



# HIGHLANDER

*The Series*

#97606  
BLACK TOWER

Written by  
Morrie Ruvinsky

# Highlander

"BLACK TOWER"

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Production #97606

August 29, 1997 Final Shooting Script

Filmline International Highlander

**HIGHLANDER**

"Black Tower"

Production #97606

**CAST LIST**

DUNCAN MACLEOD

MAREK  
MARGO

DICE  
ABEL MONTOYA  
RUBEN MONTOYA (PLEASE NOTE: CARLOS MONTOYA HAS BEEN CHANGED  
TO RUBEN MONTOYA)  
SHEMP  
BENOIT

DRUMMOND (NON-SPEAKING STUNT)

HIGHLANDER

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

BARGE

TOWER

/LOBBY  
/STAIRWELL  
/BASEMENT BOILER ROOM  
/ELEVATOR  
  
/20TH FLOOR  
  
/PENTHOUSE  
  /COMMAND POST  
  /MAREK'S OFFICE  
  /HALLWAY  
/26TH FLOOR  
  /ELEVATOR BAY  
  /LARGE JANITOR CLOSER  
  /HALLWAY  
/25TH FLOOR  
  /CUBICLES  
  /ALCOVE  
  /CORRIDOR  
  /STOCK ROOM  
  /EXECUTIVE OFFICE  
  /ANOTHER OFFICE

EXTERIORS

BARGE

LA BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONAL TOWER

WOODS - SCOTLAND - 1634  
  /HUT - SCOTLAND - 1634

HIGHLANDER

"Black Tower"

TEASER

FADE IN:

601 INT. BARGE - LATE NIGHT

601

CLOSE ON - A RAZOR-SHARP GINZU KNIFE

As it slices with incredible precision and remarkable speed, a chunk of skinned yellowtail on a cutting board. Instant sashimi.

MARGO (O.S.)

Anybody ever tell you you've got quite a way with a blade?

CAMERA WIDENS TO REVEAL

MACLEOD

as the Chef, dressed in a tux, minus the jacket. He raises one modest eyebrow.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Once or twice.

He places the fresh slices on a wood serving board already prepared with a variety of sushi rolls.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

How hungry are you?

ANGLE - MARGO

sitting opposite MacLeod. Meg Ryan playing Myrna Loy -- poised, polished, but with a hint of mischievousness around the edges and a sweet, all-too-human core. She wears MacLeod's jacket draped casually over her designer evening gown.

MARGO

Famished. Wagner always gives me an appetite.

MACLEOD

That's a new one.

MARGO

I get so bored, all I can think about is food.

(CONTINUED)

601 CONTINUED:

601

MACLEOD

(surprised)

I thought you wanted to go.

Margo takes a sip of wine, as if trying to gather her courage.

MARGO

Third date.

(looks at her watch)

Three a.m., Saturday morning. I  
guess it's truth time. I hate opera.

MACLEOD

But... they were your tickets.

MARGO

(groans)

You're really gonna pull this out of  
me, aren't you? Okay, okay.

(deep breath)

Here it is. I suppose I was just  
trying to impress you.

(beat)

Pathetic, huh?

MacLeod smiles affectionately at her.

MACLEOD

Beautiful, yes. Sexy, absolutely.  
Pathetic... not in this lifetime.

MARGO

(flattered)

And you said you didn't get out much.

MACLEOD

(shrug)

Lately, I haven't.

MARGO

(beat)

Me neither.

MacLeod carries dinner to the table, sets it down... and  
changes the subject. This is not the time to think of the  
past for MacLeod. It's time to think of the beautiful woman  
before him.

MACLEOD

(a playful inquisition)

Okay, Margo, so the day before  
yesterday, at the Louvre?

MARGO

What?

(CONTINUED)

601 CONTINUED: (2)

601

MACLEOD

The Seurat exhibit... You said he was your favorite artist.

MARGO

Oh, no I love Seurat. Really.

MacLeod nods, turns back to the table for a second, then --

MACLEOD

And what about last night? The Moliere festival at the Comedie Francaise?

MARGO

Uh oh, I think I've started something.

MACLEOD

Well, you can't blame a guy for wondering.

Margo comes up to MacLeod, touches his arm tenderly.

MARGO

Listen, Duncan. I loved the Louvre. I adored the Comedie Francaise. I shouldn't have said anything.  
(beat)  
I can't believe how out of practice I am with this dating thing.

MacLeod smiles.

MACLEOD

(mischievously)  
Well, you know what they say.

MARGO

No, what do they say?

MACLEOD

Practice makes perfect.

Margo nods, that mischievous glint back in her eye. She kisses him gently on the lips, then pulls away.

MARGO

(playfully)  
Good plan.

She reaches up and tugs his bow tie loose.

(CONTINUED)

601 CONTINUED: (3)

601

MARGO (CONT'D)

You take care of the candles, I'll  
take care of the lights, and we'll  
let nature take care of the rest.

Margo crosses to the switch near the front door. As MacLeod starts to light a few candles, she hits the lights.

A moment later, there is a KNOCK at the door.

MACLEOD

I'll get it.

MARGO

Don't be crazy. I'm right here.

Margo opens the door, looks out.

MARGO (CONT'D)

That's funny. Nobody there.

She steps outside to look around the corner -- and suddenly SCREAMS.

602 EXT. BARGE - CONTINUOUS

602

Margo is being dragged across the barge, in the grip of ABEL MONTOYA, a lithe Spaniard with a nasty scar. She struggles hard, fighting for all she's worth as he drags her from the barge, toward a limo waiting across the road.

MACLEOD

comes charging up the stairs -- and is greeted by a blow to the mid-section from a two-by-four wielded by a huge man -- JEAN PIERRE BENOIT -- who steps out of the dark.

The blow sends MacLeod sprawling, gasping for air. He's on his knees trying to shake off the blow when

BENOIT

opens fire with an Uzi. MacLeod dives out of the way.

Benoit jumps from the barge with a yelp of adrenalized triumph and races to the limo.

MARGO

is still trying to fight off Montoya, but when Benoit arrives to help, it's just too much. She is overwhelmed and shoved into the back of the car.

(CONTINUED)



602 CONTINUED:

602

MACLEOD

roars off the barge after them, just seconds behind, but already too late. The limo pulls away, but not before MacLeod gets the BUZZ coming from it.

He makes an instinctive but futile chase for a few steps, then stops and watches

THE TAIL-LIGHTS

disappear in the distance. In the ensuing silence, MacLeod hears: Click. Click. Click... He looks down to see

LITTLE TIN WIND-UP TOY

a Medieval Knight, lying on its side, its pointless legs marching in air. Click. Click. Click. He picks it up, and pissed off, crushes it in his fist.

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

603 EXT. LA BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONAL - TOWER - DAWN 603

The Towers jut up into the Paris sky.

PAN DOWN to the ground floor as

604 INT. TOWER - LOBBY - DAWN 604

MACLEOD

enters the building and pulls the crushed tin Knight from his pocket to check the trademark:

CLOSE ANGLE

crushed knight trademark: KERAM TOYS.

MacLeod looks up at the big gold letters etched into the wall in front of him. It spells out the answer: K-E-R-A-M E-N-T-E-R-P-R-I-S-E-S.

He's found the right place.

MacLeod gets the BUZZ and draws his sword.

The grand Lobby has a bank of high speed elevators and a security desk with a number of video monitors.

