



HIGHLANDER

The Series

#97605
PATIENT NUMBER 7

Written by
David Tynan

Highlander

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Production #97605

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Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

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CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD
KYRA

MILOS VLADIC (PLEASE NOTE: MILOS RADOVIC HAS BEEN CHANGED TO
MILOS VLADIC)
ZEP
LAZLO

RICHARD
GASTON

JOCKO

VENDOR
LITTLE GIRL (7)

BUSINESSMAN

GUARD

TOVIC (NON-SPEAKING STUNT)
DUPIN (NON-SPEAKING STUNT)

HIGHLANDER

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

RADOVIC'S PLACE
KYRA'S APARTMENT

TAVERN - FRANCE - 1640
/ATTIC ROOM - FRANCE - 1640
STATE HOSPITAL
/HALLWAY
/ROOM NUMBER 7

WAREHOUSE
LUMITON POWER STATION

EXTERIORS

BARGE

COUNTRY SIDE
/CULVERT
HOUSE - BACK YARD

CITY STREET
/VENDOR'S KIOSK
/AROUND CORNER
/OUTSIDE KYRA'S APARTMENT
ALLEYWAY BEHIND KYRA'S APARTMENT

LUMITON POWER STATION
/ROOF

STATE HOSPITAL - SUBURBS (ESTABLISHING)
RADOVIC'S PLACE (ESTABLISHING)

HIGHLANDER

"Patient Number 7"

TEASER

FADE IN:

501 EXT. STATE HOSPITAL - SUBURBS - EVENING - ESTABLISHING 501

A large grey edifice. Stone columns, a heavily ornate facade -- a century ago what might have been imposing, even grand, is now just another underfunded government building going to seed.

502 INT. HALLWAY - STATE HOSPITAL - EVENING 502

TRACKING a long corridor whose dingy walls have seen better days, a black male orderly rolls a cart bearing syringes, cups of medication. JOCKO'S ears are plugged into a WALKMAN, his head bobbing to the near-silent Reggae beat, as he heads for --

THE NURSE'S STATION

where a bored GUARD slouches in a chair, reading a newspaper. Jocko calls out in a musical Island accent --

JOCKO

Feedin' time, Henri.

(indicates tray)

I got red pills, yellow pills, big blue ones... the works.

GUARD

So who gets the happy meal?

JOCKO

Number Seven.

The Guard looks at him doubtfully.

GUARD

The chick with amnesia? What makes you think she won't bite you again, Romeo?

JOCKO

Because, fool, she has amnesia. She probably don't remember.

He continues pushing his cart towards --

503 INT. ROOM NUMBER SEVEN - STATE HOSPITAL - EVENING

503

The isolation room. Cold, clinically white, stripped of anything that might be dangerous to visitors or to its lone occupant. Below the heavily barred window, on the solitary bed --

A young FEMALE PATIENT sits, her hands held out before her. She is silently counting her fingers, touching thumb to index, then to middle finger, repeating it over and over in a mechanical, endless rosary.

Under the tangle of hair spilling over her face, her glazed eyes have a blank, damaged look, staring at nothing, registering nothing. Zero.

The broken doll's name is KYRA. Mid-20s, she'd be stunning in an evening dress. Even here, under this thin hospital gown, we can see she's lithe and pretty. Two CLOTH RESTRAINTS tie her bare ankles to the bed.

She continues counting, not reacting as the door unlocks --

JOCKO enters carrying the drugs on a metal tray. He shuts the door, watches her warily for a moment.

JOCKO

Evenin', Number Seven. You gonna act up on me again?

No reaction. He moves closer, waves a cautious hand before her face -- but the blank eyes register nothing.

JOCKO (CONT'D)

Nobody home. Hell girl, you don't even know where you are.

His eyes rove greedily over her body in the thin shift. He glances back at the door, then sets the tray on the bed and sits beside her, puts a hand on her bare ankle.

JOCKO (CONT'D)

You promise not to fuss, maybe I take these off for a while. What d'you say?

No reaction. Just the endless counting.

JOCKO (CONT'D)

Guess that's a 'yes.'

He grins and starts to untie the restraints.

504 INT. HALLWAY - STATE HOSPITAL - SAME TIME 504

CLOSE - TWO PAIRS OF BOOTS

moving down the hall with hard, heavy efficiency. Hand-tooled cowboy boots on one, combat boots on the other. An ominous house-call.

505 INT. ROOM NUMBER SEVEN - STATE HOSPITAL - SAME TIME 505

The restraints are off. Jocko places a cautious hand on Kyra's leg, but she seems unaware of his existence.

JOCKO

Good. You just relax now, let Jocko help you remember. Jocko is gonna take care of everything.

As he starts to stroke her leg --

506 INT. HALLWAY - STATE HOSPITAL - SAME TIME 506

As the BOOTS aim towards the Nurses Station, PAN UP to the owners: young, hard-faced Eastern-Eurotrash. ZEP is in ponytail and cowboy heels, LAZLO the buzzcut and oversize combats. Neither one looks like they give a rat's ass.

As they near the STATION and the bored GUARD there --

GUARD

Help you?

Without slowing Zep raises a SILENCED GUN that spits twice through the paper. The Guard jerks with the hits and tumbles to the hall floor. In the same motion, Lazlo snags a PATIENT CHART from the station like he's grabbing a morning paper.

ZEP

Not today.

They continue their relentless clip towards --

507 INT. ROOM NUMBER SEVEN - STATE HOSPITAL - SAME TIME 507

Jocko slides a hand further up Kyra's unresponsive thigh, keeping a wary eye on her face.

JOCKO

You like that, don't you?

At the sound of the DOOR opening, he jumps up in a panic --

JOCKO (CONT'D)

I didn't do nothing --

(CONTINUED)

507 CONTINUED:

507

THWAP-THWAP. Two SILENCED BULLETS cut off any excuse he was about to fabricate. He flops back on the bed without a sound, landing almost on Kyra's feet.

ON KYRA

as her gaze fixes on Jocko's body before her. She STOPS counting. In her eyes now -- a faint glimmer of awareness.

Zep and Lazlo move closer. A wicked LOCK-KNIFE appears in Lazlo's hand, but Kyra's bizarre state has him puzzled.

LAZLO

There's something wrong with her.

ZEP

You care?

LAZLO

She's not moving.

ZEP

So much the better.

As he lifts his gun to check the clip

ON KYRA

as she sees the gun now, focuses on it. There's a spark of recognition behind her eyes, and we see --

QUICK FLASH - KYRA'S POV - ANOTHER GUN

as it FIRES in slow-motion.

RESUME KYRA

as somewhere deep in her brain a switch is thrown, dormant synapses are triggered into life -- and sudden fear blooms in her eyes.

Zep racks the gun and calmly aims at her head. One easy shot. As he squeezes the trigger --

Electricity floods Kyra's body -- she explodes into sudden motion, ROLLS from the bed -- and the SLUGS tear into the mattress.

ZEP

Son of a bitch...

He swings the gun to track her -- but instead of running she lunges STRAIGHT INTO him, shoves the gun up, and jams a knee into his crotch. As Zep crumples --

(CONTINUED)

507 CONTINUED: (2)

507

Lazlo moves in with the knife. Kyra keeps moving, grabs the METAL TRAY from the bed and spins around, slashing it across his face.

Lazlo staggers back, blinded, holding his smashed nose.

Kyra stands frozen for a BEAT. She has no idea what she did, or how she did it... but the two men are getting to their feet, and she knows she has to run. She drops the tray and races out the door into --

508 INT. HALLWAY - STATE HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

508

And almost steps on the dead Guard. Confused, terrified, she races down the corridor, pushes through the hospital doors and out into the night.

Behind her, Zep and Lazlo burst furiously into the corridor -- but she's gone. They run after her.

