



HIGHLANDER

The Series

#97603
SINS OF THE FATHER

Written by
James Thorpe

Highlander

"SINS OF THE FATHER"

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Production #97603

August 5, 1997 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"Sins of the Father"

Production #97603

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD

ALEX RAVEN

GRANT THOMAS (PLEASE NOTE: CARL THOMAS HAS BEEN CHANGED TO
GRANT THOMAS)

MAX LEINER

GEORGE THOMAS

DAVID LEINER

YOUNG MAX (10)

CAMERON

GERARD

MALLOY (NON-SPEAKING STUNT)

O'KEEFE (NON-SPEAKING STUNT)

HIGHLANDER

"Sins of the Father"

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

BARGE

TENEMENT APARTMENT - WARSAW GHETTO

CARL'S FAMILY HOME

/FRONT HALL
/LIVING ROOM
/KITCHEN
/BASEMENT
/LARGE ROOM

INTERESTING SPACE

HOTEL

/SUITE
/HALLWAY

PARKING STRUCTURE

EXTERIORS

BARGE

WARSAW GHETTO - STREET

PARK

/PARKING AREA
/GRASSY AREA

STREET

/SIDE STREET

RUINS OF OLD CASTLE

FOREST

CARL'S FAMILY HOME

INTERESTING SPACE

HOTEL

WARSAW GHETTO (1942) (STOCK)

HIGHLANDER

"Sins of the Father"

TEASER

FADE IN:

301 EXT. WARSAW GHETTO - 1942 - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING (STOCK) 301

SUPER: WARSAW GHETTO - 1942

302 EXT. WARSAW GHETTO - ANOTHER STREET - 1942 - NIGHT 302

A squad of five German soldiers moves down a darkened street. The sound of sporadic GUNFIRE is heard in the background. They pass

ALEX RAVEN

who hides in the shadows. She carries a small wrapped package in her arms. After they go by, she furtively enters an old building.

303 INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - WARSAW GHETTO - 1942 - NIGHT 303

The tiny apartment is dirty, the furniture broken, the walls mottled with grease and water spots. The only illumination in the room comes from the feeble glow of an oil lamp on the kitchen table.

Seated at the table is DAVID LEINER, mid-thirties. His clothes may be ragged and soiled, and the yarmulke on top of his head has seen better days, but the terror of the times has not touched his sense of courage or compassion.

A cute little boy, YOUNG MAX, ten years old, watches over David's shoulder as he scribbles madly on scraps of paper.

ALEX

enters and places the bundle on the table in front of them.

It's a Nazi uniform.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Hurry. Put this on.

DAVID

(reacting to the
uniform)

No thank you.

She moves to the window to keep an eye on the street below.

(CONTINUED)

303 CONTINUED:

303

ALEX

It's our only hope of getting past them.

David, intent on his task, doesn't look up.

DAVID

(grim determination)

I have to finish this first.

ALEX

If they find you, they'll kill you.

DAVID

Compared to this, my life means nothing.

ALEX

(beat)

Not to me.

David reaches up and gently touches her face.

DAVID

(with great warmth)

My Sheina Shicksa.

He sighs and turns to Max.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Max...

YOUNG MAX

Yes, papa?

DAVID

If something... happens to me, you must use these to restore our people.

Max nods, solemnly assuming the adult responsibility.

YOUNG MAX

Yes, papa.

A POUNDING on the front door. Alex and David turn to each other, knowing what's imminent.

ALEX

I love you, David.

David grabs his son.

DAVID

The secret place. Hurry!

(CONTINUED)

Max turns on his little heels and scurries under the sink into a false door and closes himself inside a cabinet.

DAVID

hurriedly gathers up his scraps of paper, passes them to Alex. She tries to take them, but David is still holding on tight to her hands. He seizes her eyes with his --

DAVID (CONT'D)

Only these are important.

More POUNDING on the door.

ALEX

There's no time!!

DAVID

Protect Max...
(re: papers)
... and finish this.

ALEX

David...

DAVID

(urgent)
Nothing matters more than these.

Alex nods. They kiss.

Suddenly, two Nazi STORM TROOPERS explode through the door.

ALEX

blazes into action.

She spins, knocking the gun out of Trooper #1's hand.

Simultaneously, whirling back toward Trooper #2, she brings her right fist around in a roundhouse punch, breaking his jaw as...

Her left leg shoots up, out and back, her boot smashing the bridge of the nose of Trooper #1 behind her.

Both Storm Troopers fall in an unconscious heap.

ALEX

stops to catch her breath as

(CONTINUED)

ANOTHER STORM TROOPER

bursts through the door, BURP GUN spraying the room with bullets.

DAVID

turns to run --

ALEX

NO!

-- and gets hit in the back.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Oh, Jesus!

His body lurches with the impact -- he collapses, dead.

ALEX (CONT'D)

David! David!

She gasps for air, the wind knocked from her. She desperately wants to run to him, but her anger wins out.

ALEX

dives for one of the fallen Storm Troopers' guns, comes up firing. BANG!

The Burp Gunner goes down.

Alex looks down at her chest... She's been hit.

YOUNG MAX (O.S.)

Papa! Papa!

MAX

comes out of hiding, runs weeping over to the body of his dead father.

The gunshots have alerted other soldiers. From the hallway, the STOMP of heavy boots and angry SHOUTS...

STORM TROOPERS (O.S.)

Schnell!! Schnell!!

ALEX

sinks to her knees. With her last, dying breath, she calls out to the boy.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Max! Get back and hide!

(CONTINUED)

MAX

turns his tear-stained face up to Alex, trying to understand.

ALEX

Now! Go! Go!

Max scrambles back under the sink as

ALEX

falls unconscious.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

304 EXT. PARK - DAY

304

SUPER: PARIS - THE PRESENT

A small neighborhood park. At one end, several OLD FRENCHMEN with weathered, wizened faces huddle around a game of Petanque. Lurking secretly in the background, two well-muscled men, MALLOY and O'KEEFE, watch closely as

MACLEOD

aims, and tosses his steel ball toward another steel ball, close to the wooden "cochonnet," or target ball. Perfect shot -- he knocks the closest ball out of the running. MURMURS of approval from the appreciative crowd.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Your turn, George.

MacLeod's opponent steps up next -- GEORGE THOMAS elderly, distinguished, casually well dressed.

He aims, tosses... misses by a foot.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Not your day.

George shrugs in mock helplessness.

GEORGE

Please, Duncan. No need to state the obvious.

MacLeod steps up, readies his next ball.

MACLEOD

Everything okay?

GEORGE

What? No, I'm fine. Just not used to being retired.

MacLeod lobs his ball, another good shot. George grabs his next ball.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

One minute you're changing your grandson's diapers. Next thing you know, he's managing your bank.

He throws his ball... another bad shot.

(CONTINUED)

304 CONTINUED:

304

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(fondly)

But I'll tell you, that kid could
find a penny at the bottom of the
ocean.

MacLeod smiles. As he picks up his next ball -- BUZZ. He
tenses, quickly scanning the park.

