



HIGHLANDER

The Series

#97602
ARMAGEDDON

Written by
Tony DiFranco

Highlander

"ARMAGEDDON"

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Production #97602

July 17, 1997 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"Armageddon"

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CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD
JOE DAWSON

FATHER BEAUFORT
JAMES HORTON
KRONOS

JACKIE
AHRIMAN

LABORER

TREE TRIMMER (STUNT)
YOUNG BOBBY (12) (NONSPEAKING)
YOUNG JACKIE (7) (NONSPEAKING)

HIGHLANDER

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

BARGE
LE BLUES BAR

DARIUS' CHURCH
 /CONFSSIONAL - PRIEST'S BOX
 /CONFSSIONAL - OTHER BOX
CRYPT UNDER THE ABBEY
DAWSON'S BEDROOM
DARKENED SPACE
LABYRINTH
SMALL ROOM
N.D. LOCATION

EXTERIORS

BARGE

BEAUFORT HOME - GARDENS
ARCHAEOLOGICAL DIG NEAR RUINED ABBEY
SUBURBAN STREET
CITY STREET

DARIUS' CHURCH
LE BLUES BAR

HIGHLANDER

"Armageddon"

TEASER

FADE IN:

PREVIOUSLY ON HIGHLANDER..

201 EXT. BEAUFORT HOME - GARDENS - DAY

201

A LABORER puts the final shovelfuls of dirt on a grave. There is no cross, no headstone, no marker of any kind. A priest in the robes of Darius' order, FATHER ROBERT BEAUFORT, vital, mid-fifties, stands alone against the sky and watches him. This is not a professional call for the priest -- it is his own brother, Jackie, he is burying and grief lines his face. There is no sound but the shovel thunking into the dirt.

MACLEOD walks up nearby and watches solemnly, not wanting to intrude. The Laborer shoulders his shovel.

LABORER

It's done.

FATHER BEAUFORT

Thank you.

As the Laborer moves away, Father Beaufort kneels by his brother's grave, touches the loose dirt.

FATHER BEAUFORT (CONT'D)

Goodbye, Jackie.

The priest stands and starts to walk away, then sees MacLeod moving toward him.

MACLEOD

Father Beaufort.

FATHER BEAUFORT

(pleased to see him)

Duncan!

(with mock scolding)

And it's always been Robert to you.

MACLEOD

It's been too long.

FATHER BEAUFORT

Since we lost Darius.

(reminiscing)

I miss our arguments.

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED:

201

The two men begin to walk through the garden.

FATHER BEAUFORT (CONT'D)

But you haven't come to debate
theology.

MACLEOD

I looked for you at the church.
They told me about your brother.

FATHER BEAUFORT

I had to bury him here. They don't
allow suicides on hallowed ground.

MACLEOD

I'm sorry.

FATHER BEAUFORT

(re the garden)

We were kids here.

(pointing)

I broke my arm falling out of that
tree. I think Jackie cried more
than I did.

(beat)

Our father died in the war. Mother,
a few years later.

(beat)

I turned to the Church. And Jackie...

(beat)

Jackie could never find peace.

(beat)

Even in death.

They reach a garden gate.

FATHER BEAUFORT

But you didn't come all this way for
the Beaufort family saga.

MACLEOD

I just came to pay my respects.
When you get back to the church, I
have a few questions, but they'll
keep.

FATHER BEAUFORT

God bless you, Duncan.

MACLEOD

You, too, Robert.

MacLeod exits the gate as Father Beaufort heads off toward
the house.

202 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

202

As MacLeod goes toward his car, he passes a man trimming trees. As he goes by, the TREE TRIMMER puts down his clippers.

THE TREE TRIMMER

his face devoid of emotion, lifts a SCYTHE. Suddenly, in one fast motion, he turns his scythe toward MacLeod and attacks.

MACLEOD

reacts with lightning reflexes, and barely dodges being cut in half by the scythe.

THE TREE TRIMMER

is like a man possessed. He slams into MacLeod and knocks him to the ground.

MACLEOD

rolls out of the way as the scythe slices down, going for his head. He scrambles to his feet and finds a BRANCH from a pile of off-cuts from the tree.

MacLeod turns to face the Tree Trimmer, using the branch as a staff to fend off his attacker as the scythe goes after him again.

With a combination of quickness and martial arts techniques, MacLeod finally manages to take him down.

MacLeod's on him immediately. The guy continues to struggle. MacLeod grabs him by the collar, shakes him --

MACLEOD

(in the guy's face)

I don't want to hurt you!

Suddenly, a RED MIST passes over the Tree Trimmer's face. His eyes go blank and he stops moving. MacLeod checks for a pulse. There is none.

And off MacLeod's look of frustration, we --

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

203 EXT. BARGE - DAY - ESTABLISHING 203

DAWSON (O.S.)

You sure you didn't hit him that
hard?

204 INT. BARGE - DAY 204

Midscene. On the desk, MacLeod's open LAPTOP is surrounded by old texts, tablets, scrolls, papers, etc. Dawson is handing MacLeod a few more, which he scans quickly and sets down with the others as they talk.

MACLEOD

(grim)

I didn't hit him at all.

DAWSON

Ahriman.

MACLEOD

(troubled)

It can send anybody... anytime.

DAWSON

Mac, I've got Watchers turning down vacation to check into Ahriman. If there's something that can kill it, we're gonna find it.

MACLEOD

Meanwhile, people are dying.

He and Dawson share a look.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

They still think they're looking for the world's oldest Immortal?

(off Dawson's nod)

Just tell them to be careful.

DAWSON

These guys have been Watching some of the worst bad-asses in recent history. They're always careful.

MacLeod looks unconvinced, but says nothing.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

(re the books, etc.)

That's all we got so far.

(CONTINUED)

MACLEOD

(means it)

Thanks, Joe. This would be tough
without you.

DAWSON

No problem.

Dawson nods and exits. MacLeod turns back to his laptop and
an open text near it.

MACLEOD

(translating)

"In answer to the guileful one, the
deadly, the evil-doer Ahriman,
Zarathustra said 'No. Never will I
renounce the Good Mind.'"

(beat; frustrated)

Whatever that means.

As he types, a SNAKE slithers across the keys. MacLeod
recoils. In a quick motion, he stands, grabs the snake behind
its head and tosses it on the floor.

AHRIMAN, in his guise as HORTON, stands where the snake hit
the floor.

HORTON

Theatrical, I'll admit. A thousand
years ago it would have been enough
to start a panic in the streets.

MACLEOD

(a growl)

What do you want?

HORTON

(ignoring him; a sigh)

But now it's the scientific age. No
one believes in demons and devils
anymore.

(beat)

Maybe that's my greatest trick of
all.

MacLeod moves toward him, but Horton vanishes. As MacLeod
reacts to his disappearance, alert and expectant --

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

All this technology...

MacLeod spins to where Horton's voice is coming from --

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED: (2)

204

THE LAPTOP

where the IMAGE of Horton appears on the SCREEN --

HORTON (CONT'D)

(on laptop screen)

So much useless information...

(beat)

It's almost a sin to want to know so much.

As MacLeod reaches for the laptop lid --

HORTON (CONT'D)

(on screen; laughing)

Isn't that why they got thrown out of Eden?