509 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

509

SEARCHLIGHTS arc over the landscape as POLICE CARS comb the streets. FOLLOW ONE CAR as it passes over a small culvert. We PAN DOWN to find --

Kyra, cowering in the culvert, shaking uncontrollably in her thin gown. It's not just the cold, the water drizzling over her hair and shoulders -- her shattered mind has no idea who she is, or why this is happening to her.

And OFF her fear --

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

510 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - CULVERT - MORNING

510

Kyra lies in the culvert, huddled in an exhausted sleep.

As she lies there -- A THIN BRANCH traces lightly along her arm. Getting no reaction, it prods harder, until...

Kyra wakes with a sudden rush of fear. Instantly her back is braced against the culvert, wild-eyed as she faces --

A LITTLE GIRL

a wide-eyed 7-year-old in a light summer dress. The little girl drops her stick in surprise and steps back, gripping her CLOTH DOLL tightly in her arms.

Like an uncoiling spring, Kyra relaxes.

KYRA

It's okay, I just... I was sleeping.

The girl looks doubtful. The culvert?

LITTLE GIRL

Do you live here?

KYRA

No.

(a wry smile)

It's not very comfortable.

The girl moves closer, examining Kyra with the unselfconscious scrutiny of a curious child.

LITTLE GIRL

What's your name?

Kyra searches her mind -- but nothing comes to her. No sound, no picture -- only white noise and empty space.

KYRA

I don't know.

LITTLE GIRL

How come you don't know your name?
Everybody knows their name.

Kyra shrugs.

KYRA

Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

510 CONTINUED:

510

LITTLE GIRL
(with concern)
Are you sick?

Kyra looks at her hospital garb.

KYRA
Maybe I am.

Then, in the distance,

POLICE SIRENS.

Instantly Kyra tenses. She rises and climbs toward the road, scanning her surroundings to see --

KYRA'S POV - SEVERAL HOUSES

off in the distance.

BACK TO SCENE

The girl approaches, watching her solemnly, her child's antennae picking up Kyra's tension.

LITTLE GIRL
(as a pronouncement)
Then you should go home.

Kyra sees the child's solemn concern, and for the first time since we've seen her -- Kyra smiles.

KYRA
Maybe I should.

She turns and starts toward the buildings. The child watches her go.

510A EXT. HOUSES NEAR CULVERT - DAY

510A

A POLICE CAR cruises near by. It passes

KYRA

who hides unseen in a doorway. She moves out from the doorway and turns, narrowly missing

A POLICEMAN

on foot, searching the area.

KYRA

runs to cover. The policeman walks by.

511 EXT. HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY 511

A LAUNDRY LINE

strung with items of clothing. As we watch, a man's SHIRT is pulled off, then a pair of JEANS...

Kyra is stealing them. She pulls off a pair of running shoes -- wrong size -- tosses them aside. As she moves to a smaller pair --

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey! Hey you!

ANGLE - THE HOUSE

in a window above, a MAN bangs furiously on the glass.

Kyra grabs another pair of shoes, shoves the clothes under her arm and runs for it.

512 EXT. RADOVIC'S PLACE - DAY 512

A secluded COURTYARD before a large single apartment. Parked there, two sinister black Euro-speedsters attest to the considerable cash flow of the resident.

RADOVIC (O.S.)

The eyes. My biggest problem.
Always the eyes.

513 INT. RADOVIC'S PLACE - DAY 513

CLOSE - A LYNX

its teeth bared in a savage snarl, it seems alive, ready to spring -- except that where the eyes used to reside, there are now two EMPTY BLACK HOLES.

RADOVIC (O.S.)

The claws are not so difficult.
You see? Or even the teeth...

WIDER -- we see the cat stands on a table, in the final stage of being mounted. Nearby, an array of TAXIDERMIST'S TOOLS: cutting instruments, bottles -- a VELVET TRAY with a selection of GLASS EYES arrayed like gems.

Standing over them --

MILOS RADOVIC, Immortal, General of the Bosnian Army and veteran of the ethnic cleansing wars. His accent is clipped, his anger icily contained, a pathological kind of cold-fusion that can reach critical mass without warning.

(CONTINUED)

513 CONTINUED:

513

He waves at the menagerie of ANIMAL HEADS mounted on the walls and standing in the room.

RADOVIC (CONT'D)

These things only show the anger.

The rage. Easy stuff, really.

(beat)

But the eyes, that is different...

He turns to the tray, selects TWO GLASS EYES from it.

RADOVIC

... the eyes are always the hardest.

He turns to face --

ZEP AND LAZLO

Lazlo sporting an angry welt from the metal tray. They tense as Radovic approaches, holding the glass eyes before them like a professor lecturing his students.

RADOVIC

And do you know why? Zep? No?

Perhaps you, Lazlo... ?

No help there either.

RADOVIC (CONT'D)

Because the eyes alone show intelligence...

His hand closes tightly, and we hear the CRUNCH of breaking glass as the orbs SHATTER in his grip.

RADOVIC (CONT'D)

Something you wouldn't know about!

He flings the shattered fragments to the floor.

RADOVIC (CONT'D)

The order was simple, yes? The objective clear. Medicated, lying in a hospital bed, a goddamn GIRL is all -- you can't even kill her and bring her to me?

ZEP

But General, she ran...

RADOVIC

Oh my! Really? You expect her to stand and wait for a bullet like those miserable peasants in Garadjna?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

513 CONTINUED: (2)

513

RADOVIC (CONT'D)

(disgusted)

You are supposed to be soldiers. If we were still in the field I would have you buried in a lime pit... and I would not waste a bullet first.

ZEP

Sir, I don't think...

He flinches as Radovic's hand flashes up -- and STOPS a millimeter short of striking him.

RADOVIC

Exactly. You follow orders.

(calming)

I want this girl dead, and I want you to bring me her body. Start using your eyes to find her...

He plucks a curved SCALPEL from the array of tools, holds it dangerously close to Zep's eyeball.

RADOVIC (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Or maybe I decide you don't need them any more.

Zep nods, a line of sweat appearing on his lip. He takes a breath, decides to risk Radovic's anger.

ZEP

General Vladic, sir... there was something wrong with her.

RADOVIC

Yes. She's still alive.

ZEP

No, more.

(beat)

I don't think she was just hiding there. I don't think she knew us.

RADOVIC

Don't be stupid. How could she not know you?

Lazlo pulls Kyra's PATIENT CHART from his jacket and holds it out. Radovic takes it and scans it, puzzled -- then breaks into a slow smile.

RADOVIC (CONT'D)

Most interesting, yes? It seems our little problem has amnesia.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

513 CONTINUED: (3)

513

RADOVIC (CONT'D)

She has no idea who she is.

(beat)

Smile, Zep. It makes your job that much easier.

ZEP

How?

RADOVIC

Because without her memory, she will be forced to rely on instinct. Like an animal.

He turns to the lynx and strokes it.

RADOVIC (CONT'D)

You ever hunt a big cat? Of course not. Until I turned you into soldiers, you couldn't flush a toilet.

(beat)

A wounded animal is confused.

Frightened. It goes to ground, to some place it feels safe, somewhere familiar. She is wounded. And she will go to ground...

He turns and drives the scalpel into a PARIS MAP hanging on the wall.

RADOVIC (CONT'D)

Here.

And PUSH INTO the map as we go to --

514 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

514

A beat-up car driven by an ELDERLY MAN pulls to the curb and Kyra climbs out. She's wearing the stolen jeans, a little tight, a man's blousy shirt tied to fit. Not exactly elegant, but sexy.

KYRA

Thanks for the ride.

DRIVER (O.S.)

(from car)

Miss? Are you sure this is where you want to go?

Kyra looks at the city around her. There's a powerful, disturbing feeling that she SHOULD remember -- but nothing looks familiar.

(CONTINUED)

514 CONTINUED:

514

KYRA

No.

And she starts walking down the street. The Driver shrugs and pulls into the traffic.

515 EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

515

Kyra wanders aimlessly, looking for something, anything, she might recognize. As she passes a row of buildings with elegant stone facades, a few feet away from her --

A NONDESCRIPT BUSINESSMAN getting from a car.