It's all very metallic and high-tech except for the products on display. There are display cases of action figures and wind-up toys. Hand-held video games, puzzles, game boards, video remotes and most important of all, elaborate promo posters and displays of the company's

COMPUTER VIDEO GAMES

like "Duchess of Doom" and "The Lost Empire." Most prominent of them is a larger than life-size cardboard cut-out of the PRINCE, animated star of the "Revenge of the Endless Prince."

The lobby is otherwise deserted. MacLeod walks to the center of the room warily, alert for a trap.

An elevator door opens and out steps

MAREK

one arm holding a gagged and terrified Margo, the other holding a gun to her head.

MacLeod recognizes him at once and his face clouds with anger.

(CONTINUED)

604 CONTINUED:

604

MACLEOD  
(like greeting pond  
scum)  
Devon Marek.

MAREK  
Long time, Duncan.

As the sound of galloping hoof beats swell,

TRANSITION TO:

605 EXT. WOODS - SCOTLAND - 1634 - DAY

605

MacLeod rides through the woods, bound for the coast. He's just recently taken his leave of his teacher and -- still very rough around the edges -- he's off to see the world.

The journey is interrupted by a loud SCREAMING in the distance.

MacLeod reins in his horse and stops to listen. The SCREAMS come again. This time MacLeod can locate the direction and takes off toward it.

As MacLeod closes in on the screams, he spots a

SCOTTISH PEASANT (DRUMMOND)

hightailing it away in the opposite direction. Drummond looks back at MacLeod and keeps going.

MacLeod rides into the clearing to find an English nobleman (DEVON MAREK) dressed for the hunt, lying injured on the ground. He's in horrible pain, badly wounded in the gut, but even in agony, he's a flagrant, aristocratic asshole.

MacLeod dismounts and comes over to see if he can help.

MACLEOD  
Let me take a look at that.

MacLeod kneels to look at the wound.

MAREK  
What are you staring at, you Highland  
savage? Don't you touch me!

MacLeod is more surprised than offended.

MACLEOD  
You'd think a man in your position  
would have better manners.

(CONTINUED)

605 CONTINUED:

605

MAREK

It's not manners I need. I am Devon  
Marek, son of the Duke of Willoughby  
and it's his surgeons I have need of --

Marek suddenly SCREAMS out in agony as the wound SPASMS.  
MacLeod, fed up with the young pompous ass' attitude, reacts.

MACLEOD

Fine, then I'll be off. Shouldn't  
take more than a couple of days for  
them to get here.

MacLeod stands. Marek panics.

MAREK

Wait! I have not given you permission  
to leave.

Marek just doesn't get the message.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Since I have no choice... you will  
give me aid.

MacLeod just shakes his head in wonderment. Even lying there  
dying, Marek's an arrogant little prick.

MAREK (CONT'D)

I command you.

Marek SCREAMS out once more, in agony, and then...

MAREK (CONT'D)

(a whimper)  
Help me... please.

For MacLeod, even a man like that isn't to be left to die  
alone. MacLeod returns to his side and kneels beside him.

MacLeod checks Marek's wound and it's obvious that there's  
nothing he can do.

MACLEOD

I'm sorry.  
(beat)  
I'm afraid there's nothing anyone  
can do. You'd best make your peace  
with God.

MAREK

No! I will not die...  
(fading)  
I will not die.

(CONTINUED)

605 CONTINUED: (2)

605

Marek groans. MacLeod holds him, comforting him, as Marek dies in his arms.

606 EXT. WOODS - SCOTLAND - 1634 - LATER

606

MacLeod finishes throwing the last few shovelfuls of dirt onto the shallow grave in which he buried Marek.

At the head of the grave, two sticks are lashed together to make a crude cross.

Suddenly, from out of nowhere, MacLeod gets the BUZZ.

MACLEOD

draws his sword and looks around, warily, but sees no one. Suddenly, A HAND SHOOTS UP through the dirt.

MacLeod is stunned. He grabs the flailing arm and pulls Marek, coughing and spitting from the fresh grave.

As arrogant and clueless as ever, Marek responds to his rescue with little more than discomfort and disdain. He and begins to brush the dirt from his clothes.

MAREK

You always go around burying people  
before they're dead?

MacLeod is clearly disturbed that he'd failed to recognize the young man as an Immortal.

MACLEOD

You were dead alright...

MAREK

Go fetch my surgeon before you make  
it true.

MACLEOD

Look to your wound.

Marek checks the wound and finds it completely healed. He is dumbfounded.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

My teacher told me I'd always be  
able to tell an Immortal, even one  
who didn't know it yet.

MAREK

(mocking)  
You're a seer now?

(CONTINUED)

606 CONTINUED:

606

MACLEOD

Nothing like that. Connor told me  
I'd get this feeling -- which I got  
from you -- I just didn't know, didn't  
recognize what it was.

MAREK

Obviously, what you sensed was my  
greatness.

As Marek walks away --

MACLEOD

(muttering)

Not greatness, you pompous ass, just  
Immortality.

As MacLeod moves off to catch up with his new student...

TRANSITION TO:

607 INT. TOWER - LOBBY - THE PRESENT - DAY

607

Marek smirks.

MAREK

Look around, MacLeod. I told you  
I'd accomplish great things.

MacLeod -- determined not to give him the satisfaction --  
very purposefully doesn't look around.

MACLEOD

You make toys, Marek, get over it.  
(beat)  
I got your message.

MacLeod tosses the crushed tin Knight to him, expecting Marek  
to catch it, but Marek just lets it fall clattering to the  
floor.

MAREK

You were wrong about me, MacLeod.  
Always.

MACLEOD

Then don't hide behind a woman.

Marek dismisses MacLeod with a haughty laugh -- more  
irritating than ever.

MAREK

Who's hiding? I'm just setting the  
bait for the hunt.

(CONTINUED)

607 CONTINUED:

607

MACLEOD

What hunt?

Marek nods and

BENOIT

steps from behind a pillar carrying a precision laser-rifle and looking even bigger and more menacing than he did wielding the two-by-four on the barge.

MAREK

Allow me to introduce my other guests,  
MacLeod.

(beat)

I believe you've already met Monsieur  
Benoit.

Benoit wears a headphone with an attached microphone and responds to a voice in his ears.

BENOIT

(into mic)

Oui. C'est moi. I'm here.

A door opens across the lobby and MacLeod turns to see

ABEL MONTOYA

coming through the door, also wearing a headphone/mic, but carrying an Uzi. For a moment it feels almost like double vision because he is followed out the door immediately by his twin brother,

RUBEN MONTOYA

his absolute double except that Ruben carries an M-16 instead of an Uzi, and his scar is on the opposite side of his face.

MAREK

The Butchers of Basque, the Brothers  
Montoya. Over fourteen years they've  
combined for fifty-seven successful  
kills.

ABEL/RUBEN MONTOYA

(simultaneously, to  
their mics)

Montoya reporting.

The brothers listen to the response in their earpieces, then:

ABEL MONTOYA

(to mic)

Abel, reporting.

(CONTINUED)

607 CONTINUED: (2)

607

RUBEN MONTOYA

(to mic)

Yo, Ruben.

BILLY BOB SHEMP

appears from his hiding place behind the security desk. A deceptively innocent looking "good-ol'-boy" whose weapon of choice is a pump-action shotgun, he completes the quartet of dangerous and deadly MacLeod-hunters.

MAREK

And our friend from the States, Mr. William Robert Shemp. But I'm sure you can call him Billy Bob -- all his friends do.

