

Highlander

"TO BE"

Written by

David Tynan

Production #97612

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Filmline International Highlander

HIGHLANDER

"To Be"

Production #97612

CAST LIST

DUNCAN MACLEOD

JOE DAWSON

AMANDA

METHOS

HUGH FITZCAIRN

TESSA

LIAM O'ROURKE

HORTON

TERRY

ALLAN

TARA

TOM

BRIAN (NON-SPEAKING STUNT)

HIGHLANDER

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

BARGE
LE BLUES BAR

UNDERGROUND STONE ROOM
TRAIN TUNNEL/DEPOT
TRAIN TUNNEL
AMANDA'S CHATEAU
DAWSON'S FLAT
BANK VAULT
ALLAN'S CAR

LIGHT HORSE PUB - LONDON - 1946

EXTERIORS

BARGE

QUAI DE LA TOURNELLE

AMANDA'S CHATEAU
/STREET OUTSIDE AMANDA'S CHATEAU
/PATIO GARDEN
ROOFTOP/BALCONY OVERLOOKING PATIO GARDEN
STREET
/STREET IN FRONT OF WHAT WAS LE BLUES BAR
ALLEYWAY
/MOUTH OF ALLEYWAY

STREET - LONDON - 1946

LE BLUES BAR - ESTABLISHING

HIGHLANDER

"To Be"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1201 EXT. BARGE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

1201

The city lights of Paris twinkle in the background as the sounds of passionate lovemaking come from inside the barge.

1202 INT. BARGE - NIGHT

1202

An empty champagne bottle and two flutes sit on the bedside table. In bed, MacLeod and Amanda make love with a fierce, joyous abandon.

The proceedings come to a shattering climax, and they fall apart, exhausted, spent.

Amanda catches her breath first.

AMANDA

Not too shabby. Four hundred years old and all the parts still work.

MACLEOD

What can I say? You bring out the best in me.

AMANDA

Is that "best" or "beast?"

MACLEOD

(with great warmth)
It's good to see you again.

A BEAT. She props herself up on one elbow.

AMANDA

So, anybody new in your life?

MACLEOD

(shakes head)
You?

AMANDA

Same old same old. Hard to find someone who... clicks, you know?

MACLEOD

Somebody you feel comfortable with.

(CONTINUED)

1202 CONTINUED:

1202

She snuggles under his arm.

AMANDA

Somebody who's attractive. And decent.

(off MacLeod's reaction)

Well, basically decent.

MACLEOD

Has a sense of adventure.

AMANDA

In life or in bed?

MACLEOD

Absolutely.

AMANDA

(laughs)

Makes me laugh.

MACLEOD

Likes to travel.

Amanda sits bolt upright in bed.

AMANDA

Travel. Damn! What time is it?

MACLEOD

(lifting his watch)

11:30.

She gets up, throws on her dress.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

AMANDA

Getting dressed. Beats going to the airport in the nude.

She pulls on her boots.

MACLEOD

Airport?

AMANDA

The place where they keep all the planes.

(beat)

I'm on the red eye to Cairo.

MACLEOD

Cairo? What for?

(CONTINUED)

1202 CONTINUED: (2)

1202

AMANDA

Gotta see a man about a camel.

MACLEOD

Amanda...

AMANDA

We were busy. Besides, I only stopped
by for a drink.

MACLEOD

(beat)

Gives new meaning to the word layover.

Amanda smiles, kisses him.

AMANDA

Now don't pout. I'll be back soon.

She walks out.

1203 EXT. QUAI DE LA TOURNELLE - MINUTES LATER

1203

Amanda walks along, just out of view of the barge. As she
passes under a bridge, she gets the BUZZ, and at the same
time, behind her --

A DARK FIGURE

appears, shrouded in shadow.

AMANDA

stops, crosses her arms, not bothering to turn.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

MacLeod, I have to go.

O'ROURKE

No, you don't.

Amanda whirls around as --

LIAM O'ROURKE

steps into view. A hard face, leather jacket, cold smile.
Precise speech with just a trace of brogue. Amanda regards
him warily.

AMANDA

If you don't mind, let's do this
quickly. I've got a plane to catch.She reaches back to draw her sword. Suddenly, two heavies,
BRIAN and TOM, get the jump on her from behind.

(CONTINUED)

1203 CONTINUED:

1203

Tom pins her arms tightly behind her back.

TOM

Not any more.

O'ROURKE

I'm about to make a slight adjustment
to your itinerary.

Amanda struggles against Tom's iron grip, calling back over
her shoulder.

AMANDA

Hey, Kong. Really got that "walking
upright" thing down, don't ya?

Tom doesn't like that... he gives her arms another twist.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

ouch!

O'ROURKE

Lad's a bit touchy about his ancestry.

Amanda cranes her neck toward the barge, shouts --

AMANDA

MACLEOD!!!

Brian steps up quickly, saps Amanda on the head. She sags
in Tom's arms, out cold.

1204 INT. BARGE - CONTINUOUS

1204

MacLeod reacts to Amanda's shouts. He jumps out of bed.

1205 EXT. QUAI DE LA TOURNELLE - MOMENTS LATER

1205

MacLeod has pulled on a pair of pants. Shirtless, he moves
along. Then he sees --

AMANDA'S SWORD

standing upright, driven into a crack in the cobblestones.
MacLeod quickly pulls the blade from the stone and holds it
up.

There, impaled on the tip -- a cardboard drink coaster with
the logo: LIGHT HORSE PUB.

As MacLeod reacts --

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1206 EXT. LE BLUES BAR - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

1206

DAWSON (O.S.)

Get outta here.

METHOS (O.S.)

I kid you not.

1207 INT. LE BLUES BAR - CONTINUOUS

1207

Dawson wields a Chronicle, confronting Methos, who sits at a table, drink in hand. The bar is empty. It is after hours.

DAWSON

You're telling me the Chronicle is wrong? That Marcus Aedilies took the head of Titus Marconus, not Peter Gaicus?

METHOS

(nodding)

74 B.C. Surprised me, too. I had a tidy sum wagered on Marconus. Had my eye on a little summer place near Herculaneum.

DAWSON

(unconvinced)

But why would his Watcher lie?

METHOS

C'mon, Joe, you know how it is. Why admit to your Watcher buddies your guy was whacked by a sniveling weasel like Aedilies, when you can brag he was aced by the greatest swordsman in all of Rome.

DAWSON

(shaking his head)

I dunno.

METHOS

You asked, I told.

(beat)

And it wasn't outside the Forum, either.

(pointedly)

It was in the vomitorium.

(CONTINUED)

1207 CONTINUED:

1207

DAWSON

The vomitorium?

METHOS

Yes. The place we went to vomit.

DAWSON

(wrinkles nose)

Nah. There really was a place like that?

METHOS

You try eating a seventeen course meal where the principal garnish is honey-coated ants and peacock brains... You ate, you drank, you vomited.

DAWSON

(disgusted; re:
Chronicle)

It doesn't say anything about him dying in a vomitorium.