MACLEOD'S POV - THE CROWD

Just the usual afternoon collection of old Frenchmen, mothers
with their children, lovers kissing... nothing out of the
ordinary.

ON MACLEOD

The BUZZ is gone now. A disturbed MacLeod slowly turns back
to the game. He throws his ball. Good shot. He looks to
George, finds him suddenly pensive.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Tell me, Duncan... Do you think it
is only the good deeds that define a
man's soul?

MacLeod wrinkles his forehead, perplexed.

MACLEOD

Something troubling you, George?

But George only smiles, brushes it off lightly as he picks
up his ball.

GEORGE

Just too much time on my hands.
Finally catching up on my reading,
you know. Great tragedies of good
men and temptation. Dickens,
Goethe...

(beat; winking)

Mickey Spillane.

MacLeod chuckles as George tosses his last ball. No luck.
MacLeod is clearly the winner.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Enough, enough. Take pity on this
old man.

MacLeod laughs as he and George gather their things.

MACLEOD

Just for today.

(CONTINUED)

304 CONTINUED: (2)

304

ON THE CROWD

Still lingering in the background, watching MacLeod and George, are Malloy and O'Keefe.

They exchange a silent signal, move off as --

305 EXT. PARKING AREA - CONTINUOUS

305

MacLeod and George move to George's car.

MACLEOD
(with a playful smile)
Stay out of trouble.

GEORGE
(returning the smile)
How much trouble can a man my age
get into?

George opens the door to his Mercedes, gets in. MacLeod turns to go when it happens again...

BUZZ...

ANOTHER ANGLE

At the end of the block, a tall, beautiful FEMALE IMMORTAL (ALEX) darts quickly out of sight.

MACLEOD

moves after her, but she's gone.

MACLEOD'S POV - THE STREET

It's empty, too.

MacLeod is troubled.

He looks over to George in the Mercedes.

MACLEOD'S POV - THE MERCEDES

George reaches down, puts the key in the ignition. He looks up at MacLeod and smiles. MacLeod smiles back as...

BOOM!

The Mercedes EXPLODES in a BALL OF FIRE.

MacLeod's blown off his feet by the force of the explosion.

(CONTINUED)

305 CONTINUED:

305

Shards of GLASS and METAL rain down from a black fire cloud as MacLeod struggles through the thick smoke to find his old friend's car...

But all that remains of the Mercedes is a scorched, smoldering shell.

DISSOLVE TO:

306 EXT. PARKING AREA - LATER THAT DAY

306

Emergency lights flash as POLICE and GAWKERS mill about in the aftermath of the explosion. Behind a cordon of yellow Police tape a FORENSICS WORKER examines the burned out car.

ANOTHER ANGLE

off to one side, CARL THOMAS -- on the outside, a handsome, button-down Oxford type, but inside a taut, urgent energy hums just beneath the surface. He stares at the scene with disbelief. Noticing MacLeod emerge from the crowd --

CARL

Duncan?

MACLEOD

Hello, Grant.

CARL

I can't believe this!
(angry, bewildered,
incredulous, manic)
A bomb! Did you hear that? They
told me it was a bomb.

MACLEOD

I'm sorry.

CARL

Why would someone do this?

MACLEOD

Did George have any enemies? Has he
gotten any threats lately?

Carl shakes his head incredulously.

CARL

Threats? Enemies? No.

MACLEOD

Are you sure?

CARL

Everybody loved him.

(CONTINUED)

306 CONTINUED:

306

MACLEOD

Not everybody.

Carl shrugs his shoulders, obviously overcome with emotion. MacLeod notices a POLICEMAN approaching.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

They're going to want to talk to me.

He lays a consoling hand on Carl's shoulder.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Will you be okay for now?

CARL

Oh, I'll be okay.

(grim)

Right after they find the bastard who did this.

MacLeod nods in sympathy, moves off with the Policeman.

Carl takes one last look at the destroyed car, then walks off.

307 EXT. SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

307

Alex Raven walks up to a car parked and waiting, motor running, at the curb.

An old man, MAX LEINER waits in the driver's seat. Max is lean to the point of being emaciated, his face hard, sharp, with eastern European features. He barks to Alex

MAX

Well? Well?

ALEX

He's dead, Max.

Max's eyes drop, betraying an unknowable emotion.

MAX

Now we talk to the boy. He has to know about this. That money is ours!

(intense)

We must have it back. Whatever it takes!

His eyes blaze, his anger forces the words out, each syllable a violent explosion --

MAX (CONT'D)

We -- never -- forget!

(CONTINUED)

307 CONTINUED: 307

She looks up.

ALEX

He's coming.

Max composes himself with difficulty, puts the car into gear.

MAX

Be careful, Alex.

308 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS 308

Carl walks around the corner. He approaches a black Jaguar, gets in and shuts the door. As he takes a beat to gather his thoughts, he glances up at the rear view mirror.

CARL'S POV - THE MIRROR

A HEAD rises out of the back seat. A woman's head.

CARL

whirls in his seat to face

ALEX

She tosses her long hair back, flashing bright green eyes that laser into Carl.

CARL

That's a neat trick.

She smiles a cold, mirthless smile.

ALEX

Here's another one. I've got a Sig Saur P226 9mm with a silencer right behind your seat. Average muzzle velocity, roughly 2160 feet per second. Now, I can only guess where your spinal cord really is... so it might take a few shots before you're paralyzed for life.

(shrugs)

But after all, what's a couple of kidneys between friends?

Carl's eyes flash quickly to the street. Alex clicks her tongue sympathetically.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Never a cop around when you need one, is there?

(CONTINUED)

308 CONTINUED:

308

CARL

What the hell do you want?

ALEX

I want to finish what I started with your grandfather.

CARL

I don't have time for riddles.

Alex snaps her face in tight to his, spits her words.

ALEX

I'm talking about the money!

Carl shakes his head, a gesture of mute helplessness.

CARL

Look, I've got a few hundred in my wallet.

Something in Alex's eyes chokes off the sentence before he can finish.

ALEX

Sixty million dollars!

Carl gulps.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Let me get you up to speed.

Her voice is a tantalizing mixture of seduction and menace... alluring and frightening at the same time.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I've had a bad day, today. In fact, you could say I'm a tad cranky. Moody, you know? Maybe it's just PMS. Or maybe you're pissing me off so much, I won't be able to control myself.

CARL

(beat)

Let's work something out. What do you want me to do?

ALEX

That's better. Go over those bank records of yours. Look for the name "David Leiner". Then we'll talk.

She smiles, passes him her card.

(CONTINUED)

308 CONTINUED: (2)

308

ALEX (CONT'D)

My number.

Her smile freezes as she gets the BUZZ.

ALEX (CONT'D)

And don't worry... I've already got yours.

With quick, feline grace, she slips out into the street, melting into the shadows.

Carl turns face front, his knuckles white as they grip the steering wheel. He puts the car in gear and drives off as --

MACLEOD

rounds the corner. His eyes lock onto Alex.

ALEX

tenses... a moment of recognition.