She watches as he turns to his car and lays his BRIEFCASE on the front hood. As he starts to unsnap the latches --

ON KYRA

as she reacts, seeing in her mind --

KYRA'S FLASH - TIGHT - ANOTHER BRIEFCASE

Black, businesslike. The lid lifts -- and we see it contains a wicked-looking AUTOMATIC. A BLACK-GLOVED HAND grasps the gun, starts to take it out --

RESUME THE BUSINESSMAN

lifting the lid, sliding his own hand into the case. Panic floods Kyra's body.

KYRA

No... no don't!

As the man turns at her voice, she lunges, knocking the briefcase from the car, grabbing his wrist and slamming it tight against the car roof.

ON THE BRIEFCASE

as it strikes the pavement and bursts open, scattering a sheaf of BUSINESS PAPERS across the street.

Kyra sees the papers, then looks at the Businessman --

He's holding not a gun, but an ordinary CELL PHONE. She releases his arm, backing off in confusion.

BUSINESSMAN

Are you crazy or something!

Furious, he bends to retrieve his scattered papers. She kneels to help him, but he angrily snatches them from her.

(CONTINUED)

515 CONTINUED:

515

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

Get the hell away from me!

KYRA

I'm sorry. I'm sorry, I thought...

But what did she think? It's not making sense, even to her. She trails off in confusion, then turns and runs blindly away. As she does, she passes by --

An elegant apartment with an unusual STATUE near the entrance.

516 EXT. CITY STREET - VENDOR'S KIOSK - LATER

516

Kyra passes a small STREET KIOSK. Inside, the Algerian VENDOR waves an ARABIC NEWSPAPER as he gabs into a cell-phone.

VENDOR

(on cell, in Arabic)

Naam. Naam... In sha'allah.

Behind him on the racks, a cross-section of NEWSPAPERS AND JOURNALS from around the world -- but it is the Vendor's own paper that catches Kyra's eye.

She steps closer to the Kiosk, stares curiously at the Arabic script. The Vendor notices her.

VENDOR (CONT'D)

(into cell, in Arabic)

E'n eya am'chi-el'ness

haji. (Translation:

I have to go. A

customer...)

KYRA

(in Arabic, distracted)

Safi, r'lass-jibli el rhout.

(Translation: That's okay. I just want to know what day it is.)

(reads, then in English)

It's Wednesday.

VENDOR

(surprised)

You speak Arabic?

KYRA

(thrown)

I... I guess I do.

VENDOR

You guess? You don't know if you speak Arabic or not?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

516 CONTINUED:

516

VENDOR (CONT'D)

(another whacko)

Go on. You buy something or you get
lost.

Kyra looks at the CANDY BARS on the counter, suddenly feels
famished. She hasn't eaten in days.

KYRA

A paper.

(improvising)

The Times... that one.

As the Vendor turns to the racks to get it -- Kyra grabs
handfuls of CANDY BARS, quickly starts to stuff them into
her pockets, down her blouse, just as --

THE VENDOR turns back, slaps the paper on the counter.

VENDOR

Well?

KYRA

I, uh... changed my mind. I won't
take it after all.

(an awkward shrug)

No money.

The Vendor looks at her suspiciously -- NOW what? -- then
his eyes fall on the newspaper lying between them --

CLOSE - THE NEWSPAPER

a grainy photo of KYRA'S FACE from the hospital: wild hair,
unsettling eyes -- she looks different now, but close enough
to recognize. Below it, the headline "WOMAN SOUGHT IN
HOSPITAL KILLINGS."

A BEAT. The Vendor and Kyra look at each other. He draws
out his cell phone and quickly punches buttons.

KYRA (CONT'D)

You're calling the police... ?

VENDOR

No, no, only my brother... moment
please...

KYRA

Don't call them. Please, don't do
that...

VENDOR

Is nothing, I swear...

(CONTINUED)

516 CONTINUED: (2)

516

But he keeps trying to dial. Panic galvanizes Kyra into action. She leans back and DRIVES A HEEL into the base of the kiosk -- there's a loud CRACK and suddenly the kiosk is leaning precariously.

VENDOR (CONT'D)
(tottering)
Stop! She's crazy!

She drives ANOTHER HEEL into the kiosk -- and with a loud CRASH it TOPPLES OVER.

She turns and darts into the crowd, pushing people aside.

ON THE FALLEN KIOSK

as a few curious ONLOOKERS crowd around it --

VENDOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Police... POLICE!

517 EXT. CITY STREET - AROUND CORNER - SAME TIME

517

MacLeod is walking down the sidewalk, a folded newspaper under his arm. As he approaches a corner --

THE BUZZ: another Immortal somewhere close by. Wary now, he starts to move toward the corner as --

518 EXT. CITY STREET - SAME TIME

518

Kyra heads for the SAME CORNER, ripping open a candy bar and stuffing it into her mouth... she gets THE BUZZ.

And stops in confusion. She has no idea what this feeling is, or where it's coming from -- but something tells her it's a bad thing. Feeling panic set in, she moves to the corner, hurrying, and rounds it just as --

MACLEOD

approaches from the other direction. They come face to face, MacLeod's hand going reflexively into his jacket --

Kyra freezes.

MacLeod stares at her a BEAT, then with a flash of recognition

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
Kyra... ?

She steps back fearfully, eyes searching for some escape route -- she has no idea who this man is.

(CONTINUED)

518 CONTINUED:

518

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

It's me... MacLeod.

He moves toward her, and she suddenly screams in alarm and points wildly --

KYRA

BEHIND YOU!

MacLeod spins around to confront the danger --

There's NOTHING there. The instant his back is turned --

Kyra BOLTS, ducks back around the corner.

MacLeod turns back, sees her gone. Wondering what the hell is going on, he goes after her.

519 EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

519

MacLeod rounds the corner. No sign of Kyra -- but ahead of him is a WAREHOUSE with an open entranceway. He enters.

520 INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

520

A dark space. Deep shadows, columns, crates obscuring any hiding body. MacLeod moves ahead, calls out to her.

MACLEOD

Kyra, what are you doing?

No answer. He moves forward, following the general direction of the BUZZ. As he passes a column --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

What's wrong? What's going on? At least come out and talk about it.

Suddenly a METAL PIPE swings from the darkness and slams into his stomach. As he doubles over --

Kyra comes from behind the column wielding the pipe, panic in her eyes, driving her.

MacLeod tries to straighten up --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Dammit, what are you doing...!

She SWINGS AGAIN. MacLeod brings up his arms to block the blow. He staggers back. She drops the pipe and starts to run --

MacLeod leaps after her and brings her down. Before she can rise, he rolls on top of her, tries to hold her arms.

(CONTINUED)

520 CONTINUED:

520

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

What was that for?!

In answer she tries to drive an elbow into his throat.
MacLeod grabs her and they tussle across the floor.

Kyra fights like a wildcat, using knees, elbows, everything.
It's all MacLeod can do to keep from being injured. Finally --

He manages to pin both her hands back, raise a fist ready to
drive into her.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I don't want to hurt you.

And she stops struggling, watches him with wild eyes, both
of them breathing hard.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

What's going on, Kyra?

KYRA

(guarded)

You know me?

MacLeod stares at her.

MACLEOD

We were friends!

KYRA

Friends?

(wary)

Then why'd you chase me?

MacLeod looks into her eyes, sees now that her fear and
confusion are genuine. Something very wrong here.

MACLEOD

Because you ran.

He releases her -- very cautiously -- and sits back to look
at her as he gingerly rubs his aching gut.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Yes. We are friends...

(beat)

At least I thought we were. What
happened to you?

She struggles to find the words, the memories that should be
there -- but nothing comes. Blank.

KYRA

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

520 CONTINUED: (2)

520

And then from outside the warehouse --

THE SOUND OF POLICE SIRENS

as cars squeal to a halt. Doors slam. Men and voices.

MacLeod and Kyra are both on their feet.