METHOS

Hardly surprising. Not exactly the way I'd like to go down in history either.

Dawson goes to reply, but Methos holds up a warning finger he's getting the BUZZ.

METHOS (CONT'D)

We're having company.

They turn to the entrance as MACLEOD enters, his face dark.

DAWSON

Hey, Mac. What's up?

Methos reads MacLeod's grim visage.

METHOS

More to the point, who's up?

MacLeod tosses the LIGHT HORSE PUB coaster on a table.

DAWSON (O.S.)

Liam O'Rourke.

ZOOM IN to coaster as we --

TRANSITION TO:

1208 INT. LIGHT HORSE PUB - LONDON - 1946 - DAY

1208

CLOSE ON THE COASTER.

SUPER: LONDON, 1946

PULL BACK to REVEAL a fairly upper-crust watering hole, bangers and mash, secluded tables, the odd British Officer in uniform, men and women, a smattering of London citizens, as we HEAR --

O'ROURKE (O.S.)

I'm willing to overlook Your working
for their side, MacLeod.

In a somewhat secluded corner of the pub --

MACLEOD

is in a heated debate with Irishman Liam O'Rourke and his young mortal wife, TARA, a pert lass of 20.

MACLEOD

Their side? I thought it was our
side.

O'ROURKE

You know what I mean. The bloody
English.

MACLEOD

We were all working against bloody
Hitler.

O'ROURKE

The enemy of my enemy is my friend.
London needed a good kick in the
ass.

He breaks off with unnerving ease, flashes a charming smile as a WAITER passes close by. MacLeod looks from O'Rourke to Tara in disbelief.

MACLEOD

I can't believe I'm hearing this.

Tara turns to MacLeod with the earnest conviction of youth.

TARA

If the Nazis had taken England, they
would've left Ireland in peace.

MACLEOD

They'd have left you in slave labor
camps. If you were lucky.

(CONTINUED)

1208 CONTINUED:

1208

O'ROURKE

Moot point, MacLeod. I asked you
here to join us against England.

MACLEOD

The answer is no.

TARA

And you a Scot! Have you forgotten
Culloden?

MacLeod turns to Tara, his eyes intense.

MACLEOD

(tight)

Don't.

TARA

Don't what? Bring up the fact that
the English butchered over two
thousand Scots in a matter of days?

MACLEOD

(angry)

I know... I was there.

Tara's face blanks.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

How much killing will it take? How
many funerals, how many widows until
you realize that what you are doing
will accomplish nothing. Will solve
nothing. Will create nothing.

Tara is speechless, steamrolled by MacLeod's emotion.
O'Rourke puts a hand on her arm.

O'ROURKE

Tara sometimes forgets we Immortals
have a different... perspective...
on history.

MACLEOD

It's time to learn from our mistakes.

Tara moves to speak, O'Rourke squeezes her arm, gives her a
direct look.

O'ROURKE

I believe it's time... to order
another round.

Tara nods, rises and, carrying a leather SHOULDER BAG, crosses
to the bar.

(CONTINUED)

1208 CONTINUED: (2)

1208

She sets the bag on the floor and leans on the bar. O'Rourke watches her with frank admiration.

O'ROURKE (CONT'D)

Lovely, isn't she. The face of an angel, the heart of a lion.

MACLEOD

And you've turned her into a fanatic who's going to get herself killed. And she only dies once.

He nods at the people around them.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Look at these people, O'Rourke. They're not monsters, they're heroes. They died by the tens of thousands to stop Hitler.

O'ROURKE

Not that one. That one spent the war killing Irishmen.

He nods across the Pub at --

A BRITISH OFFICER

sitting opposite a distinguished OLDER MAN in a dark suit, conversing in low tones over lunch.

O'ROURKE

British commander Allen Broderick. Arrives every week at the same time, sits at the same table, orders the same meal...

(beat)

Reports to the office of Irish Affairs.

TARA returns to sit at their table, composed again. O'Rourke glances at his watch.

O'ROURKE

Guess we'll have to forgo that round.

MACLEOD

Why?

O'ROURKE

Got a train to catch.

(wryly)

The Flying Scotsman, so it happens.

O'Rourke and Tara rise.

(CONTINUED)

1208 CONTINUED: (3)

1208

O'ROURKE (CONT'D)

But by all means, MacLeod let's
continue this outside.

MacLeod gets up, follows them out. As they go, CAMERA PANS
TO --

TARA'S BAG

left behind on the floor by the bar.

1209 EXT. STREET - LONDON - 1946 - DAY

1209

They round a corner just out of sight of the Pub. Tara still
hasn't given up on MacLeod.

TARA

Have you lost all conviction, then?

MACLEOD

All I've lost is my taste for innocent
blood.

O'Rourke stops, frowns at his watch.

O'ROURKE

We have to go.

MACLEOD

You're late?

O'ROURKE

Actually, I'm right on time.

He looks up with a grim smile. A SPLIT SECOND later -- THE
STREET suddenly ROCKS with the concussion from a terrific
EXPLOSION, as the pub behind them is destroyed.

MACLEOD AND THE OTHERS

stagger, unbalanced by the blast.

SCREAMS and pandemonium as PASSERSBY hurry back in the
direction of the Pub.

MacLeod moves to join the rush, but O'Rourke grabs his arm.

O'ROURKE (CONT'D)

They're English.

MACLEOD

They're dying!

(CONTINUED)

1209 CONTINUED:

1209

O'ROURKE
(locking eyes)
Exactly.

MACLEOD
(incredulous)
You did this! All those people!

O'ROURKE
It was necessary. That Commander's
hands were red with Irish blood.

MacLeod grabs O'Rourke's hands.

MACLEOD
And what about your hands!?

O'ROURKE
(beat; levelly)
With us, or against us, MacLeod?

MacLeod's had enough. He SLUGS O'Rourke. O'Rourke bounces hard against a building, rights himself, wiping blood from his lip.

O'ROURKE (CONT'D)
Oh, I'm going to enjoy this.

They stand toe-toe-toe like two great bare knuckle champions and trade blows.

Liam connects. MacLeod staggers.

MacLeod comes back, knocking Liam to his knees. Liam rises off the ground and tackles MacLeod.

TARA
Stop it, Liam... stop!

But MacLeod and O'Rourke go down, arms flailing. Shrill POLICE WHISTLES pierce the air.

TARA (CONT'D)
Hurry! The police'll be on us!

O'Rourke shouts to her over MacLeod's shoulder.

O'ROURKE
Go!

TARA
No! Not without you!

(CONTINUED)

1209 CONTINUED: (2)

1209

And as the WHISTLES sound closer --

TRANSITION TO:

1210 INT. LE BLUES BAR - THE PRESENT - NIGHT

1210

MACLEOD

They were arrested, convicted and
given life.

(beat)

On my testimony.

DAWSON

So why grab Amanda? Why didn't he
just come for you?

MACLEOD

An eye for an eye.

(beat)

Tara spent the rest of her days in
prison. O'Rourke could have escaped,
but he stayed until she died.