SHEMP

(into his mic)

Yo, Voice-in-the-ear, I'm here too.

MAREK

Mr. Shemp is the finest bounty hunter to ever come out of the South. He'll kill anything for a price. Just ask his father.

(beat)

Sorry, you can't.

SHEMP

Daddy was slow, but he was old. Let's get this show on the road.

Armed to the teeth, the hunters assume their positions.

MAREK

The rules are simple, Duncan.

MACLEOD

Since when do you play by the rules?

MAREK

They're not for me, they're for you.

MACLEOD

There are real rules and we both know them.

MAREK

In your world. In here, I write the rules, and they change with the game. Today it's hide and seek. I hide this gorgeous young creature, and you try to find her.

(CONTINUED)



607 CONTINUED: (3)

607

MACLEOD

Cut the games, Marek. It's me you want, and I'm right here.

MAREK

Now where's the sport in that?

MacLeod makes a move toward Marek. Marek COCKS THE PISTOL behind Margo's ear, and MacLeod backs off.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Of course, while you're looking for her, my friends will be looking for you... And there's a million-dollar price on your head.

Shemp PUMPS HIS SHOTGUN and the action echoes through the lobby.

They are interrupted by a voice (DICE) on the intercom.

DICE (V.O.)

(over the intercom)

Boss, we're running a little behind schedule.

MAREK

(sharply)

This one's my game, Dice. I say how, and I say when.

DICE (V.O.)

(over the intercom)

Right. Cue me for the start.

Marek checks his watch and turns back to MacLeod.

MAREK

You have sixty seconds to start running.

MACLEOD

This is ridiculous. Face me, Devon.

MAREK

Fifty-nine. Fifty-eight.

MacLeod tries a run at Marek.

ABEL AND RUBEN MONTOYA

simultaneously blaze a burst of bullets in a clean line along the floor in front of MacLeod and stop him cold.

(CONTINUED)

607 CONTINUED: (4)

607

Marek pulls Margo into an elevator. MacLeod runs after him but the plexiglass elevator doors slide shut, sealing off the elevator. MacLeod tries to shoulder open the door. No way.

Marek checks his watch, and looks right at MacLeod.

MAREK (CONT'D)  
(mouthing/silent)  
Forty-six, forty-five...

MacLeod pounds helplessly at the door as Marek hits the button and starts the car on its rise.

ANGLE INTERCOM SPEAKER

DICE (V.O.)  
(over the intercom)  
Twenty-nine... twenty-eight...

ANGLE THE FOUR HUNTERS

watching. Benoit and Shemp seem amused, the two Montoyas... impossible to read.

DICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
(over the intercom)  
Fifteen seconds. Sim's in sync up  
here and ready to roll.

MACLEOD

suddenly bolts, knowing that if he wants to keep his head, he's got to play. He runs for an elevator and

THE DOORS

open, inviting him in, but he races right past them and ducks into a stairwell just as

MAREK (V.O.)  
(over the intercom)  
Three, two, one... Play ball!

The Mercenaries OPEN FIRE, spraying the stairwell door as it springs closed.

608 INT. TOWER - PENTHOUSE - COMMAND POST - DAY

608

The room is full of computers, monitors, control panels, switches, light boards, microphones, speakers, and surveillance equipment of every imaginable kind.

Marek, cool and collected, watches "the game" unfold on a central array of video monitors.

(CONTINUED)

608 CONTINUED:

608

With him is Dice, the computer geek who runs the command post and is completely addicted to playing and designing computer games.

MAREK

(pissed off)

Come on Dice, pay attention.

Dice barely looks up.

DICE

Yeah, no, I'm paying attention, Man,  
I'm multi-tasking.

In fact, Marek's "game" is no different to Dice than any of the other computer games he plays -- he doesn't realize that actual lives are involved.

DICE (CONT'D)

I don't get... no, I mean I do... I don't get it. Why are we going to all the trouble of setting up a live-action simulation for this new game design when we could just create a design sim on the computer? No, I'm right, I don't get it.

MAREK

No machine could ever take the place of reality. We need an accurate simulation. We've got to start with something that is virtually... real.

DICE

I don't believe... well no, I do, I think virtual is much cleaner than real. Much better. We're just begging to get betamaxed.

MAREK

Just push the buttons, Dice.

DICE

Okay no, it's fine, but the whole simulation is flawed -- I mean this guy gets a prize if he gets out of the building. Generica, Man. Big deal -- it's not like he's really running for his life or anything.

609 INT. TOWER - STAIRWELL - DAY

609

MacLeod is running for his life at breakneck speed down the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

609 CONTINUED:

609

ANGLE THE MERCENARIES

in hot pursuit, a level or so behind.

MacLeod gets to a landing. He tries a door -- locked. Next to the door is a fire alarm. He pulls the alarm nothing.

MACLEOD

REACTS as a BULLET STRIKES the wall beside him he's in the mercenaries' sights.

MACLEOD

throws himself down the next short flight of stairs, rolls to his feet on the landing and dashes down another flight to the next door.

There's a fire extinguisher on the wall nearby. He grabs it, and uses it to smash the door handle off and force open the door.

610 INT. TOWER - PENTHOUSE - COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS

610

Dice -- totally focused on the monitor -- is amazed that MacLeod got out of the stairwell.

DICE

Oh man! That's hot! He got out!  
That's got to be bonus points. Got  
to be. Maybe even a level change.  
I can't believe he got out!

MAREK

Of course he did, what kind of hunt  
would it be if it was over so quickly?

611 INT. TOWER - BASEMENT BOILER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

611

Flashlights sweep the area as the four mercenaries search the darkened boiler room for MacLeod.

The Montoyas search methodically and in tandem, so that when Abel checks behind one crate, Ruben checks behind an equal and opposite crate.

Shemp WHEELS AROUND SUDDENLY when he hears a NOISE behind a large packing box and unleashes his 12-gauge shotgun, blowing a massive hole in the box and the wall behind it.

But no MacLeod.

Benoit, wearing his INFRA-RED GOGGLES, moves cautiously through the room.

(CONTINUED)

611 CONTINUED:

611

BENOIT'S INFRARED POV

as Benoit scans the room and we see heat sources -- he finds Shemp, and the Montoya twins... but no MacLeod.

RESUME SCENE

MacLeod is hiding above them, among the pipes along the ceiling, watching the search. As Benoit approaches

BENOIT'S INFRARED POV

of the room when suddenly MacLeod's face looms in the goggles, upside down.

RESUME SCENE

MacLeod drops down on Benoit with a length of pipe and takes him out instantly with a single trachea-crushing blow to the throat.

MacLeod lunges for his gun but the Montoyas -- in unison -- let loose a volley of shots in MacLeod's general direction.

MacLeod takes a BULLET in the shoulder and runs off, gunless.

612 INT. TOWER - LOBBY - DAY

612

MacLeod runs out of the stairwell door, still favoring his injured arm, and still carrying his length of pipe.

He slams the door behind him, and uses the pipe to jam it shut.

MacLeod grabs an industrial trash can and carrying it like a shield, looks around the lobby for attackers.

MAREK (V.O.)

Well done, Duncan.

MacLeod WHIRLS AROUND to face Marek and realizes that his voice is coming from one of the intercom speakers.

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

(over the intercom)

You're doing so well for a Highland savage.

MACLEOD

Where are you?

MAREK (V.O.)

