a look...

137 INT. BARGE - DAY

137

MacLeod enters the barge. He starts moving across the barge -- then stops. The barge seems deserted, yet it's not. He can feel it. He closes his eyes and concentrates, opening his senses.

MACLEOD

You're here...

(beat)

I can feel you.

He opens his eyes. And suddenly HORTON is standing behind him.

HORTON

Very good, MacLeod.

MacLeod spins to face him.

HORTON (CONT'D)

And they say you can't teach an old dog new tricks. Soon you'll be learning all about pain. Think of it. In agony for eternity.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

MacLeod's hand shoots out, takes Horton's neck in a vice - like grip. He squeezes, using all his force, hand shaking with the effort -- but Horton's leer doesn't leave his face -- he's not affected.

HORTON (CONT'D)

What are you trying to do? Kill me... or guess my weight?

MacLeod squeezes tighter. Suddenly he's holding SOPHIE BAINES, who is struggling to tear MacLeod's hands from her throat. MacLeod lets go. Sophie falls to the ground, but it is HORTON who rises.

HORTON (CONT'D)

You're such a soft touch.

MACLEOD

You won't think so when I kill you.

Horton takes another tack, draws a finger across a counter, doodling in the dust, creating a small, dusty whirlwind.  
(Note: To be done in Post.)

HORTON

Duncan... I can call you Duncan?

(off no response)

I see no need for us to be enemies.  
After all, you're a warrior, a champion...

(beat)

We could help each other.

MACLEOD

I don't think so.

HORTON

Why not? Because I'm evil? But that's so limited, so... human.

(beat)

"What's good, what's evil... "

(pitying)

It's like watching apes trying to understand gravity.

MACLEOD

So that's your problem. Just a few thousand years of bad P.R.?

HORTON

Such a limited world, the human mind.  
I couldn't begin to describe what I really am. You wouldn't understand it...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: (2)

137

HORTON (CONT'D)

(beat)

But I can give you a world you never  
imagined, MacLeod. I can give you  
anything.

MACLEOD

There's nothing I want more than  
killing you.

HORTON

Isn't there?

(beat)

Think about it, MacLeod. I brought  
Sophie back... I can bring back  
anyone.

MACLEOD

(sees it coming)

No.

HORTON

Don't be so hasty.

(he sniffs the air)

There's a lot of memories in here...  
Who shall it be? I know...

As he utters the names, we see FITZCAIRN in the barge. (Note:  
these will be CLIPS from previous episodes, edited to look  
as if the character is in the same scene as MacLeod.)

Please note: we are searching for appropriate clips where  
the characters speak so we can match properly.)

MacLeod turns away from Fitz.

MACLEOD

No...

HORTON

Here's another blast from the past...

And suddenly RICHIE is there, smiling at MacLeod from the  
other side of the barge.

MACLEOD

No. No, they're dead!

MacLeod feels his gut being wrenched by fish hooks, but he  
forces himself to turn away.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

It won't work. You can't, you can't  
tempt me.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: (3)

137

HORTON

I'm just getting warmed up.

(beat)

You haven't looked behind door number  
three...

MacLeod senses what's coming next, he tries to steel himself,  
but --

TESSA (O.S.)

Duncan...

And there she is, smiling at him, full of life, full of love

TESSA.

MacLeod is in agony. He tries to look away, but it's  
impossible. Against his will, his eyes lift -- he looks at  
her.

MACLEOD

Tess... ?

She smiles, a face like the sun, and his face crumbles as  
the pain of wanting her cuts into him.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(agonized)

You're gone... you're not real.

HORTON

Real enough. You can have her back,  
MacLeod. Forever... Just say the  
word.

(intense)

Say yes.

With a supreme effort MacLeod wrenches his eyes away, shoves  
his fists into his temples.

MACLEOD

No!

HORTON

She could live forever, MacLeod...  
I'd make you a king, and she could  
be your queen.

Tessa appears in front of him.

MACLEOD

NO!

He turns back. He calms his breathing. The images of Fitz,  
Richie, Tessa and Horton are gone.