MACLEOD

What did you do?

She shakes her head helplessly.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

They're not after me, damn it, now
what did you do!

KYRA

I don't know! Don't you understand?!
I don't know!

MORE SIRENS sound outside.

MACLEOD

We'll talk about this later.

He grabs her hand to leave -- but she jerks away, fear and mistrust in her eyes.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(points, indicating
the sirens)

Them or me. Your choice...

(beat)

But you better make it fast.

He holds his hand out to her.

Kyra hesitates. She doesn't trust him, but she has little choice. She grabs his hand, and they run for the rear of the warehouse.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

521 EXT. QUAI - DAY

521

MacLeod And Kyra ate walking toward the barge.

KYRA

Kyra.
(then again)
Kyra...

She gives him a blank shrug.

KYRA (CONT'D)

There, you happy? It doesn't mean a thing.

MACLEOD

It's your name.

KYRA

Right. So you keep telling me.

MacLeod takes the folded NEWSPAPER from under his arm.

MACLEOD

According to this you were found two weeks ago, wandering in a field. Your clothes were torn, and you were covered with blood. No I.D. You couldn't talk...
(a look)
Or you wouldn't. Ring a bell?

She shakes her head. Nothing.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Okay, what DO you remember?
(off her look)
Try. Please.

She frowns, trying to force the images into focus.

FLASH - KYRA'S MEMORY

of the ISOLATION ROOM she was held in. It is DISTORTED, the WHITE OVERWHELMING everything.

KYRA

A room. A white room.
(closing her eyes)
There was a smell. Chemicals.

(CONTINUED)

521 CONTINUED:

521

MACLEOD

The hospital.

(beat)

Keep trying...

She does, closes her eyes and --

FLASH - KYRA'S MEMORY - A GUN

swinging toward her. (NOTE: we see ONLY THE GUN)

ANOTHER FLASH - KYRA'S MEMORY - THE DEAD ORDERLY

Lying on the bed. The image distorted, dreamlike, horrible.

RESUME KYRA

as her eyes spring open with a jolt. She's shaken.

MACLEOD

What is it?

KYRA

There was a gun. And a body... a
dead body.

She looks at MacLeod fearfully,.

KYRA (CONT'D)

What does it mean?

MACLEOD

(quiet)

You tell me.

KYRA

I can't! Don't you get it? I'm
trying but there's nothing there!

(beat)

Forget it. Just forget it...

She moves away angrily.

MACLEOD

You want to run, fine... but where
are you going to go? You have no
money, no I.D... you don't even know
who you are.

KYRA

I don't know who the hell you are
either.

(beat)

Give me one reason I should trust
you.

(CONTINUED)

521 CONTINUED: (2)

521

MACLEOD

(quiet)

Because there's nobody else.

She looks at him a LONG BEAT -- she knows it's true, there's no choice.

522 EXT. BARGE - LATE AFTERNOON

522

On a table, two EMPTY PLATES with remnants of a large meal. Hovering over a third plate, Kyra grips a cooked chicken, tearing into it like Henry VIII.

MacLeod is uncorking a bottle of wine, watching incredulously at she devours everything in her path.

MACLEOD

I take it you liked the chicken.

She shrugs, makes a non-committal noise, tearing off a chunk of chicken.

He places the two glasses out and pours. He's barely finished when she takes hers and thirstily gulps it down. She finishes hers, picks up his.

KYRA

You mind?

Without waiting for a reply, she drains half MacLeod's glass before setting it down and pushing back from the table.

KYRA (CONT'D)

God, that hits the spot.

MACLEOD

I should hope so.

Her eyes fall on an antique GLAZED CUP on the table, engraved with oriental characters. She picks it up.

KYRA

Tenth Century Moorish. Umayyad period... Nice piece.

MACLEOD

Yes it is...

(beat)

But how did you know?

That stops her.

KYRA

I don't know. I just... do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

522 CONTINUED:

522

KYRA (CONT'D)

(confused)

How could I know something like that?

She stands, feeling a rush of discovery, of possibilities.

KYRA (CONT'D)

Maybe I'm a history professor. Or
an antiques dealer... you know,
someone in the arts, or museums...

MACLEOD

Maybe... but you're not.

KYRA

Right. The Immortal thing.

She puts down the cup.

KYRA (CONT'D)

So my name is Kyra, and you and I
knew each other -- what was it?
Correct me if I'm wrong here... 400
years ago?

She gives him a pitying look.

MACLEOD

You're right.

(beat)

It was a little over three hundred
and fifty, actually.

He picks up the cup. PUSH IN on it, as we --

TRANSITION TO:

523 INT. TAVERN - FRANCE - 1640 - NIGHT

523

ANOTHER CUP -- this one a flagon of WINE set on a rough wooden
table. MACLEOD lifts it to his face and takes a long drink,
then turns to his meal. On the table beside him: his plumed
hat and his sabre. He's seated in the corner of a small,
smoky tavern.At the crude bar, the INNKEEP is serving two rough men dressed
in the livery of Cardinal Richelieu: GASTON and DUPIN.

MacLeod gets the BUZZ. He turns to face --

THE TAVERN DOOR

as it slams open with a gust of wind. A TRAVELER blows in
from the night, clad in an oilskin cloak and cavalier's boots,
a floppy hat obscuring his face.

(CONTINUED)

523 CONTINUED:

523

He bends over, brushing rain and mud from his breeches -- then STOPS as he feels MacLeod's presence.

The traveler slowly straightens, removes the hat and shakes his head as he does. A cascade of hair tumbles around an unmistakably female face -- the newcomer is KYRA.

She eyes MacLeod warily as she tosses her cloak over a chair -- underneath we see she's dressed like a Musketeer, in the King's loyal colors.

MacLeod flashes her his most charming smile, but she ignores it, focussing on the two CARDINAL'S MEN at the bar. Instead of being put off, she bellies right up to it.

KYRA

Wine, Innkeep. And leave the bottle.

As the Innkeep moves to serve her, the Cardinal's men lean back on the bar, eyeing her.

GASTON

Look Dupin, it's one of the Queen's loyal helpers. She'll be flat on her ass before the night's through.

(leering)

Or flat on her back.

Kyra smiles grimly, almost with satisfaction. She places her glass on the bar, and as she turns to respond --

MACLEOD

is on his feet.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Gentlemen! I think you should take more care how you address a lady.

Kyra cuts him off with a sharp look.

KYRA

These are no gentlemen... and the lady can look after herself.

He sits down again, rebuffed.

MACLEOD

Have it your way.

Gaston leans closer to Kyra, toys lightly with her tunic.

(CONTINUED)

523 CONTINUED: (2)

523

GASTON

You've forgotten what it's like to be a woman. I think you need a real man to remind you.

KYRA

What men? All I see are a pair of miserable toads who work for the bastard Richelieu.

Gaston flares and puts hand to pommel.

GASTON

While your King entertains his precious slut, Cardinal Richelieu does the work of God!

KYRA

Somehow I doubt God spends so much of His time in the sewers of France.
(off Gaston's reaction,
goadng)

Tell me, is it true Richelieu has syphilis? Because that's quite an accomplishment for a eunuch. Maybe he's not a eunuch, but I hear it's...

She puts her fingers together: tiny. That does it. Gaston draws his blade -- but Kyra's is already out. It's a shorter, lighter blade than Gaston's, and she parries his thrust, fast as a cat.

MacLeod's only move is to rescue his WINE as the fight moves his way -- then replace it as they push forward.

In a few strokes, Kyra is inside Gaston's guard, disarms him, and has her blade to his throat.

KYRA (CONT'D)

What was it you called Her Majesty, Queen Anne, your sovereign monarch?

Her voice is like honeyed steel. He hesitates. She prods.

KYRA (CONT'D)

I can't hear you...

GASTON

(hating it)
A saint.

KYRA

And Cardinal Richelieu is...?
(another prod)
Come on, say it!