METHOS

Melodramatic certainly, but hardly
practical.

MACLEOD

He loved her.

Methos shrugs. MacLeod turns to Joe.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Help me find Amanda.

(beat)

This is my fight, not hers.

DAWSON

Whatever you need, you got.

Methos follows as MacLeod moves toward the door.

MACLEOD

Where are you going?

METHOS

I'm rather fond of the little vixen
myself... mind if I tag along?

MacLeod smiles, grateful for the help. He and Methos exit.

Dawson locks the front door and turns off the lights at a
switch by the door. The place is bathed in an eerie neon
glow from the bar sign.

(CONTINUED)

1210 CONTINUED:

1210

DAWSON

crosses behind the bar, reaches down, pulls out a black book. He opens the book, fingers down the page, finds a phone number. He picks up the phone, dials.

TIGHT ON DAWSON AS --

DAWSON (CONT'D)

(into phone)

It's Dawson. I know it's late.

(beat)

Got a name for you. O'Rourke.

(spelling)

O - apostrophe - R - O - U --

Suddenly his voice breaks off, his eyes go wide. Another voice picks up where he left off --

O'ROURKE (O.S.)

R - K - E.

WIDEN TO REVEAL

Dawson, a syringe sticking in his neck, as O'Rourke pumps a powerful narcotic into him.

O'Rourke hangs up the phone. Dawson slumps against the bar, twisting around to see the distorted face of Liam O'Rourke looming over him for a moment, then -- BLACKNESS.

O'ROURKE (O.S.)

(reverb)

O'Rourke.

1211 INT. BARGE - NIGHT

1211

MacLeod and Methos enter the barge.

METHOS

You're not going to want to hear this, but maybe she's already dead.

MACLEOD

(over him)

If he wanted her dead he would have killed her outside the barge.

MacLeod spots something -- a crude invitation scrawled on a small, round piece of cardboard.

MacLeod examines it. In thick red letters it reads:

BERSEY TRAIN DEPOT. 4 A.M. ALONE.

(CONTINUED)

1211 CONTINUED:

1211

Methos strains to see in the dark.

METHOS

What's it written in? Looks like...
blood?

MACLEOD

Lipstick. Amanda's.

METHOS

Nice touch.

(off MacLeod's look)

Alright. Let's give Dawson a call,
see if he came up with anything.

MACLEOD

He won't answer.

METHOS

Why not?

MacLeod turns the piece of cardboard over. We now see it's
actually a COASTER with the LE BLUES BAR logo on it.

MACLEOD

It's from Joe's bar.

METHOS

First Amanda, then Joe...

(glances around)

I sense an alarming pattern
developing.

MACLEOD

No. This is where it stops.

He turns to go, Methos grabs his arm, pulls him around.

METHOS

Not so fast.

MACLEOD

I have no choice.

METHOS

Existentially inaccurate, my friend.
I'll go with you.

MACLEOD

His rules. The note said "alone".

MacLeod pushes past Methos, heads down the gangplank. Methos
moves after him, trying to keep pace as he follows him along
the Quai.

(CONTINUED)

1211 CONTINUED: (2)

1211

METHOS

Alone! His rules! What rules?
O'Rourke didn't take Amanda and Dawson
to play fair.

MacLeod keeps walking.

MACLEOD

He'll kill them.

METHOS

And you.

MACLEOD

Not if I can help it. It's his game.
(beat)
This conversation is over.

Methos suddenly stops dead in his tracks. He throws up his
hands in frustration.

METHOS

(deadpan)

MacLeod, don't go. MacLeod, it's a
trap. MacLeod, it looks like rain.

The strange tone in Methos' voice brings MacLeod up short.
He turns to face him as --

METHOS (CONT'D)

Really doesn't matter what I say,
does it? I've only been alive for,
oh, five thousand years. What the
hell do I know?

MACLEOD

I'm getting them out.

METHOS

We playing the hero, or we playing
the martyr?

MACLEOD

Whatever it takes... Whatever I have
to do, I'm going to keep them alive.

METHOS

(tight)

People die, MacLeod.

(beat)

Immortals die.

MACLEOD

Not because of me... Not anymore.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1211 CONTINUED: (3)

1211

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(beat)

You have anything else to say?

Methos looks at him for a sober BEAT.

METHOS

No, nothing else. Just... goodbye.

MacLeod sees the concern in his face. He softens a notch.

MACLEOD

I think you mean good luck.

METHOS

(beat)

Of course. That's what I meant.

Another BEAT.

MACLEOD

turns and walks out as

METHOS

watches him disappear.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONEACT TWO

FADE IN:

1212 INT. UNDERGROUND STONE ROOM - NIGHT

1212

A dank stone cell. Dripping water, gloom.

DAWSON

revives from his drugged stupor to find himself sitting in a chair, his cane lying off to one side out of reach.

AMANDA (O.S.)

Sleeping beauty finally awakes.

AMANDA

a few feet away, sits handcuffed.

BRIAN and TOM arms crossed, guns in belts, watch over the prisoners.

(CONTINUED)

1212 CONTINUED:

1212

AMANDA (CONT'D)

You all right?

DAWSON

Just peachy. Except for a splitting
head, I'm doin' cartwheels.

Amanda nods at the two Guards.

AMANDA

Say hello to Tweedle-dee and Tweedle-
dum.

(beat)

C'mon boys. If you're nice and let
us go, maybe Santa will bring you
opposable thumbs this year.

Amanda gets the BUZZ as --

O'ROURKE

steps into the cell.

O'ROURKE (CONT'D)

Amanda. Joe. I trust you're
comfortable for the moment.

AMANDA

Since you asked, no. I hate the
drapes.

(shocked, re: her
handcuffs)

And handcuffs? Tacky, tacky, tacky.
Drag yourself into the 90's, Paddy.
This S&M stuff just isn't P.C.
anymore.

O'ROURKE

smiles dangerously.

DAWSON

intercepts the friction.

DAWSON

Uh... just her way of breaking the
ice.

O'Rourke hauls off and SLAPS Amanda.

O'ROURKE

And that's mine.

Amanda winces, forces a bright smile back at him.

(CONTINUED)

1212 CONTINUED: (2)

1212

O'ROURKE (CONT'D)
(pitying)
Brave Amanda.

He raises her chin, turns her head, inspecting the line of her face.

O'ROURKE (CONT'D)
And such a pretty face, too.
(thoughtful)
I wonder how MacLeod's face will
look as he watches you die.

Amanda jerks her head free, glares at him defiantly.

1213 INT. TRAIN TUNNEL/DEPOT - NIGHT

1213

A dark tunnel and storage depot littered with the relics of the past.

O'ROURKE

approaches warily, sword raised. He feels the BUZZ, but MacLeod is nowhere to be seen.

O'ROURKE (CONT'D)
MacLeod!

O'Rourke continues to move deeper into the darkness.

O'ROURKE (CONT'D)
MacLeod!

O'Rourke's voice echoes down the tunnel.

ANGLE - THE CEILING

where MACLEOD hangs in the pipes, like a panther waiting to pounce.

