



# HIGHLANDER

*The Series*

#97611  
INDISCRETIONS

Written by  
James Thorpe

# Highlander

"INDISCRETIONS"

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Production #97611

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Filmline International Highlander

**HIGHLANDER**

"Indiscretions"

Production #97611

**CAST LIST**

JOE DAWSON  
METHOS

AMY  
MORGAN WALKER

CHARLOTTE  
BECK  
STEIN

TONI  
MARISA  
SAILOR

HIGHLANDER

"Indiscretions"

Production #97611

SET LIST

INTERIORS

LE BLUES BAR  
/STOCKROOM

WALKER'S OFFICE  
INDUSTRIAL BUILDING  
/UPPER LEVEL  
/LOWER LEVEL  
OUTBUILDING

LIMOUSINE  
SEDAN  
METHOS' CAR

DRAWING ROOM - NEW ORLEANS - 1808  
BEDROOM - NEW ORLEANS - 1808  
HALLWAY - NEW ORLEANS - 1808

EXTERIORS

LE BLUES BAR

STREET OUTSIDE METHOS' HOUSE  
STREET  
ALLEY

INDUSTRIAL SPACE  
INDUSTRIAL BUILDING  
REFINERY

WALKER'S OFFICE BUILDING  
CAFE  
COUNTRYSIDE

STREET - NEW ORLEANS - 1808  
DOCKS - NEW ORLEANS - 1808

HIGHLANDER

"Indiscretions"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1101 EXT. STREET - DAY 1101

A black limousine cruises down the street.

1102 INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS 1102

Three short-skirted WOMEN sit in the back seat -- MARISA, TONI, KARLA -- aging models, still beautiful but in a harsh, late 30's way. Carefully applied makeup can't hide the ravages of too many cigarettes, drugs and cut-rate face lifts -- picture Kate Moss in twenty years.

Karla stares out the window with glazed eyes. Marisa and Toni sip champagne and talk, each only half listening to the other.

TONI

So I told him I didn't do nudity...

MARISA

Six days' work in seven months. Can you believe it?

TONI

...Especially for that kind of money.

MARISA

If you're not 15 and look like you're on smack, they forget about you.

Toni lifts her glass.

TONI

I say to hell with all anorexic teenagers.

MARISA

We've got six weeks in Marrakesh.

TONI

(smiling)  
All expenses paid.

They drink. Marisa casts a worried glance over to Karla.

(CONTINUED)

1102 CONTINUED:

1102

MARISA

(to Karla)

You okay, honey? What'd you take  
this time?

Karla fixes her with a bleary gaze, then turns away again.

Toni and Marisa exchange shrugs... they tried.

1103 EXT. INDUSTRIAL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

1103

A Mercedes sits parked in front of a warehouse-type building. Leaning against its hood is its tough-looking driver, BECK. He checks his watch, as we HEAR the rear door of the Mercedes open.

BECK

They're late.

WALKER (O.S.)

Time is relative.

Exiting from the car is

MORGAN WALKER

Early 40's Immortal, elegantly dressed, with the imperious air of one who's used to being obeyed.

WALKER

Believe me, I know.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A pretty, young, blonde woman, AMY (25), conceals herself in the shadows of a nearby doorway. As she whispers into a micro tape recorder, we can see the Watcher tattoo on her wrist.

AMY

Nine a.m... outside the warehouse.  
Walker's been waiting for ten minutes  
in the car. Nothing much else is  
going on.

She HEARS the sound of an approaching car engine, pulls back into the shadows as --

The limousine pulls up behind the Mercedes. The limo driver, STEIN, gets out, opens the back door.

Marisa and Toni step out of the limo as Walker approaches.

WALKER

Ah... here they are. Marisa, Toni...

(CONTINUED)

1103 CONTINUED:

1103

He realizes he's a girl short.

WALKER (CONT'D)

And... our other friend?

Marisa gestures toward the back seat.

Walker bends to look inside the limo.

Karla slouches on the seat, her head thrown back, eyes shut -- obviously out of it.

Walker clicks his tongue sympathetically.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Pity. She's going to miss the trip of a lifetime.

TONI

But we still get the job, right?

Walker can smell their desperation. He smiles reassuringly, escorting the women toward Beck --

WALKER

I'm sure our client will be more than pleased with both of you.

MARISA

(glancing around)

Where is he?

WALKER

(re: warehouse)

Waiting anxiously inside. Mr. Beck will take you in to meet him.

TONI

And the photographer? Makeup?

WALKER

They flew on ahead to Marrakesh.

The women nod quickly -- of course.

Beck holds a door open. Balancing precariously on three-inch heels, Marisa and Toni step through into the warehouse.

ON AMY

She peers carefully around the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

1103 CONTINUED: (2)

1103

AMY'S POV

Stein drags Karla out of the limo. She's semi-conscious, glassy-eyed.

RESUME SCENE

STEIN

What about this one?

Walker grabs Karla's face in his hands, shakes her head -- no response.

WALKER

Dead weight.

Walker walks into the warehouse.

Stein takes out an automatic, screws on a silencer. He props Karla against the limo, raises the gun --

ON AMY

Her eyes go wide as OFFSCREEN we HEAR the muffled THWUP THWUP of silenced bullets.

Disbelief turns to growing horror as --

AMY'S POV

Stein slings Karla's dead body over his shoulder. He glances left and right, then turns directly toward Amy.

ON AMY

as she reacts instantly, jumping quickly back into the shadows. She tenses, breathing hard -- did he see her?

AMY'S POV

Stein moves into view carrying Karla's body.

AMY

shrinks farther back into the shadows, butting up against a door. Her hand feels around, tries the door -- locked. Shit! She's trapped.

Trying to make herself as small as possible, she crouches down into a darkened corner.

(CONTINUED)



1103 CONTINUED: (3)

1103

AMY'S POV

Stein arrives at the doorway entrance and dumps his load. Karla's body lands at Amy's feet, dead eyes staring up at her.

AMY

bites her lip. It takes every ounce of self control not to scream.

AMY'S POV

Stein pauses for an excruciating BEAT, as if peering into the darkened entranceway. Then, apparently satisfied, he turns and leaves.

AMY

breathes a quick sigh of relief. Until she looks down to see -- Karla's lifeless FINGERS resting on her shoes. OFF her horrified reaction --

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1104 EXT. CAFE - DAY

1104

Methos sits at a cafe, nursing a drink. Suddenly, he gets the BUZZ. He tenses, scans the sidewalk as --

WALKER

crosses toward him.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Well, well... who do we have here?  
The good Doctor Adams.

Methos starts to rise. Walker puts a firm hand on his shoulder, forcing Methos back down into his seat.

WALKER (CONT'D)

If that's who you are now. Don't  
get up on my account.

Walker sits, Methos nods curtly.

METHOS

Morgan Walker.