(CONTINUED)

523 CONTINUED: (3)

523

GASTON

(through his teeth)

A bastard.

DUPIN is behind her. He grabs a heavy wooden stool and lifts it to crush her skull --

MacLeod, still eating, grabs his sword and jabs Dupin in the arm. Dupin howls and drops the stool. The two men decide to cut their losses and stumble out the door.

KYRA

A traitorous stinking sewer rat of a bastard, and don't forget it!

She kicks the door shut after them.

MACLEOD

I take it you have no great fondness for Cardinal Richelieu.

KYRA

You're very astute. A Scotsman, I take it?

MacLeod executes a gracious bow.

MACLEOD

Duncan MacLeod of the Clan MacLeod.
And you are... ?

KYRA

About to go to bed.

She sheathes her blade and turns to the Innkeep.

KYRA (CONT'D)

Innkeep... a room for the night.

He points a hesitant finger at MacLeod, who smiles engagingly.

MACLEOD

It's already rented. But I would be pleased to share it.

(off her look)

Under strictly honorable circumstances, of course.

She gives him a look.

KYRA

Of course.

(beat)

Here. My share.

(CONTINUED)

523 CONTINUED: (4)

523

She flips him a COIN and starts towards the stairs. MacLeod looks at the Innkeep and they both shrug: go figure.

524 INT. TAVERN - ATTIC ROOM - FRANCE - 1640 - NIGHT

524

A small, rude space. Standing in the center, a SINGLE BED and it's not huge. Kyra is fuming.

KYRA

Only one bed.

MACLEOD

Aye. Then there's only one sensible course.

KYRA

You mean kill the Innkeeper?

MACLEOD

(shocked)

I meant that you should take the bed, of course.

KYRA

Why "of course?"

MACLEOD

(it's obvious)

Because you are a lady.

She rolls her eyes and moves to her side.

KYRA

I begin to see why the English beat the Scots...

(off MacLeod's look)

We'll share the bed. Under strictly honorable circumstances.

MACLEOD

Oh, most strictly. Very strictly.

They turn their backs to each other and start to undress.

As Kyra sheds layers of clothes, she also sheds a large PISTOL that was stuffed in a belt. Then a hidden DAGGER... a SECOND dagger... the woman is a walking arsenal.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

You picked a fight with those two on purpose.

He turns, surprised to see she's down to a light cotton shift. He's wearing what look like layers of flannel tights.

(CONTINUED)

524 CONTINUED:

524

KYRA

Tomorrow the Queen will pass by here... and none of the Cardinal's men will trouble her. I'm the Queen's protector.

(with pride)

I'm good at my job.

MacLeod stares at her pile of weapons.

MACLEOD

Apparently.

She slides into the bed, watches MacLeod, trying not to be obvious, as he removes some of the flannel layers.

KYRA

I've never met a Scotsman before. Tell me, are they... well armed?

Her tone just short of insinuation. MacLeod isn't sure whether or not to be mortified.

MACLEOD

Exactly how do you mean?

KYRA

(innocently)

Why their swords, of course. What did you think I meant?

MACLEOD

(relaxing)

Ah well, your French Toadstabbers are fine for some... but they're puny.

He has her attention.

KYRA

You think them small?

MACLEOD

Pffft... hardly worth your trouble. But a Scotsman's weapon, that's another matter...

(warming to the subject)

Once it gets going, there's nothing can stop it.

KYRA

(interested)

Really.

(CONTINUED)

524 CONTINUED: (2)

524

MACLEOD

Oh, aye.

(gesturing)

Two hands to hold the thing... I
doubt you could even lift it.

KYRA

(beat)

Surely you exaggerate.

MACLEOD

Not a bit. You come to Scotland,
I'll show it to you.

KYRA

(baffled)

Scotland?

MACLEOD

Well you dinna think I'd bring it
here, did you? Sure the bloody thing
wouldn't fit through the door.

KYRA

(beat, shaking herself)

You mean the sword.

MACLEOD

(baffled)

The Claymore, of course. What did
you think I meant?

He slides into his side of the bed. They both sneak a wary
look at each other, then roll to opposite sides.

As MacLeod tries to settle --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

OW!

He sits up, lifts a small DAGGER from under him.

KYRA

Oh. I wondered where that got to.

She takes it and drops it on her side. They turn away from
each other and lie there in silence, back to back, neither
one sleeping.

They lie there, eyes wide open, intensely aware of each other.
Heat, the musk of bodies lying close...

KYRA (CONT'D)

MacLeod? Can you sleep?

(CONTINUED)

524 CONTINUED: (3)

524

MACLEOD

No. You?

KYRA

No.

A BEAT -- they roll over at the same moment and look directly into each other's eyes.

KYRA (CONT'D)

Now why do you suppose that is?

MACLEOD

I have a theory. Shall I tell you?

KYRA

Is it strictly honorable?

He smiles. And shakes his head.

KYRA (CONT'D)

(beat)

Show me.

And as if a starter's pistol just fired, they roll into each other's arms. As they move passionately beneath the covers, we --

TRANSITION TO:

525 (OMITTED 60525)

525

526 EXT. BARGE - THE PRESENT - NIGHT

526

Kyra is looking at MacLeod with utter skepticism. There are few people around, the Quai is nearly deserted.

KYRA

If you expect me to believe that,
they had the wrong one in the
hospital.

(beat)

I'll take my chances alone.

She stands and starts for the gangplank.

MACLEOD

There's a birthmark on your thigh.

That stops her.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Left leg. Inside. It's shaped like
a small butterfly.

(CONTINUED)

526 CONTINUED:

526

He shrugs awkwardly. She eyes him suspiciously.

KYRA

Turn around.

ON MACLEOD as he turns around, we hear a ZIPPER going down.
A BEAT of silence, then --

KYRA (CONT'D)

Oh. Oh my God.

Another ZIP. MacLeod turns to face her. Kyra looks stunned as the implication sinks in.

KYRA (CONT'D)

Then you and me? We really...

MacLeod nods.

KYRA (CONT'D)

Were we lovers? I mean, were you
someone I...

(pleading)

Please, I have to know.

She's hoping desperately that he's the link, that she's found her life again.

MACLEOD

Once. Just that one night.

(beat)

We were friends... but I haven't
seen you in a hundred years.

It's a blow, but Kyra tries to shrug off.

KYRA

Can't have been much of a night.

MACLEOD

Oh, I wouldn't say that. I still
remember.

KYRA

Okay, so maybe you know me. But
that other stuff... don't expect me
to buy that?

MacLeod picks up two poles used to push the barge from its moorings. He lifts them up -- and tosses one at her. Caught by surprise, she barely catches it.

KYRA (CONT'D)

What's this for?

(CONTINUED)

526 CONTINUED: (2)

526

Without warning he COMES AT HER, swinging. She drops back, trying to block his blows.

KYRA (CONT'D)

Hey... stop it! What are you doing?!

He keeps at it, relentlessly driving her back -- until he HITS her shoulder -- then hits her AGAIN.

Kyra reacts. That switch is thrown inside her head. She charges back at him, cold with anger, handling the pole with the swift blows of a master.

MacLeod falls back, and he's not giving it up easily. She moves to deliver a crippling blow -- then stops, knowing what she has just done, the realization stunning her.

KYRA (CONT'D)

It's true. It's really true.

MACLEOD

All of it.

He takes the pole from her loose hand, puts both poles away.

KYRA

Then why can't I remember?

(anguished)

I had a life somewhere, friends... people that knew me, I was somebody, damn it... How could I forget my whole life?

MACLEOD

Hysterical amnesia. When the mind can't accept things, it shuts down. The good news is that it's not permanent. Your memory should come back.

Something occurs to Kyra. Frightens her.

KYRA

What if I don't want it to come back?

(off his look)

Maybe I really killed those people.

MacLeod knows she wants to hear him to deny it -- but he can't. She reads it in his eyes, and it shakes her.

KYRA (CONT'D)

I think... I need to be alone for a while.

He nods. MacLeod goes below deck.