MACLEOD'S POV

O'Rourke moves closer.

BACK TO O'ROURKE

O'ROURKE (CONT'D)
No games, MacLeod. One word and
they're dead.

As he passes beneath --

(CONTINUED)

1213 CONTINUED:

1213

MACLEOD DROPS

and SLAMS into O'Rourke, sends him sprawling, his sword clattering away.

O'Rourke tries to scramble to his feet --

MACLEOD

is on him like a cat, his katana pressed to his throat.

O'ROURKE

Duncan. Is this any way to treat an old friend?

MACLEOD

We were never friends. Let them go. Or you're dead.

O'ROURKE

I think not.
(calling)
Brian! Tom!

ANGLE - AN ENTRANCEWAY

AMANDA and DAWSON are led in.

BRIAN holds a gun to Dawson's head, TOM has one on Amanda. Also hanging ready at Tom's side -- a razor-sharp MACHETE.

DAWSON

We're alright, Mac.

AMANDA

Sorry, MacLeod. Damn leprechaun caught me by surprise.

MacLeod lifts O'Rourke to his feet, keeping the blade tight to his throat.

MACLEOD

They have nothing to do with this.

O'ROURKE

As much as Tara did.

MACLEOD

You gave her that bomb, O'Rourke. Whatever hell she went to, you sent her there.

(CONTINUED)

1213 CONTINUED: (2)

1213

O'ROURKE

(calling)

Tom! Shoot the woman and take her
head.

Before MacLeod can react, Tom SHOOTs Amanda. She falls dead.

MACLEOD

No!

DAWSON

Jesus!

MACLEOD

Let them go or I take your head.
Right now.

O'ROURKE

And they're both dead before my head
hits the ground.

(beat)

Shoot the old man.

MACLEOD

Wait!

Brian raises his gun on Joe.

O'ROURKE

No way out, MacLeod.

MACLEOD

You can have me!

A signal from O'Rourke stops Brian. O'Rourke turns on MacLeod
with interest.

DAWSON

(reacts)

MacLeod...

MACLEOD

Shutup, Joe!

(to O'Rourke)

My life for Tara's.

(beat)

I'll lay down my sword.

DAWSON

No! Tell him to go to hell!

MACLEOD

Stay out of it, Joe!

Brian jams his GUN into Dawson's temple to silence him.

(CONTINUED)

1213 CONTINUED: (3)

1213

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

C'mon, O'Rourke. Think about it.
Blood for blood.

O'ROURKE

(warily)

And in return?

MACLEOD

Your sworn oath. On the memory of
Tara. After I'm dead, you set them
free.

O'Rourke considers for a long BEAT, then --

O'ROURKE

You have it.

MacLeod glances in the direction of his friends.

MACLEOD

I'd like to say goodbye.

O'ROURKE

Put down the sword.

MacLeod does and moves to Dawson.

DAWSON

(in a whisper)

What's the plan?

The look on MacLeod's face tells him there isn't any.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

(hoarse)

For God's sake, MacLeod. Not like this.

MACLEOD

No one else dies because of me.

MacLeod moves to Amanda's body.

O'ROURKE

Close enough.

MACLEOD

(to Dawson)

Tell her I love her.

He crosses to Dawson, grabs Dawson's shoulder, squeezes tightly. Their eyes lock, well up with emotion. Dawson says goodbye the only way he can.

(CONTINUED)

1213 CONTINUED: (4)

1213

DAWSON

It's all crap. The whole damn thing.

MacLeod nods, smiles tenderly back.

MACLEOD

(beat)

See you, Joe.

MacLeod steps away to face O'Rourke who now holds his sword again.

O'ROURKE

raises his blade to swing as --

There's another BUZZ. O'Rourke freezes, glares at MacLeod --

O'ROURKE

You gave your word, MacLeod!

MACLEOD

looks over O'Rourke's shoulder, sees --

METHOS

near the tunnel entrance, a gun trained on O'Rourke.

O'ROURKE (CONT'D)

(furious)

You lying bastard!

In a flash, MacLeod reaches up with both hands, seizes O'Rourke's blade by the hilt.

O'ROURKE (CONT'D)

Brian! Tom!

BRIAN

fires on MacLeod. BANG!

MACLEOD

takes a bullet in the back. His body spasms with the impact, he lets go of O'Rourke's sword.

METHOS

fires into the fray as --

MACLEOD

takes another bullet.

(CONTINUED)

1213 CONTINUED: (5)

1213

MACLEOD'S POV

As his body spins around. He lands on an old train wagon. The forward lever is activated and the wagon moves quickly down the tunnel. The gunfire continues in the background, then --

Everything goes BLACK. And, fading, we HEAR --

O'ROURKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Shoot! Get him!

-- and then nothing. Nothing but the click-clack of the wagon on the rails as --

DISSOLVE TO:

1214 INT. TRAIN TUNNEL - NIGHT

1214

We follow MACLEOD'S BODY drifting along, lifeless in the pale luminescence of the tunnel.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE

superimposed on the rippling water. FLASH CUTS. An almost surreal, sampled collection of rapid images, and soundbites from MacLeod's life -- Tessa... Methos... Dawson... Richie... Amanda... until finally the last image... Kalas taking Fitzcairn's head.

END MONTAGE

A faint WHISPER floats toward us as if from a great distance.

FITZCAIRN (O.S.)
(whisper)
MacLeod...

ON MACLEOD

as a diffused WHITE LIGHT begins to surround him. As it grows brighter --

1215 INT. TRAIN TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

1215

The wagon hits a pile of debris and stops abruptly, jarring MacLeod awake.

He COUGHS, opens his eyes.

FITZCAIRN (O.S.)
MacLeod. Hey, MacLeod! Up here!

(CONTINUED)

1215 CONTINUED:

1215

The voice is strangely familiar. MacLeod looks up to see --

HUGH FITZCAIRN

looking down at him. Pale suede jacket, golden hair -- it's the Fitzcairn we know... that is, except for the glowing aura.

MacLeod stares, completely thrown by the apparition.

MACLEOD

Fitz? It can't be.

FITZCAIRN

In the flesh, Mac. So to speak.

(heartfelt)

Good to see you again.

A bewildered MacLeod hesitantly pokes at Fitzcairn, as if testing his solidity.

MACLEOD

But Kalas killed you! You're dead.

FITZCAIRN

I might say you've looked better yourself.

MACLEOD

Am I dead?

(off Fitzcairn's
hesitation)

Well?

FITZCAIRN

Try not to think of yourself as dead... just metabolically challenged.

(searching for a word)

Handicapped.

MacLeod is still reeling.

MACLEOD

Come again?

FITZCAIRN

Like in golf.

MacLeod glances quickly around. Maybe this is all a practical joke.

MACLEOD

Golf?

(CONTINUED)

1215 CONTINUED: (2)

1215

Suddenly Fitzcairn is on the other side of him in golfing clothes, driver in hand.

FITZCAIRN

Yeah.

(swinging the club)

That's it! And you're the ball,
see?