MacLeod slams the laptop shut. He is tired of this game.

MACLEOD

If it's all so useless, why are you here?

He turns to see --

Ahriman, in his guise as the Bronze Age KRONOS, behind him. As Kronos draws his sword, MacLeod steps back warily.

KRONOS

(disdainful)

To watch you hide with your books and your scrolls like a frightened monk. I thought you were a better man than this, MacLeod. I thought you were a warrior like me.

Kronos' sword slices the air in an intricate pattern.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

A man who appreciates the feel of a good blade in his hands.

MACLEOD

(growls)

I'm nothing like you.

KRONOS

(mocking)

Oh... That's right... you don't carry a blade any longer, do you?

(a laugh)

Never know when you might slip and cut off a good friend's head.

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED: (3)

204

Kronos does a swipe of his sword reminiscent of MacLeod taking Richie's head.

KRONOS (CONT'D)
(dripping sarcasm)
Oops.

The anger is clear on MacLeod's face.

MACLEOD
(re his books)
Somewhere in here is a way to destroy you.

KRONOS
You pathetic fool. Do you know what you're playing with? Forces in place long before your kind walked the face of the earth.
(beat)
Stop now and live.

MACLEOD
(firm)
And I will destroy you.

KRONOS
Better men than you have tried.

Kronos laughs menacingly.

KRONOS (CONT'D)
You'll never know who's coming for you next.

With that, Kronos is gone, leaving MacLeod standing alone as his final words echo through the barge...

205 (OMITTED 60205)

205

206 EXT. BEAUFORT HOME - GARDENS - DAY

206

CLOSE ON a red flower.

FATHER BEAUFORT (O.S.)
Why, Lord? Just tell me why.

PULL BACK to reveal Father Beaufort praying by his brother's grave, searching for answers, but enlightenment isn't coming.

FATHER BEAUFORT (CONT'D)
Jackie was a good man. You've known his soul since he was a boy.

The sound of children laughing is heard.

207 EXT. BEAUFORT HOME - GARDENS - 1947 - DAY 207

A QUICK FLASH of YOUNG JACKIE (7) and YOUNG BOBBY (12) in happier times, kicking a soccer ball around the family garden.

RESUME - THE PRESENT

FATHER BEAUFORT

He always loved You. Even if he didn't know how.

(with fondness)

I think he would've given the world to his girls if he could.

208 EXT. BEAUFORT HOME - GARDENS - 1985 - DAY 208

A somewhat younger-looking Father Beaufort, in his robes, watches as TWO YOUNG GIRLS play on a swing set nearby. JACKIE BEAUFORT, younger, but with tired and sleepless eyes, watches his daughters, sad smile on his face, lighting one cigarette from another. One of the girls runs up to Father Beaufort and kisses him.

FATHER BEAUFORT (V.O.)

But he was sick. A disease of the heart and the soul. A depression that striped him of his humanity... and left him empty. Nothing could help him. Not doctors. Not prayer.

RESUME - THE PRESENT

FATHER BEAUFORT (CONT'D)

He needed Your help, Lord.

(realizing)

He needed our help.

(beat)

And we weren't there.

(beat)

We gave him nothing.

209 INT. N.D. LOCATION - EARLIER THAT WEEK - NIGHT 209

Father Beaufort finds Jackie's dead body on the floor. Sinking to the ground, he cradles his brother in his arms and begins to rock him.

209A INT. DARIUS' CHURCH - DAY 209A

Father Beaufort kneels at the altar.

FATHER BEAUFORT

And now, for his one moment of weakness, I have to condemn him? Why, Lord?

(CONTINUED)

209A CONTINUED:

209A

The CAMERA starts to PULL BACK from Father Beaufort to the back of the church.

FATHER BEAUFORT (CONT'D)
Will You deny Your kingdom to the
ones who need it most?

ON THE Holy Water FONT at the back of the church. We can see the priest praying in the background.

FATHER BEAUFORT (CONT'D)
(agonizing)
Tell me, God. Why do I have to damn
my brother to love You?

As the priest speaks, a drop of blood falls from nowhere, landing in center of the Holy Water. The ripples of the Holy Water turn the font the deep rich RED of blood.

210 INT. LE BLUES BAR - DAY

210

We hear the jingle of keys as the door opens and Dawson steps into the darkened bar.

He reacts with a start as he sees that the place isn't empty -- there's a MAN behind the bar, his back to Dawson, fixing drinks beneath a RED-JELLED LIGHT. As Dawson moves toward him --

DAWSON
(an edge)
Can I help you?

The Man turns, comes out from behind the bar with two glasses, and moves toward Dawson. It's Ahriman as Horton.

HORTON
I think the question, Joseph, is can
I help you?

DAWSON
(stunned)
James?

Horton hands Dawson a glass of whiskey.

HORTON
Here, you look like you could use
this.

Horton sits at a table.

HORTON (CONT'D)
Long time no see, Joseph.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED:

210

HORTON (CONT'D)

So how's my family?

(beat)

I hear Lynn's moved back to Chicago.

DAWSON

(staring)

You're not real.

Horton looks very understanding, doesn't deny it, just gives a little shrug, then --

HORTON

I stood beside you at your wedding.

I'm your sister's husband.

DAWSON

I buried you.

HORTON

Joseph, Joseph... how little you understand.

DAWSON

What do you want?

HORTON

I want to help. Look what you're doing. The Watchers have been our family. Our brothers and sisters.

(beat)

After that mine took your legs in Vietnam, they gave you back your life.

(shakes his head)

And how do you repay them? By using them, lying to them, making them the tool of an Immortal.

DAWSON

(trying to stay in control)

You're an illusion.

HORTON

No, Joseph. I'm your conscience. Save yourself, save the Watchers, before it's too late. Let MacLeod fight his own battles.

DAWSON

Go to Hell.

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED: (2)

210

HORTON

(a smile)

I have.

As Dawson moves threateningly toward Horton

HORTON (CONT'D)

Watchers never interfere.

(beat)

When they do, they die.

The door to the bar opens behind Dawson. Dawson turns his head toward it, sees MacLeod enter the club, turns immediately back to find that Horton is gone.

MACLEOD

Hey, Joe.

(off Dawson's look)

You look like hell.

Dawson laughs a bitter laugh.

DAWSON

Funny you should mention it.

MACLEOD

What?

DAWSON

Nothing.

MACLEOD

You said you had something from your people?

DAWSON

(awkward)

Yeah, well... that... it hasn't arrived yet.

MacLeod senses all is not right.

MACLEOD

You okay?

DAWSON

(with an edge)

Why shouldn't I be?

MACLEOD

(earnest)

Because of what we're facing.

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED: (3)

210

DAWSON

(beat)

I'm fine. I'm fine.

MACLEOD

Okay, Joe.

(beat)

Give me a call when you have something.

As MacLeod turns to head for the door, we see the struggle on Dawson's face, then --

DAWSON

(giving in)

Mac!

MacLeod turns and Dawson pulls a small LEATHER POUCH from beneath the bar.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Here.

He shakes the contents of the pouch into MacLeod's hand and out comes an AMULET with the SYMBOL from "Avatar."

DAWSON (CONT'D)

one of our guys found it in a museum in Bolivia. Some kind of talisman the native shamans used in their vision quests.