(over the intercom)

I've got something else to show you, Duncan.

(CONTINUED)

612 CONTINUED:

612

MACLEOD

You can't hide forever.

MAREK (V.O.)

(over the intercom)

Let me direct your attention to the security monitors.

ANGLE MONITORS

on which we see Margo bound, gagged, and blindfolded in a store room.

MAREK (V.O.)

(over the intercom)

You can rescue her before the guard outside her door blows her brains out, and earn 10,000 bonus points...

MacLeod hears a click and the front doors open a bit.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Or you can put your tail between your legs and run home.

MACLEOD

You demented son of a bitch.

613 INT. TOWER - PENTHOUSE - COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS

613

Marek and Dice are watching on their monitors. There is a broad smile on Marek's face. He's obviously having a great time.

DICE

(very impressed)

Oh man. That is way cool. You offer the hero the doors and he has to choose: escape and get all his lives back or save the damsel in distress and earn bonus points. I gotta tell you, boss, until now I never thought you were a real player.

MAREK

Dice, I am the Player.

614 INT. TOWER - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

614

The mercenaries finally break open the stairwell door.

MAREK (V.O.)

(over the intercom)

She's on Level 25, MacLeod.

(CONTINUED)

614 CONTINUED:

614

MACLEOD

Damn you, Marek.

MacLeod flings the trash can angrily into the security monitor as he runs for the elevator. Behind him, the front door is still ajar.

615 INT. TOWER - PENTHOUSE - COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS

615

Dice is enthralled.

DICE

Interesting choice.

MAREK

It never really was a choice.  
Heroes... you can set your watch by  
them.

On their monitors, we can see MacLeod in the elevator.

MAREK (CONT'D)

(unconcerned)

Start slowing it down... and stop it  
on 20.

DICE

Outside interference. Meta-force!  
Very nice.  
(high compliment)  
Who'd have figured you for a high-  
dome!

Dice goes back to work on the control panel, shifting images.

DICE (CONT'D)

High five! The thing with the trash  
can? Real anger. Makes the character  
much more realistic. I never would  
have thought of that.

MAREK

I know. Your characters are all  
stick figures. No emotion. No  
passion. Never that moment of stark  
fear in their eyes before they die.

Suddenly this is making Dice very uncomfortable.

MAREK (CONT'D)

You should try living in the real  
world once in a while.

616 INT. TOWER - ELEVATOR - DAY 616

MacLeod reacts to the slowing elevator. He tries the button panel, to no effect -- as expected.

He draws his sword.

617 INT. TOWER - PENTHOUSE - COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS 617

Watching the monitors, Marek takes great pleasure in MacLeod's predicament.

MAREK

(leaning into mic)

Today is the day for settling scores,  
MacLeod.

Dice is getting a little spooked. He turns to Marek.

DICE

You really get into this, don't you?

618 INT. TOWER - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS 618

With a quick blow of his sword, MacLeod kills the surveillance camera.

619 INT. TOWER - PENTHOUSE - COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS 619

Marek watches as the monitor goes to snow.

620 INT. TOWER - 20TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS 620

The Montoya brothers, and Shemp are ready by the elevator when the doors begin to open.

They let loose with a tremendous barrage of gunfire.

When the smoke clears, the elevator is empty.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

FADE IN:

621 INT. TOWER - PENTHOUSE - COMMAND POST - DAY 621

Marek and Dice hover near the monitor displaying the 20th floor elevator bay.

On the MONITOR, the three remaining mercenaries poke around the empty elevator.

MAREK

How the hell could they let him get away!

DICE

You said you didn't want it to be easy.

Marek puts a finger to his lips to shush him. It's a threatening gesture, not a friendly one.

DICE

Hey! It was just a technical analysis. When I see something bogus, I should tell you, right?

Marek concedes, with a shrug.

MAREK

What do you see?

DICE

The whole elevator module looked too good to be real. I could tell it was fake.

MAREK

Really?

Marek is pleased with himself. Quite pleased.

622 (OMITTED 60622) 622

623 INT. TOWER - 26TH FLOOR - ELEVATOR BAY - DAY 623

The elevator door is forced open from the shaft side and MacLeod hauls himself up onto the floor.

624 INT. TOWER - PENTHOUSE - COMMAND POST - DAY 624

Dice finds MacLeod on the 26th floor monitors.

Marek leans into the mic and flips a switch on the console.

(CONTINUED)

624 CONTINUED:

624

MAREK

Alright, he's on the move, he's going  
for her. Confirm.

ABEL MONTOYA (V.O.)

(on speaker)

I hear you.

RUBEN MONTOYA (V.O.)

(on speaker)

Me too.

SHEMP (V.O.)

(on speaker)

Don't get in my way, boys. This  
one's mine.

Marek rolls his eyes and flips off the intercom switch.

DICE

I am totally ambushed, Man! He's  
going to take the bait!

MAREK

(smug)

They always do.

TRANSITION TO:

625 EXT. WOODS - SCOTLAND - 1634 - DAY

625

The Scottish peasant, Drummond, is out hunting for food with  
a bow and arrows. Drummond suddenly sees a great prize -- a  
deer grazing.

He stalks the deer, moving silently toward it.

CLOSER IN ON THE DEER

we see that it is tethered in place.

Drummond, unaware of the trap, draws an arrow and takes aim.  
He's about to release when TWO OF THE DUKE'S LIVERYMEN pounce  
and catch him.

There is a brief struggle but the underfed peasant is no  
match for the Duke's brutes. They quickly subdue him and

MAREK

arrives on the scene, arrogant and gloating. His men  
confiscate the peasant's bow and arrows.

(CONTINUED)

625 CONTINUED:

625

MAREK (CONT'D)

This is my deer -- and because you  
hunt it, I hunt you.

The Liverymen release Drummond. The peasant doesn't stop to ask questions, he takes off into the woods.

Marek aims his crossbow and sends an arrow after the fleeing Drummond -- and misses. He drops the crossbow.

The two Liverymen start to move after Drummond.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Stop!

They do.

MAREK (CONT'D)

He's mine. Return to the Duke.  
(sees them hesitate)  
Do it!

The Liverymen move Off.

Marek draws his sword and takes off after the terrified peasant.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Run, little rabbit. Run and hide.

Marek is enjoying this. He moves forward.

Drummond appears out of nowhere, a dead branch in his hands, swinging for all he's worth.

Marek's sword goes flying. He reaches for his dirk and draws it from its sheath. He attacks Drummond.

Terrified, Drummond grabs Marek's arm to keep from getting stabbed. In the struggle, Marek is STABBED deep in the gut by his own dirk.

Marek screams in pain. Drummond reacts as he hears another horse approaching at a full gallop.

The arriving horseman is MacLeod. Drummond runs off.

MacLeod dismounts and comes over to see if he can help.

MACLEOD

Let me take a look at that.

TRANSITION TO:

626 INT. TOWER - 26TH FLOOR - LARGE JANITOR CLOSET - THE PRESENT - DAY 626

MacLeod is hurriedly mixing up something nasty in a large bucket from common -- albeit industrial strength -- household products: powders, liquids and gels.

MACLEOD

(as he mixes the ingredients)

A little of this, a little of that.

A little more of this.

(beat, as he looks at it)

What the hell.

He pours more in.

627 INT. TOWER - 26TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 627

The long corridor is empty. Silent, until the Unholy Trio appear at the far end, coming this way.