MACLEOD

I'm the ball.

FITZCAIRN

(pointing the club)

And you're rolling down the fairway.

MACLEOD

Down the fairway.

FITZCAIRN

Now you're getting it.

MACLEOD

Fitz, I'm not even close to getting
it.

FITZCAIRN

That's because you're not being the
ball. Now, you've definitely left
the tee. But you're not quite on
the green yet.

MACLEOD

What the hell are you talking about?

FITZCAIRN

See if you can follow me on this. A
bunch of us were sitting around the
19th hole this morning, and --

MACLEOD

Who? Where?

FITZCAIRN

(pointing heavenward)

Anyway, You-Know-Who comes in.

MACLEOD

Who?

FITZCAIRN

Exactly.

MacLeod rolls his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

1215 CONTINUED: (3)

1215

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

Asks for me especially, he does. At first I was flattered. Figured it was something big, important, requiring my special talents. You know, right hand of God and all that.

MACLEOD

You're telling me you're an angel?

FITZCAIRN

Why shouldn't I be an angel?

MACLEOD

Is there a point to all this?

FITZCAIRN

I'm staring right at it.
(pokes him)
You.

MACLEOD

What about me?

FITZCAIRN

Exactly what were you thinking back there? Looked to us like you were getting ready to give up your life.

MACLEOD

It was my life or theirs.

FITZCAIRN

C'mon, MacLeod. I've seen you get out of many a spot that looked well nigh impossible. What made this one so different?
(beat, softly)
Been a tough few years, hasn't it?

MacLeod stays silent, doesn't answer.

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

Fighting. Always fighting. Trying to make the world right.

MACLEOD

But nothing changes, does it?

FITZCAIRN

Did you really expect to save the world all by yourself?

(CONTINUED)

1215 CONTINUED: (4)

1215

MACLEOD

Forget about the world, Fitz...
Tessa, Richie... You...

(beat)

You'd all be alive if it wasn't for
me.

MacLeod looks up into his eyes. Fitzcairn nods.

FITZCAIRN

C'mon, there's something I want you
to see.

He turns to walk up the steps, and now we see -- an
extraordinarily BRIGHT LIGHT at the top.

MacLeod hesitates, unsure, his battered body trembling with
cold... perhaps even fear. Fitzcairn turns to him peevishly --

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

Would you just go along with me for
once, you mule-headed Scot?

But as he sees MacLeod's face confusion, indecision, anxiety,
completely awestruck all-too-human qualities Fitzcairn
remembers -- his voice turns gentle, as if calming a skittish
animal.

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

(tenderly)

It's gonna be alright, laddie.

(beat)

Really.

Fitzcairn extends his hand.

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

C'mon.

MacLeod looks into Fitzcairn's eyes, then takes his hand.

The two of them walk up the stairs together, hand in hand,
Fitzcairn leading, as they pass into the LIGHT.

1216 EXT. ROOFTOP/BALCONY - DAY

1216

MacLeod and Fitzcairn step out onto a rooftop or balcony.
MacLeod fingers his previously bloodied clothes.

FITZCAIRN

(re: clothes)

Great trick, eh? Does wonders with
red wine stains, too.

(CONTINUED)

1216 CONTINUED:

1216

MACLEOD

Where are we?

FITZCAIRN

Look for yourself.

MacLeod scans the familiar rooftops of

MACLEOD

Paris?

FITZCAIRN

Good.

(beat)

Recognize anything else?

MacLeod gives Fitzcairn a look, but Fitzcairn just pulls out his MEERSCHAUM, tamps a fresh load.

MacLeod moves to the edge, looks down to see --

MACLEOD'S POV - LONG SHOT - A PATIO GARDEN

An elegant table set for two. Crystal, silver, champagne chilling. And near the table --

A WOMAN in a clinging black dress opened at the back. She hungrily kisses a handsome young man, GEORGES.

RESUME MACLEOD

looks back at Fitzcairn, puzzled.

MACLEOD

Lovely couple. So what?

FITZCAIRN

Take a closer look.

MacLeod looks back down at the garden to see --

CLOSER ON THE COUPLE

something familiar about the woman. Then, as she pulls away from the man's arms for a moment, we see she is --

AMANDA

a svelte, cold-eyed, glacial beauty.

MACLEOD

stares in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

1216 CONTINUED: (2)

1216

MACLEOD

Amanda.

And HOLD on MacLeod's stunned reaction, as we --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

1217 EXT. ROOFTOP/BALCONY - DAY

1217

MacLeod and Fitzcairn watch the scene below.

ANGLE - PATIO GARDEN

Amanda moves into another clinch with Georges.

RESUME SCENE

MacLeod turns to Fitzcairn. He's utterly bewildered.

MACLEOD

That cannot be Amanda. She's back...
(motions vaguely)
...there... somewhere, with O'Rourke.

FITZCAIRN

Not this Amanda. This Amanda never
met you. Doesn't even know you exist.

MACLEOD

(beat)
Of course I exist?

FITZCAIRN

Not in this world. Here, there is
no Duncan MacLeod of the Clan MacLeod.
Never has been. Never will be.

MACLEOD

Why am I here?

FITZCAIRN

(gestures around them)
You've been given a gift, old friend.
(beat)
Trust in the gift.

MacLeod turns back to look at Amanda.

MACLEOD

I can't sense her.

FITZCAIRN

You're not Immortal here, MacLeod.
(beat)
We're only visitors. In on a gossamer
wing and a prayer.
(re: his line)
Oh my, wasn't that lovely?

(CONTINUED)

1217 CONTINUED:

1217

MACLEOD'S POV

AMANDA AND GEORGES

kissing with passionate abandon.

RESUME MACLEOD

watching her, feeling slightly wistful.

MACLEOD

At least she's found someone she
loves.

FITZCAIRN

(rapt)

Ah, yes.

(the other shoe)

Shame it isn't her husband.

OFF MacLeod's reaction --

1218 INT. BANK VAULT - DAY

1218

A SECURITY GUARD escorts a man, ALLAN GREY, into a walk-in
bank vault. Allan's in his early 40's -- dark suit, glasses --
a bookworm trapped in brokerage.

MACLEOD AND FITZCAIRN

watch from a distant corner.

FITZCAIRN

That's her husband.

MACLEOD

You're kidding.

MacLeod squints at Allan... not exactly the kind of guy he
could imagine Amanda settling down with.

FITZCAIRN

Take a closer look if you want.

Don't worry, they can't see us unless
I want them to.

MACLEOD

steps tentatively around to get a better view of

ALLAN

as he sets his briefcase on a table. Allan turns to the
Security Guard --

(CONTINUED)

1218 CONTINUED:

1218

ALLAN (CONT'D)

Thanks, Henri.

The Guard nods and walks out.

Allan waits a BEAT, listening to the Guard's receding
FOOTSTEPS.

MACLEOD

gestures impatiently to Fitzcairn. Fitzcairn just smiles
enigmatically in return.

FITZCAIRN

It gets more interesting. Trust me.