PUSH IN on her face as we...

309 (OMITTED 60309)

309

310 EXT. RUINS OF AN OLD CASTLE - FRANCE - DAY

310

The camera moves amidst the ruins following the underneath sounds of passion.

ALEX (O.S.)

(moaning)

Oh, Cameron...

The camera passes over a cape, riding boots various items of clothing, and the remnants of a picnic. A sword lies tossed carelessly into a corner. PAN TO Alex. Kissing her passionately is a handsome young man, CAMERON STEWART. At the end of their lovemaking, he rolls next to her. His breath is coming fast.

CAMERON

You still haven't given me the answer.

ALEX

(she tightens)

I gave you an answer, Cameron. Just not the one you want to hear.

CAMERON

(firm)

Marry me.

(CONTINUED)

310 CONTINUED:

310

ALEX

I can't.

A cloud passes over Alex's face. She turns, sits up, and starts to dress, pulling on a chemise.

CAMERON

That's not nearly good enough.

ALEX

It has to be.

CAMERON

Tell me you don't love me. Go on...
I'll never ask again.

ALEX

(urgent)
There's something I haven't told
you.

CAMERON

I know all I need.

She pulls on her dress and turns back to him.

ALEX

Do you?
(beat)
How old do you think I am?

CAMERON

What difference does that make?

ALEX

My earliest memory is of my tribe,
the Carveti. We lived in Cumbria.
(beat)
My father was a warrior. My mother,
a priestess.

Cameron can't believe what he's hearing.

CAMERON

What are you talking about?

ALEX

My life.
(beat)
It was good, until the Romans came.
(remembering)
The rest of the world wasn't enough
for them. They had to have Cumbria.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

310 CONTINUED: (2)

310

ALEX (CONT'D)

For every one we killed, five more
came.

(beat)

I was twenty-eight the first time I
died.

CAMERON

(with sarcasm)

It's a lovely story.

ALEX

It's not a story.

Cameron is getting angry.

CAMERON

And I'm supposed to think you actually
believe this?

She turns to Cameron.

ALEX

I do love you. You are my heart, my
soul. What I've told you is true.

(beat)

I am Immortal.

Alex reaches for a dagger and is about to stab herself.

CAMERON

No!

As Cameron grabs her, they fall to the ground. They struggle
over the dagger. Cameron pins her beneath him.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

What are you doing?!

BUZZ

Cameron feels Alex's muscles tense below him.

ALEX

Get off me!

CAMERON

I won't let you hurt yourself.

Alex strains to release herself, but Cameron has her
outleveraged. She's trapped, pinned underneath him.

ALEX

Cameron! Let me go!

(CONTINUED)

310 CONTINUED: (3)

310

Suddenly, a voice booms through the ruins.

GERARD (O.S.)

Alexis!

ALEX

Gerard!

Surprised, Cameron rolls off Alex to face the intruder.
GERARD LEBLANC, big, brash and brawny Immortal.

CAMERON

Explain yourself!

Gerard knocks Cameron aside like a bear swatting a fly. He lands in a heap beside Alex's sword. Alex rises to her feet.

GERARD

(to Alex)

Your time has come.

CAMERON

gets to his feet unsteadily. He grabs Alex's sword, unsheathes it, rising to her defense.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Back away from her!

ALEX

(to Cameron)

Give me the sword, Cameron.

Before she can stop him, Cameron rushes toward Gerard. It's over in an instant, one feint, one stroke.

ALEX (CONT'D)

NO!

Gerard runs Cameron through.

Alex rushes to Cameron as he sinks to his knees. She clutches his head to her breast.

ALEX (CONT'D)

No...

She hears the man behind her SNICKER derisively...

ALEX

for an instant, doesn't move. Then she rises, her back still to him, her face betraying nothing.

(CONTINUED)

310 CONTINUED: (4)

310

GERARD

lunges with his blade. At the last instant, Alex turns her body as a matador does with a bull. The blade passes by her. She grabs Gerard's extended arm and breaks it at the wrist.

Gerard's sword falls from his hand. He screams in pain and backs away.

ALEX

does a roundhouse kick and knocks Gerard on his ass. She turns to lift her own sword. As she spins back --

GERARD

now unarmed, runs.

ALEX

Coward!

Alex turns to Cameron, sees his labored breathing. She rushes to his side, takes his head gently in her arms.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Cameron... my Cameron.

His lips part in a death rattle...

CAMERON

I am sorry... my... love.

She feels his body go limp. His head lolls. She lays him down gently.

ON ALEX

From somewhere deep within her a low MOAN rises, gathering force in her gut like an animal wail... elemental, primal, bestial. She SCREAMS in denial, her anguish a palpable force of nature.

311 EXT. RUINS - FRANCE - 1796 - DAY

311

As Gerard makes for the shelter of the neighboring FOREST on foot, he hears something behind him. He turns to see --

ALEX

burst from the ruins on horseback. Thundering over the field, sword held high, she kicks her mount on full speed.

(CONTINUED)

311 CONTINUED: 311

GERARD

plunges into the dense forest.

312 EXT. FOREST - FRANCE - 1796 - DAY 312

MacLeod rides through the forest, pacing his horse at a comfortable canter.

Suddenly, he HEARS a WOMAN SCREAMING from far off.

ALEX

Gerard!!

He veers off in the direction of the noise and sees in the distance...

ALEX

chasing a crazed Gerard through the forest to a pond. Hacking at the dense brush with her sword, she screams at him.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You can't run from me now!

Gerard's foot snags on a hidden branch. He stumbles, flails his arms to regain his balance, but falls head over heels.

He struggles to get up, turns to face

ALEX

as she jumps off her horse. She raises her sword -- and gets the BUZZ. She looks and sees

MACLEOD

riding up in the distance.

BACK TO SCENE

Gerard tries to scramble away but Alex is on him.

ALEX

Bastard!

A terrified Gerard raises a supplicating hand.

GERARD

No! I beg you!

ALEX

You beg me!?

Her hair hangs wildly about her face.

(CONTINUED)

312 CONTINUED:

312

ALEX (CONT'D)

You've destroyed the best part of my
life! All his goodness, all his
light -- the first man I've loved in
a hundred years. Gone!

(beat; seethes)

And you beg me for life?

Alex's eyes blaze red raw from tears.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(angry)

Damn you!

(softly)

Damn you.

Suddenly she can't breathe. Her sword grows heavy, her
shoulders sag. The grief inside her swells, threatening to
overwhelm her strength.

Gerard cowers in front of her, his eyes pleading.

GERARD

Mercy! Please. Mercy.

But Alex can't. Or won't. She chokes back the bile of
sorrow. Curling her lip in contempt at the vermin kneeling
before her, she channels her heartache into hatred.

MACLEOD

rides up just in time to witness

ALEX

with fierce and deadly resolve, brings down her blade.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Mercy, my ass!

Gerard dies.

The Quickening begins. Cascades of water. (NOTE: Let's
keep it from being exploitative.) Most of it plays out on
MacLeod's face. He moves toward.