(beat)

It's the same symbol we found before.

MACLEOD

Thanks, Joe.

(beat; still concerned)

You sure there's nothing else you wanted to talk about?

DAWSON

(not very convincing)

Some other time.

Off Dawson's troubled look --

211 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

211

MacLeod is making his way down the street, alert, wary -- acutely conscious of the strangers around him. Suddenly, his attention is caught by the flash of sunlight on a SWORD. On the corner, a STREET PERFORMER is in the middle of his act, his hat on the ground for donations. A small group of passersby are clustered around him.

(CONTINUED)

211 CONTINUED:

211

As MacLeod passes near, the Street Performer catches his eye as he continues to pull a sword from his throat. As their eyes lock, MacLeod freezes.

THE STREET PERFORMER

finishes his task. He points the sword toward MacLeod in mock salute.

Eyes locked, sword pointed, they share a tense moment. Then the Street Performer smiles. MacLeod breaks the contact, drops a few francs into the Street Performer's hat, and moves along.

212 INT. DARIUS' CHURCH - DAY

212

The sanctuary is empty as MacLeod enters.

MACLEOD

Robert?

The priest comes through a side door. He looks tired... haggard.

FATHER BEAUFORT

Duncan. What can I do for you?

MACLEOD

I know this is a bad time for you.

FATHER BEAUFORT

No, it's fine... I'm just a little distracted. What do you need?

MACLEOD

Are you still the archivist for the order?

(off the priest's nod)

I'm looking for anything you have on the nature of Evil.

FATHER BEAUFORT

(laughs)

That's only everything in the collection.

(beat)

Care to narrow that down a bit?

MacLeod hesitates a moment, as if trying to find the best way to phrase what he wants to say, then --

MACLEOD

Do you believe in the Devil?

Father Beaufort studies MacLeod's face for a long beat.

(CONTINUED)

212 CONTINUED:

212

FATHER BEAUFORT

You're serious.

MACLEOD

Yes.

FATHER BEAUFORT

(beat)

Well... Do I believe in horns and a pitchfork? No.

(introspective)

But do I believe that Evil is an entity loose in the world? Yes.

(beat)

I see its work everywhere.

(beat)

Whatever books or scrolls are of use to you, you're welcome to them.

MACLEOD

Thank you.

They begin walking toward the back door of the church. Father Beaufort delivers the church's party line.

FATHER BEAUFORT

Evil can take many forms, Duncan, but the Church believes there's only one sure way to defeat it.

(off MacLeod's look)

Faith.

They exit the sanctuary.

213 EXT. ARCHAEOLOGICAL DIG NEAR RUINED ABBEY - DAY

213

MacLeod and Dawson walk through the crumbling walls and ruined arches of an ancient abbey.

MacLeod carries a backpack of equipment.

DAWSON

You learn anything from the priest yesterday?

MACLEOD

That there's been more words written about evil than anything else. We didn't make a dent in it.

They reach a drafting table. Nearby lie the screens, trowels, and shovels of a working archaeological site. Dawson calls out --

(CONTINUED)

213 CONTINUED:

213

DAWSON

Henri? Michelle?

(to MacLeod)

They said they'd meet us topside.

Michelle was real excited about the find.

MACLEOD

Joe, over here.

MacLeod indicates a newly excavated STAIRCASE, the dirt piled nearby. Dawson moves to the staircase, looks down --

DAWSON

Michelle? Henri?

There's no answer. MacLeod leads the way down the excavated staircase.

214 INT. CRYPT UNDER THE ABBEY - DAY

214

It's a dark, shadowy place barely illuminated by the light spilling down the staircase from outside world.

As they go in, MacLeod stops, stands silent a moment, looking around. Dawson goes on ahead of him.

DAWSON

(calling out; louder)

You guys in here?

MacLeod turns on his flashlight. As it pans the walls, it reveals ancient carvings, paintings and pictographs.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

(to MacLeod)

Henri said this cave was Pre-Roman, even pre-Gallic. Used six, maybe seven thousand years ago. Some kind of holy site.

MacLeod's flashlight comes to rest on the SYMBOL.

MACLEOD

This must be it.

Dawson lights a lantern and we get a bigger picture of the wall. Near the SYMBOL we see a drawing of a hideous DEMON. (NOTE: This is not a drawing of the demon statue from Landry's cave, it's some other hideous thing.)

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(re the drawing)

Ahriman, or whatever these people called it.

(CONTINUED)

214 CONTINUED:

214

MacLeod takes out a CAMERA and starts photographing the pictographs. Dawson is only half paying attention to MacLeod. He looks around, concerned about his people.

DAWSON

I don't get it. They were supposed to meet us here.

As MacLeod shoots the drawings, he tries to reconstruct the story of an earlier Ahriman appearance. (Drawing A: Crudely drawn human figures armed with primitive weapons surround the demon. Leading them, a slightly larger figure with a sword.)

MACLEOD

Look, Joe. Here they are, trying to fight the thing.

(Drawing B: The demon is bigger and made of flame. Around him, the primitive stick people lay dead. To the side, the stick figure with the sword still stands.)

DAWSON

Looks like they lost.
(points to sword figure)
Who's this?

MACLEOD

(realizing)
Their Champion.

DAWSON

So he's their "you," six thousand years ago.

MacLeod moves to the next drawing. (Drawing C: The stick figures sitting in a circle, surrounding the larger figure of the champion. No one in the drawing is armed.)

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Now what?

MacLeod studies it closer.

MACLEOD

(a realization)
They're unarmed.

MacLeod points to the next drawing. (Drawing D: The symbol once again, this time engulfed in fire.)

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(excited)
Look at this. They did it.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

214 CONTINUED: (2)

214

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
(turns to Dawson)
They beat him.

Dawson looks again at the drawing MacLeod is focused on.

DAWSON
Sure, but how? Sitting on their
asses? What does it mean, Mac?

They hear a skittering noise and some small squeals. MacLeod
shines his flashlight toward it. The beam finds

A RAT

and follows it as it runs across the cave and over

THE DEAD BODIES

of Henri and Michelle. Dawson moves to them and his light
illuminates them in their death.

DAWSON
(horrified)
Oh my God.

Off MacLeod as he turns to Dawson, standing over his dead
Watchers --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

215 EXT. LE BLUES BAR - DAY

215

216 INT. LE BLUES BAR - DAY

216

Dawson's alone, sitting at the bar, throwing back a stiff drink when the door blows open, then shut again. Dawson scans the room but sees no one. Then, he feels a hand on his shoulder, and turns to face --

Ahriman as Horton. Dawson doesn't even jump.

DAWSON

Did you have to kill them?

HORTON

I didn't. You did.

(beat)

You chose to lie to them, and now they're dead. Simple cause and effect.

DAWSON

Like hell.

Horton simply smiles and fixes his look on the middle of the room.

HORTON

Exactly.

(beat)

Look...

Dawson follows his gaze to see --

THE GHOSTLY IMAGE OF TWO WATCHERS

projected in the middle of the bar through a RED HAZE.

DAWSON

Maguire and Rosenthal... But they're in Iraq...

The two Watchers investigate the stone statue of Ahriman in Landry's site. As Dawson stares at the ghostly images --

HORTON

Maguire still owes you thirty bucks from your last poker game, doesn't he?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HORTON (CONT'D)

And Stacy Rosenthal's been getting up the nerve to ask you to dinner for three years now.