628 INT. TOWER - 26TH FLOOR - LARGE JANITOR CLOSET - CONTINUOUS 628

MacLeod pours a jug of furniture polish into the bucket.

629 INT. TOWER - 26TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 629

Shemp puts his big boot to a door and kicks it open. Leading with his big shotgun, he peers inside. Nothing.

630 INT. TOWER - 26TH FLOOR - LARGE JANITOR CLOSET - CONTINUOUS 630

MacLeod tips the Liquid Plumber into the bucket.

ANGLE - THE BUCKET

a genuinely gooey mess, bubbling just a little.

MACLEOD

That's good.

(beat)

I think.

631 INT. TOWER - 26TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 631

Now much further along the hallway, the Montoya brothers jointly attack a door. In a perfectly synched effort, they kick the door open.

Ruben covers as Abel steps into the room to check it out.

Across the hall, Shemp is kicking open another office door. Empty.

(CONTINUED)

631 CONTINUED: 631

SHEMP  
(disappointed)  
Where are you, boy?

632 INT. TOWER - 26TH FLOOR - LARGE JANITOR CLOSET - CONTINUOUS 632

MacLeod reaches for a glass container marked "HIGHLY  
FLAMMABLE."

He stops for a moment when he hears the sound of a DOOR BEING  
KICKED OPEN up the hall somewhere. They're getting close.  
He's got to work faster.

MACLEOD  
Almost there...

633 INT. TOWER - 26TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 633

The Montoyas and Shemp are now only a few doors from the  
closet, all of them running out of patience and looking a  
little more pissed off with each failed door.

634 INT. TOWER - 26TH FLOOR - LARGE JANITOR CLOSET - CONTINUOUS 634

MacLeod is hanging onto an empty paint can as he slides down  
into the air conditioning duct.

He takes one last look around, and satisfied with what he  
sees, tosses the empty can across the room and disappears  
down into the air duct.

635 INT. TOWER - 26TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 635

Shemp -- the closest -- hears the clattering paint can.

He runs to the door and kicks it open, blasting away with  
his shotgun. He waits a moment, then enters the closet.

636 INT. TOWER - 26TH FLOOR - LARGE JANITOR CLOSET - CONTINUOUS 636

Shemp enters cautiously and sees the paint can still lolling  
slightly on the floor, but no sign of MacLeod.

He takes another step and his foot hits a trip-wire.

SHEMP'S POV

as his eyes follow the wire to where it pulls and activates  
a lever that tilts a board and empties the "Flammable" powder  
into the bucket set directly beneath it.

Shemp barely has time to register a quick look of horror and  
dismay.

(CONTINUED)

636 CONTINUED:

636

SHEMP  
(resigned)  
Dang.

637 INT. TOWER - 26TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

637

A bright FLASH, a loud BOOM, and a rush of SMOKE pours from the closet. The Spaniards react with some astonishment to the explosion.

638 INT. TOWER - PENTHOUSE - COMMAND POST - DAY

638

Marek is losing patience and getting a little concerned.

DICE  
This is great, Man! It's just --  
I'm telling you it blows me away.

MAREK  
What are you saying? You saying we  
lost him again!

DICE  
Yeah and the hillbilly's down. All  
we've got left are Spaniards.

MAREK  
More than enough, Dice. I always  
figured it would be them.

DICE  
This is the best beta simulation I  
have ever seen. I'm talking ever.

MAREK  
Where is he?

DICE  
I don't know, maybe... wait a minute --  
this is great -- I'm picking up  
temperature variance in the air  
conditioning system. Looks like  
he's in the A.C.

Marek leans into the microphone.

MAREK  
Montoya.

RUBEN MONTOYA (V.O.)  
Yeah, what?

MAREK  
Not you, your brother.

(CONTINUED)

638 CONTINUED: 638

ABEL MONTOYA (V.O.)

Si?

MAREK

He's in the air ducts.  
(husky)

Run, little rabbit.

639 (OMITTED 60639) 639

640 (OMITTED 60640) 640

641 (OMITTED 60641) 641

642 INT. TOWER - 25TH FLOOR - CUBICLES - DAY 642

MacLeod crashes down through a ceiling panel into an area filled with Dilbert-like workers cubicles.

643 INT. TOWER - 25TH FLOOR - CORRIDOR - DAY 643

Margo's armed GUARD is standing watch outside a storeroom door when he hears the commotion of MacLeod's landing.

Margo's Guard checks to make sure the storeroom is securely locked, and then heads down the hall to investigate.

644 INT. TOWER - 25TH FLOOR - CUBICLES - CONTINUOUS 644

Margo's Guard enters the cubicle area, gun drawn. He moves cautiously. Nervously. He actually relaxes a little when he hears a beeping sound and some mechanical clunking noises from a nearby alcove.

645 INT. TOWER - 25TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS 645

ECU - MACLEOD'S FACE

pressed against glass, as if it were inside the copy machine looking up.

646 INT. TOWER - 25TH FLOOR - ALCOVE - CONTINUOUS 646

Margo's Guard looks in.

A MICROWAVE

chimes an insistent notice that it has finished microwaving.

A PHOTOCOPIER

churns out a thousand copies of MacLeod's pressed face.

(CONTINUED)

646 CONTINUED: 646

MACLEOD HIMSELF

looms up behind Margo's Guard. The guard barely gets a chance to notice before MacLeod takes him out with the clay end of an office potted plant.

647 INT. TOWER - 25TH FLOOR - STOCK ROOM - DAY 647

The room is crammed full of multi-media products: games, posters, accessories. Sales displays, monitors, pieces and parts, and

MARGO

bound and gagged, is tied to a chair. She hears someone at the door and begins to struggle desperately to get free.

Her eyes go wide with terror as the door is KICKED OPEN.

She relaxes instantly when it turns out to be MacLeod coming for her. He quickly removes her gag.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Duncan, thank God it's you!

MacLeod unties her and she wraps her arms tightly around him, hanging on for dear life.

648 EXT. LA BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONAL - TOWER - DAY 648

A COP walks by outside, minding his own business until he notices the open doors. He investigates the open door of the tower, then enters the lobby.

649 INT. TOWER - PENTHOUSE - COMMAND POST - DAY 649

The monitor shows the Cop. Dice points him out to Marek.

DICE

Isn't this a little late in the game to be adding a new character?

Marek looks. Pissed.

MAREK

I sure as hell didn't put him there.

DICE

Then it must have been me, so... I get character creation royalties?

MAREK

It's not funny, Dice. Next time you leave doors open you'll get your head back on a platter.

(CONTINUED)



649 CONTINUED: 649

Marek storms out.

Dice can't believe anybody would take it so seriously.

650 INT. TOWER - LOBBY - DAY 650

The elevator door opens. The Cop pulls his gun.

Marek steps out of the elevator and marches straight up to confront the Cop.

651 INT. TOWER - PENTHOUSE - COMMAND POST - DAY 651

Dice watches the monitor as

MAREK

pulls out a gun.

OFF Dice's stunned reaction as we hear two shots fired --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

652 INT. TOWER - PENTHOUSE - COMMAND POST - DAY

652

Dice is a little freaked out and beginning to realize this is not a game simulation as Marek returns, gun in hand. Marek picks up on it at once.

MAREK

(callous)

You got a problem.

Dice has a little trouble getting it out.

DICE

That cop was no player persona.  
You really aced him.

MAREK

So?

DICE

So? So! I didn't sign on for this,  
dude.

MAREK

We still have work to do.