(CONTINUED)

526 CONTINUED: (3)

526

Kyra, deeply troubled, drinks in the night air, trying to calm herself. As she does, on the Quai below --

A COUPLE passes, arm in arm, lovers out for a late stroll. As Kyra watches them, she suddenly sees --

FLASH - KYRA'S MEMORY -- A MAN'S FACE

Handsome, bearded, late 40s -- smiling with obvious love.

RESUME KYRA

the flash is gone.

KYRA

Who are you... who are you?!

She tries again...

ANOTHER FLASH - KYRA'S MEMORY

the interior of an APARTMENT -- and the SAME MAN standing in it. As he turns to look at her the image fades.

RESUME KYRA

The memories are tantalizingly, agonizingly out of reach. She digs her fists into her temples, tries to force them to come. Finally --

FLASH - KYRA'S MEMORY - AN APARTMENT

An EXTERIOR with an elegant facade. And in the entranceway the DISTINCTIVE STATUE she stumbled past before, when she ran from the man with the briefcase.

RESUME KYRA

reacting in shock. She KNOWS that statue... and she knows where she saw it last. And OFF her face, as she leaves the barge --

527 (OMITTED 60527)

527

528 INT. RADOVIC'S PLACE - NIGHT

528

Radovic examines an expensive hunting rifle -- a MANNLICHER equipped with laser sight. His manner is tightly wound. Zep and Lazlo hover unhappily as Radovic glances at them.

ZEP

We waited all day. She didn't show.

(CONTINUED)

528 CONTINUED:

528

RADOVIC

She will. It's only a matter of time. And when she does... you'll be there.

ZEP

A lot of trouble for nothing.

Radovic sights down the rifle, casually targets a BEAR'S HEAD on the wall. Then he swings, centers the crosshairs on --

ZEP. He toggles a switch -- the laser sight pops a tiny RED DOT onto Zep's crotch.

ZEP (CONT'D)

(nervous)

She has amnesia... she can't remember anything. Forget about her.

The DOT crawls up his body, to his heart. Zep watches it, frozen. Lazlo steps prudently away.

RADOVIC

Sooner or later, she will remember everything. And when she does, she will come for me.

ON ZEP as the dot rises up his body, comes to rest between his eyes. He starts to sweat.

RADOVIC (CONT'D)

... and it is always better to be the hunter than the prey. Always.

And he suddenly lowers the sight, nods at the HEADS.

RADOVIC (CONT'D)

Ask any of them.

Zep hurries to the door, Lazlo on his heels. Radovic sights down the rifle again. And OFF his look --

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

529 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE KYRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 529

The apartment with the STONE STATUE in front -- the one Kyra ran past without recognizing it. Across the street, with a good vantage point of the approach --

LOW BLACK CAR

and leaning against it -- ZEP watches the apartment. As he drags on a cigarette --

Kyra rounds a corner, heading for the apartment -- and stops as she sights Zep.

FLASH - KYRA'S MEMORY

the HOSPITAL room, Number Seven, as Zep raises the gun towards her.

Kyra freezes in panic, then ducks back around the corner. She waivers, almost runs -- then gathers up her nerves, and slips back the way she came.

530 EXT. ALLEYWAY BEHIND KYRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 530

Kyra approaches the wall. A DRAINPIPE leads to an upper window. She looks at the pipe uncertainly for a moment, stricken by doubt. Then she grits her teeth --

KYRA

No. You can do this.

She grabs the drainpipe and starts to climb.

531 INT. KYRA'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER 531

A WINDOW slides up -- and Kyra slips quietly inside. She stops and stares. She's looking at:

THE ROOM FROM HER SHATTERED MEMORY

Elegant, furnished with taste and care, a place where people have lived and loved. Lines of POLICE TAPE are strung across some areas, giving it an eerie, abandoned look.

Kyra moves hesitantly around the room, feeling like a ghost. Touching things, tracing shapes, trying to recapture the shards of her life.

Does she know this place? Is it hers? On a table: clocks, an ORIENTAL VASE.

(CONTINUED)

531 CONTINUED:

531

She PICKS UP the vase. As she holds it, her eyes fall on a WALL MIRROR, and she suddenly sees --

KYRA'S POV - THE MIRROR

Kyra and the BEARDED MAN are reflected there, dressed in formal clothes -- they're celebrating some occasion. She covers her eyes, smiling, as he approaches with something behind his back, places it in her hands -- it's the ORIENTAL VASE. She laughs in delight, and as they begin dancing together, alone in the room... The image fades.

BACK TO SCENE

She replaces the vase. Turns to glance into a bedroom, and sees --

KYRA'S POV - THE BEDROOM

HERSELF lying in bed. The MAN is bringing her coffee - breakfast in bed. She puts the coffee aside and pulls him to her, and as they start to make love -- the image is GONE.

BACK TO SCENE

She's looking at an empty bed.

She turns and sees a table. Resting on it -- a FRAMED PHOTO. She picks it up.

CLOSE - THE PHOTO

it is Kyra and the same man standing together, smiling. He has a strong face, greying hair, clear intelligent eyes. A name comes to her, unbidden...

KYRA

Richard...

There are two BULLET HOLES in the glass. She's trembling now, feeling something terrible pushing at her mind. Starting to shake uncontrollably, she traces the holes with her finger, and as she does --

WHAM! She turns, startled --

THE BALCONY DOOR

has been blown open by a gust of WIND. Around it, a line of POLICE TAPE blows, eerily framing the balcony.

From a distance, she hears a VOICE calling --

KYRA (V.O.)

Richard? It's time to go...

(CONTINUED)

531 CONTINUED: (2)

531

And as she watches, the floodgates open, the memories come rushing back, and we are in --

532 INT. KYRA'S APARTMENT - TWO WEEKS AGO - DAY

532

In the foyer, a SUITCASE stands ready to go. RICHARD ALBRIGHT drops a second suitcase beside it. Casually dressed, jeans and tweed, he is greying but handsome with a face that suggests wisdom and kindness. He looks doubtfully at the suitcases.

RICHARD

How can two people live out of those for a month?

KYRA (O.S.)

I don't know about you...

ANGLE - THE BALCONY

where KYRA stands on the railing, balancing on one leg, like a tai-chi version of Isadora Duncan.

KYRA (CONT'D)

But I wasn't planning on wearing any clothes.

(beat)

You know there's a fabulous view from up here?

RICHARD

I really wish you wouldn't do that. If you fell...

She jumps down and moves inside to Richard, puts her arms over his shoulders. It's clear they are deeply in love.

KYRA

You know I'll just bounce...

(a smile)

But I prefer the view in here anyhow.

She unbuttons his top collar button.

KYRA (CONT'D)

We'll be in the countryside, Richard. You won't be in front of an International Court any more.

(beat)

No microphones, no reporters, no threats... just us.

RICHARD

Good God. How'll we spend the time?

(CONTINUED)

532 CONTINUED:

532

KYRA

Leave the diversions to me. After six months on the bench, you earned it.

RICHARD

Six months or six years, it would have been worth it. Vladic's going to prison for the rest of his life.

A cloud passes over Kyra's face.

KYRA

He's an Immortal, Richard. It won't be forever.

(beat)

If it had been up to me...

RICHARD

You would have taken his head.

(beat)

But his crimes were against humanity, and humanity punished him.

KYRA

I know.

She kisses him.

KYRA (CONT'D)

For a month we forget it all. No courtrooms, no war criminals...

RICHARD

(reminding)

And no guns?

She lifts her arms and pirouettes before him.

KYRA

Not even a little one, I promise. The only danger will be running out of champagne...

(she kisses him)

And oysters...

(another kiss)

And Black Sea caviar...

Another kiss, more passionate. He responds. She starts to undo his shirt buttons... Richard breaks for air.

RICHARD

Ummm... weren't we leaving?

(CONTINUED)

532 CONTINUED: (2)

532

KYRA

Practice.

RICHARD

(between kisses)

The car... ?