(beat)

Don't you see what you're doing, Joseph? Sending innocent men and women into situations that don't concern them?

Suddenly, the eyes of the STATUE flare RED. Flames begin to lick the bottom of the image. THE TWO WATCHERS in the cave back away from the statue of Ahriman in terror as fire surrounds them. We hear their SCREAMS as a wall of flame takes over the ghostly projection.

HORTON (CONT'D)

(goadng)

They're dying, Joe. In agony. Because of you. You sent them.

Dawson forces himself to look away from the horrifying vision, turns face to face with Horton.

DAWSON

(trying to convince himself)

This is another of your goddamned illusions!

HORTON

Is it?

(beat)

In 10 seconds, your phone is going to ring. 10 seconds.

(beat)

Mind if I smoke?

As Horton strikes a MATCH and lights his CIGARETTE, he seems to be silently counting down the seconds.

Dawson's emotions play out on his face as he waits, hoping he won't hear the PHONE. But, after exactly 10 seconds --

THE PHONE RINGS

Dawson just stares at the phone for a beat, doesn't pick it up. After a couple of rings, he does, slowly.

DAWSON

(into phone)

Dawson...

CLOSE ON Dawson's face as he hears the news on the other end of the line.

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED: (2) 216

It's clear from his expression that his Watchers in Iraq are dead.

HORTON

(laughs)

I tried to warn you... people die.

(beat; mocking)

But it's not your fault, Joseph.

Not yours at all.

Off Dawson, as he sinks into a chair, overwhelmed --

217 EXT. DARIUS' CHURCH - DAY - ESTABLISHING 217

218 INT. DARIUS' CHURCH - DAY 218

Father Beaufort sees the curtain to the confessional close. He moves toward it and enters the priest's enclosure.

219 INT. DARIUS' CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL - PRIEST'S BOX - DAY 219

As he sits, a LOW SOUND, almost guttural, almost a laugh, from the Penitent's side of the Confessional startles Father Beaufort. He reaches for the small GRATE between the two sides of the Confessional and opens it.

FATHER BEAUFORT

Have you come to confess your sins?

Have you come to ask forgiveness?

INTERCUT:

220 INT. DARIUS' CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL - OTHER BOX - DAY 220

The Penitent's side of the Confessional is thick with shadows, but we can see the mocking laugh that greets Father Beaufort comes from Ahriman as the Bronze Age Kronos, who's enjoying toying with the unsuspecting priest.

KRONOS

Somehow, I don't think even you can forgive what I'm going to confess.

FATHER BEAUFORT

(more concerned)

If we're truly repentant, God will forgive us all our sins.

KRONOS

Ah... but what if I'm not sorry?

(beat)

Tell me, Father, which do you think is better, murder or suicide?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

220 CONTINUED:

220

KRONOS (CONT'D)

(off the priest's
silence)

I'd say murder. I could tear out
someone's beating heart, come here
to confess, and you'd have to forgive
me. Wouldn't you?

FATHER BEAUFORT

(flustered)

Only God can forgive...

KRONOS

As for suicide... Tell me, did God
forgive your brother when he slashed
his wrists?

Father Beaufort is silent, not liking where this is going.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

(a little laugh)

Didn't think so.

FATHER BEAUFORT

My brother is in God's hands.

KRONOS

Your brother is in Hell, tormented
for eternity. Can you see him
tortured, in agony -- while the
murderers who say

(meek voice)

"forgive me"

(mocking)

enter the land of milk and honey.
Isn't that what your beloved Church
has decreed for all suicides?

FATHER BEAUFORT

(fighting for composure)

The Church prays for his soul.

KRONOS

Tell me, priest, does the Church
pray for murderers, too?

(beat; laughs)

Do you pray for your sainted Father
Darius? Because he was a murderer,
you know. And a rapist. And a
defiler of your holy places. And
then one day he became a priest and
whitewashed his evil soul. Did that
suddenly make it all "okay?"

(CONTINUED)

220 CONTINUED: (2)

220

FATHER BEAUFORT

(frightened)

How'd you know that? Who are you?

KRONOS

I think you already know.

(beat)

I think if you look deep enough inside
yourself, Father, you'll see me for
what I really am.

Kronos leans forward so his hideously painted face is near
the grate between the booths.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

(seductive command)

Look at me.

FATHER BEAUFORT

(strained)

No.

KRONOS

Are you afraid to look into the face
of evil?

(beat)

Afraid God can't protect you in his
own house?

(angry command)

Look at me!

After a long beat, Father Beaufort leans forward and looks
into the Penitent's side of the Confessional to see --

A TWO SHOT

Father Beaufort staring at his own face.

BACK ON FATHER BEAUFORT

Father Beaufort pulls quickly back from the grate.

KRONOS (O.S.)

Soon, priest, you'll be mine.

Father Beaufort slumps back in his chair, white and shaking.

221 INT. DARIUS' CHURCH - DAY

221

MacLeod enters the church. He stops, looks around warily.
No BUZZ, but still, he can tell that something is amiss,
feel the presence of Evil in the air.

MACLEOD

Father?

(CONTINUED)

221 CONTINUED:

221

Father Beaufort steps out of the confessional.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(relieved)

Robert, are you all right?

Father Beaufort looks ashen as he nods. He turns his attention to the Penitent's side of the Confessional, and after a beat, as if summoning his courage, he draws the heavy curtain. He looks in to see --

FATHER BEAUFORT'S POV

No one is in there.

RESUME SCENE

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Who are you looking for?

Father Beaufort puts on a smile and tries to cover his distress.

FATHER BEAUFORT

Nobody. I guess I dozed off. If you don't mind, Duncan, I think I need to go lie down.

Father Beaufort starts to go. MacLeod calls after him.

MACLEOD

It wasn't a dream.

(beat)

It was here.

FATHER BEAUFORT

There's nothing here.

(adamant)

This is God's house.

(as if trying to
convince himself)

What evil we find here, we bring ourselves.

MACLEOD

You saw it. You felt it.

(urgently)

Please help me fight it.

Father Beaufort looks warily at the Confessional, then scans his church slowly, as if looking for strength. His gaze lands on the altar. After a moment, he nods.

(CONTINUED)

221 CONTINUED: (2)

221

FATHER BEAUFORT
(resigned)
What can I do?

MacLeod lays some of the PHOTOS from the cave in front of Father Beaufort, including one of the SYMBOL. He lays the talisman Dawson gave him next to it.

MACLEOD
Have you ever seen anything like
these before?

Father Beaufort looks them over quickly.

FATHER BEAUFORT
No.

Then he goes back to the talisman. Looks at it and the photo of the SYMBOL carefully.

FATHER BEAUFORT (CONT'D)
Wait a second... Maybe this one.

He reaches out to touch the talisman. As he touches it THE PHOTOS ignite like flashpaper and are reduced to ash in a moment. Father Beaufort crosses himself and closes his eyes in a brief prayer. MacLeod looks at him with concern.

MACLEOD
Father?

The priest opens his eyes and starts walking to the back of the church.

FATHER BEAUFORT
Let's find that symbol.