DICE

You're a nutbar and I am so outta  
here.

Dice starts to gather up some personal effects games, Twinkies, a bag of peanuts, a couple of notebooks.

Marek raises his gun and levels it at Dice.

MAREK

You make me a lot of money, Dice.  
It would be a shame to splatter those  
idiot savant brain cells of yours  
around the room.

Dice is stunned. He just can't believe it.

DICE

You'd shoot me?! You wouldn't shoot  
me! You would, wouldn't you?

MAREK

Dice, put your butt back in the chair  
and be a good little geek.

653 INT. TOWER - 25TH FLOOR - CORRIDOR - DAY

653

As MacLeod warily escorts the still very upset Margo down a hall, he tries to calm her.

MARGO

Why is he doing this -- what does he want from me?

MACLEOD

If it's any consolation, it's not you he wants, it's me.

MARGO

What did you do to him?

MACLEOD

Nothing.

MARGO

Nothing?

(pressing)

I think I have a right to know, Duncan. You must have done something.

MACLEOD

I tried to help him once.

MARGO

(totally unsatisfied)

Well that explains it.

MACLEOD

It's a long story, let's just get out of here.

They move down the hall, but it's clear from MacLeod's face that he's thinking about it.

TRANSITION TO:

654 EXT. WOODS - SCOTLAND - 1634 - DAY

654

MacLeod and his new student, Marek, have finished sparring on the banks above the river. Marek is exhilarated but MacLeod seems unable to fathom what he's doing hanging out with such an insufferable asshole.

Even huffing and puffing to catch his breath, Marek represents the worst of aristocratic arrogance.

MAREK

I told you there was nothing that a Highland peasant could teach a gentleman about swordplay.

(CONTINUED)

654 CONTINUED:

654

MacLeod can only smile to himself about it.

MACLEOD

I know, I know, you've trained with  
the best swordsman in the Duke's  
court.

MAREK

And beaten them. That's why he sent  
me to mind his dreary holdings in  
Scotland.

MACLEOD

The way I heard it, your father  
banished you for picking fights.  
(beat)  
When an Immortal comes for your head,  
he won't be impressed by your fancy  
highborn swordplay.

Marek pooh-poohs the idea as he picks up a flask of water.

MAREK

I'll have help. After all isn't  
that what one keeps retainers for?

MacLeod, exasperated, works hard to curb his temper and be  
patient.

MACLEOD

There are rules, Devon, to which we  
are honor-bound.

MAREK

Don't bore me, MacLeod. Your rules  
aren't made for one such as I.

MACLEOD

They aren't my rules, and they are  
for all of us. All of us.

MAREK

When I come into my inheritance,  
I'll build a castle that no Immortal  
can penetrate. That is, without my  
invitation.

(beat)

Won't that be sport! Hunting someone  
I can kill again and again.

MACLEOD

There must be too much bone in your  
royal head for you to understand  
There will be no inheritance, no

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

654 CONTINUED: (2)

654

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Dukedom. To the world that knew you, you are dead. You have to leave this life and start a new one.

MAREK

Impossible! The only person who knows I'm dead is that miserable wretch who killed me.

MACLEOD

And all those he's told.  
(beat)  
Water.

Marek hands it to him. As MacLeod reaches for the flask, Marek sucker-punches him. As MacLeod goes off balance, Marek charges him and shoves MacLeod off the edge of the bluff.

MAREK

He'll tell no one.

Marek watches MacLeod tumble helplessly down the steep rocky banks to the river's edge below.

MAREK (CONT'D)

I'd come down for your head MacLeod, but it's an ugly climb and I have other business.

MacLeod lies battered on the rocks below. Marek jumps onto MacLeod's horse and rides away.

655 EXT. HUT - WOODS - SCOTLAND - 1634 - DAY

655

MacLeod comes upon the rustic hut and sees Marek, standing over Drummond's body.

MacLeod sags, defeated by failure and anger. Marek, pleased, turns to him.

MAREK

Now no one knows but you and me, and I will have my inheritance.

MacLeod draws his sword.

MACLEOD

Then you'll have to silence me as well.

MacLeod and Marek engage. Marek is good -- a pretty swordsman -- elegant in style, but too arrogant in spirit.

MacLeod runs Marek through. Marek falls to his knees.

(CONTINUED)

655 CONTINUED:

655

MACLEOD

raises his sword for the final stroke and is stopped by the sound of an approaching commotion.

Marek's two Liverymen arrive, followed by a handful of Villagers. They are all stunned by the sight of the downed nobleman --

LIVERYMAN (O.S.)

He's hurt Lord Marek!

MacLeod is tempted, but there is just enough time to escape. MacLeod runs for his horse. He mounts and beats a hasty retreat.

The two Liverymen load their bows and loose their arrows.

MacLeod takes one of the arrows in the shoulder just before he disappears into the woods.

The two Liverymen rush to Marek's side --

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

Oh my God! His Lordship is dead!

As MacLeod races off...

TRANSITION TO:

656 INT. TOWER - 25TH FLOOR - CUBICLES - THE PRESENT - DAY

656

MacLeod has Margo by the hand as they run through the cubicles, MacLeod on the alert.

657 INT. TOWER - PENTHOUSE - COMMAND POST - DAY

657

Dice's full attention is on MacLeod and the "game."

DICE

(reporting reluctantly)

He's moving through skill levels  
faster than Yahoo through a website.  
He's awesome, Man.

Marek, gun in hand, stands behind him to check the monitor.

MAREK

Do I detect your excitement waning,  
or just your loyalty?

What he's detecting is Dice's stark fear.

(CONTINUED)

657 CONTINUED:

657

DICE

No. Yeah. What I'm saying is...  
he's almost here!

658 INT. TOWER - 25TH FLOOR - EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

658

MacLeod and Margo duck into an office, lock the door behind them. (Note: the door has an opaque glass window.) The office has a watercooler, some electronics (ie: radio, TV) and a couple of floor and desk lamps. Off to one side are a sofa, table, some plants -- a Junior Executive's office.

MARGO

rushes over to the desk, grabs the phone.

MACLEOD

What are you doing?

MARGO

Calling the police.

MACLEOD

I don't think so.

She tries to dial, no luck.

MARGO

It's dead.

MACLEOD

Marek controls the whole building.  
The phones, elevators, security.

The impact of this dawns slowly on Margo's face.

MARGO

Oh, my God. He's insane.

MACLEOD

That's putting it mildly.

MARGO

So we're trapped? We just sit here  
and wait for his goons to find us?

MacLeod scans the office furnishings, thinking, calculating.

MACLEOD

Yes and no.

He pulls the desk over to the far corner of the room.

(CONTINUED)

658 CONTINUED:

658

MARGO

I hate to interfere, Duncan, but are you sure, this is a good time to be re-decorating.

He's busy ripping the electric cord from one of the lamps.

MACLEOD

I've got an idea.

MARGO

Ideas are great. Guns are better.

MACLEOD

Up on the desk.

MARGO

What?!

MACLEOD

Don't get off until I tell you it's safe.

MARGO

Safe. We like safe.

MARGO

is up on the desk in an instant.

MACLEOD

hands her the wire from the lamp.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Pull this apart while you're waiting.

MARGO

(looks at wire)

Ummm... sure, why not?

She'd like an explanation but she's not going to get it -- MacLeod is already busy pulling the wire free of the second lamp.