WALKER

We have some unfinished business.

METHOS

I don't think so.

WALKER

(contemptuous)

You were a coward then. You're still  
a coward.

METHOS

Correction... I'm still a live coward.

WALKER

(standing)

On your feet.

METHOS

Love to oblige, really, but I've  
ordered another drink. Perhaps some  
other time...

WALKER

Now.

(CONTINUED)

1104 CONTINUED:

1104

A group of chattering ASIAN TOURISTS arrive at the cafe.  
The Tourists sit at the next table.

METHOS

Ah! I see my party has arrived.

He pulls his chair up to their table, much to the surprise  
of the Tourists. An awkward BEAT, then --

METHOS (CONT'D)

(to Tourists)

So, how 'bout that Louvre, eh?

Walker grabs Methos by the arm. Methos looks up at Walker,  
feigns surprise --

METHOS (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm sorry... care to join us?

Walker's stymied. There's nothing more he can do now. With  
a last deadly glance at Methos, he turns on his heels, walks  
away.

Methos looks into a sea of curious tourist faces. He smiles  
beguilingly.

METHOS (CONT'D)

Drinks all round. On me.

1105 EXT. LE BLUES BAR - ESTABLISHING - DAY

1105

AMY (O.S.)

I can't believe I was so dense.

1106 INT. LE BLUES BAR - CONTINUOUS

1106

Dawson tends bar. He pours Amy a shot, slides it over. She  
grabs the glass, downs it in one gulp.

AMY

I figured, great. First assignment,  
Morgan Walker, big deal modeling  
agent. I'll get to see the world.

DAWSON

The guy's got a good cover. Don't  
beat yourself up.

AMY

(with sarcasm)

Walk in a model, walk out a slave,  
and I'm too thick to notice it until  
he murders someone right under my  
nose.

(CONTINUED)

1106 CONTINUED:

1106

Amy lifts her glass, realizes it's empty, sets it back down.  
Dawson pours her another shot.

DAWSON

There was nothing you could have  
done about it.

Amy is tight. There is an edge to everything she says.

AMY

(on an angry ramble)  
I could have thrown rocks... I  
could've called the police...

DAWSON

(gently emphatic)  
No. You couldn't have.

AMY

Right. We just watch.

DAWSON

(gently)  
That's our job. Observe and record...

AMY

But don't interfere. Yeah, yeah, I  
know.

(beat)

But what about you, Joe? What about  
you and MacLeod?

DAWSON

This isn't about me. I didn't make  
up the rules. Blame Amelatu, the  
Akkadian. He's the guy who started  
it all four thousand years ago when  
he saw Gilgamesh come back to life.

AMY

If I wanted a history lesson I'd  
have asked for one.

DAWSON

(reacting to her tone)  
It's been a tough day. Why don't  
you go home and chill out?

AMY

Joe, why would somebody who finished  
10th in her class at the Academy be  
the first to get a field assignment?

DAWSON

Maybe you got lucky.

(CONTINUED)

1106 CONTINUED: (2)

1106

AMY

And maybe somebody pulled a few strings.

DAWSON

It happens.

Dawson downs his shot.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

I got work to do. So do you.

AMY

Why'd you do it?

DAWSON

(beat)

Your mother and I were classmates at the Academy together... We were friends.

AMY

Friends... What kind of friends?

(beat)

You swap recipes? Maybe you went bowling? You must've been real close.

(beat)

You know what's strange, Joe? My father died about five years ago. I came home and my mother was going through some old stuff. I found her staring at a photograph...

(pointed)

It wasn't my father.

Dawson says nothing. The air hangs heavy between them.

AMY

(beat)

I wasn't even sure you knew about me until I got bumped up, but you did, didn't you?

(beat)

Why didn't you tell me?

(turning away)

Why the hell do you think I became a Watcher?

She turns and runs out of the bar. Dawson calls after her.

DAWSON

Amy!

1106A EXT. LE BLUES BAR - DAY

1106A

Amy runs down the street. Dawson follows, trying to keep up.

DAWSON

Amy... Amy!

But he can't. Amy turns a corner and is gone.

Dawson's face is clouded with emotion. He takes a BEAT, then walks back into the bar.

1107 INT. LE BLUES BAR - STOCKROOM - CONTINUOUS

1107

The stockroom is littered with cases of liquor and wine. Against one wall sits an old desk and chair. Sitting at the desk --

METHOS

types away on Dawson's laptop computer.

DAWSON (O.S.)

Hey!

Methos turns in surprise to see a furious

DAWSON

standing in the open doorway.

Methos pulls out his most ingratiating smile, but keeps typing.

METHOS

I missed you, too, Joe. With you in a moment.

Dawson walks over to the desk, still on edge from his encounter with Amy.

DAWSON

What the hell do you think you're doing!?

METHOS

(still typing)  
Just need a little information.

DAWSON

I can see that.  
(beat)  
Where've you been?

(CONTINUED)

1107 CONTINUED:

1107

METHOS

(still typing)

Here... there... mostly there. By  
the way, I stopped by the barge.  
Where's MacLeod?

Dawson reaches over, slams the laptop shut.

DAWSON

You're unbelievable.

METHOS

MacLeod?

DAWSON

London. Claudia Jardine's playing  
at the Albert Hall.

Methos nods, then pulls out his humble, supplicating smile.

METHOS

Joe... I'm looking for Morgan Walker.

Dawson reacts to the name.

DAWSON

The Chronicles aren't your personal  
Rolodex, Methos. Find some other  
way to hunt him.

METHOS

Hunt him? I don't want to hunt him.

DAWSON

(sarcastic)

Nahhh... you're gonna send him  
flowers.

METHOS

Actually, I'm trying to stay the  
hell away from him.

DAWSON

What'd you do to him?

As Methos turns to Joe --

TRANSITION TO:

1108 EXT. STREET - NEW ORLEANS - 1808 - NIGHT

1108

To establish a typical New Orleans-style building.

(CONTINUED)

1108 CONTINUED:

1108

METHOS (O.S.)

Your brother's fever's broken. Two  
or three days and he'll be as good  
as new.

1108A INT. HALLWAY - NEW ORLEANS - 1808 - NIGHT

1108A

Methos, as Dr. Benjamin Adams, closes the door of a small  
side room. Inside, we see a young slave resting. CHARLOTTE,  
a beautiful black slave in a simple but well-kept dress,  
looks up at Methos.

CHARLOTTE

Thank you, Dr. Adams.

METHOS

It's Benjamin.

CHARLOTTE

(turning her eyes  
away)

Thank you, Benjamin.

METHOS

I'll look in on him tomorrow.

They walk into the drawing room.

1109 INT. DRAWING ROOM - NEW ORLEANS - 1808 - NIGHT

1109

The room is modestly appointed: fireplace, a settee, reading  
chairs, games table, and on the walls, paintings of tall  
ships and naval battles. Methos and Charlotte enter together.