ALLAN

withdraws a key, crosses to a large safety deposit box. He
unlocks the door, pulls out a long strong box.

Opening the strong box, Allan transfers large stacks of
CERTIFICATES to his briefcase.

MACLEOD

What are they?

FITZCAIRN

Bearer bonds. Three million dollar's
worth.

MACLEOD

What's he doing with them?

FITZCAIRN

Stealing them.

MACLEOD

Does Amanda know about this?

FITZCAIRN

Oh, I would imagine so. It was her
idea.

OFF MacLeod's reaction --

CUT TO:

1219 INT. ALLAN'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

1219

MacLeod and Fitzcairn sit in the back seat. Allan drives,
chewing his lip and nervously checking the rear view mirror.

(CONTINUED)

1219 CONTINUED:

1219

MACLEOD

Her plan?

FITZCAIRN

Her plan. Poor Allan up front there,
used to be such a decent chap, too.
Rotary. Kiwanis. Visited his mum
regular. Actually rescued a cat
from a tree once. Positive choir
boy.

MACLEOD

So what happened?

FITZCAIRN

Amanda happened. And he fell for
her... hook, line and sinker.

(beat)

God help the poor bloke.

The car stops in front of Amanda's chateau.

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

Looks like we're home.

1220 EXT. AMANDA'S CHATEAU - PATIO GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

1220

Georges uncorks the champagne. Amanda holds out her glass,
when -- a car HORN sounds outside.

AMANDA

Damn! He's early.

Georges scowls, puts down the bottle. He pulls Amanda in
tight, kisses her territorially. She pulls back.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Keep it in your pants, Georges.

(beat)

Later.

She shoos Georges off, and the moment he's gone -- Amanda
straightens herself up with practiced speed just as the patio
doors fly open and --

ALLAN

arrives, his briefcase in hand. He stops when he sees her,
deadpans --

ALLAN (CONT'D)

Pretty tricky.

She stiffens, wary.

(CONTINUED)

1220 CONTINUED:

1220

AMANDA

Darling?

ALLAN

(sly smile)

You were right, honey.

AMANDA

Oh.

(relieved)

So it worked.

ALLAN

Like magic. You're amazing.

She sidles up to him, kisses him passionately.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

Happy first anniversary.

He offers her the briefcase. She takes it, then kisses him again.

1221 EXT. ROOFTOP/BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

1221

MacLeod and Fitzcairn watch the scene below.

MACLEOD

So? Looks like the same old Amanda to me.

FITZCAIRN

Ummm... not quite.

MacLeod turns back to watch the scene below.

1222 EXT. AMANDA'S CHATEAU - PATIO GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

1222

AMANDA

This calls for a celebration.

She turns to the champagne on the table.

CLOSE - THE CHAMPAGNE FLUTES

as she drops a small TABLET into one glass.

1223 EXT. ROOFTOP/BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

1223

MacLeod turns to Fitzcairn, the question in his eyes.

FITZCAIRN

(matter-of-factly)

Poison.

(CONTINUED)

1223 CONTINUED:

1223

MACLEOD

That's murder!

FITZCAIRN

Aye. And at three million dollar's worth, that's roughly thirty percent more than her last husband.

MacLeod is flabbergasted.

MACLEOD

Amanda's a thief, not a killer! I know her.

FITZCAIRN

You knew who she was in your world. This is who she is here.

MACLEOD

But... how?

FITZCAIRN

(shrugs)

The usual way. Small steps. One day she slipped, MacLeod, and you weren't there to catch her. Next time, it got a bit easier. So on and so forth.

And OFF MacLeod's reaction, we flash to --

CLIP - FROM "FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES"

Amanda tells MacLeod how he makes her a better person.

RESUME SCENE

MacLeod watches below as --

MACLEOD'S POV - PATIO GARDEN

Amanda pours champagne into the two flutes.

BACK TO SCENE

MacLeod whirls on Fitz.

MACLEOD

I have to stop her.

FITZCAIRN

It doesn't work that way. I'm afraid Allan's fate is already sealed.

(CONTINUED)

1223 CONTINUED: (2)

1223

MACLEOD

No! How do I get to her? Tell me!

FITZCAIRN

(beat)

Personally, I'd use the front door.

And OFF his look --

1224 EXT. AMANDA'S CHATEAU - PATIO GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

1224

Amanda hands Allan his champagne, lifts hers in a toast.

AMANDA

To easy money.

ALLAN

No!

Amanda reacts.

AMANDA

Something wrong?

ALLAN

To my beautiful wife.

(beat)

Ladies first.

Amanda smiles and drinks half her glass.

AMANDA

Your turn.

As Allan is about to drink -- the DOORBELL RINGS. Allan sets his glass down.

ALLAN

I'll get it.

He enters the house through the patio doors. Amanda looks at Allan's untouched champagne.

AMANDA

Damn.

1225 INT. AMANDA'S CHATEAU - CONTINUOUS

1225

Allan opens the door to find MacLeod standing there.

MACLEOD

I'm sorry to bother you... my car's broken down. If I could just borrow your phone?

(CONTINUED)

1225 CONTINUED:

1225

ALLAN

Not a problem. Come in, come in...

MacLeod steps further into the foyer.

MACLEOD

I don't know what happened. Just
had a mechanic look at it yesterday.

Allan passes him the phone.

ALLAN

There's your reason right there.

MacLeod smiles in grim agreement.

MACLEOD

Thanks.

He dials, listens for a beat, then --

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Busy.

ALLAN

(disgusted)

Mechanics. Wait a few minutes and
try again.

They nod and smile at each other. A silent beat. MacLeod
looks past Allan to the PATIO beyond where Amanda paces
impatiently.

MACLEOD

Hope I'm not interrupting anything.

ALLAN

What? Oh, no. Where are my manners?
(indicating patio)
Can I offer you a drink?

MacLeod smiles, extends his hand.

MACLEOD

Duncan MacLeod's the name.

1226 EXT. AMANDA'S CHATEAU - PATIO GARDEN - DAY

1226

Amanda is at the table as Allan steps out with MacLeod. She
wears a frozen smile.

AMANDA

Allan, you didn't tell me we were
having company.

(CONTINUED)

1226 CONTINUED:

1226

ALLAN

Surprised me, too. Mr. MacLeod this
is my wife, Amanda. He's having car
problems, dear.

MacLeod steps forward, takes her unenthusiastic hand.

MACLEOD

Duncan MacLeod. I hear it's your
anniversary. Congratulations.

Amanda gives him a brittle handshake.

AMANDA

Thank -- you.

MacLeod looks at the table where the champagne glasses wait.

MACLEOD

Look out!

He picks up a cloth napkin, snaps it. One of the champagne
glasses goes flying -- Allan's glass. It crashes to the
stone patio, smashing to bits.

ALLAN

Oh, my.

MACLEOD

Think I got it.

Amanda whirls on him.

AMANDA

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

MACLEOD

Spider.

He turns, looks levelly at Amanda.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Black widow, if I'm not mistaken.
Very deadly. Female kills the male...

Amanda's eyes narrow.