MacLeod follows. The door to the church opens on its own accord. Father Beaufort looks to MacLeod.

FATHER BEAUFORT (CONT'D)
(a weak smile)
I think we'll use another door.

As they move away from the door and back down the aisle --

222 (OMITTED 60222)

222

223 EXT. BARGE -DAY

223

Mid-scene. MacLeod is kneeling on his meditation mat in the middle of the deck, Dawson stands nearby.

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED:

223

DAWSON

Are you kidding me? It actually
went to confession?

(off MacLeod's nod)

Was Father Beaufort all right?

MacLeod gets up from his mat.

MACLEOD

His brother commits suicide and then
he faces the devil in his own church.
He's scared, Joe.

DAWSON

Aren't we all.

MacLeod acknowledges the truth with a nod, then gets down to
business.

MACLEOD

We went back to the archives. The
symbol turned up in the writings of
an ancient German mystic. To him it
was a force of hate that could only
be defeated through love.

DAWSON

Fine for Gandhi. But what does it
mean for us? What else did he say?

MACLEOD

(ironic)

Nothing. Seems he was burned as a
heretic before he finished his
memoirs.

DAWSON

(bitter)

Great. So what do we do, sit and
contemplate our navels while the
world goes to hell?

(frustrated)

Mac, we've gotta stop this thing!

MacLeod reacts to Dawson's tone.

MACLEOD

What happened, Joe?

DAWSON

(edgy)

Nothing.

MACLEOD

He came to you didn't he?

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED: (2)

223

Dawson looks very troubled. After a long beat --

DAWSON
(with difficulty)
Four Watchers are already dead.
(off MacLeod's look)
I'm pulling my people out.

MacLeod thinks he understands.

MACLEOD
It's okay, Joe. It's my fight.

DAWSON
I didn't say I was pulling out.
(Off MacLeod's
surprised look)
The answer's out there. And you and
I are going to find it, Mac.
(with growing fire)
We're going to drive a stake though
this son-of-a-bitch's heart.

MACLEOD
I wish it was that easy.

224 EXT. BEAUFORT HOME - GARDENS - DUSK

224

Father Beaufort is kneeling in the flower beds by Jackie's grave, weeding. He is out of his robe and simply dressed. He carries on a conversation with the grave as if his brother were there to listen.

FATHER BEAUFORT
Weeds! You miss one, there's a
hundred by morning.
(beat)
Mother loved these...

He pulls out a flowering weed and waves it toward the grave to show Jackie.

FATHER BEAUFORT (O.S.)
They're almost too pretty to pull.
But if you don't, they choke out the
whole garden.

A shadow falls over Father Beaufort as he works.

JACKIE (O.S.)
Bobby.

Father Beaufort looks up with a start at the sound of the familiar voice and sees his dead brother, Jackie, standing in the garden, greyish pallor, tired eyes, unkempt, ragged.

(CONTINUED)

224 CONTINUED:

224

He looks like he's been through hell.

FATHER BEAUFORT

Jackie?

He gets shakily to his feet.

FATHER BEAUFORT (CONT'D)

(astonished)

Oh, dear God, Jackie.

(embracing him tightly)

It is you.

Jackie's arms stay at his side.

JACKIE

(anguish)

Help me, Bobby.

Father Beaufort releases his brother and gazes at him in a mixture of wonder and fear.

FATHER BEAUFORT

Help you? How can I help you?

JACKIE

I'm damned. God's turned his back on me.

(beat)

God isn't love, Bobby. He's vengeance and hate.

(beat)

He's abandoned me. And He'll abandon you, too.

FATHER BEAUFORT

(stunned)

No... no, Jackie... He can forgive.

JACKIE

There is no forgiveness... there is only pain... only fire.

(beat)

Please, Bobby. I'm begging you help me. I'm so alone.

Father Beaufort reaches out to touch his brother again, but Jackie fades away at his touch.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

(as he fades)

I need you.

FATHER BEAUFORT

How can I help you? How?

(CONTINUED)

224 CONTINUED: (2)

224

The priest falls to his knees, still reaching out for him.

FATHER BEAUFORT (CONT'D)
Jackie... Jackie...

225 INT. DAWSON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

225

Dawson seems sound asleep in his bed. The blankets of the bed are conspicuously flat where legs would be and against the wall, beside the bed, his PROSTHETIC LEGS are set prominently.

Dawson stirs, as if he's heard something, but stays asleep.

A RED FOG

seeps in under the bedroom door, moves along the floor and begins to envelop the bed.

Dawson's eyes open and --

DAWSON'S POV - SHOCK CUT

Horton is standing directly over his head, staring down at him.

RESUME SCENE

Dawson flails out with his arms, but encounters nothing. Dawson shakes his head, as if he's just had a bad dream, but then --

HORTON

is suddenly in the room again, standing casually over near Dawson's prosthetics.

HORTON (CONT'D)
You've done very well, Joseph. I'm glad you've come to your senses about the Watchers.
(beat)
So I've come to give you a gift.

DAWSON
(disgust)
Keep it.

HORTON
No, I think you're going to want this.

DAWSON
(calling him on it)
What's the hook?

(CONTINUED)

HORTON

Nothing. Nothing that you shouldn't already be doing. Just say no to MacLeod when he asks you to violate your Watcher oath and help him.

DAWSON

When pigs fly.

HORTON

(thoughtful)

Fly... Do you remember what it was like to fly?

Horton picks up one of the prosthetics and runs a hand along the artificial leg. As he moves away from the bed --

HORTON (CONT'D)

To run on a beach?

(beat)

To hear thousands scream your name as you scored another touchdown?

Horton puts down the artificial leg, out of Dawson's reach.

HORTON (CONT'D)

Can you remember what it's like to wrap your legs around a beautiful woman?

DAWSON

No...

Dawson's face is tortured. As much as he tries to shut out the memories Horton is evoking, he does remember.

HORTON

I can help you fly again.

DAWSON

(almost under his
breath)

Don't... please...

HORTON

(matter of fact)

I can give you back your wings.

Dawson reacts with a sudden horrible realization. He looks down at himself. Something's changed.

HORTON

Just look at them, Joseph. Go ahead, move them...

(CONTINUED)

225 CONTINUED: (2)

225

Dawson throws back the covers and looks down upon a pair of perfect legs. We see the toes wiggle.

HORTON (CONT'D)

Go on, they're yours. Take 'em for a spin.

PAIR OF LEGS

slide over the edge of the bed and onto the floor as Dawson stands.

Dawson walks across the room on his own legs for the first time in thirty years. The initial look of horror on Dawson's face becomes one of disbelief, with almost a look of delight creeping into it.

HORTON (CONT'D)

Go on. Take 'em dancing if you want.

Dawson's hands go his legs. He feels them.

HORTON (CONT'D)

They're real. They're yours.

(beat)

All you have to do is keep your vow to the Watchers.

Dawson's face grows cold with anger.

DAWSON

You son-of-a-bitch!

He turns and lunges at Horton, but falls before he gets to him.

DAWSON

lands hard on the floor. (NOTE: Camera stays on his upper body.)

HORTON

stands at the door. With a dark smile and a shake of his head, he tosses Dawson's artificial limbs to him.

HORTON (CONT'D)

I guess you'll still be needing these.

(beat)

For now.