ALEX

the Quickening over, is on her knees.

MACLEOD

reins up beside her.

(CONTINUED)

312 CONTINUED: (2)

312

MACLEOD

Interesting style. Chase an unarmed opponent on horseback and then kill him.

ALEX

stands, defiantly faces the newcomer.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Was he a friend of yours?

MACLEOD

No.

ALEX

(icily)

Then we have no quarrel -- unless you choose to make one.

She hefts her sword -- a silent challenge. MacLeod raises an eyebrow.

MACLEOD

Some other time.

ALEX

Some other time.

And he SNAPS the reins, riding off into the forest.

OFF Alex's defiant gaze, we --

313 EXT. SIDE STREET - THE PRESENT - DAY

313

Alex's back is ramrod stiff, her eyes narrowed down to slits.

MacLeod picks up on the vibes -- once again he gets the feeling he's arrived after the party. He gestures back over his shoulder.

MACLEOD

Did you do this?

ALEX

It's none of your business.

MACLEOD

Wrong. This time, he was a friend of mine. This time it is my business.

She turns on her heels, strides over to a MOTORCYCLE. She swings one leg over.

(CONTINUED)

313 CONTINUED:

313

ALEX

Then we've got a problem, haven't we?

MACLEOD

I'm Duncan MacLeod of the Clan MacLeod.

Alex takes a beat.

And then she takes another one.

ALEX

Alex Raven.

There are a few PEDESTRIANS in the street... Not the place for a fight. She kicks starts the motor.

ALEX (CONT'D)

See you around, Duncan MacLeod.

MACLEOD

Yes, you will.

She pops into gear, and roars off down the street, leaving a thoughtful MacLeod looking after.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

314 EXT. CARL'S FAMILY HOME - DAY

314

A large house in an upscale neighborhood. MacLeod stands on the front porch. He RINGS the doorbell. Carl opens the door, surprised to see him.

CARL

Duncan? What gives?

MACLEOD

We have a couple of things to talk about.

Carl looks at his watch.

CARL

Little pressed for time right now.

MACLEOD

(evenly)

A few minutes should do it.

From the look on MacLeod's face, he's not going anywhere. Reluctantly, Carl holds the door open.

315 INT. CARL'S FAMILY HOME - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

315

As MacLeod enters, he spots two SUITCASES, packed and waiting by the front door.

MACLEOD

Going somewhere?

Carl looks at his watch.

CARL

Out of town. Just for a couple of days. The bank, the press... You know how it is.

MACLEOD

Yeah.

(beat)

Going alone?

CARL

Alone? Sure. Why?

MACLEOD

Just wondered if she was going with you.

(CONTINUED)

315 CONTINUED:

315

CARL

Who?

MACLEOD

That woman I saw get out of your car
last night.

Carl is the picture of surprise.

CARL

A woman? My car?

MACLEOD

(playing along)

Tall, beautiful, long hair. Kinda
hard to miss.

Carl shakes his head, shrugs his shoulders helplessly.

CARL

Doesn't compute.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Black Jaguar, right?

CARL

Right car, wrong people.

MACLEOD

Friends don't usually lie to me.

CARL

(edgy)

Pull up a minute, Duncan. You asked.
I told. You don't like it... too
bad.

Before MacLeod can respond --

BUZZ. MacLeod looks out the front door.

MACLEOD'S POV - THE STREET

Is completely empty. Not a soul in sight.

BACK TO SCENE

MacLeod swings back to Carl.

MACLEOD

Where is she?

CARL

(rolls eyes)

This is getting a little old.

(CONTINUED)

315 CONTINUED: (2) 315

MacLeod charges off into the

316 INT. CARL'S FAMILY HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 316

Empty. On through to the

317 INT. CARL'S FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 317

Empty. He looks but through a window.

MACLEOD'S POV - THE BACKYARD

No one.

BACK TO SCENE

MacLeod's getting nervous. With growing concern, he barrels back through to the --

318 INT. CARL'S FAMILY HOME - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS 318

-- and up to Carl, who stands with his mouth open.

CARL

What the hell do you think you're doing?

MACLEOD

Is there a basement?

Carl points to a door.

MacLeod heads toward it.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Get out of the house, Grant.

Carl hesitates, unsure. MacLeod backtracks, grabs him with one hand, throws open the front door with the other...

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Go... Now!

He shoves Carl roughly onto the front porch.

319 INT. CARL'S FAMILY HOME - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER 319

MacLeod thunders down the basement stairs to find...

ALEX

bent over a device that looks alarmingly like a BOMB. A big chunk of PLASTIQUE wired to A TIMER. Her hand is on what appears to be the triggering mechanism.

(CONTINUED)

319 CONTINUED:

319

MACLEOD

Back away from that!

Alex looks up, shakes her head in amazement.

ALEX

MacLeod, you are just like a bad penny.

MacLeod advances carefully.

MACLEOD

I said back away.

Alex doesn't budge.

ALEX

I'm in a bit of hurry, here. Why don't you go fetch us something cool to drink?

MACLEOD

And let you arm that bomb? I don't think so.

She straightens up.

ALEX

It's already armed, I'm trying to disarm it.

MacLeod pulls her roughly away from the device. He looks at the bomb.

THE TIMER

counts down from thirty minutes. 30:00:00... 29:59:59...
29:59:58...

TWO WIRES

lead from the timer to the plastique. One YELLOW wire. One RED wire.

Alex clears her throat.

ALEX

It's the yellow wire.

MACLEOD

And I suppose you've got a bridge for sale, too.

MacLeod looks up into her poker face. Their eyes lock. A beat. Finally, she shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

319 CONTINUED: (2)

319

ALEX

Have it your way.

MacLeod reaches down and pulls the RED WIRE.

ZAP!

THE TIMER

shoots forward with lightning speed, racing toward detonation.

MACLEOD

Damn!

ALEX

Yellow wire.

Mere milliseconds remain.

A quick glance at Alex, and MacLeod pulls the YELLOW WIRE.

THE TIMER

stops at 00:00:01.

ALEX

throws up her hands in exasperation.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I told you.

She starts to walk past him. MacLeod's arm shoots out, barring her way.

MACLEOD

And now's your chance to be a good girl and tell me the rest of it.

ALEX

(re: the arm)

Move it or lose it.

MACLEOD

I don't think so.

ALEX

There's nothing left to say.

In a flash, Alex's SWORD is in her hand.

MACLEOD

pulls his sticks.

(CONTINUED)

319 CONTINUED: (3)

319

ALEX

You're going to need to do better
than those.

ALEX

strikes first. She thrusts forward, swinging with ease.

MACLEOD

blocks effectively, but is forced back over a stack of BOXES.
He stumbles, hits the floor.

ALEX

smirks. She drives her blade toward him as

MACLEOD

rolls out of the way. He leaps to his feet, comes up
swinging, driving her back.

ALEX

parries with grace and style. They slow a few seconds to
catch their breath, circling each other like graceful
predators. Alex appreciates a worthy opponent.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Not bad. Wish I had time for a
lesson.