CHARLOTTE

Benjamin... why do you take care of  
slaves? Not many doctors do.

METHOS

(with a wry smile)

Maybe because in a past life I might  
have been one.

He turns to leave. She touches his arm.

CHARLOTTE

Do you have to go... so soon?

METHOS

Captain Walker?

CHARLOTTE

At sea...

(CONTINUED)



1109 CONTINUED:

1109

METHOS

Really?

She moves to a table and pours Methos a drink.

CHARLOTTE

(beat)

I watch you sometimes in the marketplace.

METHOS

Do you?

CHARLOTTE

I see how the women look at you.

Charlotte hands him his drink.

METHOS

Are you flirting with me, Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE

Yes. Is it all right?

He moves closer to her, reaches out and touches her cheek.

METHOS

It's lovely.

His hand trails down her neck, caressing her.

His lips start to move over her bare shoulder. She responds, her lips seeking his. As they kiss passionately, she unfastens her dress. As it drops to the floor --

1110 EXT. DOCKS - NEW ORLEANS - 1808 - NIGHT

1110

It's a gloomy night. Waves can be heard lapping against the pier, but the docks are shrouded in a dense fog. All we can see is a few boxes and shipping crates.

A BOSUN secures one of the crates with thick rope. His ASSISTANT leads a group of SLAVES in chains.

WALKER

emerges from the fog in sea togs and captain's cap, duffle bag in hand.

WALKER (CONT'D)

(to Bosun)

Have the steward lay in fresh water and tack. We sail again in two days.

(CONTINUED)

1110 CONTINUED:

1110

BOSUN (O.S.)

Aye, Captain.

The Bosun nods, moves off into the fog. Suddenly, a SHOUT. Walker peers into the mist to see --

Two young MALE SLAVES struggling in the grip of two SAILORS as they're dragged toward Walker.

SAILOR

Captain Walker! Found these two slaves in the galley. They broke their chains. They was raidin' our supplies, fixin' to make a break for it.

The Slaves exchange frightened glances.

Walker suddenly pulls his side arm and fires, killing both Slaves.

WALKER

Nobody steals from me.  
(beat; contemptuous)  
Least of all, my own cargo.

Walker shoulders his duffle bag and heads off in the other direction.

1111 INT. BEDROOM - NEW ORLEANS - 1808 - NIGHT

1111

A modestly appointed bedroom. A set of french doors opens onto the street two stories below.

A four-poster bed sits in the middle of the room. Methos and Charlotte make passionate love.

When they're finished, Methos rolls to one side and looks at Charlotte. He touches her face tenderly.

METHOS

Does Captain Walker ever tell you how beautiful you are?

CHARLOTTE

(softly)  
No.

METHOS

Then he's more of a fool than I thought.

A nearby CHURCH BELL chimes the hour. Methos pulls away from Charlotte and starts to get out of bed.

(CONTINUED)

1111 CONTINUED:

1111

METHOS (CONT'D)

I should be going.

CHARLOTTE

At least let me fix you something to eat, Benjamin.

(beat)

Captain Walker is still at sea.

METHOS

How long until he returns?

CHARLOTTE

He's not due back for three more days.

METHOS

In that case... I'll stay. For dinner.

CHARLOTTE

(shyly)

And breakfast?

He grabs Charlotte by the waist, pulls her to him. She laughs with delight, and they disappear under the sheets.

1112 EXT. STREET - NEW ORLEANS - 1808 - NIGHT

1112

Walker walks down the street, duffle bag slung over his shoulder.

As he approaches his house, he BUZZES. He stops, looks around... then up to...

WALKER'S POV

A set of french doors on the second floor. PUSH IN to windows as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

1113 INT. BEDROOM - NEW ORLEANS - 1808 - NIGHT

1113

Methos and Charlotte, still in bed, kiss passionately.

METHOS BUZZES.

He comes up for air, pushes Charlotte gently away from him.

CHARLOTTE

What is it?

Methos scampers out of bed, grabs his pants.

(CONTINUED)

1113 CONTINUED:

1113

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Benjamin! What are you doing?

METHOS

I'm afraid we're about to have  
company.

Methos grabs his shirt, scoops up his boots. Charlotte  
glances around the bedroom, confused.

CHARLOTTE

Did you hear someone?

METHOS

Something like that.

He kisses her quickly. She reaches out to embrace him, but  
he slips out of her grasp.

CHARLOTTE

Benjamin...

Methos throws open the french doors and scurries down a  
trellis to the street below.

He blows her a kiss as he disappears from sight.

TRANSITION TO:

1114 INT. LE BLUES BAR - STOCKROOM - THE PRESENT - DAY

1114

Dawson is stilled pissed at Methos.

DAWSON

You gotta be out of your mind.

METHOS

C'mon, Joe.

DAWSON

Because you couldn't keep it in your  
pants 200 years ago, I'm supposed to  
just turn over the Chronicles?

METHOS

That was the general idea.

DAWSON

I'll bet it was.

METHOS

(beat)

If I was MacLeod, you'd help me.

(CONTINUED)

1114 CONTINUED:

1114

That cuts a little deep for Dawson, especially so soon after his conversation with Amy. He snaps back --

DAWSON

I know Mac. I know who he is and what he is. You?

(beat)

I don't know what the hell you are.

METHOS

What's that supposed to mean?

DAWSON

Real simple. I'm a Watcher. You're an Immortal. It's not my job to make your life easier.

Methos chuckles sarcastically.

METHOS

Oh, yes... your Watcher oath. Heaven forbid I involve you. Wouldn't want you to compromise your precious ethics, Joe.

It's been a tough day, and Dawson's pissed meter is in the red.

METHOS (CONT'D)

(beat; levelly)

Provided, of course, such a thing is possible for a hypocrite.

DAWSON

Get out!

Methos shrugs resignedly, steps lightly past Dawson on his way out. Dawson SLAMS the door shut.

1115 EXT. WALKER'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

1115

Walker leaves his office building, heads off down the street.

Down the block, Amy watches Walker.

AMY

(under her breath)

About time.

She speaks into her micro-recorder.

AMY (CONT'D)

(checking her watch)

One-thirty. Mr. Congeniality's leaving the office on foot.

(CONTINUED)

1115 CONTINUED:

1115

She pockets the recorder, follows him -- a little too closely. Her surveillance techniques are still a bit shaky.

Walker turns the next corner.

Amy quickens her step to the corner, peers carefully around.

AMY'S POV

Walker is halfway down the next block. Suddenly he turns left into what appears to be a side street -- disappearing from her view.

RESUME SCENE

Amy hurries around the corner and down the block. Tentatively creeping up to Walker's street, she pokes her head around.

1116 EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

1116

It's actually an alley. And it's empty. No Walker.

AMY

Damn.

She heads down the alley, soon sees it's a DEAD END.