KYRA

Always late.

(between kisses)

Which means... we have a few
moments...

RING, as the PHONE on a table near the balcony RINGS.

Reluctant groans as they break off and look at each other.

KYRA (CONT'D)

Don't move.

She moves back to pick it up the phone. As she does -- the
DOORBELL sounds.

RICHARD

Always late.

Richard gives her a "what next?" Look and starts for the
door, buttoning his shirt. As he does --

KYRA

(into phone)

Yes. Yes, he's here, but we're...

(suddenly alert)

Say that again...

(stunned)

WHEN dammit?!

Alarms are screaming in her mind. At the same instant, she
gets the BUZZ. She whips around to face --

THE ENTRANCE

as Richard is about to open the door. His hand on the knob,
he starts to pull it --

KYRA

Richard, no!

Too late, as the door opens wide to reveal --

RADOVIC

And Zep standing just behind him. Kyra watches in horror as
IN SLOW MOTION their guns swing up towards Richard --

(CONTINUED)

532 CONTINUED: (3)

532

ON KYRA

as the phone falls from her hand, and she starts toward him
IN SLOW MOTION, a horrified scream on her lips --

KYRA

NO... !

ON THE DOOR - RADOVIC AND ZEP - SLOW MOTION

As their guns fire into Richard. (NOTE: this is the image
from her amnesiac state) As Richard falls, the guns continue
their swing, targeting --

KYRA

in motion, trying desperately to reach Richard. She's HIT,
blown back spinning, her momentum carrying her out the

BALCONY DOOR.

She crashes through the glass to the railing and in a hail
of shattering glass -- topples over it into the darkness.

533 INT. KYRA'S APARTMENT - THE PRESENT - NIGHT

533

Kyra sits on the floor, hugging the photo to her chest,
overwhelmed by grief and loss. She's been sobbing like a
child, until there are no tears left.

KYRA

I should have known. I should have
been ready...

Finally she wipes the wet from her cheek. She stands, puts
the photo carefully on the desk. Her face hardens.

KYRA (CONT'D)

I'm ready now.

The lost look, the confusion -- wiped away, replaced by a
cold intensity. She's back. Turning around she sees --

HER SWORD

hanging on the wall.

This isn't what she wants right now. She strides purposefully
to an antique WOODEN COMMODORE and presses a hidden latch.
The top lifts -- she removes a heavy BRIEFCASE. She flips
it open, and inside we see --

(CONTINUED)

533 CONTINUED:

533

AN ARSENAL OF WEAPONS

the tools of her trade. A breakdown SNIPER'S RIFLE; a small WALTHER, and a big silencer-equipped AUTOMATIC, broken down -- various CARTRIDGES and several THROWING-KNIVES laid out in a tightly efficient package.

Kyra reaches for them, hand hovering over the case -- she STOPS. Is she really back? Has she lost the edge? She takes a breath, closes her eyes tight --

-- and removes the big AUTOMATIC. With precision and speed she sets up the stock, checks and inserts the clip, RACKS it loudly -- and only then opens her eyes. It took her scant seconds.

She starts to the door, passing the PHOTO there. She hesitates a moment -- then picks it up. Everything that was ripped from her. For a moment her face softens.

KYRA

Now it's my way, my love.

She replaces the photo, then strides for the door without looking back.

534 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE KYRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

534

Zep and Lazlo in the car. Lazlo slouched in the back, Zep in the driver's seat, Zep drags on a cigarette, flips the butt into the street. He's eyeing the street when --

KYRA (O.S.)

Looking for me?

Kyra leans in the window, one arm behind her back. Lazlo slides a hand down to his lap, where we see an Uzi.

KYRA (CONT'D)

Whatcha got down there? Only an Uzi?

She shows her automatic. Both men freeze.

KYRA (CONT'D)

Mine's a 44. Modified.

(beat)

It'll go right through you... probably kill your partner too.

She sees them weighing their chances.

KYRA (CONT'D)

Of course I'm only a girl. I might lose my nerve. I might even miss...

(CONTINUED)

534 CONTINUED:

534

And she LOWERS the gun from sight.

Lazlo lunges for his Uzi --

BLAM! The car fills with sparks and smoke as LAZLO slams against the far door, very dead. She fired RIGHT THROUGH the car door.

KYRA (CONT'D)

But not this time.

She turns to the frozen Zep.

KYRA (CONT'D)

(re: Lazlo)

Take that back to Vladic. Tell him
I want to see him. Go!

Zep doesn't need urging. He floors it and roars out, fishtails down the street. Kyra watches him go, her face a mask of ice.

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

535 EXT. RADOVIC'S PLACE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 535

RADOVIC (O.S.)

I wouldn't be too concerned about
it.

536 INT. RADOVIC'S PLACE - NIGHT 536

On the TAXIDERMY TABLE, the body of Lazlo is laid out.
Radovic is looking him over with detached curiosity as an
upset Zep stands nearby.

RADOVIC

You did well.

ZEP

You call this well?! Lazlo's dead.

RADOVIC

True. He's not going dancing.

He walks around Lazlo, looks at him thoughtfully.

RADOVIC (CONT'D)

If you really miss him, I could have
him mounted.

He puts his thumbs in Lazlo's mouth, pulls the lips into a
snarl, and considers the effect.

RADOVIC (CONT'D)

An improvement, I think.
(releasing the lips)
Too bad I couldn't make him smarter.

ZEP

General, she walked right up to us
and shot him! Through the door!

Radovic gives a grudging nod of approval.

RADOVIC

What the enemy least expects. A
good tactic... but this is better.

ZEP

How?

RADOVIC

Because now she will come to me.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

536 CONTINUED:

536

RADOVIC (CONT'D)

Now we fight on my terms, on my ground.

(beat)

And this time I will kill her.

He tosses a CELL PHONE to Zep.

RADOVIC (CONT'D)

Call. Tell her we meet in the Lumiton Power Station.

ZEP

What time?

RADOVIC

It doesn't matter... because we'll already be there.

He turns back to the taxidermy table, holds up a GLASS EYE next to Lazlo's, and considers the match.

537 EXT. BARGE - DAY

537

MacLeod is on deck. He gets the BUZZ and looks up --

Kyra stands on the Quai. Dressed in black pants, black top, black boots, leather bomber jacket -- this is Kyra as she used to be. The Kyra before Richard. An avenging angel.

MacLeod waits as she approaches him. He takes in the confident stance, the clothes, the hard eyes.

MACLEOD

So. You're back.

He means her -- Kyra. She nods.

He lifts the NEWSPAPER recounting the hospital killings.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

And this?

KYRA

Not me.

(beat)

His name is Vladic.

MACLEOD

Milos Vladic?

KYRA

(nods)

He called genocide "military victories."

(CONTINUED)

537 CONTINUED:

537

MACLEOD

(remembering)

After the trial, the Chief Judge was murdered. Albright...

KYRA

Richard. Richard was his name.

(beat)

Did you ever find someone truly good, MacLeod? Someone who didn't want power, or money, or glory... who was beyond temptation or corruption?

He looks at her face, reading something there.

MACLEOD

You were his bodyguard.

KYRA

That's how it started..

(pissed at herself)

I did a helluva job, didn't I?

Her face tightens. She could say a thousand things instead she looks away.

KYRA (CONT'D)

God, I loved him.

(beat)

Richard believed, MacLeod. He believed like no one I've ever known. Justice, compassion... they were his gods.

(beat)

Being together was like being inside a bright, warm light. For ten years, MacLeod. I wanted it never to stop...

(beat)

And then someone stopped it.

She holds his eyes.

KYRA (CONT'D)

You know what that feels like?

MACLEOD

Yes. I do.

And she can tell he does, that he's been there too. She nods, half turns away, before --

KYRA

If I don't come back from this. And you ever run into Vladic...

(CONTINUED)

537 CONTINUED: (2)

537

She doesn't need to finish.

MACLEOD

I'll make it a point.