MACLEOD

You're about to get one.

MacLeod attacks, and they're off again.

Strike for strike, they make a well-matched couple. It's
all very entertaining, but now she's had enough.

ALEX

suddenly raises her sword high...

ALEX (CONT'D)

Say goodnight, MacLeod.

MACLEOD

smirks. Yeah. Right. He prepares to deflect the expected
blow. But it never comes. Instead...

ALEX

whirls 180 degrees, brings her blade down hard on the

(CONTINUED)

319 CONTINUED: (4)

319

FUSE BOX

plunging the basement into total darkness.

MACLEOD

Hey!

Running FOOTSTEPS. A door SLAMS.

MacLeod's alone in the darkness.

A BEAT. Then --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Damn!

320 INT. CARL'S FAMILY HOME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

320

Carl backpedals from an angry MacLeod.

MACLEOD

The truth, Grant!

CARL

Your guess is as good as mine.

MacLeod grabs him by the lapels, shoves him roughly backwards. Carl drops into a chair.

MACLEOD

And you don't know what she's after?

CARL

No.

MACLEOD

You're running out of excuses.

He tosses the bomb at him. Carl catches it in his lap.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

And you're running out of time!

Carl's eyes go wide, he freaks at the sight of the bomb.

CARL

Are you crazy!?

MACLEOD

It's disarmed.

MacLeod takes the bomb, sets it aside.

(CONTINUED)

320 CONTINUED:

320

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(beat)

Grant, I'm trying to keep you alive.

Carl swallows hard. He comes to a decision.

CARL

(deep breath)

That bitch... she killed my
grandfather. Said she'd kill me,
too.

MACLEOD

I'm listening.

Carl crosses to a bar, pours himself a scotch. He raises
the bottle to MacLeod, who shakes his head. Carl takes a
big gulp and continues.

CARL

A few years ago, my grandfather got
the bank into leveraged bonds.

MACLEOD

Pretty risky investment for a
conservative man like George.

CARL

Tell me about it. He wanted to retire
big time.

(beat)

Bottom line, they tanked. The bank
was going under. We needed money.
As in "cash". Truckloads of it.
Along come some businessmen. They
offer to bail us out. We don't ask
questions.

Carl runs a hand through his hair, shrugs resignedly.

MACLEOD

Businessmen?

CARL

"International traders," according
to them. Russian Mafia according to
everyone else.

MACLEOD

And they threatened George?

CARL

Not if he cooperated. But he couldn't
keep it up. One day he pulled the
plug. He'd had enough.

(CONTINUED)

320 CONTINUED: (2)

320

MACLEOD

Why didn't you go to the police?

CARL

Scandal. Last thing George wanted was a run on the bank. Everything he worked for would be gone overnight.

MACLEOD

What's stopping you now?

Carl looks up at MacLeod with harried eyes.

CARL

I don't know. How's fear?

He downs the last of the scotch, gathers whatever resolve he has left.

CARL (CONT'D)

End of story. My bank. My problem. I'll handle it, Duncan.

MACLEOD

You can't.

CARL

No police.

MACLEOD

No police.

Carl looks skeptical.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Can you contact this woman?

CARL

(nods)

A phone number, that's all.

MACLEOD

Call her. It's time to set up a meeting.

321 EXT. INTERESTING SPACE - DAY

321

Imposing, in a deserted area of town. MacLeod rounds a corner, heads for the entrance.

322 INT. INTERESTING SPACE - CONTINUOUS

322

MacLeod cautiously enters. Almost instantly, he gets the BUZZ.

(CONTINUED)

322 CONTINUED:

322

He whirls, just in time to see Alex emerge from the shadows.

ALEX

We've gotta stop meeting like this.

MACLEOD

Then you've got to stop trying to
blow up my friends.

ALEX

Don't suppose you'd believe me if I
told you I had nothing to do with
it.

MacLeod mulls it over for a millisecond.

MACLEOD

No.

Alex sighs resignedly.

ALEX

One more time...

She whips out her sword, moves to attack MacLeod.

But before MacLeod can draw his blade --

A GUNSHOT rings out.

ALEX

falters in mid-swing, like a wind-up toy running down...

ALEX (CONT'D)

Damn you!

She falls. Dead.

MacLeod looks up from her body to see --

CARL

standing behind her, smoking gun in hand.

CARL (CONT'D)

Lucky thing I followed you.

MacLeod storms over, grabs the gun from his hand.

MACLEOD

What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

322 CONTINUED: (2)

322

CARL

(indicating Alex)

She had a sword! She was going to
kill you!

MACLEOD

I could have handled it. You didn't
have to shoot her.

CARL

(angry)

You're welcome.

(beat)

What the hell was she doing with a
sword?

From off in the distance, SIRENS approach. MacLeod reacts,
seizes Carl roughly by the arm, propelling him toward the
exit.

MACLEOD

Let's get you out of here.

They dash outside.

ON ALEX

as she lies motionless on the floor. A beat.

Then... she

GASPS.

Her eyes pop open and she struggles to her feet. She quickly
takes in the empty scene around her. Picking up her sword,
she growls through gritted teeth.

ALEX

MACLEOD!

Her anger ricochets off the walls as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

323 EXT. HOTEL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

323

324 INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

324

A modestly appointed hotel room. At one end of the room FRENCH DOORS lead to an outdoor TERRACE. Carl's SUITCASES are tossed on the king size bed.

Carl watches as an angry MacLeod paces the room.

CARL

That bitch killed my grandfather!
And she tried to kill me. And she
was about to nail you. Now she's
dead. What is - your - problem?

MacLeod can't tell Carl what the real problem is, so he does the next best thing.

MACLEOD

Look... if she was involved with the
Russian Mafia, they may send someone
else.

CARL

Great. How long do I have to stay
cooped up here?

MACLEOD

I'll let you know.

Carl groans. MacLeod turns to leave.

CARL

Hey, Duncan.

MACLEOD

Yeah?

CARL

All this... our little secret, right?

MacLeod looks at him for a beat.

CARL (CONT'D)

The whole world thinks my grandfather
was a hero.

MACLEOD

I'll try to keep it that way.

325 EXT. BARGE - DAY

325

As MacLeod walks up the gangplank, he gets the BUZZ. Drawing his sword, he cautiously approaches the front door.

326 INT. BARGE - DAY

326

A wary MacLeod enters the barge. He spots Alex, already waiting for him.

ALEX

At least you didn't kill me while I was dead.

MACLEOD

Just for the record, I had nothing to do with you getting shot.

ALEX

Now who's got a bridge for sale?

MacLeod advances slowly.

MACLEOD

You're not going to kill Grant.

ALEX

Kill him? You're worried about me killing him?

She throws her hands up in frustration.

ALEX (CONT'D)

First of all, that sonuvabitch just shot me. Secondly, I'm trying to keep him alive!

MacLeod lowers his sword, for the moment.

MACLEOD

Why?

Before she can respond, their eyes go to the Barge entrance, as Max ENTERS.

ALEX

(to Max)

You're late.