659 INT. TOWER - 25TH FLOOR - CORRIDOR - DAY

659

The two Montoyas search down the corridor.

ABEL MONTOYA

They have to be here somewhere.

RUBEN MONTOYA

We're on the right floor.

(CONTINUED)



659 CONTINUED:

659

Ruben seems more apprehensive than pleased.

ABEL/RUBEN MONTOYA  
(simultaneously,  
indicating opposite  
directions)  
I'll go this way, you go that way.

RUBEN MONTOYA  
I don't like this.

ABEL MONTOYA  
Like what?

RUBEN MONTOYA  
How easy he took out Benoit and the  
American.

ABEL MONTOYA  
You compare us to them!?

RUBEN MONTOYA  
Not the Frenchman!

ABEL MONTOYA  
The American? Ha! We could never  
trust them, they are... they are...

RUBEN MONTOYA  
Not brothers.

ABEL MONTOYA  
Amateurs.

RUBEN MONTOYA  
Exactly. The million dollars is  
meant for us.

The only thing that keeps them from drifting into a total  
reverie is the sudden noise coming from the executive office.

Got to be MacLeod. They both shift focus immediately

ABEL/RUBEN MONTOYA  
It's mine, I heard it first.

ABEL MONTOYA  
Watch out -- the water.

RUBEN MONTOYA  
What?

Abel points out the water puddle seeping out from under the  
door. Ruben waves him off with undisguised contempt.

(CONTINUED)

659 CONTINUED: (2)

659

RUBEN MONTOYA (CONT'D)

What's the matter, hermano, can't swim?

Ruben shushes him with a finger to his lips, and tiptoes to the door.

RUBEN

reaches for the booby-trapped doorknob, and ZAP. Deep-fried Spaniard. The current stops and Ruben falls like a sequoia.

Abel Montoya flies into a rage.

ABEL MONTOYA

Tu eres muerto!

Abel rushes to a spot across from the door, away from the puddle, and waits.

When he sees MacLeod's shadow cross the opaque glass. Abel fires two quick shots.

INSERT EXECUTIVE OFFICE

where Margo is standing on the desk tucked way in a far corner. MacLeod's jacket is hung on a coatrack attached to the executive chair. Margo is using a length of phone cord to pull the wheeled chair in front of the door.

RESUME HALLWAY

As Abel erupts, opening fire, and unloading every last shell in his Uzi.

ABEL'S POV

through the shattered glass of the door, reveals MacLeod's coat, still on the coatrack but completely shredded, and behind it

THE WATERCOOLER

shot full of holes and spraying like a fountain.

RESUME SCENE

Abel can't believe it. He scratches his head. He's still staring when the door behind him opens and

MACLEOD

bursts through the door and takes him out. MacLeod lets Abel slide to the floor. All the mercenaries are now down.

(CONTINUED)

659 CONTINUED: (3)

659

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(to Margo)

Okay. It's okay now.

MARGO

(behind the wall)

I... uh...

She holds out MacLeod's coat so it's visible through the now glass-less door.

MARGO (CONT'D)

You want this?

MacLeod does the gentlemanly thing. He crosses the hall to get her.

He opens the door and lifts her off the desk she is still standing on, and carries her over the two bodies lying in the hall.

660 INT. TOWER - ANOTHER OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

660

MacLeod stashes Margo in a nearby office.

MARGO

(nervous)

What are you doing? Where are you going?

MACLEOD

It's better if you just wait here.

MARGO

On, no you don't.

MACLEOD

I know what I'm doing.

(beat)

You've got to trust me.

MARGO

I do. I don't know why I do, but I do.

(hyper)

I mean, one minute we're eating sushi... next thing I know you're knocking out armed guards and electrocuting guys with automatic weapons. And you don't seem to be fazed at all.

MACLEOD

Margo, I don't have time for this right now.

(CONTINUED)

660 CONTINUED:

660

MARGO

(still obsessing)

It's like, who the hell are you,  
Duncan MacLeod? Opera buff, gourmet  
chef, and trained killer all rolled  
into one. What more could a girl  
ask for?

MacLeod grabs Margo firmly by the shoulders, tries to calm  
her down.

MACLEOD

We're going to get out of here.  
Alive. But you've got to do what I  
say.

MARGO

Please can't I go with you?

MACLEOD

You'll be safer here.  
(beat)  
Margo, I'm sorry about all this.

MARGO

Don't be sorry. You rescued me.  
(beat)  
And I'll say this. It's been a  
helluva date.

MACLEOD

Trust me?

MARGO

With my life.

She suddenly plants a serious kiss on his lips, silencing  
him. Timing is off but the impulse is perfect. MacLeod  
submits before disengaging.

MARGO (CONT'D)

(worried)

You be careful. You're very valuable  
to me.

MACLEOD

Lock the door behind me.

He leaves the office. Margo shuts the door, turns the lock.

661 INT. TOWER - PENTHOUSE - COMMAND POST - NIGHT

661

Dice is completely focused on one of the monitors and freaks  
when he sees MacLeod exiting the stairwell on the Penthouse  
level.

(CONTINUED)

661 CONTINUED:

661

DICE

I don't think this is... I think  
this is not a... no, I do, I do think  
this isn't good.

An instant later, the door to the Penthouse crashes open and  
there stands MacLeod, sword in hand.

MAREK

It took you long enough.

DICE

Look, guys, you're taking this reality  
thing way too far.

Dice dives under the computer console as

MAREK

draws his sword and retreats into

662 INT. TOWER - PENTHOUSE - MAREK'S OFFICE NIGHT

662

MACLEOD

Nice view.

MAREK

I lost everything because of you.

MACLEOD

You lost nothing.

MAREK

Lands, titles, money... I lost my  
whole world. It's taken me nearly  
400 years to get it all back, but  
look around, MacLeod, I've built my  
own empire.

MACLEOD

You've gone to a lot of trouble to  
get me, Marek. All you ever had to  
do was ask.

With that, MacLeod comes at Marek when

BLAM! BLAM!

MacLeod is shot in the back before he can get to Marek.

MARGO

stands in the doorway, a large gun smoking in her hand.

(CONTINUED)

662 CONTINUED:

662

MacLeod is in a lot of pain and knows instinctively that his wound is fatal. He turns

MACLEOD'S POV

of Marek, cocky, confident, and arrogant as ever.

MACLEOD'S POV

of Margo, absolutely without emotion or expression.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Sorry, Duncan -- but a girl's gotta  
pay the bills.

RESUME SCENE

Dying, MacLeod turns to look at the vast expanse of Paris beyond the huge picture window.

Summoning all the strength he can, MacLeod starts running and crashes out the Penthouse window, 30 stories above the street below.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

663 INT. TOWER - PENTHOUSE - MAREK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

663

Marek and Margo look out the gaping hole in the window down to where

MAREK'S POV

of MacLeod, splayed in the street.

RESUME SCENE

Margo reveals herself to be a killer bitch -- as cold and calculating a human being as one can imagine.

MARGO  
(final pronouncement)  
He's dead.

MAREK  
Is that your professional opinion?

MARGO  
Yes, it is.

MAREK  
I wish it were that easy.

MARGO  
(pointing)  
There's your body. Where's my money?

Marek hisses at her, obviously upset --

MAREK  
It's not over yet.

MARGO  
We had a deal.

MAREK  
(pissed)  
The job's not done.

MARGO  
What the hell are you trying to pull?  
No one could survive a fall like  
that.

He looks at her and considers.