AMY (CONT'D)

(whispers to herself)

Where the hell... ?

Her shoulders sag. She's lost him. She turns to leave and comes face to face with --

WALKER

who smiles dangerously, his FACE filling the frame.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Looking for me?

As he grabs Amy --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

1117 EXT. WALKER'S OFFICE BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - DAY 1117

AMY (O.S.)  
Quite a grip you got there.

1118 INT. WALKER'S OFFICE - DAY 1118

A sleek, hi-tech office. Black leather furniture, chrome and glass desk. Blowups of glamorous models line the walls.

Amy sits in a chair, rubbing a bruise on her neck. Walker leans in close to her face, breathes --

WALKER  
Sometimes I get carried away. It's part of my charm.

He lingers a moment, watching Amy shiver with revulsion. Then straightens up, regarding her with chilling detachment.

WALKER (CONT'D)  
What's a Watcher?

AMY  
(feigns innocence)  
A what?

WALKER  
At first I thought you were police.

He crosses to his desk where the contents of Amy's PURSE have been dumped out -- wallet, keys, makeup, candy, notebook and micro tape recorder.

WALKER (CONT'D)  
Then I found this.

Walker picks up her micro-recorder.

AMY  
Okay... you win. I'm a reporter.  
Editor wants an expose piece on modeling in the nineties.

He shakes his head, waving the recorder under her nose.

WALKER  
Nice try. But I know what you've seen. You know I'm an Immortal.

(CONTINUED)

1118 CONTINUED:

1118

AMY

And I'm a Capricorn. Big deal.

Walker reaches back and picks up her notebook off his desk.

WALKER

Your notebook. Shall I read you a selection?

AMY

I wrote it. I know what it says.

WALKER

I insist. Here.

(reading)

"I wonder if all Watchers" -- there's that word again --

(off Amy's shrug)

...get stuck with such a slimeball as Walker for their Immortal."

Amy tries not to squirm under Walker's unflinching glare.

WALKER

Not very flattering.

AMY

But accurate.

Walker LAUGHS, tossing her notebook aside.

1119 INT. LE BLUES BAR - DAY

1119

Dawson, on the phone, listens to Amy's voice from an answering machine --

AMY (O.S.)

(from phone)

This is Amy. It's your nickel. You know what to do.

The machine BEEPS.

DAWSON

It's Joe. Where are you? Amy... Please call me.

He hangs up the phone, a worried expression on his face.

1120 INT. WALKER'S OFFICE - DAY

1120

Walker crosses behind his desk. With a broad sweep of his arm, he indicates the blowup beauty shots on his office walls.

(CONTINUED)



1120 CONTINUED:

1120

WALKER

Look at them. Beautiful, aren't they? Frozen in time, like Immortals. But they're not Immortals. Give them fifteen or twenty years... what do they have to look forward to?

AMY

(sarcastic)

I don't know... life?

WALKER

Not a real life. The skin sags, the eyelids droop, the wrinkles attack. It takes a minor medical miracle to hold them together long enough for a photo shoot.

(beat)

But nobody wants them anyway.

AMY

(disgusted)

So you sell them.

WALKER

Morality is an acquired taste. In my time slavery was legal. I give my women a new life. New hope.

Amy shakes her head in disbelief.

AMY

And how many cards are missing in your deck?

Walker's hand snakes out, grabs her wrist in an iron grip. She winces.

WALKER

You have to learn to respect your elders.

He wrenches her wrist around, Amy cries out in pain.

WALKER'S POV - AMY'S WRIST

Her sleeve has slid up, revealing her Watcher tattoo.

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

Interesting. What is it?

RESUME SCENE

Amy yanks her arm free, pulls down her sleeve.

(CONTINUED)

1120 CONTINUED: (2)

1120

AMY

Birthmark.

Walker is unfazed by the obvious lie.

WALKER

I like bravado in a woman. I find  
it very... exciting.Amy turns away. She doesn't want him to see her fear. Walker  
snatches up her notebook.

WALKER (CONT'D)

(re: notebook)

Let's talk about a name that keeps  
popping up. In here and on the  
tape... Let's talk about Joe Dawson.

OFF Amy's concern --

CUT TO:

1121 EXT. LE BLUES BAR - DAY

1121

A dark sedan parks across the street from Dawson's bar.

BECK (O.S.)

We got a description?

1122 INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

1122

Beck and Stein sit inside the car.

STEIN

(nods)

Late 40's, grey hair...

BECK

Walks with a cane?

He points toward the bar.

THEIR POV

Through the front windows, Dawson can be seen walking inside  
the bar.

STEIN (O.S.)

That's him.

RESUME SCENE

Beck pulls his gun, checks the clip.

(CONTINUED)

1122 CONTINUED:

1122

STEIN

We're here to grab him not waste  
him.

Beck nods reluctantly.

BECK

Yes, mother.

Stein gestures out the window.

STEIN

Heads up.

They see Dawson leave the bar, heads toward his car.

1123 EXT. LE BLUES BAR - CONTINUOUS

1123

Beck and Stein get out of the car, head across the street,  
toward

DAWSON

who's unlocking his car door.

Stein checks the street -- pedestrians crowd the sidewalk...  
a young COUPLE walk arm-in-arm, two ELDERLY MEN argue, a  
NANNY pushes a baby carriage...

Stein puts out a hand, stopping Beck in his tracks.

STEIN

We don't need an audience.

Dawson shuts his car door, starts his engine.

STEIN (CONT'D)

C'mon.

Stein and Beck jog back to the sedan.

DAWSON'S CAR

turns out and up the street.

THE DARK SEDAN

pulls out after it.

1124 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE METHOS' HOUSE - DAY

1124

Methos walks toward his car, a new black Mercedes four-wheel  
drive, carrying a duffle bag.

Dawson's car pulls up, parks behind him.

(CONTINUED)

1124 CONTINUED:

1124

Methodos opens the back door, throws the duffle bag in, as

DAWSON

walks up, nods coolly toward Methodos' bag.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Going somewhere?

METHOS

Next stage out of Dodge.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Beck and Stein drive up the street, park at a discreet distance.

RESUME

Methodos and Dawson share a frigid BEAT --

METHOS

Never could stand long goodbyes.

He opens his car door.

DAWSON

I'm worried about someone.

METHOS

Aren't we all.

DAWSON

Her name's Amy. She's a new Watcher.

Methodos waits impatiently.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

She was supposed to check in every four hours, and she didn't.

METHOS

(shrugs)

Love to help, but I've got a plane to catch.

Dawson's arm blocks his way. Methodos looks at the arm, then at Dawson.

DAWSON

(beat; stiffly)

Amy was watching your guy.

METHOS

Who?

(CONTINUED)

1124 CONTINUED: (2)

1124

DAWSON

Walker.