(to MacLeod)

Duncan MacLeod, Max Leiner. It's time you two met.

MacLeod's eyes narrow... What the hell is up?

(CONTINUED)

326 CONTINUED:

326

MACLEOD

(in Russian)

Chello-vee-eka kat-or-ah-vah vweh oo-
bee-lee bwil my-eem droo-gum.

(Translation. The man you killed
was my friend.)

Max looks to Alex, confused.

ALEX

He didn't kill anyone and he doesn't
speak Russian.

MACLEOD

(skeptical)

Right. Then why are you so interested
in Grant and his bank?

ALEX

Because they stole sixty million
dollars.

MacLeod blinks. He missed that one completely.

MACLEOD

Come again?

She gets up close to MacLeod.

ALEX

Blood money. The Nazis killed David,
Max's father, and left me for dead.

MACLEOD

(re: Max)

He knows about us?

ALEX

He knows.

TRANSITION TO:

327 INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - WARSAW GHETTO - 1942 - NIGHT

327

David's dead body lies where it fell. Alex lies nearby, as

TWO STORM TROOPERS,

rush the room. They survey the massacre. One Trooper walks
around the room, gives the place a quick once over. He stops
in front of the sink cabinet, the boy's hiding place.

His buddy calls to him from the door...

(CONTINUED)

327 CONTINUED:

327

TROOPER (O.S.)
Everybody's dead.

The Trooper at the sink looks down.

HIS POV - THE CABINET

The door is slightly ajar.

TROOPER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Come on. Let's go.

The Trooper pauses for an agonizing beat... then decides to give up his search. They both exit.

ANGLE ON - THE CABINET DOOR

Slowly, tentatively, the door creaks open. Young Max sticks his head out. The coast looks clear.

He emerges into a nightmare. His father and Alex, both dead. Overwhelmed, he drops to his knees between the two bodies, sobbing uncontrollably just as

ALEX

COUGHS. Her eyelids flutter.

Max can't believe it. She's coming back to life! Alex COUGHS again, opens her eyes, sits up slowly.

He's amazed... and horrified.

YOUNG MAX
Alex! You were dead!

Alex gently reaches out to him, smiling.

ALEX
No, no...

He jerks away in abject terror.

YOUNG MAX
You were dead!
(gibbering hysterically)
I saw I saw I saw I saw...

Alex lunges for him, draws him close. She looks over his shoulder at the carnage around her -- David lying in a lifeless heap -- it's too much. She can't hold it in any longer. And soon her own sobs drown out Max's.

He hears Alex crying, feels her body shake against his. He pulls away from her, surprised.

(CONTINUED)

327 CONTINUED: (2)

327

This is not the strong resistance fighter he knows.

Alex sees Max's concern, realizes she has to be strong. She quickly wipes the tears out of her eyes, steels her heart.

ALEX

It's alright. See? I'm alive. Now we have something to do. Something for your father.

Max nods in wonderment.

YOUNG MAX

But how... ?

ALEX

(beat)

Can you keep a secret, Max?

Max nods again, earnestly. Alex takes a deep breath, searching for a way to tell Max the truth without scaring him.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I'm... I'm not like other people.

YOUNG MAX

You're an angel.

Taken aback, she smiles at Max's words.

ALEX

No, I'm not an angel.

YOUNG MAX

Yes, you are.

ALEX

Max, listen to me.

YOUNG MAX

Like the one who came to Abraham and wrestled Jacob. Papa said you'd come to protect us. I just had to believe.

Max gingerly touches the blood stain on Alex's shirt.

YOUNG MAX (CONT'D)

Now I believe.

Alex reaches out, takes Max's small hands gently in her own.

(CONTINUED)

327 CONTINUED: (3)

327

ALEX

Well, if that's what David said...
then it must be true. I will protect
you.

(beat)

But it must be our secret, okay?

YOUNG MAX

I can keep a secret.

ALEX

I know you can.

She brushes a lock of hair out of Max's eyes.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You have your father's eyes. Do you
know that? Strong eyes. But kind
also. You're going to grow up to be
an important man. A man your father
would be proud of.

Max's little chest puffs out.

YOUNG MAX

Then I can protect you.

Alex smiles in spite of herself.

ALEX

I'd like that.

YOUNG MAX

(beat)

Alex?

ALEX

Yes?

YOUNG MAX

(simply)

I won't tell.

328 INT. BARGE - THE PRESENT - DAY

328

ON MAX

He looks up at MacLeod --

ALEX (O.S.)

And he kept my secret for all these
years.

MacLeod's clearly moved by the story.

(CONTINUED)

328 CONTINUED:

328

MACLEOD

Very few survived the Warsaw Ghetto.

MAX

I had to.

Max pulls out some papers, now yellowed and brittle with age. They are the same papers David was writing on.

MACLEOD

What are they?

ALEX

Not "what"... "who."

MAX

Gizella Weissshaus. Eli Grotch.
Rose Trilling. Benjamin Wall.
Alex Berman. Bert Linder...

He breaks off, seized by another COUGHING fit.

MAX (CONT'D)

By heart. I know them all by heart.

ALEX

People who hid money away in foreign banks. Before their families were rounded up and taken to the camps.

MACLEOD

And you think George Thomas' bank was one of those.

MAX

They have millions of dollars stolen from our dead. And they deny it.

ALEX

That's where Grant comes in.

MAX

Pfffft! Just like his grandfather. Tries to bury me under paperwork. Doesn't realize he is dealing with a human shredder.

MACLEOD

Can't you trace the money? There, must be records... proof?

ALEX

There's a safe somewhere in Grant's house. That's what I was looking for when I found the bomb. And then --

(CONTINUED)

328 CONTINUED: (2)

328

She gestures toward MacLeod.

MACLEOD

(wryly)

Yeah, I remember.

MacLeod paces a bit, tries to wrap his head around it all.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I've known George and Grant both for years.

Max clears his throat, speaks with a gentle dignity.

MAX

Mr. MacLeod... I am an old man. Many things I've seen. Things I still cannot speak of.

(beat)

I have looked into the face of darkness. Do you know what that face looks like?

(points)

It looks like you. It looks like Alex.

(beat)

It looks like me.

MacLeod gages into his eyes... eyes still haunted with the nightmare vision of a terrified boy. He takes a beat, then starts for the door.

ALEX

Hey! Where are you going?

MacLeod blazes with newfound resolve.

MACLEOD

To find out why Grant lied to me.

Alex grabs Max urgently by the arm.

ALEX

Go home, Max. Wait for me there.

He nods, and she dashes out the door after MacLeod.

329 INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

329

MacLeod and Alex move down the corridor to Carl's room.

ALEX

We make better friends than enemies, MacLeod. It's good to have you finally trust me.

(CONTINUED)

329 CONTINUED:

329

MACLEOD

Who says I trust you?

(beat)

Why are you doing this?

ALEX

Because I loved Max's father, and
because it needs to be done.

MACLEOD

That's all.

ALEX

It's more than enough.

MACLEOD

And what do you do when you're not
helping Max?