(CONTINUED)



137 CONTINUED: (4)

137

It's a roaring rejection of temptation, of everything Ahriman is throwing at him.

137A EXT. PARK - DAY (FORMERLY 60135)

137A

The sound of tinkling LAUGHTER. We're in a park filled with children, playing happily on swings and teeter-totters, chaperoned by mothers and smiling nannies. At the edge of the park, near a stand of trees --

Horton and Sophie. She's dazed, in shock, her arms wrapped around herself as if to keep out a chill.

HORTON

Don't feel so bad, Sophie. We all have to go some time.

SOPHIE

(dazed)

I think I'm going mad.

(beat)

How can I be there, and still be... here? How? How? It can't happen. None of this can happen.

HORTON

You're here. You're alive. Walking, breathing, smelling the flowers.

(beat)

Because I made it so. I saved you, Sophie. I gave you another chance.

She looks at him with fear and wonder.

SOPHIE

(shaken)

You're not... him?

HORTON

Of course I am.

A BLUE RUBBER BALL rolls to their feet, a CHILD of 6 following it. Horton snags the ball. He tosses it back to the child, but now the ball is RED. Delighted at the "trick" the child breaks into a sunny smile and runs back to play with his friends.

HORTON (CONT'D)

C'mon, Sophie, say it... You know who I am. You got a PhD out of me.

SOPHIE

(wondering)

You're Ahriman.

(CONTINUED)

137A CONTINUED:

137A

HORTON

Among other things.

SOPHIE

You really exist. You're real.

Horton gives a deprecating wave.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I don't understand. What could you want from me? I'm nobody.

HORTON

No, Sophie. You're good. You're kind. You're perfect for a small favor.

(beat)

Remember the man who pulled you from the river?

SOPHIE

Duncan MacLeod.

HORTON

(beat)

I want you to kill him.

SOPHIE

(shocked)

What? I couldn't do that. I couldn't.

HORTON

Don't be so modest. Of course you could. MacLeod sees you as a victim. His guard will be down, he'll be vulnerable.

(beat)

I could make you do it, like I made you jump off the bridge...

(pointing to her chest)

... but he'd know it was me in there.

(beat)

No, you have to do this because you want to.

SOPHIE

But I don't want to.

HORTON

But you will, considering what's at stake.

(CONTINUED)

137A CONTINUED: (2)

137A

SOPHIE

It doesn't matter. I won't kill anyone! I won't.

HORTON

(beat)

You disappoint me, Sophie.

He turns, indicates a group of teenagers playing soccer nearby. One of them is Sophie's brother, Andrew.

HORTON (CONT'D)

Look at them all. Happy, full of hope and promise... Life, Sophie. Don't you want that life? Wouldn't you do anything to keep it? There's so much you haven't done... you could still do.

(relentless)

Or do you want to be back in that drawer? Cold, lifeless, food for the worms...

He suddenly grabs her hand in his and she GASPS at a sudden sensation.

HORTON

Feel it? That's life leaving you, Sophie.

The terror is clear on Sophie's face.

HORTON (CONT'D)

Flowing away. Right now it's your hand... Now it's moving up your arm. Sophie, know what that is? That's death. How does it feel?

He releases his grip, and she yanks her hand back.

SOPHIE

No! Please, I want to live.

HORTON

Will you kill Duncan MacLeod?

Sophie says nothing in response. Horton holds her eyes with his.

HORTON (CONT'D)

Think of your brother, Sophie.

She looks over and sees

(CONTINUED)

137A CONTINUED: (3)

137A

ANDREW

playing soccer with a bunch of kids.

HORTON

gestures with a hand and

ANDREW

grabs one of the young men he's playing with, spins around, and knocks him down.

HORTON (O.S.)

(beat)

A troubled boy, prone to violence.  
What will happen to him without you?  
Drugs, prison...

ANDREW

starts to walk away then turns around and kicks the fallen player.

BACK TO SCENE

HORTON (CONT'D)

Imagine him on top of a building  
with a rifle and all that anger.

(beat)

I can make that happen, too.

SOPHIE

No! Please... I beg you, leave him  
alone.

HORTON

You know what you have to do.