OFF Methos' reaction --

TRANSITION TO:

1125 INT. DRAWING ROOM - NEW ORLEANS - 1808 - NIGHT

1125

Charlotte hurries in from the bedroom, her hair disheveled, hastily straightening her dress as --

WALKER

comes through the front door.

CHARLOTTE

Captain Walker!

She fidgets under his steady gaze.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

You're back early.

He glances toward the closed bedroom door.

WALKER

Who's here?

CHARLOTTE

No one, sir.

Walker strides territorially around the room. He can feel the BUZZ diminish. He whirls on Charlotte.

WALKER

Don't lie to me, dammit! I know someone was here.

CHARLOTTE

No, one. I swear.

(beat)

Let me take your coat.

She moves toward him, but he pushes her aside, blows on past. He throws open the bedroom door and storms into --

1126 INT. BEDROOM - NEW ORLEANS - 1808 - CONTINUOUS

1126

WALKER'S POV

The bed sheets are still tousled. CAMERA PANS to the curtains blowing in the breeze from the open french doors.

(CONTINUED)

1126 CONTINUED:

1126

ON WALKER

as he seethes with rage.

CHARLOTTE

stands terrified in the doorway.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

You're tired, Captain. I'll make  
you some supper. Maybe a hot bath?

Walker explodes. He grabs her roughly by the arm and throws  
her back on the bed.

WALKER

Who the hell was in my bed?!

Charlotte cowers, scampering off the other side of the bed.

Walker advances menacingly toward her. She backs toward the  
open French doors.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Tell me who he was, Charlotte.

He grabs her roughly.

CHARLOTTE

There was no one.

WALKER

How could you do this to me? I chose  
you. I saved you.

(forces her to look  
at him)

You are my woman.

CHARLOTTE

(quiet but firm)

I am your slave.

Walker is stung by her words. He has feelings for Charlotte,  
feelings he has pretended that she shares. He grabs her  
wrist painfully.

WALKER

Who is he?

CHARLOTTE

(in tears)

Please... you're hurting me.

WALKER

Who?

(CONTINUED)

1126 CONTINUED: (2)

1126

CHARLOTTE  
(small voice)  
There was no one here.

WALKER  
(enraged)  
Liar!

Walker pushes her backward, hard. She loses her balance, stumbles backward and out the French doors... SCREAMING as she drops from sight.

1127 EXT. STREET - NEW ORLEANS - 1808 - CONTINUOUS

1127

Methos freezes in mid-stride as he HEARS Charlotte's SCREAM, followed by a sickening THUD.

He runs back around the corner to see --

CHARLOTTE'S BODY, lying on the stone walkway.

Methos rushes up, kneels down and feels for a pulse. But she's dead, her neck broken. He BUZZES, looks up --

METHOS' POV

Walker stares down at him from the French doors, murder in his eyes.

RESUME SCENE

Methos, with a last sad look at Charlotte, ducks through a hedge and is gone.

1128 EXT. DOCKS - NEW ORLEANS - 1808 - NIGHT

1128

Foggy. Methos moves quickly along, carrying his medical bag and a valise. He gets the BUZZ.

WALKER (O.S.)  
Running away, Adams?

WALKER

materializes out of the fog, eyes blazing with fury.

METHOS  
Taking the night air.

WALKER  
(blocking his way)  
You killed Charlotte.

Methos quickly takes in his surroundings with a practiced eye... he starts backing toward a tall stack of crates.

(CONTINUED)

1128 CONTINUED:

1128

METHOS (CONT'D)

I slept with her.  
(pointed)  
You killed her.

WALKER

You bastard! You have no idea what  
she meant to me.  
(beat)  
I loved her.

METHOS

You owned her.

At that, Walker advances, unsheathes his blade.

WALKER

Fight me.

METHOS

I'll pass.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Draw your sword, coward.

METHOS

(shrugs)  
No.

WALKER

Fight me, damn you!

Walker lunges. Methos deftly sidesteps him, darting behind  
a tall stack of fog-shrouded crates.

Walker follows, finding himself inside a murky maze of crates  
and boxes.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Show yourself!

Rounding each corner with caution, he moves deeper and deeper  
into the fog. He's lost the BUZZ. He turns this way and  
that, sword at the ready.

A DARK SHAPE passes by.

Walker grabs it, roughly spinning around -- an OLD SAILOR.  
He releases the startled Sailor, who eagerly moves off.

ON WALKER

lost in a maze of boxes and crates and fog as he shouts in  
frustration--

(CONTINUED)



1128 CONTINUED: (2)

1128

WALKER

Adams!

TRANSITION TO:

1129 EXT. STREET - DAY

1129

Back outside Methos' place.

METHOS

You don't know he has Amy.

DAWSON

I don't know he doesn't.

METHOS

So get your Watcher friends to help.

DAWSON

You know they're not going to if an Immortal's involved.

METHOS

(innocently)

How about the police?

DAWSON

(scowls)

Oh, yeah. Excuse me officer, there was this Watcher. She was following a guy that lives forever and she disappeared.

Methos opens his car door.

METHOS

You'll come up with something.

Dawson blocks his way.

DAWSON

Methos...

METHOS

What? You need my help? Me, an Immortal? And you, a Watcher? In league? Together?

(beat; twists the knife)

Wouldn't that be interfering, Joe?

Dawson boils, threatens to explode. But he eats it instead.

DAWSON

You through?

(CONTINUED)

1129 CONTINUED:

1129

METHOS

For now.

(beat)

We've got other concerns at the moment.

DAWSON

Like what?

METHOS

Like that car behind me. Parked down the block.

Dawson looks past Methos' shoulder.

DAWSON'S POV

Beck and Stein's sedan waits at the curb.

METHOS (O.S.)

They drove up when you did. Haven't budged since.

RESUME SCENE

Dawson unbuttons his jacket, hand on his shoulder holster.

METHOS

(re: gun)

And just what do you think you're doing?

Dawson turns and starts toward the sedan.

1130 INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

1130

Beck and Stein see Methos pull Dawson back by the arm.

Dawson's hand comes out of his jacket holding a GUN.

STEIN

We've been made.

1131 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

1131

Methos tries to stop Dawson.

METHOS

I really wouldn't advise it.

DAWSON

I know.

(CONTINUED)

1131 CONTINUED:

1131

METHOS' POV

Beck aims his gun out the window.

METHOS (O.S.)  
Hope I live to regret this.

BANG!

ON METHOS

as he dives in front of Dawson, just in time to take a bullet in the chest. He falls dead.

DAWSON

ducks behind the car, returns fire.

STEIN

takes a bullet in the shoulder. He's out.

BECK

is out of the sedan, creeping around the front hood.

BECK'S POV

On the ground, Methos GASPS back to life.

BECK

can't believe his eyes. He's too stunned to react for a moment.

METHOS

calls out weakly to Dawson.