Off Dawson, still on the floor, as a range of emotions cross his face -- anger, horror, even regret.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

226 EXT. DARIUS' CHURCH - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 226

227 INT. DARIUS' CHURCH - NIGHT 227

Father Beaufort runs into the sanctuary in his bedclothes.
His sleep was troubled by voices that haven't gone away.

JACKIE (V.O.)
Help me, Bobby.

KRONOS (V.O.)
Jackie is in Hell, tormented for
eternity.

Rushing to the altar, he throws himself to the altar steps.

JACKIE (V.O.)
There is no forgiveness... there is
only pain... only fire.

FATHER BEAUFORT (V.O.)
And we weren't there.

The priest is tormented, unable to shut out the voices.

JACKIE (V.O.)
God isn't love, Bobby. God is
vengeance and hate.

KRONOS (V.O.)
Soon, priest, you'll be mine.

FATHER BEAUFORT (V.O.)
Why do I have to damn my brother to
love You?

KRONOS (V.O.)
Are you afraid to look into the face
of evil?

For the first time in his life, Father Beaufort takes no
comfort from the sanctuary.

FATHER BEAUFORT
(quietly; to the voices)
No... no... no...

PULL BACK from the priest to find Kronos seated in the back
of the church, feet up on the pew in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED:

227

FATHER BEAUFORT (CONT'D)

(louder)

No! No!

And off Kronos' evil smile --

228 EXT. LE BLUES BAR - DAY

228

229 INT. LE BLUES BAR - DAY

229

As Dawson moves toward MacLeod, clearly back on his prosthetic legs --

DAWSON

That goddamned son-of-a-bitch offered me legs! Legs, can you believe that!

MACLEOD

I believe anything about him.

DAWSON

(incensed)

Like I'd sell my soul for a goddamned pair of legs.

MACLEOD

A lot of people would.

Dawson and MacLeod share a long look for a moment and MacLeod can tell how tempted Dawson really was.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

It's okay, Joe.

Dawson turns away, almost embarrassed.

DAWSON

What the hell. If I didn't want it, it wouldn't be temptation, would it?

MACLEOD

I'm sorry.

As Dawson moves to the side of the bar, MacLeod follows him with his eyes -- acutely aware of Dawson's prosthetics.

DAWSON

(changing the subject)

So far, what've we got? A mystic symbol, some ancient cave paintings, an old mystic saying all we need is love.

(CONTINUED)

229 CONTINUED:

229

MACLEOD

The answer's gotta to be in there
somewhere.

Dawson opens a box sitting near the bar.

DAWSON

Here's the last stuff my guys picked
up in the field before I pulled them.

MacLeod looks in it with interest and starts handing Dawson
the contents of the box as he takes them out -- a few file
folders, an old book, a rubbing of ancient carvings, a clay
tablet.

MacLeod reacts with immediate interest as he takes out a
SILVER BOWL and shows Dawson the talisman SYMBOL engraved in
the bottom.

MACLEOD

(re the bowl)

Where'd they come up with this?

DAWSON

What, the candy dish? Some old
monastery in the Himalayas.

MACLEOD

I've seen these before. It's a
Tibetan singing bowl.

As MacLeod runs his finger around the rim of the bowl, it
plays a TONE --

230 EXT. BARGE - DAY

230

The TONE continues. MacLeod sits on the deck of the barge
on a mat in his Eastern meditation wear. As he ritually
plays the TONE to focus his meditation, we fade into --

231 INT. ETHEREAL SPACE - DAY

231

A large void of eerie space. Then we start hearing LAUGHTER.
As it gets more pervasive, and louder, we hear --

MACLEOD (O.S.)

Show yourself.

After a beat --

A circle of REDDISH LIGHT appears. At its center, a SWING.
And on the swing, AHRIMAN in the guise of a midget, mimicking
an innocent child.

MacLeod walks warily into the circle of light.

(CONTINUED)

231 CONTINUED:

231

AHRIMAN

I've been waiting a long time for
you to come out and play.

The midget is an other-worldly manifestation of Evil. It gets off the swing and begins bouncing a BALL. It stops and tosses the BALL to MacLeod. MacLeod catches a SKULL. He drops it to the ground and it shatters.

AHRIMAN (CONT'D)

That's okay, soon I'll be playing
with yours.

A toybox appears next to Ahriman.

AHRIMAN (CONT'D)

I've got all kinds of toys.
(pulls out a doll)
Tessa...
(a bubble pipe)
Hugh Fitzcairn...
(a toy soldier)
Darius. In a few minutes, I'll even
have that other priest you're so
fond of.
(beat)
'Til then, I'll play with this. I
think I'll call it Richie.

There's a new ball in Ahriman's hand. It bounces the ball past MacLeod and the ball's caught on the other side of the circle of light by --

AHRIMAN

who passes the ball back past MacLeod, where it is caught by

AHRIMAN

All the while, Ahriman is repeating in an annoying sing-song --

AHRIMAN (CONT'D)

Richie Richie Richie Richie...
Richie Richie Richie Richie...

MACLEOD

looks like he's starting to lose control of his temper. We hear the TONE sound again and it gets louder, trying to drown out Ahriman. MacLeod looks calmer.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(quiet)
Stop.

(CONTINUED)

231 CONTINUED: (2)

231

Ahriman breaks into laughter which grows louder and louder and more hysterical and continues on even after Ahriman has stopped laughing.

AHRIMAN

You stop me!

Ahriman is in close, dancing around MacLeod, who remains motionless.

AHRIMAN

C'mon stop me. Like you stopped
Richie.

(sing-song)

Richie's dead! Richie's dead!
Richie's dead! Richie's dead!

MACLEOD

concentrates on his breathing, trying to control his growing distraction and aggravation. The TONE in the background is growing increasingly discordant.

AHRIMAN

You knew you were killing Richie.

(beat)

I think you liked it.

MacLeod loses his concentration. His anger grows, and suddenly he finds himself with his KATANA in hand. He raises the sword.

Ahriman smiles. It has scored a point in the game.

AHRIMAN (CONT'D)

(goadng)

Richiekiller Richiekiller
Richiekiller Richiekiller

MacLeod swings. On the clang of the sword, we are in --

232 INT. LABYRINTH - NIGHT

232

It is Kronos who blocks the blow.

KRONOS

(mocking)

Trying to kill little people now,
MacLeod? Your little friend wasn't
enough?

(beat)

Try me.

Kronos lands a hard blow which MacLeod just manages to block, but it staggers him back.

(CONTINUED)

232 CONTINUED:

232

As Kronos advances on him, it's clear that MacLeod's fury is growing and pumping through him.

He moves on Kronos, and as the two exchange and repel hard blows, their fight leads into a chaos of light and color and sound.

Blow after blow, MacLeod follows Kronos, and their fight leads them out of the center of the Labyrinth. Finally

KRONOS

executes a wild thrust and

MACLEOD

uses his momentum against him to force

KRONOS

to the ground.

MACLEOD

stands over him, sword raised -- ready for a killing blow.

THE KATANA

flashes down, but

KRONOS

has disappeared.

MacLeod looks around, hears --

AHRIMAN (O.S.)
Duncan... This way...

MacLeod turns to the sound.

HORTON (O.S.)
MacLeod...

MacLeod stops.