ALEX

(matter-of-fact)

I help other people.

MacLeod stops at a door and knocks. No answer. Alex looks
to MacLeod.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You sure you have the right room?

MACLEOD

Of course I've got the right room.

MacLeod tries the door. Locked. He knocks again, calling
out --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Grant!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Three GUNSHOTS through the door as an answer. He's hit in
the chest, blown back against the wall.

ALEX

You got the right room.

Alex rushes to MacLeod's aid, but he shoves her away.

MACLEOD

Go!

Alex leaves MacLeod, kicks the hotel door in. In a flash,
she storms the room --

(CONTINUED)

329 CONTINUED: (2)

329

HER POV - THE TERRACE

A FIGURE (Malloy) jumps down out of sight off the terrace.

ALEX

races through to the

TERRACE

She gets there just in time to peer over the railing and see

HER POV - THE STREET

Malloy take off down the alley.

ALEX

leaps from the terrace, lands

IN THE STREET BELOW

and takes off at a tear, arms and legs pumping madly.

MALLOY

rounds a corner at full tilt, pauses a second to shoot a quick look over his shoulder. All Alex needed.

ALEX

executes a textbook flying tackle, takes him down. They crash to the concrete, rolling over and over, and land in the gutter -- Alex on top.

She punches him in the jaw, once, twice -- BANG! A shot rings out, just misses Alex's head. She dives for cover behind a dumpster as --

A CAR

driven by O'Keefe pulls up beside his buddy. The passenger door is thrown open.

ALEX

tries to maneuver around to the car, but more GUNSHOTS from O'Keefe drive her back.

MALLOY

scrambles quickly into the car. It speeds off down the street leaving an angry

(CONTINUED)

329 CONTINUED: (3)

329

ALEX

smashing her fist against a wall in frustration.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

330 EXT. CARL'S FAMILY HOME - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 330

331 INT. CARL'S FAMILY HOME - LARGE ROOM - NIGHT 331

Alex reveals the safe, hidden behind false wood paneling.
MacLeod peers over her shoulder.

ALEX

I knew it.

(beat)

Now we can take the original deposit
records and match them with the
account numbers on Max's list.

MACLEOD

And you have your sixty million
dollars.

She opens her bag, pulls out a hunk of PLASTIQUE. MacLeod
grabs it from her.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

You want to open the safe or launch
it into orbit?

ALEX

Any brighter ideas, let's hear 'em.

MACLEOD

Got a nail file?

ALEX

What?

SMASH CUT TO

MacLeod filing his fingertips.

MACLEOD

Watch and learn.

Alex watches in amazement as MacLeod sands the tips of his
fingers. Then, like a master cracksman, he bends down, puts
an ear to the safe.

ALEX

This I've got to see.

MACLEOD

Shhh!

(CONTINUED)

331 CONTINUED:

331

Gently, gingerly, he turns the dial... listens intently to the muffled CLICK of the tumblers until... presto! He grabs the handle and twists... it's open.

In spite of herself, Alex is impressed.

ALEX

Where'd you learn that?

But MacLeod just smiles enigmatically...

MACLEOD

A friend.

He pulls the safe door wide open.

They both GASP, and simultaneously --

MACLEOD/ALEX

It's empty!

Suddenly, a VOICE from behind them.

CARL (O.S.)

I could have told you that.

They whirl around to confront

CARL

who stands with a gun trained on both Alex and MacLeod.

Alex throws up her arms, clearly disgusted.

ALEX

I told you, MacLeod. What do you expect from a guy who'd shoot a woman in the back? But do you listen?

MacLeod raises his arms in surrender, scowls back at Alex.

MACLEOD

Would you be quiet? Just for ten seconds?

Carl stares at them both in amazement.

CARL

What the hell does it take to kill you guys?

ALEX

(menacing)

Come closer and find out.

(CONTINUED)

331 CONTINUED: (2)

331

MacLeod's clued in now to the bigger picture. He's looking at Carl with new eyes.

MACLEOD

Just tell me one thing, Grant. Why would you kill your own grandfather?

CARL

Conscience.

ALEX

Conscience!?

CARL

Not mine. His. The old man was only getting older. Didn't want to meet St. Peter with pockets full of stolen money.

MACLEOD

He was going to give it back?

Carl laughs a mirthless laugh.

CARL

(indicating Alex)

Yeah. Thanks to her. She actually convinced him it was the "right thing" to do.

MACLEOD

So you blew him up.

CARL

(offended)

Duncan. I'm a banker. I don't do bombs.

Malloy and O'Keefe, armed, step out from behind Alex.

CARL (CONT'D)

They do bombs.

MACLEOD

And they also planted the one here?

CARL

(nodding)

Had to throw suspicion off me. Shame you disarmed it.

MACLEOD

So there's no Russian Mafia.

(CONTINUED)

331 CONTINUED: (3)

331

CARL
Sure there is...
(shrugs)
... somewhere.

Carl gives the two thugs a signal. They cross to MacLeod and Alex.

CARL (CONT'D)
Time to go for a swim in the river.
(to Thugs)
Check 'em for vests first.
(to MacLeod and Alex)
And maybe this time you'll stay dead.

MacLeod and Alex share a look only they can fully appreciate.

332 EXT. CARL'S FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

332

Malloy and O'Keefe prod the Immortals down the back steps of the house at gunpoint.

MacLeod glances at Alex, winks.

MACLEOD
You know, this is completely and
utterly your fault!

ALEX
(plays along)
Excuse me? I'm the one who's been
right all along!

MACLEOD
Hah! If that's your idea of being
Right --

ALEX
Who was it who said pull the yellow
wire!?

The two thugs share a resigned look... just their luck to get stuck with these two. Seizing this distraction as his opportunity, MacLeod lashes out with a kick. Malloy falls to the ground, gasping for breath.

Alex is already at work on O'Keefe. Using his face for kickboxing practice, she soon has him laid out beside his now unconscious partner.

MacLeod and Alex survey their handiwork, dust off their hands.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Now what?

(CONTINUED)

332 CONTINUED:

332

MACLEOD

Grant thinks we're dead. Now there's only one person left who can tie him to the money.

Alex's face goes white with fear.

333 INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

333

Deserted. Just a few parked cars interspersed between concrete support pillars.

At one end of the garage, an elevator opens. Max is shoved roughly out, followed by Carl, gun in hand.

MAX

Punk! You're a Punk. Killing me will change nothing. There are hundreds more who will come after I'm gone.

Carl doesn't flinch or falter. He pushes Max toward his Jaguar, opens the passenger door.

MAX (CONT'D)

All those souls, those voices. Do you have enough bullets for all of them, punk?

CARL

(coldly)

No. Just enough for you.

He pushes in and shuts the door. He crosses to the driver's side as --

MACLEOD'S SEDAN

arrives on scene, squealing around the corner, narrowly missing a concrete pillar.

CARL

turns toward the car, sees Alex and MacLeod behind the wheel. He decides to leave Max and hoof it, dashes off in the other direction between the parked cars.