METHOS (CONT'D)  
Cover me!

DAWSON

fires, keeping Beck pinned while Methos pulls himself into the driver's seat of his Mercedes.

As Methos starts the car, Dawson pulls open the rear door, throws himself in across the seat.

BECK

loads a fresh clip, fires as

(CONTINUED)

1131 CONTINUED: (2)

1131

METHOS

jams the car in gear and squeals in reverse down the street. The car fishtails wildly at the intersection and disappears around a corner.

BECK

pushes the wounded Stein over to the passenger side of their sedan, jumps in the driver's seat and takes off after Methos and Dawson.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

1132 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 1132

Methos' car cruises down a country road.

WALKER (O.S.)

A guy with no legs! And he got away  
from you?

1133 INT. WALKER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 1133

Walker shouts into the phone, furious.

WALKER

I don't care who he had with him!

1134 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS 1134

The dark sedan speeds through the streets.

BECK (O.S.)

I saw it with my own eyes and I still  
don't believe it.

1135 INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS 1135

Beck drives, one hand on the wheel, the other on the car  
phone.

BECK

The guy was dead. But he came back  
to life!Stein rides shotgun, nursing his wounded shoulder. He shoots  
Beck a look of disbelief.

1136 INT. WALKER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 1136

Walker pauses, digesting Beck's story.

WALKER

What did this miracle man look like?

1137 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 1137

Methos' car motors down a country lane.

DAWSON (O.S.)

Pull the car over.

1138 INT. METHOS' CAR - CONTINUOUS

1138

Dawson sits in the front seat now.

METHOS  
Give me one good reason.

DAWSON  
We're going the wrong way.

METHOS  
I beg to differ. Driving away from  
the bullets... always preferable.

DAWSON  
I forgot who I was dealing with...  
We lost 'em two towns back.

DAWSON'S POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW

They near a road sign that reads -- DIJON, 175 KM

RESUME

METHOS  
How does dinner in Switzerland sound?

DAWSON  
Just pull the damned car over!

Methos shakes his head.

METHOS  
No.

Dawson pulls out his gun, aims it at Methos.

DAWSON  
I'm going back. With you or without  
you.

METHOS  
To do what, exactly?

DAWSON  
I don't know. Take a stand, try and  
find Amy.

METHOS  
Remember the Alamo, Joe?

Suddenly, the car slows considerably. Dawson grins at Methos.

DAWSON  
Knew you'd understand. Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

1138 CONTINUED:

1138

He puts his gun away.

METHOS

(scowls)

Thanks, nothing.

We HEAR an engine SPUTTERING...

METHOS (CONT'D)

We're out of gas.

1139 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - CONTINUOUS

1139

The car rolls to a stop by the side of the road. Dawson and Methos get out.

DAWSON

How could you run out of gas?

METHOS

Didn't know I'd be driving cross country.

Methos opens the trunk, pulls out a gas can, hefts it. Dawson slams the trunk. He takes the gas can from Methos and heads off down the road.

METHOS (CONT'D)

You're going to walk?

DAWSON

You got a better idea?

CLOSE ON - METHOS' THUMB

sticking out, hitchhiker style.

DISSOLVE TO:

Methos hitching, Dawson nearby. A car passes them and doesn't stop.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

That's the twelfth car.

METHOS

(tight)

I'm not counting.

(beat)

It was the eleventh.

DAWSON

Let me do it.

He sticks out his thumb.

(CONTINUED)

1139 CONTINUED:

1139

METHOS

Like they'll stop for you and not  
me?

A TRUCK pulls up. The door flies open.

TRUCK DRIVER (O.S.)

Need a lift?

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

The sedan approaches from a distance, pulls up behind Methos' abandoned car.

Beck gets out, his gun ready, leery of a trap. He sticks his head in the driver's side window.

STEIN (O.S.)

So?

Beck straightens up, a smile on his face.

BECK

(chuckling)

They'll be looking for gas.

1140 EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - DAY

1140

The panel truck is parked at an industrial site, in front of a two-story warehouse-type building. Off to one side --

METHOS AND DAWSON

stand beside a private gas pump belonging to the warehouse. Dawson replaces the gas nozzle, screws the cap on the can.

METHOS

Nice of the guy to open up for us.

Dawson doesn't respond. Methos sees that he's pissed.

METHOS (CONT'D)

What?

DAWSON

If you'd whacked him two hundred years ago, we wouldn't be here now. And Amy'd still be safe.

METHOS

Nice try, Joe. But I'm not the one who put a rookie in the field.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



1140 CONTINUED:

1140

METHOS (CONT'D)  
(off Dawson's reaction)  
You know as well as I do... a sloppy  
Watcher is a dead Watcher.

ANOTHER ANGLE

On the road in front of them, the dark sedan cruises by.

RESUME

Dawson nudges Methos.

DAWSON  
(re: sedan)  
That who I think it is?

A SQUEAL of tires O.S. --

DAWSON (CONT'D)  
Oh, yeah.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The sedan burns rubber reversing on the road. It spins into the truck stop --

BANG! A bullet spits up dirt at their feet. They drop the gas can, make for the truck. But the truck is already pulling out.

DAWSON  
Hey!

BANG! Another shot as the sedan skids to a stop.

METHOS  
Over here!

Methos and Dawson hurry toward the warehouse, duck behind some empty oil drums. Methos points toward a door behind them leading inside.

METHOS (CONT'D)  
My turn. I'll cover you.

Dawson nods, prepares to make a break for it.

Methos fires on Beck and Stein, as Dawson backs through the door to safety.

BECK

raises his gun, takes aim, fires.

(CONTINUED)

1140 CONTINUED: (2)

1140

Methodos makes a run for the door. Beck's bullet takes out a chunk of doorway, barely missing Methodos as he jumps through.

1141 INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

1141

Methodos and Dawson step off an old freight elevator.

DAWSON

It's not gonna take them long to figure out a way up here.

Methodos checks his clip --

METHOS

One bullet.

DAWSON

(pops clip)  
Zero.

METHOS

Right about now, I should be sinking my teeth into a juicy steak, forty thousand feet in the air, with a pretty stewardess plumping my pillow.

DAWSON

(nods soberly)  
I appreciate it.

METHOS

Ah, well.

He turns and heads off.

DAWSON

Hey! Where you going?

METHOS

Unfortunately, I seem to have no choice. Time to do things the old fashioned way.

Dawson starts after him.

DAWSON

Not without me you're not!

METHOS

Joe, you're out of bullets. And you're not exactly fast on your feet.

Dawson brushes his concerns aside, striding forward with fierce resolve.

(CONTINUED)

1141 CONTINUED:

1141

DAWSON

I'll do what I have to do, Methos.

Methos looks into Dawson's eyes... picks up on his fire and desperation and anxiety...

METHOS

(beat)

Anything you want to tell me, Joe?

DAWSON

Huh?