(CONTINUED)

663 CONTINUED:

663

MAREK

You're right. You're absolutely right.

And saying that Marek pushes Margo out the broken window.

664 EXT. LA BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONAL - TOWER - NIGHT

664

Marek runs out of the lobby and into the street, his sword drawn.

MARGO'S TWISTED BODY

but no sign of MacLeod. Shit. Cautious, bordering on paranoid, Marek starts back to the building.

665 INT. TOWER - PENTHOUSE - MAREK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

665

Dice, looking out the gaping hole in the window, sees Marek starting back into the building.

Dice hurries out of the office back to

666 INT. TOWER - PENTHOUSE - COMMAND POST - NIGHT

666

Dice grabs his knapsack and starts for the door but --

MACLEOD

bloodied and battered, is standing there, looking very menacing. Holy shit.

DICE

You're supposed to be a game.

MACLEOD

Is it getting real enough for you now?

Dice falls over himself trying to explain.

DICE

I didn't know!

MACLEOD

You didn't know.

DICE

Yes. No. I did... not. I didn't. It's not my fault, it was just supposed to be a simulation.

MACLEOD

A simulation! Real people are dead. Real dead, not virtually dead.

(CONTINUED)



666 CONTINUED:

666

DICE

I didn't know he was playing for keeps in meat-space. How could I? Please don't kill me, it was all Marek -- he's a lunatic. He's gone completely postal. Please, you gotta help me.

MACLEOD

Help you!? You've been busy trying to kill me.

DICE

Not you...  
(pointing to monitor)  
Him.

ANGLE - MONITOR

with a live picture of MacLeod in the Command Post.

MACLEOD

That is me.

DICE

I know, I mean, I know now. I'm sorry.

MACLEOD

Time to leave.

DICE

Leave? Where am I gonna go? He'll find me and it's game over.

MacLeod knows that's true. His eyes go to the staggering array of electronic equipment. He gets an idea.

MACLEOD

I'll help you -- if you help me.

DICE

Anything.

667 INT. TOWER LOBBY - NIGHT

667

Marek enters the Lobby. He hears MacLeod's voice on the intercom, resonating throughout.

MACLEOD (V.O.)

(over the intercom)  
Welcome back to your Kingdom...  
Marek.

(CONTINUED)

667 CONTINUED:

667

MAREK

Dice?

MACLEOD (V.O.)

(over the intercom)

No Dice, Marek.

Marek stops in his tracks.

MAREK

MacLeod.

MACLEOD (V.O.)

(over the intercom)

I'm waiting for you.

Realizing he's being watched, Marek turns to the Security Desk to see

THE MONITORS

all carry live pictures of him. Marek freaks.

MAREK

Dice, where the hell are you? Get me off there!

MACLEOD (V.O.)

(over the intercom)

I thought you wanted to play.

Scared, Marek runs to escape from the building. He gets to the doors just in time to hear the locks CLICK shut.

He's trapped.

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

(over the intercom)

It's my game now... My rules.

Marek knows it's true. He takes a breath, turns, and heads for the elevators.

668 INT. TOWER - PENTHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

668

The elevator doors open and Marek steps out, leading with his sword.

MAREK

(announcing)

I'm here.

There is no answer, but he hears a noise and turns to see

(CONTINUED)

668 CONTINUED: 668

DICE

running out an "Exit" door to the stairwell. Ignoring Dice, Marek moves toward the Penthouse.

669 INT. TOWER - PENTHOUSE - COMMAND POST - NIGHT 669

The computer displays and monitors are all functioning, but the room is empty -- and eerie.

Marek moves slowly. On guard. He takes a deep breath and passes through to

670 INT. TOWER - PENTHOUSE - MAREK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 670

MacLeod waits. Marek arrives.

MACLEOD

Just you and me. The way it's supposed to be.

MAREK

I told you, your rules never applied to me.

MACLEOD

They do now.

MAREK

charges, suddenly imbued with a new confidence.

MacLeod slips the attack. Marek comes at him again, slashing ferociously.

MacLeod strikes out with a powerful blow and knocks the sword out of Marek's hand. Marek jumps back.

With no weapons or retainers to defend him, Marek is still arrogant.

MAREK (CONT'D)

You'd kill an unarmed man? Here I was telling Dice what a hero you are. How different are we, really?

MacLeod eyes him for a moment.

MACLEOD

Pick it up.

Marek can't believe MacLeod is allowing him a second chance. Sure this must be a trick, he moves very cautiously to retrieve the sword and when he finds himself close enough, lunges for it.

(CONTINUED)

670 CONTINUED:

670

MacLeod makes no move to stop him.

Marek launches a new attack, this one even more ferocious than the last. MacLeod backpedals until he is backed against a wall with nowhere to go.

Marek is enjoying this immensely.

MAREK

That was a very big mistake, Duncan.  
Rest assured I would never extend  
the same courtesy to anyone.

MACLEOD

That's the difference between us.

MacLeod attacks with renewed vigor. His pursuit is relentless as he slashes, slices, lunges and generally terrifies Marek who has never ever encountered anything quite like this.

Marek panics, his only goal now is to escape. In utter desperation he re-discovers --

MAREK'S POV - THE SHATTERED WINDOW

and realizing that his only way out is to take the leap, makes an abrupt turn and runs for the window.

MacLeod IS FASTER and gets there first. His blade stops Marek short of the leap.

MACLEOD

resumes his blistering attack, forcing the battle in the other direction -- back, back until the fight finally moves into ---

671 INT. TOWER - PENTHOUSE - COMMAND POST - NIGHT

671

Marek already knows he's lost as MacLeod backs him through the room.

Finally, in front of the control panels and monitors MACLEOD runs him through, and Marek sinks to his knees.

Against the surreal blinking of monitors, LEDs, and flickering switches MacLeod TAKES HIS HEAD.

It takes a moment and the Quickening begins with a single monitor EXPLODING, and then two, and three until every monitor, every computer, every control switch, every pots and every slider on every panel is exploding in eclectic electric fury.

END ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

672 INT. TOWER - PENTHOUSE - COMMAND POST - NIGHT 672

MacLeod is still on his knees, recovering. Random electronics are still sparking and sputtering all around him when

MACLEOD

begins to respond to the wail of sirens arriving thirty stories below.

He struggles to his feet and makes his way to the window.

MACLEOD'S POV

of the gathering vehicles on the street below.

RESUME SCENE

He's got to get out of there. He starts for the door and meets Dice coming in.

DICE

You can't go that way, the cops are coming. Follow me.

MacLeod is skeptical.

DICE (CONT'D)

I owe you.

Dice leads him back into

673 INT. TOWER - PENTHOUSE - MAREK'S OFFICE - NIGHT 673

Dice reveals a secret door in the wood paneling.

DICE

Never build a game without an escape clause.

674 EXT. LA BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONAL - TOWER - NIGHT 674

Police, an ambulance and a handful of spectators are gathered by the main entrance.

MACLEOD AND DICE

come around the side of the building.

(CONTINUED)

674 CONTINUED:

674

DICE

You got to admit... it woulda made a great game.

MACLEOD

You never saw me. You got that?

DICE

No Dice.

MACLEOD

No MacLeod.

DICE

That's what I mean.

MACLEOD

Not here, not on your monitors...

DICE

Nowhere.

MACLEOD

Not even in your wildest imagination.

DICE

Oh Man, I never go there.

MacLeod turns away to avoid the crowd and heads off down the street.

THE END