KRONOS (O.S.)
(mocking)
Come take my head... I'm here.

MacLeod hears other voices calling his name -- Richie, Tessa, Fitzcairn, Charlie -- anyone he cared about and anyone he fought.

(CONTINUED)

232 CONTINUED: (2)

232

With the MOCKING VOICES and DEMONIC LAUGHTER echoing from all around him, MacLeod proceeds deeper into the Labyrinth, his sword leading around every bend. The light gets dimmer and murkier -- it's like he's moving in a deep thick fog.

Suddenly the fog dissipates, and MacLeod finds himself in

233 INT. SMALL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

233

A small room with no exit. In a rage, MacLeod tries to fight his way out, to no use. He hears his NAME ECHOING around him, but the sound seems to be coming from farther and farther away as the room grows smaller and smaller, trapping him.

The walls are about to close in on him forever when --

DAWSON (O.S.)
(louder than the other
voices)
MacLeod! MacLeod!

234 EXT. BARGE - NIGHT

234

Dawson is standing over MacLeod, pummeling him, trying to bring him out of his deep-seated trance.

DAWSON
MacLeod!

MacLeod finally opens his eyes, looking disoriented. He barely sees Dawson.

DAWSON (CONT'D)
I've been calling you for hours.
How long have you been like this?

MACLEOD
(still a little dazed)
I don't know...

As MacLeod stands, with some effort --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
There was this thing, this midget
there, and I was fighting it.

DAWSON
A midget? From the looks of things,
he was kicking the crap out of you.

MACLEOD
(beat)
It kept goading me. It was like it
was feeding on my anger.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

234 CONTINUED:

234

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

The more I hated, the more lost I was.

(realizing)

I could have been trapped there forever.

DAWSON

So, this kid, it was Ahriman, too?

MACLEOD

Like Horton, Kronos and the others.

(beat)

Whatever this thing is, Joe, it doesn't have a physical form.

DAWSON

So how do we stop it?

MacLeod gets up and heads for the door.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

MacLeod leaves. Dawson watches him go.

235 INT. DARIUS' CHURCH - NIGHT

235

Midscene. Father Beaufort sits with his back against the altar. He's dazed, frenzied. He hasn't slept. His dead brother Jackie has appeared to him again.

JACKIE

Bobby, you promised. You promised mom you'd take care of me.

FATHER BEAUFORT

I couldn't save you when you were alive, how can I save you now?

JACKIE

I thought you'd understand. I thought you'd want to help me.

FATHER BEAUFORT

(frustrated)

Jackie, what do you want from me? What can I do?

A knife appears in Jackie's hand.

JACKIE

Come with me, Bobby. Please... I'm so alone...

(CONTINUED)

235 CONTINUED:

235

The priest's eyes are glued to the knife in sick fascination.

FATHER BEAUFORT

(weakly)

No... no... I can't. It's a mortal
sin.

Jackie presses the knife into Father Beaufort's hand. He grips the hilt in spite of himself.

JACKIE

God is a lie, Bobby.

The priest looks at the knife in his hand, then at his brother, then back to the knife.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

(hard)

Can't you see, you've wasted your
whole life on a lie.

(softer)

We'll be together, like we were kids
again. He promised me.

In the background, we HEAR the sounds of Young Jackie and Young Bobby playing. Father Beaufort looks out into the church and sees

YOUNG JACKIE AND YOUNG BOBBY

kicking a ball down the center aisle. Then they're gone.

RESUME SCENE

Jackie pushes the blade of the knife toward Father Beaufort's wrist. The priest looks at his brother.

FATHER BEAUFORT

Jackie... ?

JACKIE

(the innocence of a
child)

Please.

Father Beaufort grips the knife harder, about to do the deed.

THE KNIFE

touches the skin of the priest's wrist.

MACLEOD (O.S.)

STOP!

(CONTINUED)

235 CONTINUED: (2)

235

MACLEOD

races into the back of the church.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Robert, don't!

JACKIE

Bobby, I'm afraid. Make him go away.

Father Beaufort looks up at MacLeod hurrying up the aisle.

FATHER BEAUFORT

Leave, Duncan.

MACLEOD

You can't do this!

FATHER BEAUFORT

(over him; angry)

Get out! I said, get out!

As MacLeod nears him, Father Beaufort thrusts forward his wrist, the knife in his other hand barely touching it.

FATHER BEAUFORT (CONT'D)

I have to do this.

(beat)

I've lost my brother... I've lost
God... I've lost my life.

MACLEOD

Because he told you so? This is not
your brother.

(beat)

Jackie's dead. He needs nothing you
can give him. But this ...

(re the apparition)

This thing wants your soul.

JACKIE

Don't listen to him, Bobby. He only
wants to keep us apart.

FATHER BEAUFORT

Don't you see, Duncan? I've lost my
faith in God.

The blade touches his skin.

MACLEOD

(urgent)

Robert, look at me...

Father Beaufort's eyes find MacLeod's.

(CONTINUED)

235 CONTINUED: (3)

235

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

It doesn't matter if you lost your
faith in Him, because He hasn't lost
His faith in you.

MacLeod holds out his hand for the knife. He and Father
Beaufort lock eyes for a tense beat.

JACKIE

(imploring)

Bobby, please...

MACLEOD

Remember what you know and who you
are. Remember your faith. Trust
it.

(beat)

Give me the knife.

Not looking at the apparition of his brother, Father Beaufort
slowly hands the knife to MacLeod. Then, with sorrowful
eyes, Father Beaufort turns to look at Jackie, who VANISHES
before his eyes. He breaks down and starts to cry.

MacLeod takes him in his arms and allows the priest to weep.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

236 INT. DARIUS' CHURCH - NIGHT

236

MacLeod sits in a pew with Father Beaufort who's trying to regain his composure and figure out what happened.

FATHER BEAUFORT
But he was so real.

MACLEOD
I know.

FATHER BEAUFORT
Why me?

MACLEOD
Because that's what evil does. It corrupts the good.

FATHER BEAUFORT
(ironic)
Good?
(beat)
I would have damned myself if it wasn't for you.

MACLEOD
No. It only wants you to think that. The only power it has over us is the power we give it.

I FATHER BEAUFORT
(beat; despondent)
Duncan, everything I've read says it's useless to fight it. That it feeds on our hate and fear...
(knows it for himself)
But its very presence breeds hate and fear.
(beat)
How can you destroy something that thrives on destruction?

MACLEOD
(a sudden understanding)
Peace, Father. "Never will I renounce the Good Mind."
(beat)
It's peace, Father... Peace.

MacLeod stands and moves toward the altar, gesturing at the crucifix above it.

(CONTINUED)

236 CONTINUED:

236

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

The answer was here all the time.

(beat)

"And he shall be called Wonderful
Counselor, Prince of Peace."

FATHER BEAUFORT

What?

MacLeod takes the priest by the arm and urges him toward the
door.

MACLEOD

You have to leave now.

(cutting off any
protest)I have to do this myself. I need to
know you'll be safe.

FATHER BEAUFORT

Is there anything I can do to help?

MACLEOD

Pray for me. Pray for us all.