METHOS

What's so special about this... Amy?

DAWSON

We're wasting time.

METHOS

Watchers get in tough spots everyday.  
You don't go risk your life to help  
them.

Dawson takes a BEAT, gathers himself up, spills it --

DAWSON

They're not my daughter.

OFF Methos' reaction --

CLANG! A loud noise from below interrupts them.

METHOS

Time out while I tend to the hired  
help.

Dawson starts to protest. Methos puts up a warning hand.

METHOS (CONT'D)

We'll finish this later... Dad.

With a quick smirk, Methos takes off across the warehouse.

1142 INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING LOWER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

1142

Beck and Stein move stealthily through the lower level.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Methos creeps down a rear staircase, heads out across the  
floor.

(CONTINUED)

1142 CONTINUED:

1142

METHOS' POV

Beck and Stein split up, move off.

METHOS

follows Beck, picking his way carefully through the warehouse.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Beck rounds a corner, hears something behind him, starts to turn as --

Methos rams a steel pipe into his gut.

Beck doubles over, gasping for air. Methos follows up with an uppercut that spins Beck around. A swift gun butt to the base of his skull sends Beck down and out.

Methos picks up Beck's gun and heads off.

1143 INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

1143

Dawson waits restlessly. Suddenly, his cell phone RINGS. He whips it out, toggles on.

DAWSON

Dawson.

1144 INT. WALKER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

1144

A nervous Amy watches as Walker speaks on the phone.

INTERCUT:

WALKER

(into phone)

Good to finally talk to you, Joe.  
Amy's told me all about you.

DAWSON

(into phone)

Let her go, Walker.

WALKER

But you've made me a very unhappy  
man.

DAWSON

Life's full of disappointments.

WALKER

How true, how true.

(CONTINUED)

1144 CONTINUED:

1144

Walker grabs Amy by the hair, puts the receiver up to her mouth.

ON DAWSON

as he listens to Amy's voice.

AMY

Tell him to go to hell.

Then she GASPS in pain.

DAWSON

Amy!

Walker gets back on the line.

WALKER

Now where were we? Oh, yes. Our discussion of life.

DAWSON

I'm listening.

WALKER

I have someone you want. And you have someone I want. How about a trade, Joe?

A GUNSHOT from below. OFF Dawson's reaction --

1145 INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - LOWER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

1145

Methos crouches behind a stack of girders as -- TWANG! -- a bullet narrowly misses his head. Using Beck's gun, he returns fire -- BANG! BANG!

Then he ducks down, quickly pops the clip out of his automatic. He raises the gun out in the open, pulling the trigger -- CLICK CLICK CLICK.

METHOS

(loudly)

Damn.

STEIN

hears the CLICKS, and thinking Methos is out of ammo, carelessly steps out from behind a pillar. He moves up quickly to Methos' hiding place, confronts him.

Methos aims his gun at Stein.

(CONTINUED)

1145 CONTINUED:

1145

STEIN (CONT'D)

(laughs)

You're out of bullets.

METHOS

Really?

Methos fires point blank, hits him dead center in the chest.  
A surprised Stein is blown back, hits the floor, dead.

1146 INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

1146

Dawson heard the gunshots -- but what the hell's going on  
down there?

Dawson bites his lip... if he could just buy some more time.

Walker's angry voice comes through the phone.

WALKER

I'm waiting!

Dawson cracks --

DAWSON

Alright! Alright, damn you!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Methos has just reached the upper level. He walks across  
the warehouse toward Dawson.

He sees Dawson on his cell phone..

DAWSON

(into phone)

Yeah. I got it.

Dawson toggles off, turns a straight face to Methos.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Two for two?

METHOS

(nods)

Nice chaps.

(holds up keys)

Even gave us their car keys.

(re: phone)

Who was that?

DAWSON

That? Oh, Jack, uh, Bender.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1146 CONTINUED:

1146

DAWSON (CONT'D)

(off Methos' look)

Old Watcher buddy of mine. Got a  
line on Walker's whereabouts.

METHOS

Really?

DAWSON

Yeah. He'll be at the refinery  
outside Chartres. Tonight at eight.  
And he'll have Amy.

METHOS

Well, we know what we need to do,  
then, don't we?

Dawson takes an awkward BEAT, avoids Methos' eyes.

DAWSON

Yeah. We know what we need to do.

OFF Dawson's troubled face --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

1147 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 1147

The sedan drives through the dark streets.

METHOS (O.S.)

Does she know?

1148 INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS 1148

Methos drives. Dawson stares out the window.

DAWSON

(rousing)

Huh?

METHOS

Does Amy know you're her father?

DAWSON

(beat)

Seems she figured it out.

METHOS

But you never told her?

He glances quickly at Dawson.

METHOS (CONT'D)

If you don't want to confide in me,  
fine.

(beat; he waits)

And, please, don't let the fact that  
I just saved your life influence  
your decision.

Dawson gruffly waves it aside.

DAWSON

Nothing new. First year at the  
Academy, I met her mom. She was  
married.

He drifts off for a moment, lost in the memory.

METHOS

And... ?

DAWSON

We were working late. We had dinner,  
a couple drinks... another drink...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



1148 CONTINUED:

1148

DAWSON (CONT'D)

(beat)

Anyway, she got pregnant.

METHOS

Just when I think I finally know the  
real Joe Dawson...

DAWSON

Yeah, well... there it is.

METHOS

Why didn't you tell her?

DAWSON

Amy's Mom loved her husband.

He turns away from Methos, looks out the window.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Amy loved him, too.

Dawson doesn't say anything for a moment, stares out into  
the night. Finally, his voice thick with emotion --

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Better to screw up one life, instead  
of four.

1149 INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT

1149

Stein's dead body lies where Methos left it. RING!

PUSH IN to reveal a CELL PHONE on Stein's belt. It RINGS  
again, echoing through the warehouse.

1150 INT. WALKER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

1150

Walker angrily slams down the phone.

WALKER

They better be dead.

Amy manages a half-hearted sneer.

AMY

Getting worried?

Walker hauls her up out of her chair, pulls her in close.

WALKER

I'm not the one who should be worried.

Amy swallows hard.

1151 INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

1151

Methos turns a thoughtful face to Dawson. He is on the edge of being uncharacteristically earnest.

METHOS

Thanks, Joe.

DAWSON

What for? You're the one who saved my ass.

METHOS

For trusting me enough to tell me about your daughter.

The last thing Dawson wants right now is Methos' gratitude.

DAWSON

(mumbling)

Yeah, yeah...

Methos smiles happily to himself.

METHOS

These last few hours... it's almost like we're... bonding.

DAWSON

(fidgets)

Sure, fine...

I METHOS (laughs)

Who'd have thought I'd end up with a Watcher for a best friend?

Dawson squirms in his seat.