She nods her gratitude. There's nothing else to say. She turns and walks down the gangplank, down the Quai.

MacLeod crosses his arms, thoughtfully, and watches her go.

538 EXT. LUMITON POWER STATION - DAY - ESTABLISHING

538

A huge, squat utilitarian building, several stories high. State-of-the-art megawatts, forty years too late. Nuclear power has made it a dinosaur.

539 EXT. LUMITON POWER STATION - ROOF - DAY

539

A broad stretch of uneven concrete with an ELEVATOR HOUSING, several large VENTILATOR SHAFTS. Zep is there, another of Radovic's men, TOVIC. Both armed with Uzis -- both pulled from the same temp pool. They spread out across the roof, patrolling the perimeter.

Tovic reacts to a slight sound, spins to face it:

TOVIC'S POV - THE EDGE OF THE ROOF

and sees nothing. He sidles toward the lip of the roof to investigate. Five feet to the edge -- still nothing.

BACK TO SCENE

Dismissing it, he turns and moves on. A BEAT LATER --

KYRA slides noiselessly over the same edge, onto the rooftop, lands on her haunches. Her sword is slung samurai style across her back. She scans the rooftop quickly, then scuttles off, keeping low.

ANGLE - AN ELEVATOR HOUSING

as Tovic passes by it, he looks down --

TOVIC'S POV - THE FLOOR

and a crumpled HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL lying there.

BACK TO SCENE

Tovic glances around to make sure Zep isn't watching, then bends and scoops it up. As he straightens --

(CONTINUED)

539 CONTINUED:

539

KYRA

drops from above, lands heavily on his shoulders, straddling him, her legs locked around his neck.

Tovic struggles, fighting for breath -- it's no good, she's like a vice. Tovic sags back against the housing, his eyes rolling up as the money drops from his hand --

ON ZEP

across the roof, he hears the THUMP of a body falling. He turns and moves cautiously toward the ELEVATOR HOUSING. As he does --

ANGLE - THE ELEVATOR HOUSING

Kyra steps from behind it.

Zep FIRES A BURST -- and Kyra flies back, falls OUT OF SIGHT behind the wall.

Zep grins -- he hit her! -- he hurries to the housing, gun at the ready. Inches cautiously towards the wall to see --

ZEP'S POV - AN ARM

as he watches, the FINGERS flex. She's not dead.

BACK TO SCENE

Zep thumbs the Uzi to full-auto, lunges around the housing, FIRING as he does --

NEW ANGLE

as Zep STOPS firing, a look of dismay on his face:

TOVIC lies there, very dead -- killed by Zep. As Zep realizes his blunder --

-- he feels COLD STEEL press into his back.

KYRA

Nice shooting.

Zep freezes. He drops the Uzi and turns carefully -- Kyra faces him, her Walther in her hand.

KYRA (CONT'D)

But then you like it when they can't run away, don't you?

ZEP

Sure. Especially judges.

(CONTINUED)

539 CONTINUED: (2)

539

Kyra's face twitches, but she doesn't shoot. Instead she kicks the Uzi well away, then takes two steps back -- and tosses her Walther to the side.

Zep stares for a BEAT, too surprised to move -- then he lunges for the gun. Wrong move. Before he gets there --

Kyra grabs his arm, wrenches it behind his back, pulling him painfully to his toes. She turns him to face the roof.

KYRA

Are you sorry?

ZEP

What?

KYRA

Are you sorry for what you've done?

Now Zep gets it: weakness. She is weak.

ZEP

Sorry is for women. Children...
Sheep.

(spits)

Sorry for nothing.

KYRA

Then I won't be either.

And she frog-marches him toward the ROOF.

ZEP

Hey...

(growing panic)

Hey, what are you doing!

He tries to twist free but can't. She picks up speed.

ZEP'S POV - THE ROOF EDGE

rushing closer.

BACK TO SCENE

Zep sees it coming but he can't do anything but SHRIEK as she propels him over the side. She watches a BRIEF BEAT --

KYRA

Sorry.

-- then turns back to her real business. Radovic.

540 INT. LUMITON POWER STATION - DAY

540

An open space: switch panels, generators, cables like pythons crossing the floor. Near a table, Radovic, polishing his sword, his MANNLICHER propped nearby.

He looks up sharply as a DISTANT SCREAM sounds from outside -- Zep, taking his final flight. Radovic grabs his walkie-talkie.

RADOVIC
(into walkie-talkie)
Zep?
(no response)
Zep!

Still no answer.

RADOVIC (CONT'D)
Tovic... report!

But all is silence. Then from the walkie-talkie

KYRA'S VOICE
(matter of fact, over
walkie-talkie)
I'm sorry... but all scumbags are
currently unavailable at this time.

Kyra... on his goddamn walkie-talkie! Radovic gets the BUZZ. He looks around the room, frustrated -- he can FEEL her but he can't see her.

RADOVIC
Where in hell are you?

Radovic scans the room, turning left and right, frantically trying to figure where she's coming from -- but the voice echoes hollowly in the big room.

KYRA'S VOICE
(walkie-talkie)
Imagine. A big General like you...
a real war hero... and they're the
best you could come up with?

Radovic feels panic edging in. He props the walkie-talkie on the table and backs away from it, sword out, hoping to take her by surprise. Kyra continues --

KYRA
(walkie-talkie)
No one's home, Vladic. You're lost.
You're alone.

(CONTINUED)

540 CONTINUED:

540

KYRA steps from behind a generator -- she's midway between him and his rifle.

KYRA (CONT'D)
(an edge of hate)
How does it feel?

Radovic sees his rifle on the table. He lunges for it but Kyra gets there first. She knocks it away.

KYRA (CONT'D)
No more guns, no more little
psychopaths to do your dirty work.
Just you and me... and this.

She draws her sword. Radovic is unimpressed.

RADOVIC
You had your chance. Your courts,
your judges... No one had the will
to stop me. The strength. Vladic
is still here.

KYRA
That was my mistake. Now I'm going
to fix it.

Radovic squares off with his sword.

RADOVIC
Big mistake was coming here. A woman
trying to do a soldier's job.

KYRA
Soldier? Is that what you call
yourself?

He goes for her. Radovic is a strong, vicious fighter -- Kyra fights with skill, grace, martial-arts moves.

They close. He grabs her sword in one hand, she has his in the other. Face to face. Radovic feels a surge of confidence. He tries to force her arm back -- his grin disappears as she HEADBUTTS him.

Radovic staggers back, the pain firing his rage. Kyra still icy calm, collected. Radovic decides to go for it.

He charges in swinging. Kyra sidesteps like a matador -- and runs him through. Radovic falls to his knees, looks up in surprise. She raises her sword.

KYRA (CONT'D)
I was a soldier for a thousand years.
You're no soldier. You're a butcher.

(CONTINUED)

540 CONTINUED: (2)

540

Her blade flashes down.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

541 EXT. BARGE - DAY

541

MacLeod is returning to his barge -- he gets the BUZZ. He draws his sword as he comes on deck, eyes searching the darkness --

It's KYRA, sitting on the bulkhead, waiting for him. She looks a little weary, drawn -- there's a sense that something is over.

KYRA

It wasn't the justice Richard believed in... but it was justice.

(beat)

It'll have to do.

MacLeod understands. Something they've both had to accept, many times over.

MACLEOD

What now? The Police still want you for questioning.

She looks out into the Paris night.

KYRA

I don't know. I'll keep on moving. Keep on looking... There's always someone who needs protection.

(beat)

You know how it is.

They look at each other a BEAT. They both know there could have been something there. Another place, another time... but not now.

MACLEOD

Kyra. If you ever need anything...

KYRA

Thanks.

She leans up, kisses him softly on the lips.

KYRA (CONT'D)

But the lady can take care of herself.

And she turns and heads down to the Quai.

MACLEOD

I remember.

(CONTINUED)

541 CONTINUED:

541

And as he watches her, a solitary figure fading into the
night, we --

FADE OUT.

THE END