AMANDA

And then eats him.

(beat)

I didn't see anything.

(CONTINUED)

1226 CONTINUED: (2)

1226

ALLAN

No harm done.

(awkwardly)

I'll just fetch a broom.

The second after Allan steps back into the house, Amanda turns on MacLeod. Behind her Fitzcairn stands, drinking a glass of champagne and shaking his head.

AMANDA

(venomous)

Out, before I call the police.

MACLEOD

Go ahead. They can analyze what's left in the broken glass.

Amanda stays silent for a moment, calculating her options. Finally, with a slight nod of the head --

AMANDA

How much?

MACLEOD

It's not about money.

AMANDA

It's always about money.

(beat)

Now name your price or haul your tight little ass out of here!

MacLeod's suddenly saddened by the Amanda he sees before him.

MACLEOD

(quietly)

Have you forgotten everything Rebecca taught you?

She stares impassively back at him, blinks.

AMANDA

Never heard of her.

MACLEOD

Rebecca... your teacher... the first person who really believed in you.

(beat)

Like I still believe in you.

AMANDA

I don't know who you are and I don't know how the hell you know about Rebecca...

(CONTINUED)

1226 CONTINUED: (3)

1226

Amanda relaxes her stance, paces toward the table as if mulling over what MacLeod's just said. She reaches across the table for a small purse.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

But maybe you could do me a favor.

Turning back around, she aims a GUN at MacLeod.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Say hello to her for me.

1227 EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE AMANDA'S CHATEAU - DAY

1227

As a BLACK VAN screeches to a halt. The doors open --

FOUR grim-faced MEN leap out, clad in black. They check PISTOLS, small MACHINE GUNS -- then pull down SKI MASKS. As they move toward the house, commando style --

1228 EXT. AMANDA'S CHATEAU - PATIO GARDEN - DAY

1228

MacLeod looks at the gun in disbelief.

MACLEOD

You won't shoot me.

AMANDA

Why not? Intruder attacks -- kills husband -- loyal wife gets the drop on him... much neater than poison.

She levels the gun at MacLeod as -- ALLAN steps back through the door, broom and dustpan in hand.

ALLAN

Amanda! You've got a gun!

AMANDA

And you've got a broom.

(beat)

I win.

She shoots Allan. He falls to the floor.

MACLEOD

No!

MACLEOD

dives for Amanda as FOUR ARMED MEN charge onto the patio. Chaos erupts. MacLeod tips the TABLE over, picks it up by the legs, charges into a man, sending him sprawling.

(CONTINUED)

1228 CONTINUED:

1228

AMANDA does a high kick, knocks another man senseless.
ANOTHER ASSASSIN grabs her from behind.

MACLEOD grabs a SCULPTURE and swings it like a club, knocks
another man out cold. He turns to see --

AMANDA

forced to her knees. one man holds her down, arms bent behind
her, her neck exposed. ANOTHER raises a MACHETE to take her
head. As his sleeve slides back --

CLOSE - THE WRIST

we see a WATCHER TATTOO there. Amanda's eyes meet MacLeod's,
a look of helpless supplication. And as the machete starts
to arc down --

MACLEOD

Amanda!

MACLEOD

lunges desperately to stop it. As he does --

A GUN swings toward him, and OFF the MUZZLE FLASH --

SMASH CUT TO:

1229 EXT. STREET - DAY

1229

Where MacLeod finds himself on his knees, disoriented, in
the middle of the city sidewalk. Fitzcairn looks a little
embarrassed.

FITZCAIRN

Great scot, MacLeod! No pun intended.
Do get up.

MacLeod gets to his feet, angry, advances on Fitz.

MACLEOD

What happened!? Why'd you take me
away?

FITZCAIRN

Easy now.

MacLeod grabs him by the lapels.

MACLEOD

Did they really kill Amanda?

FITZCAIRN

They killed THAT Amanda.

(CONTINUED)

1229 CONTINUED:

1229

MACLEOD

You knew it was going to happen?!

He pokes Fitzcairn hard in the chest.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

And you didn't warn me?

FITZCAIRN

Ouch! Don't blame me. Blame the
Watchers.

MACLEOD

The Watchers.

(realizing)

Where's Dawson? He's got to stop
this.

Fitzcairn indicates a CORNER ahead of them.

1230 EXT. STREET - IN FRONT OF WHAT WAS LE BLUES BAR -
CONTINUOUS

1230

And as he rounds the corner, he stops. He's staring at

JOE DAWSON

sitting in a worn wheelchair in the stoop of a gritty
building. His clothes are worn, he's grizzled and bleary-
eyed, a HAT beside him for tips as he plays a ragged BLUES
on the battered acoustic guitar on his lap. A PASSERBY pauses
to drop a coin in the hat.

DAWSON

stops playing long enough to slide a mickey from his coat.
As he takes a long swallow, his eyes land on --

MACLEOD

who is almost too stunned to speak.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Joe... ?

Dawson puts the bottle away, looks at MacLeod blankly.

DAWSON

Do I know you?

MACLEOD

We... we've met.

(CONTINUED)

1230 CONTINUED:

1230

DAWSON

If you say so.

(beat; hopefully)

Got a dollar for an old friend?

(beat)

C'mon mister. Fill the hat, you get
a song.

MacLeod tosses money into the hat.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Your call.

MACLEOD

How about "Stand by Me."

DAWSON

Ask for something else.

MACLEOD

You said it was my call.

(beat)

It used to mean a lot to a good friend
of mine.

DAWSON

(tight)

No one stands by anybody.

MACLEOD

He did.

DAWSON

It's been too long.

MACLEOD

Just try it.

Dawson strums a few chords, then, in a voice like old whiskey
over tough gravel, sings a few jagged lines...

DAWSON

(sings)

When the night has come... and the
land is dark... the moon... is the
only light we'll see...

Dawson's voice trails off. He stops playing.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Like I said. Been way too long.

MacLeod looks at his old friend, his heart breaking.

(CONTINUED)

1230 CONTINUED: (2)

1230

MACLEOD

Sounds great to me.

Dawson starts in again, picking up fragments of the melody.

DAWSON

(singing)

No I won't be afraid... Oh, I won't
be afraid... just as long... as
you... as you...

He falters for A BEAT, then stops.

MACLEOD

(spoken)

Stand by me...

Dawson gives up, puts down the guitar.

DAWSON

Aw, it's all crap. The whole damn
thing.

Dawson picks up the hat, and without looking at MacLeod,
turns and wheels away.

As MacLeod watches him --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

1231 EXT. STREET - DAY

1231

MacLeod watches as Dawson wheels his chair down the street.

MACLEOD (O.S.)

This couldn't happen.

Fitzcain is suddenly beside him. MacLeod shakes his head, trying to deny the truth.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Not to him.

FITZCAIRN

But it did.

(beat)

The Watchers stopped watching and started killing.

MACLEOD

Joe would've stopped them.

FITZCAIRN

He tried. For a while. Then he did what most people would when they're out-gunned and out-numbered.