DAWSON

That's a puzzler, alright.

(brusquely)

How 'bout a little less chatter, little more speed?

Methos turns a bright beaming face on Dawson.

METHOS

You got it, buddy.

He hits the gas.

1152 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

1152

The sedan speeds off.

1153 INT. WALKER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

1153

Walker takes a gun out of his desk drawer.

AMY

I'm no good to you dead.

He smiles indulgently in the poor mortal's direction.

WALKER

You're right. In fact, I'm so worried about your health, we're going to see an old doctor friend of mine.

He pockets the gun, pushing Amy toward the door.

AMY

Doctor... ?

WALKER

Benjamin Adams. We have an appointment that's long overdue.

1154 EXT. REFINERY - NIGHT

1154

An old refinery looms like a black hulk in the night.

Methos and Dawson walk from the car towards an outbuilding. With each step, Dawson's face grows more and more anxious, his conscience gnawing away at him.

Meanwhile, Methos prattles on, apparently unaware he's walking into a trap.

METHOS

You know, we actually make quite a team.

DAWSON

Uh huh.

METHOS

Like Scully and Mulder.

DAWSON

Right.

METHOS

The Lone Ranger and Tonto.

DAWSON

Whatever.

(CONTINUED)

1154 CONTINUED:

1154

METHOS (CONT'D)

Beavis and Butthead.  
(reconsidering)  
Well, you get my drift --

DAWSON

Shut -- up!

Dawson can't take anymore. He stops in his tracks, pulling Methos up short.

METHOS

Joe?

DAWSON

It's a trap.

METHOS

(glancing around)  
What?

Dawson stares at the ground.

DAWSON

Walker's waiting. He knows you're coming. I'm supposed to shoot you once we get inside.  
(beat)  
He was going to kill Amy.

He looks up, and to his surprise finds --

METHOS

breaking into a wide grin.

METHOS (CONT'D)

Wondered how long it would take.

DAWSON

You knew?!

METHOS

Of course I knew.

DAWSON

(skeptical)  
How?

METHOS

You never mention other Watchers by first and last name. Plus, you couldn't go to the Watchers for help, but suddenly there's one calling you with information?

(CONTINUED)

1154 CONTINUED: (2)

1154

DAWSON

Alright, alright...

METHOS

Oh, and whenever you lie, your left  
eye twitches.

DAWSON

Last time I play poker with you.

(beat)

So why the hell'd you drag this out?

METHOS

(shrugs)

I'm easily amused.

Dawson shakes in head in amazement.

DAWSON

Bonding, my ass.

1155 INT. OUTBUILDING - NIGHT

1155

A dark, abandoned space.

METHOS enters by a side door. He BUZZES as

WALKER

emerges from the shadows. He drags Amy along with him, a  
gun pointed at her.

METHOS

C'mon, Walker. Three's a crowd.

Walker's eyes track left to right --

WALKER

Where's Dawson?

A voice from behind him --

DAWSON (O.S.)

Right here.

Walker turns to see

DAWSON

with a gun pointed at him.

AMY

Joe!

Walker jerks his head in Methos' direction.

(CONTINUED)

1155 CONTINUED:

1155

WALKER

(to Dawson)

You were supposed to shoot him!

DAWSON

Like I said... life's full of  
disappointments.

Walker jams the gun into Amy's ribs.

WALKER

Drop the gun or she's dead.

Dawson looks at Amy. She's trying to put up a brave front,  
but her lower lip quivers.

Dawson levels the gun at Walker's head.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

If you shoot her, I shoot you. Then  
I'll let Adams take your head.

WALKER

You sonuvabitch.

A tense BEAT as the wheels turn in Walker's head.

AMY'S FOREHEAD pops with sweat.

DAWSON'S FINGER tightens on the trigger.

METHOS

(to Walker)

It's between us, Walker.

Methos pulls his sword.

WALKER

(smiles)

That's all I ever wanted.

METHOS

Joe, take a walk.

(looking at Walker)

And take Amy with you.

Walker relents. He pushes Amy roughly toward Dawson, who  
puts his arm around her and leads her off. Walker pulls his  
own blade.

WALKER

(calling to Dawson  
and Amy)

You should know. I hold a grudge.

(CONTINUED)

1155 CONTINUED: (2)

1155

DAWSON  
(to Methos)  
I'll see you later.

Methos smiles. Dawson and Amy exit.

Methos and Walker circle each other warily.

WALKER  
I've waited almost two hundred years  
for this.

METHOS  
Do the words "obsessive-compulsive"  
mean anything to you?

Walker lashes out, swings at Methos. Methos blocks, parries.

Walker's strong, brutal... he has sheer strength on his side.

But Methos is swift, elegant, polished... he can run rings  
around Walker.

Soon, Walker's winded.

Methos has the upper hand. He can taste victory as he drives  
it home with a dazzling series of flourishes.

Walker backs away, surprise obvious on his face. Clearly,  
he didn't expect such a formidable opponent.

METHOS (CONT'D)  
Just because I don't like to fight...

A lightning-like strike knocks the sword from Walker's hand --  
he stands there helpless.

METHOS (CONT'D)  
... doesn't mean I can't.

With a mighty swing, Methos takes Walker's head.

THE QUICKENING

ricochets off the walls, pounding Methos to his knees.

As it subsides, Methos rises slowly and with a last look at  
Walker, walks toward the exit.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

1156 EXT. LE BLUES BAR - ESTABLISHING - DAY 1156

DAWSON (O.S.)  
So, where do we go from here?

1157 INT. LE BLUES BAR - CONTINUOUS 1157

Amy and Dawson share a drink at a table.

AMY  
I don't know.

Dawson takes her hand, gives it a quick squeeze.

DAWSON  
I wanted to tell you.

Amy pulls her hand away.

AMY  
So why didn't you?

DAWSON  
Your mother and I thought it was for  
the best.

AMY  
The best for who?  
(beat)  
Listen to me. I sound like a five-  
year-old.

DAWSON  
I'm sorry.

AMY  
Me, too.  
(rising)  
I gotta go...

DAWSON  
Just like that.  
(beat)  
I'd like to take a shot at this father  
thing... Someday... When you're ready.

AMY  
(shrugs)  
Maybe... Goodbye, Joe.

And she's gone.

(CONTINUED)



1157 CONTINUED:

1157

Dawson watches the door slowly close.

Behind him, a chair SCRAPES across the floor. He turns to see

METHOS

crossing, bottle and glass in hand.

He sits with Dawson. A quiet BEAT. Dawson's eyes drift toward the door again.

METHOS

She'll be back.

DAWSON

How do you know?

METHOS

(wry)

Because I'm old and wise.

Joe throws him a look. Methos pours Dawson and himself a shot, toasts --

METHOS (CONT'D)

To someday...

Dawson gives him a crooked smile, and as he toasts, we --

FADE OUT.

THE END