(shaking his head)

Sophie, it shouldn't be that hard a  
choice.

Sophie's dilemma plays out on her face.

138 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

138

MacLeod walks across the deserted bridge and finds Sophie at the railing, staring at the barge.

MACLEOD

(wary)

Sophie.

She turns to him. Her face betrays nothing.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

SOPHIE

He wants me to kill you. He offered  
me my life.

She reaches into her purse and pulls out a gun.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

He told me it would be easy.  
(beat)  
It's not.

MACLEOD

It never is.

Sophie speaks, still holding the gun.

SOPHIE

(halting)  
I shouldn't be here.  
(beat)  
You saved me once. You're the  
Champion, aren't you?  
(off his nod)  
Is there any way, anything you can  
do?  
(breaking)  
I... I want so much to live. Please  
help me.

She looks at him, pleading and vulnerable. MacLeod is torn  
by the pain in her eyes. She tosses the gun away.

MACLEOD

I'm sorry.

She nods, trying to take it bravely.

SOPHIE

What he did to me... what he does...  
it's wrong. Evil.

MACLEOD

Then help me destroy him!  
(beat)  
You studied him, you know the  
legends... Is there a way to defeat  
him?

SOPHIE

There is...  
(beat)  
It's within you, but every Champion  
must find his own way.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED: (2)

138

MACLEOD

Sophie, what does that mean? I need to know more. I need to know how. You have to help me.

Sophie is about to speak when a SHOT rings out. MacLeod slams against the railing, hit in the back of the shoulder. Andrew Baines stands there, the gun his sister had in his hand. He drops the gun and advances on MacLeod.

ANDREW

He told me everything. If I kill him, you'll live, you'll be all right. He promised me...

He's psyched, shaking, running on adrenaline. He pushes past his sister. Andrew stands over MacLeod with a machete in his hand.

SOPHIE

Andrew, no!

ANDREW

He said you could live.  
(beat)  
It's you or him. It's the only way.

SOPHIE

(beat)  
You can't kill for me. I won't let you.

ANDREW

I have to.

Andrew raises the machete.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Andrew!

Andrew looks to his sister, who is now perched on the bridge railing.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

He thought that I would do anything because I loved you.  
(beat)  
He was right.

ANDREW

Don't!

Andrew lunges frantically to the railing -- but Sophie pushes off into space.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED: (3)

138

ANDREW (CONT'D)

NO!!

Andrew watches in horror.

ON THE WATER

ripples from the splash, some white foam -- then nothing.

Andrew pounds the railing with his machete.

ANDREW

No! No, no...

Then he turns to MacLeod, the machete raised. His anger spent, it turns to grief. The machete falls from his hand as he sags helplessly, tears streaming down his face. MacLeod pushes to his feet, moves painfully over to Andrew. The boy raises his tear-strained face.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

(beat)

What do I do now?

MACLEOD

You remember, and go on.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOURACT : TAG

FADE IN:

139 INT. BARGE - DAY

139

MacLeod is pouring over old scrolls and documents as Dawson enters, carrying a small clay tablet.

DAWSON

Sophie's brother is staying with some cousins in the south.

(beat)

He'll make it.

MACLEOD

I hope so.

Dawson shows him the tablet.

DAWSON

One of my archeologists found this symbol all over Landry's site in

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

139

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Iraq. He recognized it from a tomb  
in Egypt dedicated to Set.

MacLeod takes it and looks at it. He goes to one of his  
texts and turns some pages.

MACLEOD

Schliemann found the same symbol  
when he uncovered the ruins of Troy.

DAWSON

What the hell does it mean?

MacLeod picks up the tablet again. His hand runs over it.

MACLEOD

It's a tangible link to Ahriman. We  
need to find it. Somewhere in this  
might be the key to destroying him.

DAWSON

How can we beat something with the  
power of life and death?

MACLEOD

Because we have to. Because there  
is nobody else.

Dawson reaches for the bottle of scotch and pours himself a  
double.

DAWSON

What the hell.

Dawson drinks it down and the two of them share a look.

MACLEOD

(with a grim smile)  
Exactly.

FADE OUT.

THE END