(beat)

He gave up.

MACLEOD

Joe Dawson doesn't give up.

FITZCAIRN

Get this through your thick Highland skull. You were more than his friend. For twenty years, you were his inspiration. Without you...

They are interrupted by an urgent cry.

TERRY (O.S.)

Joe! Joe Dawson!

WITH DAWSON

as he wheels along. A young man, TERRY RAFFERTY, 20's, approaches. He looks frightened, as if he's being followed.

TERRY

Joe! Stop!

(CONTINUED)

1231 CONTINUED:

1231

Dawson pauses briefly at the name -- but keeps wheeling. He doesn't meet the kid's frantic eyes. Terry pursues him into --

1232 EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

1232

TERRY

C'mon Joe, I need your help!

Terry gets in front of him, brakes the wheelchair.

DAWSON

You got me confused with somebody else. I'm no help to anybody.

Terry yanks down his sleeve, holds his wrist -- with a Watcher tattoo -- up before Dawson's face.

TERRY

You're a Watcher! You're the reason I joined. We've got to stop the killing.

DAWSON

Damn it, there's nothing I can do.

TERRY

There is if you want to.

Dawson's rheumy eyes burn into Terry's with a desperate agony.

DAWSON

Do I look like I want to?

ANGLE - MOUTH OF THE ALLEY

A BLACK VAN pulls up to the far end of the alley, blocking the entrance.

DAWSON

reacts. He reaches down under his seat, pulls out a GUN. In answer to Terry's questioning glance --

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Get behind me, kid.

TERRY

What's going on?

DAWSON

I said, get behind me!

TERRY

turns to see --

(CONTINUED)

1232 CONTINUED:

1232

TWO WATCHERS

leap from the van.

TERRY

takes cover behind Dawson's chair as

DAWSON

raises his gun.

BANG! A shot rings out.

TERRY

slumps to the ground.

TIGHT ON DAWSON

DAWSON

No!

DAWSON

spins his chair to see --

HORTON

smoking gun in hand. He's calm, icily controlled.

HORTON (CONT'D)

(quietly)

I believe your line is, "You murdering
bastard."

1233 EXT. MOUTH OF ALLEY - DAY

1233

Fitzcainr barely restrains a furious MacLeod near the alley
mouth.

MACLEOD

Horton's alive?

FITZCAIRN

And killing.

MACLEOD

Immortals?

FITZCAIRN

(nods)

And anyone else who tries to stop
him.

1234 EXT. ALLEY - DAY

1234

The Watchers approach. One of them toes Terry to make sure he's dead.

Horton approaches Dawson.

HORTON
Something you'd like to share?

DAWSON
Why?

HORTON (CONT'D)
Because, like you, Joseph, he didn't understand the evil Immortals really are.
(beat)
They're perversions of nature, all of them. Abominations in the eyes of God.

DAWSON
And what are you?

Horton leans close to Dawson, grabs his coat, gets in his face.

HORTON
Listen to me, you pathetic shell.
The only reason I left you alive is because you're a nobody. You're nothing.
(beat)
Stay that way. It's a little late to grow a spine.

Dawson's face crumples in defeat. Horton stuffs a wad of bills into his hand.

HORTON (CONT'D)
Buy yourself a drink.

He turns and heads to the Van with the two Watchers. As the Van pulls out --

DAWSON.

looks At Terry lying dead. He looks at the money in his hand -- then stuffs it in his pocket. He turns the chair and rolls slowly away.

1235 INT. DAWSON'S FLAT - DAY

1235

Small, sparsely and cheaply furnished, a dinky radio.

(CONTINUED)

1235 CONTINUED:

1235

Dawson wheels in the door to find MacLeod already there.

DAWSON

How the hell did you get in here?

(suspicious)

Horton send you?

MACLEOD

You have to stop him, Joe.

DAWSON

Who the hell are you?

MACLEOD

It doesn't matter.

(beat)

You can't let it go on.

DAWSON

Get real. What do you think I can do?

MACLEOD

The Watcher that Horton just killed.

DAWSON

Terry Gafferty. What about him?

MACLEOD

He believed in you.

DAWSON

And you saw what it got him.

MACLEOD

(subdued)

You did what you could.

DAWSON

I did crap.

Dawson rolls for the door... MacLeod gets in his way.

Dawson is forced to stop and look at him.

MACLEOD

Joe, you gotta trust me.

DAWSON

You're not a Watcher... not an Immortal. Not that I'd trust either one.

(beat)

But you know about me, Horton.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1235 CONTINUED: (2)

1235

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Everything.

(beat)

What the hell's your angle? What's
in this for you?

MACLEOD

(frustrated)

Let me help You.

DAWSON

Too little, too late, buddy.

(beat)

Look at me. I'm nobody. I'm nothing.

MACLEOD

Listen to me, Joe! After 'Nam, the
Watchers gave you your life back.

(urgent)

Don't leave it all to Horton!

Dawson stares at him, trembling.

DAWSON

You're a dangerous bastard, aren't
you?

(beat)

You really want to help me?

MACLEOD

Yeah.

DAWSON

Buy me a bottle. The Watchers are
gone...

(beat)

And so am I.

He wheels past MacLeod. MacLeod calls after him.

MACLEOD

Joe. There was a young Immortal.
His name was Richie Ryan.

(beat)

What happened to him?

DAWSON

Go to hell.

He wheels out the door.

OFF MacLeod's reaction --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

1236 EXT. PONT NEUF - DAY

1236

MacLeod is sitting on a set of steps. (Please Note: if possible, these should be the steps from the end sequence with Richie and MacLeod from "Prodigal Son.")

A different section of town, obviously, than where Dawson lives. This one is nicely upscale, fashionable -- but MacLeod is moody, lost in his thoughts.

FITZCAIRN

You're looking a might peaked, boyo.
Perhaps a wee dram to fortify you
for the next leg of our journey.

Fitzcairn pulls a flask and offers it.

MACLEOD

I'm fine.

FITZCAIRN

(taking a snort)
Coulda fooled me. Look like you've
seen a ghost.

MACLEOD

(beat)
Just an old friend trying his best
to be dead.

FITZCAIRN

That should tell you something.

MacLeod throws Fitzcairn a look, rises and starts to walk.
Fitzcairn moves after him.

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

You're needed, MacLeod.
(beat)
You make a difference, laddie. If
you can't see that... then you can't
see anything. And I'm unemployed.

MacLeod doesn't answer.

FITZCAIRN (CONT'D)

What do I have to do to convince
you?

And just at that moment --

(CONTINUED)

1236 CONTINUED:

1236

TESSA (O.S.)
Could you watch the store, Gizelle?
I'll be back in a moment.

That voice. Instantly MacLeod turns at the sound, looks up at the stairs of an upscale storefront, and sees --

TESSA

standing there, a vision of loveliness at the top of the stairs. She doesn't see him. MacLeod freezes, his breath stopping in his throat.

MACLEOD

Tessa.

And OFF MacLeod's reaction, we --

FADE OUT.

THE END

TO BE CONTINUED...