THE SEDAN

skids to a stop, Alex jumps out and takes off after Carl on foot.

(CONTINUED)

333 CONTINUED:

333

MACLEOD

guns his engine and squeals into reverse. He backtracks around a corner, fishtailing wildly, attempting to head him off on the

LOWER LEVEL

as Carl emerges from the down ramp, Alex in hot pursuit behind him. Carl veers left but sees MacLeod's car SCREECHING toward him. Without looking, he careens back the other direction, legs pumping madly. He doesn't see the VAN barreling down the ramp right for him.

MACLEOD

HONKS his horn, tries to warn Carl.

CRUNCH!

Too late.

CARL

hits the hood of the van at top speed and flies through the air. He lands with a THUD on the roof of a parked car.

MacLeod pulls up just as Alex gets to the body. One look tells them both -- Carl is dead.

334 INT. CARL'S FAMILY HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

334

MacLeod, Alex and Max are searching the living room. Opening cabinets, lifting sofa cushions...

MACLEOD

I'm afraid that's it. We've been through every room in the house.

MAX

Without those ledgers, all is lost.

ALEX

But they must be here somewhere. He never mentioned anything to you, MacLeod?

MACLEOD

Nothing that would do us any good.

MACLEOD'S MEMORY - CLIPS FROM TEASER

CLIP

George plays Petanque, turns suddenly pensive...

(CONTINUED)

334 CONTINUED:

334

GEORGE

Tell me, Duncan... do you think it
is only the good deeds that define a
man's soul?

RESUME SCENE

MacLeod's eyes drift to a large bookcase against one wall.
George's voice haunts him still...

CLIP

George talks about his reading...

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Great tragedies of good men and
temptation. Dickens, Goethe...
(beat; winking)
Mickey Spillane.

RESUME SCENE

As MacLeod repeats George's sentence out loud...

MACLEOD

Good men... and temptation.

Alex looks to him.

ALEX

What are you talking about?

MACLEOD

(light bulb)
A story of a good man tempted...

Crossing to the bookcase, he runs his finger along the titles,
searching... scanning...

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Great tragedies of good men and
temptation... that's what George
said.

ALEX

(getting it)
Or a good doctor...

MACLEOD

Tempted by the Devil...

MACLEOD/ALEX

"Faust!"

(CONTINUED)

334 CONTINUED: (2)

334

MacLeod opens a book, rifles the pages and... discovers a series of yellowed LEDGER SHEETS. MacLeod unfolds the papers.

ALEX

Oh my God!

MAX

(afraid to believe)

Don't tease an old man.

They examine the ledgers against Max's list of names.

MACLEOD

The secret account numbers, and the names... they match.

Something else falls out of the book, drifts to the floor. MacLeod bends to pick it up. A piece of paper with handwriting on it.

ALEX

What is it?

MACLEOD

It seems to be a...
(scanning paper)
Confession.

Alex hurries over.

ALEX

From George Thomas?

MACLEOD

(nods)
Names, dates... the whole money trail.

MAX

At last.

MACLEOD

You should be able to trace everything, Max. All the money.

ALEX

(grins)
You did good, MacLeod.

MacLeod nods his thanks, looks to see

MAX

overcome with emotion. Tears spring to his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

334 CONTINUED: (3)

334

MAX (CONT'D)

For years I hated myself for being
alive. Why was I spared? Why should
I survive when so many better people
perished?

He looks up at MacLeod... grateful, humbled, redeemed.

MAX (CONT'D)

Now I know.

(reverently)

All those left behind. All those
poor souls, finally put to rest.

MacLeod fingers the confession.

MACLEOD

All those souls... and maybe one
more.

And OFF MacLeod's thoughtful gaze, we --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

335 EXT. PARK - GRASSY AREA - DAY

335

MacLeod and Alex move through the park together. MacLeod is distant, his mind clearly somewhere else.

ALEX

Where are you, Duncan?

MACLEOD

Remembering George.

(beat)

The man I knew was generous and kind, but history will remember him in a different way now.

ALEX

I'm sorry for you he died.

(beat)

I wonder what it was like for him. Knowing what he'd done for all those years. Knowing that he built his life on the graves of so many people.

(beat)

How could he sleep? How could he live?

MACLEOD

The same way we do.

ALEX

What do you mean?

MACLEOD

How many people have died because of us? How many widows have we made?

ALEX

It's different.

MACLEOD

Is it? Was every fight you had justified? Or, as you look back, does it just seem that way?

ALEX

If I've killed unnecessarily, it didn't seem so at the time.

(CONTINUED)

335 CONTINUED:

335

MACLEOD

We rewrite our own history all the time. We have to. So that when we look in the mirror we can live with what we see. We rationalize our cruelty. I'm sure George did the same. Maybe that's why he became the man I knew.

ALEX

And who was that?

MACLEOD

The hospital two blocks from here is named after him. The library has a new wing. Thousands of lives are better because of him.

ALEX

Don't make him a saint, MacLeod. The man was a thief. Whatever he did was out of guilt, not compassion.
(beat)
If he was such a noble creature, why didn't he give the money back years ago?

MACLEOD

He probably couldn't face where the money came from, until you made him.

ALEX

And his own grandson killed him because of that.

MACLEOD

What goes around comes around.

ALEX

Or, my... friend, David, used to say,
A mensch tracts und gut lachts

MACLEOD

"A man strives and God laughs."

They share a look.

336 EXT. PARK - DAY

336

MacLeod and Alex stand at the edge of the Petanque field. The target ball is in place. MacLeod tosses.

HIS BALL

strikes Alex's ball, knocks it out of the running.

(CONTINUED)

336 CONTINUED:

336

MACLEOD

Your old friend from Warsaw...
He'd be proud of you.

She smiles her gratitude, her eyes drifting off to the past...

ALEX

David. Fifty years ago. A heartbeat
for you and me. I hope he's watching
all this from somewhere.

She picks up a ball, tosses.

HER BALL

knocks MacLeod's out.

MACLEOD

reacts. Good shot.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

When we met that first day in the
forest. The man you beheaded... ?

Alex looks at him levelly.

ALEX

(beat)
He killed someone. Someone I...
loved very much.

MacLeod's been there. He gently acknowledges her loss.

MACLEOD

I'm sorry.

ALEX

Thanks.

MacLeod tosses.

HIS BALL

lands close to hers, but misses.

Alex tosses.

HER BALL

knocks his out, rolls right up next to the target ball.

MACLEOD

(skeptical)
You said you never played before.

(CONTINUED)

336 CONTINUED: (2)

336

She merely shrugs, smiling innocently.

ALEX
Beginner's luck.

MacLeod smirks, obviously not buying it, but he lets it go.

MACLEOD
You hungry?

ALEX
Already made plans.

MacLeod waits, but no other information is forthcoming. He sucks it in.

MACLEOD
(ventures)
Some other time?

She reaches up, kisses him lightly on the cheek.

ALEX
Some other time.

She turns and heads off across the park. MacLeod stands alone, watches as she walks through the trees, disappearing into the late afternoon.

FADE OUT.

THE END