MacLeod turns toward the altar and begins to clear his mind,
his soul in ancient meditation. We push into his eyes and
slowly

DISSOLVE INTO:

237 INT. LABYRINTH - NIGHT

237

It's the same darkened maze where MacLeod fought Ahriman in
his various forms earlier. As MacLeod steps into the Maze

AHRIMAN

as the midget, is waiting for him, a diabolical smile on his
face.

AHRIMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, good. You're back.

MACLEOD

(simply)

You've lost.

AHRIMAN

Let's play! How about guns?

A GUN materializes in MacLeod's hand. He looks at it for a
beat, then raises it, points it directly at Ahriman.

(CONTINUED)

237 CONTINUED:

237

AHRIMAN (CONT'D)
(nodding excitedly)
Yes! Yes! Shoot me, Duncan!

MacLeod throws the gun to the floor where it DISAPPEARS.
Ahriman frowns his disapproval.

AHRIMAN (CONT'D)
That's not fair.

A SWORD materializes in MacLeod's hand.

MACLEOD
(shaking his head)
Game's over.
(tosses the sword
aside)
Your time is up.

AHRIMAN (CONT'D)
No gun. No sword. How are you going
to fight me?

MacLeod remains calm. His hands move smoothly along the
sides of his abdomen. He breathes deeply, repeating the
motion calmly, almost serene, as he focuses his breath into
the center of his abdomen, into his CHI.

AHRIMAN (CONT'D)
Are you going to huff and puff and
blow my house down?

But MacLeod stays focussed, doesn't move from his stance.

MACLEOD
(level)
I become one with everything. I
become one with you.

AHRIMAN
(sarcastic)
Too bad you didn't think of that
before you killed Richie.

MacLeod keeps moving steadily, smoothly. His energy
concentrates, humming with an ancient vibration.

MACLEOD
I become everything.
(beat)
Therefore I become nothing.

AHRIMAN
C'mon, be a man. I dare you!

(CONTINUED)

237 CONTINUED: (2)

237

MACLEOD

Therefore you are nothing.
(serenely, like a
mantra)
Without my anger, you have no
substance.

The AHRIMAN'S FACE rushes at MacLeod, leering, cackling, his mouth opening to a black void. MacLeod stands strong.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Without my pride, you have no form.

A FLASH OF FLAME sweeps MacLeod but he doesn't flinch. The flame dissipates.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Without my hate...

Ahriman suddenly begins to run off into the void.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

... you - have - no - being.

238 INT. DARIUS' CHURCH - NIGHT

238

MacLeod is in his meditative state near the altar of the church.

The church is lit by candles and empty, until suddenly Horton appears behind MacLeod. He clicks his tongue derisively.

HORTON

Why don't you pick on someone your
own size, MacLeod?

MacLeod remains in his stance, supremely sensitive to everything around him. No movement but for the steady, rhythmic rise and fall of his chest. Then --

KRONOS

suddenly appears next to MacLeod. In a quick, deadly motion he swings his sword for his final kill. At the last moment, MacLeod steps out of the way in an easy, graceful movement.

MacLeod begins the smooth, elegant movements of CHI GUNG.

Kronos moves after him, his blade whirling as MacLeod moves from one graceful position to another. But rather than avoiding the blade, his movements seem in synch with it -- in harmony with Kronos' swings. As if MacLeod is one with the sword, with Kronos.

Kronos rages with frustration.

(CONTINUED)

KRONOS (CONT'D)

Stand your ground and die like a
Champion!

His only answer, MacLeod's gentle breathing.

HORTON

turns to MacLeod, smiling. He opens his mouth wide.

Suddenly a ROAR of RAGE -- ancient, primordial, malevolent -- fills the church. The choirs of Hell screeching the Sanctus of Purgatory. It ECHOES off the stone walls and RATTLES the windows.

Through it all, MacLeod wills himself to peace. He is the eye in the center of the hurricane.

A SIDE CHAIR from the ALTAR hurtles down the aisle, straight for him. MacLeod sees the chair, moves in tune with it and at the last second, it passes harmlessly by -- CRASHING against the stone wall. He turns to see --

KRONOS

bearing down him, sword raised, ready to strike. MacLeod doesn't move. Kronos leers malevolently, delivers a cutting blow.

KRONOS' BLADE

passes through MacLeod without touching him and DISAPPEARS.

MacLeod focuses, channeling all his energy as he moves through a simple kata-like form. He faces Kronos simply, innocently, unafraid.

KRONOS

bellows his rage. With a look of horror, he stops suddenly, as if grabbed by an unseen force. He struggles against this invisible power, his hateful eyes burning with a RED FIRE as they bore into MacLeod.

MACLEOD

meets his gaze levelly.

KRONOS

withers and fades away. Only MacLeod and Horton remain in the church. Horton's form wavers, shimmers like an image reflected in the water.

(CONTINUED)

238 CONTINUED: (2)

238

MACLEOD

Leave, now.

HORTON

But I've just begun.

MACLEOD

You have no place here.

HORTON

I'm part of you now.

MACLEOD

You always were.

Horton's face contorts into an terrifying, angry snarl. He takes a step toward the motionless MacLeod --

HORTON'S FACE becomes a SKULL engulfed in flames (NOTE: Or another effect to be determined in consultation with Post-Production). Then he DISAPPEARS.

MACLEOD

senses the emptiness of the church. He drinks in the richness of the moment, at one with the quiet, the peace.

Slowly, almost in simple celebration, he returns to the CHI GUNG. His chest rises and falls with a steady, rhythmic breathing. His body arcs in pure, ancient movements. One man in a graceful, elegant dance with the universe. One man, one Champion.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

239 INT. LE BLUES BAR - DAY

239

Dawson's behind the bar, fixing a couple of drinks. MacLeod sits on a stool on the other side. Nearby, Dawson's suitcase, ready to travel.

DAWSON

I'm going to break the news to the Watchers' families. Some things you just gotta do in person.

MacLeod nods with understanding. Dawson hands MacLeod his drink.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

You still haven't told me how you beat that bastard. What did you have to do?

MACLEOD

Nothing.

(off Dawson's look,
with a laugh)

There's a thought in the Cabala that Armageddon -- the ultimate battle between Good and Evil -- would be fought within a single soul.

DAWSON

And yours was that soul? That's why you were the Champion?

MACLEOD

Good and evil exist in all of us. When we deny that, we give evil power.
(beat)

Ahriman said it himself. His greatest trick was to convince the world he didn't exist. But he does, in all of us, Joe. When I accepted that, I could beat him.

DAWSON

(ironic)

Armageddon, in Darius' church.

(beat)

How's Father Beaufort doing?

MACLEOD

Finding his faith again.

(CONTINUED)

239 CONTINUED:

239

MacLeod lifts his glass in a toast.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

To Father Beaufort.

DAWSON

(re MacLeod)

To the Champion.

They clink glasses and drink. Dawson reaches under the bar and pulls out MacLeod's SWORD.

DAWSON

Would you please take this so I know
you'll have a head when I get back?

MacLeod's hesitant.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

You've avenged Richie's murder. For
God's sake, Mac, you've defeated
Ahriman.

(beat)

You're still Duncan MacLeod of the
Clan MacLeod.

(beat; holds out sword)

Take it.

They hold a long look, then MacLeod finally takes the sword.
He grasps the handle firmly in his hand. As Dawson and
MacLeod share a look...

FADE OUT.

THE END